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1

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF

POPULAR LITERATURE SCIENCE AND ARTS



1

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3

4

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6

7

8

9

10

11

12

13

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL
OF
POPULAR LITERATURE SCIENCE AND ARTS

CONDUCTED BY

WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS

EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' 'INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' &c.

VOLUME XVII

Nos. 418-443. JANUARY-JUNE 1862



LONDON
W. & R. CHAMBERS 47 PATERNOSTER ROW
AND HIGH STREET EDINBURGH

—
MDCCCLXII

Edinburgh:
Printed by W. and R. Chambers.

INDEX.

FAMILIAR SKETCHES AND ESSAYS.

	Page
Brownes from asking me 'To Come in the Evening,' How I stopped the, - - -	220
Circumstances under which an Englishman's House is not his Castle, - - -	337
Clubs, Melibœus on the, - -	122
Commercial World of London, Melibœus upon the, - - -	79
Contrasts, - - -	398
'Derby' of the River, the, - -	305
Double Glo'ster, - - -	161
Drill under Difficulties, - -	575
Foeless Fight, the: from Our Special Correspondent, - -	330
Free-and-easy Forum, the, - -	316
Girls in those Omnibuses, We, Glo'ster, Double, - - -	33
Home from the Colonies, - -	398
How I got it Stamped at Last, How I stopped the Brownes from asking me 'To Come in the Evening,' - - -	113
Jail, Melibœus in, - - -	220
Late, Too, - - -	185
Life, the Proudest Moment of My, Long Ago, - - -	385
Marrying Man, Why I am not a, Melibœus in Jail, - - -	9
on the Clubs, - - -	74
Underground, - - -	185
upon the Commercial World of London, - - -	122
Mercator with the Muse, - -	26
Omnibuses, We Girls in those, -	79
Proudest Moment of My Life, the, 'Railway Station,' Mr Frith's, River, the 'Derby' of the, - -	363
Sight-seeing, - - -	33
Special Correspondent, from Our: the Foeless Fight, - - -	404
Squire's Off-farm, the, - - -	305
Stamped at Last, How I got it, Too Late, - - -	49
Underground, Melibœus, - -	330
Voiceless One, the, - - -	195
We Girls in those Omnibuses, -	113
Why I am not a Marrying Man, -	385

POETRY.

	Page
Angler's Song, the, - - -	584
April Hours, the, - - -	288
— Morning, an, - - -	224
Bird Singing in the Woods, To a, Child and the Dew-drops, the, -	176
Creatures of the Night, - - -	144
Death, the Song of, - - -	352
Early Rising, - - -	372
Evening, - - -	520
Honeymoon Cottage, - - -	128
Invitation, an, - - -	416
Junction, Parting at the, - -	804
Long Vacation Party, To a, -	256
Night Thought, a, - - -	192
Ocean, the, - - -	80
Parting Words, - - -	240
Pool and the Brook, the, - -	48
Precious Time, - - -	160
Rivals, the, - - -	16
Robin, the Winter, - - -	368
Scythes, the Two, - - -	96
Sea-lore, - - -	400
Snowdrops, Late, - - -	82
Spring, an Invocation to, - -	64
Sweetheart, My Little, - - -	208
Violet Girl's Song, the, - -	112

POPULAR SCIENCE.

Birds, Wayside Notes on British,	280
Earth-oil in America, - - -	35
Feathered Visitants, Our, - -	236
Leaf, the Natural History of a, Lime-light, the, - - -	366
Month, the: Science and Arts— 62, 127, 206, 270, 350, 413	291
Paper Materials, - - -	415
Python, the, - - -	233
Sun's Atmosphere, the, - - -	239
Vitality <i>versus</i> Disease, - - -	102
Weather Forecasts, - - -	807
Wind, - - -	255

TALES AND OTHER NARRATIVES.

	Page
Absence, My Leave of, - - -	87
Adventure, Miss Fyfe's, - - -	391
— on the Atlantic, a, - - -	15
Lady's, - - -	47
Alexander the Corrector, - -	116
Blood-hound's Revenge, the, -	119
Captive in China, - - -	289
Caraboo, Princess of Javasau, -	88
Carrying Dispatches, - - -	56
Condés, the Last of the, - - -	323
Death-bed Promise, a, - - -	100
Duel on the Tight-rope, a, - -	65
Earning Promotion, - - -	259
First and Last Partner, My, -	130
Frosini, Attilio—Austrian Rule in Tuscany under the Grand Duke Leopold II. 1849, - - -	391
Fyfe's Adventure, Miss, - - -	411
How I became a Physician, - -	289
Javasau, Caraboo, Princess of, -	143
Jorgensen—A King for Six Weeks, Lady Trent's Picture, - - -	23
Lady's Adventure on the Atlantic, a, - - -	15
Legacy, a Strange Way to a, - -	4
Lina Mason, - - -	283, 299
Lion, Tête à Tête with a, - - -	409
Little Witch, a, - - -	190
Long Ago, - - -	273
Longest Month in My Life, the, Lull, - - -	185
Man-trap, How to Bait a, - - -	197
Marked Wine, the, - - -	204
Miss Fyfe's Adventure, - - -	369
Mistaken Identity, - - -	391
My First and Last Partner, - -	810
My Leave of Absence, - - -	259
My Mustang and I— I. How I Lost Him, - - -	37
II. How I Recovered Him, - - -	167
Night, a Wild, - - -	180
Partner, My First and Last, - -	234
Physician, How I became a, - -	259
Picture, Lady Trent's, - - -	411
Pressed Man, the, - - -	23
Promise, a Death-bed, - - -	153
Promotion, Earning, - - -	323
Revenge, the Blood-hound's, -	100

	Page		Page		Page
Reward, Ten Pounds', -	360	Brownes from asking me 'To		Indian Society, -	94
Robbery at Richfield, the, -	318	Come in the Evening,' How I		Jail, Melibœus in, -	185
Savage, Richard, -	172	stopped the, -	220	Javasau, Caraboo, Princess of, -	289
Speculation, a Little, -	342	Bumboats and Bumboatmen, -	175	Jetsam and Flotsam, -	296
Strange Way to a Legacy, a, -	4	Business, Soldiers', -	17	Jews, the First Bonaparte and the, -	87
Swedenborg, Emanuel, -	357	Caraboo, Princess of Javasau, -	289	Jorgensen—A King for Six Weeks, -	143
Ten Pounds' Reward, -	360	Chap-books, -	72	Kindergarten — Playing and	
Terrible Patient, a, -	241	Charity, Curiosities of, -	59	Learning, -	243
Tête à Tête with a Lion, -	409	China, Captive in, -	119	King for Six Weeks, a, -	143
Tide-caught, -	335	Chronicle, the Monthly, -	388	Lady's Adventure on the At-	
Tight-rope, a Duel on the, -	100	Circumstances under which an		lantic, a, -	15
Too Late, -	385	Englishman's House is not his		Lake-dwellers of Old, the, -	193
Voiceless One, the, -	81	Castle, -	337	Lamp-accidents, -	223
Wild Night, a, -	234	City of the Saints, the, -	29	Lapidaries of the Ural, -	76
Wine, the Marked, -	369	Clubs, Melibœus on the, -	122	Larks, -	61
Witch, a Little, -	190	Coaches, Old Roads and Slow, -	151	Last of the Condés, the, -	56
Witness, the, -	209, 227, 248	Coal-pit—Below the Surface, -	215	— Words, -	202
		Coffee Mountains, Frankincense		Lavater on Physiognomy, -	257
		and, -	378	Law, Travellers', -	315
		Colonies, Home from the, -	398, 404	Leaf, the Natural History of a, -	366
		Commercial World of London,		Learning and Playing, -	243
		Melibœus upon the, -	79	Legacy, a Strange Way to a, -	4
		Condés, the Last of the, -	56	Leigh Hunt's Correspondence, -	266
		Correspondence, Leigh Hunt's, -	266	Leopold II. 1849, Austrian Rule	
		Cosmetics—Painting the Lily, -	124	in Tuscany under the Grand	
		Cruden—Alexander the Corrector, -	47	Duke, -	130
		Daily Flambeau, the Rise and Fall		Life, the Proudest Moment of My, -	9
		of the, -	353	Lily, Painting the, -	124
		Day with Our Ancestors, a, -	218	Lime-light, the, -	291
		'Derby' of the River, the, -	305	Lion, Tête à Tête with a, -	409
		Devon, Wild Deer in, -	348	London and Paris, Between, -	177
		Dietetics of Old, -	373	Londoners, Last Homes of the, -	406
		Disease versus Vitality, -	102	Long Ago, -	273
		Dispatches, Carrying, -	88	Lull, -	197
		Double Glo'ster, -	161	Malaya, a Glance at the, -	138
		Dress, -	395	Marrying Man, Why I am not a, -	74
		Drill under Difficulties, -	375	Matches and Match-makers, -	156
		Duel on the Tight-rope, a, -	100	Materials, Paper, -	415
		Earning Promotion, -	65	Medieval Blondins, -	264
		Earth-oil in America, -	35	Melibœus in Jail, -	185
		Eddystone, the Story of the, -	91	— on the Clubs, -	122
		Emanuel Swedenborg, -	357	— Underground, -	26
		Englishman's House is not his		— upon the Commercial	
		Castle, Circumstances under		World of London, -	79
		which an, -	337	Mercator with the Muse, -	363
		Epitaphs, Ancient and Modern, -	141	Mexican Tangle, the, -	362
		Exhibition of 1862, the, -	12	Midnight Sun, the, -	44
		— of 1862, the Great:		Mishaps at the Post-office, -	54
		the Pictures, -	114	Mistaken Identity, -	310
		Exhibition, Reminiscences of the		Modern and Ancient Epitaphs, -	141
		Site of the Great, -	321	Monkey v. Blondin, the, -	129
		Expedition, the Australian Ex-		Month in my Life, the Longest, -	135
		ploration, -	108	— the: Science and Arts—	
		Eyrie, Scaling the, -	104	62, 127, 206, 270, 350, -	413
		Family, With an Old, -	326	Monthly Chronicle, the, -	388
		Feathered Visitants, Our, -	236	Morganatic Marriages, -	1
		Flotsam and Jetsam, -	296	Mormons—The City of the Saints,	29
		Foeless Fight, the: from Our		Mountains, Frankincense and	
		Special Correspondent, -	330	Coffee, -	378
		Fold and the Stall, the, -	43	Native Industry in India, -	333
		Forecasts, Weather, -	307	Natural History of a Leaf, the	366
		Frankincense and Coffee Moun-		Newspaper, a Sandwich Islands', -	279
		tains, -	378	Night, a Wild, -	234
		Free-and-easy Forum, the, -	316	Non-combatant Hero, a, -	158
		Fyfe's, Miss, Adventure, -	391	Notes on British Birds, Wayside,	280
		Gardens, Town, -	188	Obelisks, -	225
		Glance at the Malaya, a, -	138	Off-farm, the Squire's, -	193
		Glo'ster, Double, -	161	Old Family, With an, -	326
		Gunshot Wounds, -	287	— Roads and Slow Coaches, -	151
		Hero, a Non-combatant, -	158	Omnibuses, We Girls in those, -	33
		Home from the Colonies—		Our Feathered Visitants, -	236
		Contrasts, -	398	Painting the Lily, -	124
		Mr Frith's 'Railway Station,'	404	Paper Materials, -	415
		Homes of the Londoners, Last, -	406	Papers, the Biglow, -	293
		Honolulu—A Sandwich Islands'		Paris and London, Between, -	177
		Newspaper, -	279	Patient, a Terrible, -	241
		How I got it Stamped at Last, -	113	Pet Birds and Bird-keeping, -	401
		How I Stopped the Brownes from		Physician, How I became a, -	411
		asking me 'To Come in the		Physiognomy, Lavater on, -	257
		Evening,' -	220	Plagues of India, the, -	145
		Hunt's, Leigh, Correspondence, -	266	Playing and Learning, -	243
		Identity, Mistaken, -	310	Ploughing-match, At a, -	381
		India, Native Industry in, -	333	Police, -	84
		—, the Plagues of, -	145	Post before Railways, the, -	302

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Appia's Ambulance Surgeon, -	287
Boner's Forest Creatures, -	104
Browning's Last Poems, -	363
Burton's City of the Saints, -	29
Chap-books, -	72
Collins's Wild Deer in Devon, -	348
Correspondence of Leigh Hunt, -	266
Dobell's Lectures on the Germs	
and Vestiges of Disease, &c., -	102
Edward's History of the Opera, -	245
Hielop's Proverbs of Scotland, -	184
Lowell's Biglow Papers, -	293
Memoirs of Baron Larrey, -	158
Trollope, Anthony, on the United	
States, -	408
Wright's History of Domestic	
Manners and Sentiments in	
England during the Middle	
Ages, -	218

MISCELLANEOUS ARTICLES OF INSTRUCTION AND ENTERTAINMENT.

Absence, My Leave of, -	37
Agriculture—The Fold and the	
Stall, -	43
Alexander the Corrector, -	47
America, Earth-oil in, -	35
American Agricultural Address, an,	52
Civil War, British	
Feelings on the, -	171
Ancestors, A Day with Our, -	218
Ancient and Modern Epitaphs, -	141
Anthony Trollope on the United	
States, -	408
Arts and Science—	
62, 127, 206, 270, 350, -	413
Atlantic, a Lady's Adventure on	
the, -	15
Atmosphere, the Sun's, -	239
Australian Exploration Expedi-	
tion, the, -	108
Austrian Rule in Tuscany under	
the Grand Duke Leopold II.	
1849, -	130
Behind the Scenes, -	245
Below the Surface, -	215
Biglow Papers, the, -	293
Birds and Bird-keeping, Pet, -	401
—, Wayside Notes on British, -	280
Blondin v. the Monkey, -	129
Blondins, Medieval, -	264
Bonaparte and the Jews, the First, -	87
Brighton Review—The Foeless	
Fight, -	330
British Feelings on the American	
Civil War, -	171

INDEX.

vii

	Page		Page		Page
Post-office, Mishaps at the, -	54	Science and Arts—		Trade, - - - - -	164
Pressed Man, the, - - -	153	62, 127, 206, 270, 350, 413		Travellers' Law, - - - - -	315
Promotion, Earning, - - -	65	Scotch Proverbs, - - - - -	184	Trollope on the United States, -	
Proudest Moment of My Life, the, -	9	Servitude, - - - - -	97	Anthony, - - - - -	408
Proverbs, Scotch, - - - - -	184	Sight-seeing, - - - - -	49	Tuscany under the Grand Duke	
Punishment and Reward, - - -	339	Society, Indian, - - - - -	94	Leopold II. 1849, Austrian Rule	
Python, the, - - - - -	253	Soldiers' Business, - - - - -	17	in, - - - - -	130
Railways, the Post before, - - -	302	Speculation, a Little, - - - -	342	Underground, Melibœus, - - -	26
Reminiscences of the Site of the		Squire's Off-farm, the, - - -	195	United States, Anthony Trollope	
Great Exhibition, - - - - -	321	Stall, the Fold and the, - - -	43	on the, - - - - -	408
Reward and Punishment, - - -	339	Stamped at Last, How I got it, -	113	Ural, Lapidaries of the, - - -	76
—, Ten Pounds', - - - - -	360	Story of the Eddystone, the, -	91	Visitants, Our Feathered, - - -	236
Richard Savage, - - - - -	172	Sun, the Midnight, - - - - -	44	Vitality <i>versus</i> Disease, - - -	102
Rise and Fall of the <i>Daily Flam-</i>		Sun's Atmosphere, the, - - -	239	War—Soldiers' Business, - - -	17
<i>beau</i> , the, - - - - -	353	Surface, Below the, - - - - -	215	Wayside Notes on British Birds, -	280
River, the 'Derby' of the, - - -	305	Swedenborg, Emanuel, - - - -	357	Weather Forecasts, - - - - -	307
Roads and Slow Coaches, Old, -	151	Tangle, the Mexican, - - - -	362	Why I am not a Marrying Man, -	74
Robbery at Richfield, the, - - -	318	Ten Pounds' Reward, - - - - -	360	Wild Deer in Devon, - - - - -	348
Robin-redbreast, - - - - -	21	Terrible Patient, a, - - - - -	241	— Night, a, - - - - -	234
Saints, the City of the, - - - -	29	Tête à Tête with a Lion, - - -	409	Wind, - - - - -	255
Sandwich Islands' Newspaper, a, -	279	Tide-caught, - - - - -	335	With an Old Family, - - - - -	326
Savage, Richard, - - - - -	172	Tight-rope, a Duel on the, - -	100	Words, Last, - - - - -	202
Scaling the Eyrie, - - - - -	104	Too Late, - - - - -	385	Work, - - - - -	276
Scenes, Behind the, - - - - -	245	Town-gardens, - - - - -	188	Wounds, Gunshot, - - - - -	287

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL OF POPULAR LITERATURE

Science and Arts.

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 418.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 4, 1862.

PRICE 1½d.

MORGANATIC MARRIAGES.

THE ancient Romans had three forms of marriage—the *confarreatio*, the *coemptio*, and the *usus*. The first was a civil as well as religious contract, effected in the presence of a priest and of ten witnesses, and the offspring of such union were *patrimi et matrimi*. Less dignified and important in the eyes of the law was the *coemptio*. It was a merely civil engagement, completely binding, yet conferring not the honour of the *patrimi* and *matrimi* on the children. Still less honourable was the third form of matrimonial union, the *usus*. To constitute it binding in law, no forms or ceremonies whatever were required, but merely twelve months' uninterrupted cohabitation.

With the overturn of the mighty empire of the Cæsars, Roman laws and customs were diffused all over Europe, and while the *confarreatio* was adopted by nearly all the rest of Christendom, the *coemptio* got into fashion with German princes and nobles. The Roman secondary form of marriage was found to be extremely convenient to counteract the effects of the *lex salica*, and the absence of a law of primogeniture; and thus there arose, not long after the fall of Rome, first among the Lombards, and afterwards in the Teutonic empire north of the Alps, the *matrimonium ad morgengabam*, or, as subsequently called, *ad morganaticam*. The barbaric word was of Lombard origin; an allusion to the ancient German custom of making a present to the newly married wife the morning after the celebration of the nuptials—literally, a 'morning-gift.' According to this new form of matrimonial union, a revival of the *coemptio*, a German prince or great noble, when allying himself to a person of inferior rank, conferred only his hand, but not his title and fortune; or at least not more than was conveyed of the latter in the *Morgengabe*, the free gift on or after the wedding-day.

In Germany, about the fifteenth century, the *matrimonium ad legem morganaticam contracta* came to be greatly in fashion with younger sons of royal and princely houses. At the death of Duke William of Brunswick-Lüneburg, in 1430, his seven sons, among whom, according to custom, the land was to be divided, made a common agreement, to the effect that only one should take unto himself a princely consort, and the rest be content with morganatic spouses. The lot for a royal bride fell on the sixth son, Prince George, who accordingly married a high-born princess; while his

eldest brother remained a bachelor, and the others took refuge in vulgar alliances *ad morgengabam*. The fourth son, Prince Frederick, was fortunate in his choice, for, marrying the beautiful daughter of his private secretary, he had a numerous family, the descendants of which prosper to this day, as Barons von Lüneburg. As customs gradually become law, so did the system of morganatic marriages in course of time produce a royal code of matrimony, in which the marriage of princes with persons of lower rank, in other than morganatic form, was subjected to high penalties, particularly as respected the fair sex thus aspiring. The barbaric law was not unfrequently carried into execution. Duke Ernest of Bavaria, in the year 1416, had a beautiful girl, Agnes Bernauer of Straubingen, condemned to death, for daring to marry his son, Prince Albert; and all the tears and entreaties of his family did not save the fair young creature from the scaffold. The princely tyranny so created soon shewed its fatal effects on the morals of the high-born class itself. Flatterers argued that if crowned heads were allowed to adopt a particular form of marriage, not legal with subjects, they also were not bound to conform to the monogamic principles of the lower classes, but might marry in morganatic fashion over and above the ordinary way. The insidious advice was listened to with pleasure by several princes, who forthwith carried out the new doctrine by taking second wives *ad legem morganaticam*. Landgrave Philip of Hesse, one of the champions of the Reformation, was among the first to inaugurate the new fashion. This was before he had been made acquainted with the teachings of Luther; for he had no sooner become a Protestant than he began to feel scruples as to the righteousness of the second marriage. He accordingly consulted the most eminent of the new Reformers, soliciting them to state their opinion on the subject; and Dr Martin Luther, Melancthon, Bucer, Corvinus, Adam, and Melander, replied to the appeal in the following curious declaration, dated July 1539, and signed by all of them:

'We cannot advise that the licence of marrying more wives than one be publicly introduced, and, as it were, ratified by law. If anything were allowed to be known on the subject, your Highness easily comprehends that it would be understood and received as a precept, whence much scandal and many difficulties would arise. Your Highness should be pleased to

consider the excessive scandal; that the enemies of the Gospel would exclaim that we are like the Anabaptists, who have adopted the practice of polygamy, and that the Evangelicals, as the Turks, allow themselves the licence of a plurality of wives. . . . But in certain cases, there is room for dispensation. For example, if any one, detained captive in a foreign country, should there take to himself a second wife, for the good of his body and health. In this and like cases, we do not know by what reason a man could be condemned who marries an additional wife, with the advice of his pastor; not with the purpose of introducing a new law, but of satisfying his own necessity. Nevertheless, even in this case, the marriage ought to take place secretly, so that no scandal may arise.' The upshot was, that Landgrave Philip of Hesse kept his second morganatic spouse, and induced others to do the like.

The above strange document, the genuineness of which has been often doubted, but with no show of reason, was published for the first time in 1679, by the Elector Palatine, Charles Ludwig, son of the unhappy 'winter-king' of Bohemia, and brother of famous Prince Rupert. Even at this period, the custom of marrying a morganatic spouse, over and above the first wife, had not fallen entirely into abeyance; but being in bad repute, the elector thought of propitiating public opinion by an appeal to the Fathers of the Protestant Church. His Highness had been married for several years to the Princess Charlotte of Hesse, when he fell in love with her lady of honour, Maria von Degenfeld, and resolved to unite himself to her in morganatic fashion. He did so with considerable solemnity, notwithstanding the protest of his wife and her friends; but maintaining to the last that his second union was perfectly legal, according to the ancient laws of Germany in respect to princes. Maria von Degenfeld brought her morganatic husband fourteen children, nearly all boys, who bore the title of Counts of the Palatinate. But the son of the elector by Charlotte of Hesse succeeded to the throne without protest. Public opinion, meanwhile, had declared itself strongly against the open bigamy of Prince Charles Ludwig; and though morganatic marriages continued to flourish in Germany, his was the last involving a plurality of wives. Out of the empire, the custom was not more successful. Several Polish kings tried the practice of morganatic bigamy, but became very unpopular in consequence; and King Emmanuel of Portugal, who died in 1580, and left a son by a morganatic union, utterly failed in getting him adopted by the states of the realm.

At the beginning of the eighteenth century, the *matrimonium ad legem morganaticam* came to attract the attention of the highest legal authorities in Europe, owing to an attempt, on the part of a German prince, to destroy the civil consequences of such marriage-contract, and to give it the same value as that of the ordinary matrimonial union. Duke Anton Ulrich of Saxe-Meiningen, in the year 1711, united himself *ad morganaticam* to Elizabeth Schurman, the beautiful daughter of a captain in the army, a lady of superior education, and exquisite tenderness of mind. Becoming more and more enamoured of his young wife, the duke after a while determined to make her his full and real consort, so as to lift her up to the rank of duchess, and enable her and his children to succeed him on the throne. As a first step to this effect, he petitioned the emperor, Charles VI., to grant the title of Princess of the Empire to her; and while the appeal was pending, he made such arrangements as he thought would secure the succession to his children. Thereupon a violent storm arose in the princely world of Germany, every family protesting against the contemplated desecration of high-born privileges. Loudest in their protests were the princes of Saxe-Gotha, Saxe-Anhalt, and Saxe-Eisenach, the nearest heirs to Duke Anton Ulrich, in the absence

of legitimate offspring; and seeing their advice to his Highness disregarded, they concluded a family pact among themselves, declaring all morganatic marriages ineffectual, even if changed into ordinary alliances, and pledging each other to oppose, if necessary by arms, the advent of any of the children of Elizabeth Schurman. Against this decidedly illegal pact, the duke appealed to the emperor, reiterating at the same time his demand for the grant of a title to his wife. The emperor wavered long in giving his reply. The most eminent lawyers of Europe were unanimous in asserting for Duke Anton Ulrich the full power to marry either princess or commoner, and to instal his consort in all the rights and privileges of a real wife, as well as to give the same rights to the children of such union. The sovereign princes of the empire, on the other side, energetically opposed this declaration of principle, stating it as the basis of princely law in matrimony that there should be *Ebenbürtigkeit* (equality of birth), and protesting against any infringement of this law as utterly pernicious to the welfare of the realm. The emperor, though leaning personally towards the cause of Duke Anton Ulrich, was forced at length to give way to the pressure exercised upon him by the body of electors and sovereign princes, and declared against the rights of succession of the duke's children.

The German kaiser having vanished from the world, and the empire being dead, this decision, though confirmed by the diet of 1747, is probably at present but a piece of waste paper. The important question of the validity of morganatic marriages, as regards the claim of children to the rank and property of the father, has in reality never yet been definitely settled. George I. himself, it is certain, was married in morganatic fashion to Fräulein Schulenberg, afterwards Duchess of Kendal; and though the offspring of this union, represented in Lord Chesterfield's descendants, has no claim to legitimacy, the same cannot be said of other royal marriages of the same kind. Without speaking of the morganatic marriage of William Henry, Duke of Gloucester, with the Countess-Dowager of Waldegrave, September 8, 1766, which is of no particular importance, or of that of his brother, the Duke of Cumberland, with Lady Ann Luttrell, on October 2, 1771, which is scarcely more consequential, although in virtue of it a certain lady continues to claim some ten million sterling from the British crown, there remains the notable match between the sixth son of George III., the Duke of Sussex, and Lady Augusta Murray, daughter of the Earl of Dunmore. The marriage-ceremony took place at Rome, in the presence of an English clergyman, April 4, 1793, and, to leave no doubt of its legality, was repeated at St George's, Hanover Square, December 5, 1794. The union, which only became known some time afterwards, was declared illegal and invalid by the English ecclesiastical court, as being contrary to the Royal Marriage Act of 1772; but the question having been revived in later times, great doubts were expressed by the most eminent jurists whether the annulment of the union was not the most illegal part of the whole proceeding. The offspring of the duke's marriage were two children, Augustus Frederick, born June 13, 1794, and Augusta Emma, born August 11, 1801. The former entered the army at an early age, under the name of Augustus d'Este, and gradually rose to the rank of colonel. He lived at first a very retired life; but the successive deaths of the elder sons of George III. opening the perspective of the throne of Great Britain to the Duke of Sussex, he put his claim to legitimacy prominently forward. He did so particularly in the year 1830, during the season of general political agitation. The claim excited great interest among continental jurists, on account of the involved succession to the kingdom of Hanover; and a whole legion of books

and pamphlets were ushered into the world at the time, discussing the pretensions of Colonel d'Este. Two of the most eminent German lawyers, Klüber and Zachariä, declared themselves strongly in favour of the colonel's claim, and even assisted in bringing the question before the Frankfort diet, where, however, it was silently dropped, in consequence of a hint from Prussia. When the Duke of Cumberland ascended the throne of Hanover, with no successor but a blind son, the discussion was again revived, Colonel d'Este going so far as to present himself before the Hanoverian chamber of nobles, in 1834, with the demand to be admitted as member of the royal family, and prospective heir to the crown. Threats of assassination, it is said, forced him to leave Hanover; whereupon he went to Berlin, in 1836, to lay his case before the king of Prussia, Frederick William III., himselfmorganatically married. The king received him on the footing of a prince, but did nothing for him; and so the affair gradually dropped, and was forgotten. Nevertheless, the Hanoverian liberal party—never reconciled to the arbitrary rule of the House of Cumberland—are understood to have secret hopes that some change will take place one day in favour of the descendant of the Duke of Sussex.

The most notablemorganatic marriages of recent years have been those of the late king of Prussia (just alluded to), of the king of Denmark, of Archduke John of Austria, and of several princes of the royal Bavarian family. The marriage of the king of Prussia with the Countess Augusta von Harrach, celebrated November 9, 1824, made considerable noise at the time, on account of the bride being a zealous Roman Catholic, and believed to be a pupil of the Jesuits. The young wife, born August 30, 1800, soon acquired an extraordinary influence over her aged husband, whom she seemed to govern entirely; and there were not wanting sinister rumours that she intended to lead him over to the faith of Rome. The excitement created by this rumour threatened to be dangerous, and to allay it, the countess, in 1826, embraced Protestantism. She was created thereupon Princess of Liegnitz, and took part in all official fêtes and assemblies as the declared consort of the king. Even after his majesty's death, in 1840, she was treated with the greatest respect by his successor and all the members of the royal family; and even had the honour of being inserted in the *Almanach de Gotha*, though only in the rear of legitimate princehood, as *veuvemorganatique*. Less honour has fallen to the share of anothermorganatic consort, the spouse of his majesty of Denmark. King Frederick VII., now reigning, contracted, on the 7th of August 1850, amorganatic union with Lola Rasmussen, whilom a milliner's apprentice of Hanover, then a lady out of occupation at Hamburg, and finally—as the *Gentleman's Magazine* of October 1850 quaintly reports it—'well known to the Copenhagen corps of officers.' Lola Rasmussen is said to have become acquainted with the king, her husband, on the occasion of a violent conflagration in one of the main streets of Copenhagen, when she took active part in working the pumps. She is not beautiful, but of great energy of mind, and is known to exercise considerable influence in the government of Denmark. Soon after the celebration of the marriage, she was elevated to the rank of Countess of Danner, and the income of several large domains assigned to her. King Frederick was married twice before his union with the countess, and in both cases his consorts—the first, a princess of Denmark, the second, a duchess of Mecklenburg—obtained a separation on account of cruelty. The matrimonial action is said to be now reversed.

One of the most curiousmorganatic marriages of modern times has been that of the late Archduke John of Austria, the famous Lord Protector of Germany during the stormy days of 1848. Archduke John,

born January 20, 1782, the sixth son of the Emperor Leopold II. of Austria, distinguished himself early in the anti-Napoleonic wars, during which he organised the insurrectionary movement of the Tyrol and the alpine countries of the Vorarlberg. Becoming thus acquainted with popular life and manners, he never lost his fondness for it; but at the end of the war retired to a small country-house near Grätz, there to enjoy the pleasures of rural life. He made frequent hunting excursions, and in one of these had occasion to require the services of the postmaster of Aussee, a little village in the mountains. It was late on a cold January evening that he arrived at the postmaster's humble dwelling, to ask for a carriage to take him a stage onward to his destination. The master, Herr Plochel, was not at home, and all the carriages and horses were in use; nevertheless, the smart daughter of the house volunteered to drive the humble traveller, whom, by his dress, she held to be a pilgrim, in a two-wheeled cart across the hills, that he might not come to harm in walking along the lonely road. So they set out, the son of the emperor and the daughter of the postmaster; he silent and pre-occupied, she merry as a bird, chatting and singing alpine songs all the way long. Anna Plochel was not beautiful, but merely what people call interesting; the archduke thought she was the most interesting creature he had ever set eyes on. He shook hands warmly when set down from the humble cart; and the next day, to Anna Plochel's great astonishment, was again at Aussee. He stayed three days at the little village inn, had long chats with little Clara, and at the end of the time asked the postmaster the hand of his daughter. Of course, the suitor was required to give his name and profession. 'Johann, Archduke of Austria, late field-marshal; now out of employment.' Herr Plochel, a serious man, did not like the reply, and angrily bade the visitor to leave his house, and never shew himself again. In vain did the stranger plead that what he had spoken was the truth, and nothing but the truth; all his arguments had but the effect of making the postmaster more and more angry. So nothing was left for Prince Johann but to go to Grätz to fetch some friends who would vouch for his 'respectability.' This he did, then got the postmaster's consent, was duly proclaimed in church, and married to Anna Plochel on the 18th February 1827, exactly three weeks after he had made her acquaintance in the two-wheeled cart. Prince John did not in the least make a mystery of the union, but forthwith sent word to Vienna that he had beenmorganatically married, and would give himself the pleasure soon of introducing his wife at the Hofburg. The kaiser laughed, the empress got into a fury. The upshot came to be, that Johann's humble spouse was made a Baroness of Brandhof and Countess of Meran, with a large annual pension. When Archduke John was Lord Protector of Germany in 1848, hismorganatic wife acted as mistress of the house, in the hall of the Old Emperors at Frankfort-on-the-Maine. Several sons were the offspring of the marriage, the eldest, now called Count of Meran, born March 11, 1839. The countess is still living, being at present in her fifty-sixth year.

Two princes of the royal House of Bavaria—Prince Charles, uncle, and Duke Louis, cousin of the present king—are married inmorganatic fashion. Prince Charles, the only brother of ex-king Ludwig—famous as poet, artist, and friend of Lola Montez—has united himself to a Fräulein Bolley, the daughter of a schoolmaster. The marriage took place in the reign of King Ludwig, who, with his accustomed liberality, placed no obstacles whatever in the way of the prince and the Fräulein, but was present at the ceremony, and at the end of it presented the fair bride as a *Morgengabe* with the title of Baroness of Beyersdorf, and a charming park and mansion on the banks of the Lake of Tegern, in the Bavarian Alps. The other prince of

Bavaria, living in morganatic union, Duke Louis, of the branch of Deux-Ponts, is residing with his wife, a tradesman's daughter, in great retirement near the city of Landau, in the Palatinate.

Besides the above named, there are some fifteen other German dukes and princes married in morganatic fashion; among them is a member of the illustrious family of Saxe-Coburg, otherwise so high-soaring in matrimonial alliances. Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, born January 31, 1824, brother of the king-regent of Portugal, nephew of the king of the Belgians, and first-cousin of the late Prince-Consort, united himself, in March 1861, to Fräulein Constance Geiger, a young teacher of music in the town of Vienna. The marriage-ceremony took place in public, and with considerable pomp, although with a total absence of court carriages. The witnesses were, Herr Haslinger, music publisher and composer; and Herr Streicher, pianoforte manufacturer, both uncles of the bride. The musical element was as strong on this occasion as the morganatic. The Vienna papers, which gave all the details of the ceremony, state that the bride wore a dress of brown silk, 'quite new.' Even later than this morganatic marriage, is that of the sovereign Prince of Schwarzburg-Rudolstadt, which happened on the third of November last. The bride, daughter of a Prussian physician named Schulz, is said to be only nineteen, and very beautiful and accomplished; his Highness is sixty-eight.

Morganatic marriages are certainly on the increase in Germany at the present time; the fact is generally admitted even among high conservative writers, and held to be, on the whole, favourable to the existence of royalty. It has been remarked for many years past, that those illustrious families among whom intermarriage had become most common, were obviously declining in physical and mental strength; and this evil, it is thought, will be remedied after a while by those alliances now called morganatic. Few doubt that they are the stepping-stone from the present unnatural order of things, by which a small number of persons stand aloof from the whole world in which they live, pretending that they are of different flesh and blood. That kings and princes should address each other in epistolary communication as *Mon frère* seems pardonable enough; but that they should be all real brothers, uncles, nephews, and cousins, appears to be undesirable. Nature, to some extent, has put a *veto* upon it, as demonstrated in the case of the Hapsburg and various other royal Houses. Perhaps the family of German sovereigns—a strict circle of brothers, sisters, and cousins—begin to be aware of this fact; and hence the greater number of morganatic marriages in modern times, even among the leading princes. Already the growing intelligence of the age has had its effect in this matter, and must make its impress ere long on the barbarous *matrimonium ad morganaticam*.

A STRANGE WAY TO A LEGACY.

THE year after the general peace was the first of my travels. I was just twenty-two, and thought myself lucky when, early in the summer of 1816, my uncle sent me to be his agent and representative in the house of Skinderkin & Co. The firm were fur-merchants—part Russian, part German, and part English. It was indeed rather a company, and a very composite one. I do not remember half their names. They had partners in all the Baltic, Dutch, and German towns, not to speak of London, where my uncle represented them in King William Street; but the fountain-head of the house was in St Petersburg, and thither he sent me.

I thought I was going to see the world, and be a great man; indeed, having little acquaintance with the said scene, I entertained secret designs of lording

it over the Russian and German clerks, for all the company had their national representatives in the chief house, and I was appointed to the English department. I got a great deal of good advice, and a large supply of congratulations on the position I was to occupy. My maiden aunts counselled me to conduct myself properly; my grandmother recommended me not to grow too proud; and the curate of their church in Hampstead gave me serious admonitions against being perverted to the Greek Church.

I set out with all the weight of my own importance and these sage counsels. I arrived safely, though a voyage to St Petersburg was no joke in those days, and got regularly located in the house of Skinderkin. It was large enough to satisfy my fondest expectations, and stood close on the Neva, that oldest and outstraggling part of St Petersburg, said to have been the site of an Ingrian village, the whole of whose inhabitants perished in the adjoining marsh, when the city had to be built at any cost of life or labour, and Peter the Great wielded at once the trowel and the knout for his subjects' encouragement. The nobility had built their palaces there in Peter's time; but partly the moving habits of the Russians, partly the inundations to which it was particularly subject, made them abandon the quarter early in the reign of Catharine II. Merchants and traders of the first class then took possession; the palaces were turned into stores and warehouses, from which the noble proprietors drew considerable additions to their incomes, in the shape of rent; and in one of the largest and grandest, Skinderkin & Co. had located themselves. In such noble rooms, galleries, and corridors, was business never before done. Such quantities of fur, from Finland, Lapland, Siberia, and Kamtschatka, as came there to be stored, booked, and shipped, I had never dreamed of. Nevertheless, the proverb, that far-off fowls have fair feathers, was strikingly illustrated in the matter of my St Petersburg appointment. In the first place, the establishment was disciplined after the old Russian fashion, invented in the Tartar times, when every warehouse had to be a fortress, and every merchant a sort of military freemason. We all worked and boarded on the premises, but the work and the boarding were carried on in a dreary penitential style—silent, secret, and systematic—a happy mixture of the house of correction, the monastery, and the barrack. The hours were kept with regulation strictness. The meals were announced by the tolling of a great bell, which might have served for anybody's funeral. Every desk and stool was partitioned off its neighbour; sub. and superior sat like so many prisoners in solitary confinement, except that they could partly see, and all watched each other. Then, as to lording it over the Russian and German clerks, not one of them could speak English. I knew nothing of Russian or German—it is not easy lording it without speech—but somehow I discovered that every soul of them cordially despised me, because my uncle was known to have the smallest stake in the firm.

I think that fact was first made plain to me by my senior in the English department; which, let me observe, consisted only of him and myself. He had come from Yorkshire, and his name was Hardstaff—a title which sounded so aristocratic in the ears of the Russians, that they entertained a general respect for him. But had the Fates so willed it, Hardstaff would have been a more suitable appellation, for I never saw a man who looked as like having been hewn, and not very carefully either, out of a granite rock. He had been forty years in Russia; and although my own stay was not long enough to prove it by personal experience, I believe there is something in that select climate which Russianises men of all countries. The process had been effectual on my Yorkshire friend, though nobody could be prouder of his British birth, and more particularly of his native county. Hardstaff was a genuine subject of the Czar, in craft, cunning, and cold readiness

for everything that might serve his own interest, no matter whose it injured. He had sat so long beside the stove, dealt so long with fur-traders, and lived under the discipline of the house, that his manner and, I believe, his mind, had taken the frozen mechanical tone of a Russian official. Natural disposition had probably a good deal to do with it. I never saw the man smile, except at somebody being overreached; and next to the furs, the great business of his life was to take and keep other people down. I will do him the justice to say he was an adept in both departments. His long acquaintance and large experience of the trade made him an authority even with his employers. He had their confidence in other respects to a degree which was generally known, though not made public. In no country are there more unavowed influences at work than in Russia. Hardstaff was not the head of the house; the department in which he overtly acted was the least considerable, but everybody about the premises was aware that his opinion was asked on the most important transactions, that he was note-taker and spy-general for all his superiors; and though the pleasing of him was an impossible aspiration, it was highly imprudent to incur his ill-will.

For myself, I had come to be my uncle's representative, and the old gentleman in King William Street was an acknowledged partner; but Hardstaff was so well established by forty years of sorting furs, writing beside the stove, not to speak of spying and being consulted, he knew so much that I did not, and he was determined never should, and business was so differently conducted in St Petersburg and London, that I settled into the subordinate position from the first hour of taking my seat at the desk assigned me. It stood at the opposite end of the stove, which, as usual in Russia, occupied nearly half the room, then our counting-house, but looking very much as if it had once been a lady's dressing-room. There were mirrors, with the richly gilt frames let into the walls, which were magnificently painted; and in one corner there were marks as if a wardrobe had stood there. Of course, my desk was shut in by a rough wooden partition; but it only went half-way to the roof, and by stretching up a little, I could see all that came and went, without, as I thought, being observed. Hardstaff had the same advantage, but he never appeared to make use of it. Hour after hour, I have seen him sitting over his book, registering sables, ermines, and black-fox skins, specimens of which lay on the desk before him, without lifting his eyes or moving a muscle. As for speaking to me, Hardstaff never did such a thing, except when, much against my inclination, I had to ask him some question about the business on hand. Then his answer was given in the shortest possible compass, and the most unintelligible terms he could devise. It was a case of hatred at first sight. Hardstaff did not approve of my coming; he wanted no Englishman there but himself, and I can vouch there was no love lost on my side; but he was not the man to quarrel or to be quarrelled with.

We were seated at our respective desks—I ought to say in our cells—one morning. It was summer-time, being the beginning of July; but summer in St Petersburg means one long hazy twilight, with the sun seen through it something like our red harvest-moon, higher or lower in the sky according to the hours of the day, with a heavy sultry atmosphere, not unlike what we have in England before a thunder-storm; in short, just the sort of a time in which to get lazy, and do nothing at all. The strange length of day, the dry dreary mode of life, my own stranger-ship in that foreign land, where I knew neither man nor language, had made me heartily tired of my St Petersburg appointment, which looked so grand in prospect. I had delivered five letters of introduction at as many houses of my uncle's mercantile acquaintance, was assured of high consideration by every one of them, and never heard another word or sign of their

existence. I had walked round the magnificent streets and squares of palaces which distinguish the Russian capital; I had peeped into the dense pine-forests which grow so close upon them; I had looked at the mujecks' huts beside the sluggish Neva, the great dilapidated warehouses, and the very dirty shipping which high tides brought under their windows. I had gone to the theatre, and paid enormously for a bad seat; I had gone to the coffee-houses, and got disgusted with popular habits. I had a general conviction that everybody was cheating me out of doors, and everybody watching me within, and any apology to get back to King William Street would have been a godsend. In this frame of mind I was sitting, and making believe to write, that dim, sultry day of the northern summer, when one of the opposite mirrors, which happened to stand higher than my barricades, shewed me that a woman had actually entered the room.

I would as soon have expected to see a bird of paradise as a female face in that establishment; all our tables were spread, and, I believe, our cuisine and laundry done by men; but there was a woman dressed in what I instinctively knew to be the first fashion out of Paris, not thirty at the outside calculation, with finely moulded features for a Russian, a soft, fair complexion, light-blue eyes, and hair of a golden yellow. She had come in so noiselessly, that I was not aware of her entrance till apprised by the mirror; and, still more astonishing, she was speaking to Hardstaff. Their talk was low and earnest, and I must confess to listening; but they spoke in Russian. However, the eye sometimes does duty for the ear: by its help, and the lowness of the partition, I discovered, to my unqualified amazement, that they were talking of myself. How I learned the fact, it would puzzle me now to tell; I think it was by something in the lady's look. Hardstaff's flinty visage never told tales; but when they had spoken for a few minutes, he raised his voice, and said, in the tone of civil command in which he was pleased to address me: 'Mr Summerville, have the goodness to bring me the invoice of those seal-skins to be sent to our house in London.' It was then about furs they had been talking. Did the lady want to buy some of the seal-skins that were packed up and almost ready for shipping to my uncle? No matter; it would give me an opportunity of getting a better sight of her. I had to pass her with the invoice, and that nearer view shewed me that not only she was a very pretty woman, but also that I had seen the same face some days before looking out at a window of one of the great palaces in the wide and windy square of the Admiralty. The lady looked at me now most graciously, and when I acknowledged her presence with my best bow, said, in very good English for a foreigner: 'I am sorry, sir, to be the cause of giving you so much trouble.'

I had not heard my native English for two months, except from the dry, disagreeable Hardstaff, and could have danced for joy on the spot to hear it uttered from those rosy lips; but as it was not desirable to be thought insane, I kept my British composure as well as I could, and stammered out: 'No trouble at all.'

'You are very good,' said the lady. 'Might I ask if you have been long in St Petersburg?'

'Only two months,' said I.

'And how do you like it?'

'I have scarcely had time to know.'

'Well, it is true you English are sensible people, and do not make up your minds in a hurry. I have a great respect for the English'—how well she spoke our language!—'I had a governess of your nation, the best creature in the world. What trouble she took to teach me the little English I know!'

'Her trouble was well bestowed, madame,' said I, having by this time got up my courage and my manners; 'you speak it like a native.'

'I did not know that Englishmen could flatter,' said the lady, with the sweetest smile; and before I had time to rebut the charge, she added: 'But tell me how you like the society here?'

'I have seen very little as yet, madame.'

'Ah, perhaps you have no friends or relations in the city?'

'None, madame; I am quite a stranger.'

She looked at me so kindly, so sympathisingly, I could have stood there for a fortnight; but Hardstaff handed me back the invoice, saying, with his accustomed frost: 'It is all right;' and as I was expected to retire to my desk, I did so with another bow, to which the lady made a polite acknowledgment, talked a few minutes more in Russ with Hardstaff, and went out as noiselessly as she had entered.

From that hour, Hardstaff grew more familiar and communicative with me, as if he had found out that I might be considered somebody. His society was about as pleasant as the fruit of a crab-tree; but I had no choice of company, and wanted to hear what he knew regarding the lady. For once in his life, Hardstaff appeared willing to give the desired information. He told me she was the Countess Rozenki, a widow, rich, childless, and belonging to one of the first families in Esthonia. He further explained her coming to the warehouse, by letting me know that it had been the Rozenki Palace, and that the seal-skins shipped for my uncle had come from an estate most fertile in furs, which the countess owned in the government of Archangel. 'It is not exactly her own,' said Hardstaff, 'but properly belongs to her husband's nephew. She is his guardian, however, and that is nearly as good as ownership in Russia.'

Some days after this, on an afternoon when Hardstaff, by a most unusual chance, was not at his desk, I was sitting with the pen in my fingers, and the account-book before me, wondering if she would come again in my time, when there was a slight creak of the door, a light rustle of silk, the prettiest tinkle on the brass rail of the stove, and there stood Madame Rozenki.

'Ah, my English friend,' she said, smiling with accustomed sweetness as I presented myself, 'how glad I am to see you once again! Shake hands; they always shake hands in your country, don't they? My governess told me so. How I long to visit England!'

It is to be hoped that I shook the small delicate hand, covered with lemon-coloured kid, as fashion then required, with becoming grace and ardour. I know that I was intensely charmed. She inquired for Mr Hardstaff. I told her all I knew about him. She just hinted that her business was not very important or her time pressing. I of course offered her the best seat the place afforded, to await his return, and we got into conversation.

As far as my memory serves me it was regularly opened by her ladyship inquiring once again how I liked the society of St Petersburg. As we had shaken hands, and she had such a respect for the English, I relieved my mind by telling her the exact truth—that I knew nobody, and nobody knew me; that I had not a soul to speak to but Hardstaff, and was heartily tired and sick of my situation. The lady seemed to enter into my feelings to a degree which enchanted me, young as I was.

'Far from your relations, and without friends in a strange city,' she said, 'with no associate but the old man who sits at that desk—it is a hard trial. And you can't return to England without your uncle's permission, of course?'

'No,' said I; 'and he is a man to whom I should not wish to complain of solitude: he would laugh at me for being childish, and bid me mind my business.'

'Ah, those money-making old men think of nothing but business,' said the countess. 'But, tell me now, should you like to see society? I mean first-class company—the world of fashion in St Petersburg.'

'Your ladyship, I am not accustomed to fashionable life; I have never been anything but a merchant's clerk.'

'Yes; but you have a genteel air, and might be made presentable,' she said, surveying me from head to foot with a look of the most candid and kindly patronage; 'and as you are so lonely, if you will be a good boy, and come to my house to-morrow evening, you will see a select circle of my best friends. It is only quadrilles, cards, and supper.'

Was I dreaming, or did a Russian countess actually invite me out of Skinderkin & Co.'s counting-house to quadrilles, cards, and supper? Then what apparel had I to appear in at the Rozenki Palace? Evening-dress had never been counted among the requisites of my existence, and in the confusion of these thoughts I could only stammer out: 'Much obliged to your ladyship, but'—

'You are thinking of your dress, young man,' said the countess, laying her small hand lightly on my arm, and looking me archly in the face; 'well, don't disturb yourself about that; we can do fairies' work at the Rozenki palace, and you shall be my Cinderella. Just step round to the tea-shop in the lane behind your warehouse, about seven to-morrow evening; you will find a carriage waiting there; step into it; it will bring you to the palace. The footman will shew you a dressing-room, where you will find everything requisite for a gentleman's toilet; then ring the bell, and the footman will conduct you to my salon.'

I do not remember what I said by way of thanks and acknowledgment for this, it was so unlike anything I had ever met with, so far out of the common course; yet where was the young man in my position who would have refused?

'Oh, never mind,' said the countess, cutting me short with another light pat on the arm; 'you will be kind to some Russian, perhaps, who may be lonely in England, when you have inherited your uncle's business, and become a great merchant. You won't forget to be at the tea-shop by seven. I can't wait for that old man any longer. Good-bye.'

She shook hands with me once more, and was going, when a sudden thought seemed to strike her. 'My friend, I forgot to ask one thing,' she said, turning at the door; 'can you speak French?'

'No, madame,' said I, blushing to the roots of my hair, as I recollected that that was the language of good society in Russia; but my school-days had been in the time of the long war, when French was neither so common nor so requisite as it has since become to men of business.

'Do you understand it at all?' and her look grew keenly inquiring.

'Not a word, madame.'

'That is unfortunate; everybody of fashion speaks French here, and very few understand English; besides, nothing could convince them that you had not been brought up a mere peasant—a boor, you understand, if you could not speak French; but there is one expedient which has just occurred to me; you will pretend to be dumb. I know you are clever enough to act a part; it will be no loss, as you cannot understand what is spoken; but, remember, not a sound before my guests or servants; it might bring us both to be talked of, and I want to let you see society. Good-bye.'

The door had closed upon her exit before I had well comprehended the curious arrangement, but the more I thought of it, the more clever and advantageous it seemed. The Countess Rozenki had evidently taken an interest in me; was it friendly? was it more than that? A rich and childless widow, young and beautiful, moreover, had taken it into her head to shew me good society, and make me presentable. The chance was worth following up, whatever it might lead to. Hardstaff came in about half an hour after, but of course he heard nothing about it. There was

no reason why he should. Seven was our closing hour, then the supper came off; some of the clerks went for walks, or to see their friends; the lazy ones went to bed: some Russians can do a wondrous deal of sleeping.

Having pondered and congratulated myself on the invitation, and given the porter a silver rouble, to take no notice of my movements—a Russian understands such matters without speech—I went forth at seven on the following evening, as if to take my accustomed walk, and in front of the tea-shop there stood a carriage—a very handsome one, but with no crest on its panels, and what I have often remarked in Russia, struck me forcibly on this occasion: though the usual class of customers were coming and going to the shop, though dirty children played about, and lazy men sat smoking at every door, nobody looked curious or surprised to see such an equipage in their quarter. It was strange, too, how quickly the coachman seemed to know his fare; he opened the door the moment I approached; I stepped in, and away we went to the Rozenki Palace.

I knew the city well enough to see that we were not going the direct way, however, and also that we stopped at the back-entrance, which was in a narrow, sombre-looking street, with a dead-wall shutting in the grounds of a monastery right opposite. A footman in splendid livery received me, shewed me through a passage and up a stair to a dressing-room elegantly furnished, where, according to the countess's promise, I found every requisite for a gentleman's toilet, including a complete suit for evening-dress. The clothes were made more in the Parisian than the London style—so they seemed to me; but who had taken such an exact account of my proportions? they fitted me amazingly, and my whole appearance in the full-length mirror gave me courage for the rest of the trial. Having dressed, I rang the bell as commanded, and, to my astonishment, who should answer it but the countess herself! She wore a magnificent evening-dress, of which, not being skilled in ladies' apparel, I can only say that it was very grand and very low, and that the lady looked to great advantage in consequence. The quantity of jewels flashing from her snowy neck and arms would have done some ladies good to see; but in she came as friendly and familiar as she had been in the counting-house.

'I just wanted to see how you looked before going down to the company. Ah! very well indeed,' she said, turning me round by the arm as if I had been her younger sister, on the point of being brought out. 'Didn't I guess your fit, my dear boy? You will make conquests among the girls this evening. But don't forget your part of mute; it is all we can do for the present. Of course, you will learn to speak French in time; I'll give you lessons myself. But now I must go to receive; the footman will conduct you to the salon; do your devoirs as if you had not seen me, and don't forget that you are dumb.'

She left me before I could make any reply. In another minute, the footman was at the door. Under his escort, I reached the reception-rooms. What a noble mansion it was! how extensive—how richly decorated—nothing more splendid than that suite of public rooms ever came under my eye. The furniture, mirrors, and pictures were on the most magnificent scale. I don't pretend to be a judge of such matters, but I have seen nothing like it since, and it fairly dazzled me then.

The countess was sitting in the central salon; some of the company had already arrived, others were coming in. I heard the roll of carriages, the hum of voices, the rustle of silks. The novelty of the scene rather confused me, but I was determined to prove that I was clever enough to act my part. There might be a great stake to win or lose that evening; so I walked straight up to Madame Rozenki, made the bow which had been extensively practised

for the occasion, saw in an opposite mirror that it was well done, and would have retired to a seat, when, to my utter amazement, she sprang from her velvet sofa, uttered a half-scream of French, threw her arms round my neck, and kissed me on both cheeks. I never was so taken by surprise in all my life, and it is my firm conviction that I must have looked particularly foolish, but there was no time to recover myself; she took me by the arm instantaneously, marched me round the rooms, presented me to everybody, old and young; they all seemed wonderfully glad to see me, but as every one spoke French, there was no chance of forgetting my part. I bowed and smiled as well as I could; the countess did all the talking, and at last she conducted me back to the salon, and set me down between two very plain and very large young women, with an astonishing amount of feathers and diamonds. They both talked to me with great civility, of course; I did not understand a word, but replied with nods and smiles, which seemed quite satisfactory. People came and came until the rooms were full. I saw officers in Russian uniform, with stars and ribbons on their breasts, and ladies in all sorts of finery, but there was not a pretty woman in the room except Madame Rozenki. She presented me to everybody; they all took as much notice of me as if I had been a foreign prince on my travels.

I did whatever she bade me, which she did, of course, by signs; played cards with three old ladies, danced with two young ones, handed herself to the supper-table, and felt myself in fairy-land: the splendid dresses, the magnificent rooms, the hum of conversation, and the crowd of faces, were all so new, so different from my counting-house life, that the whole seemed like a dazzling dream. At last, the company began to scatter away; the daylight had waned and come again, as it does between eleven and one at that season. The countess whispered to me in a corner that I had better get home; my own clothes were in the dressing-room, and the footman would shew me out; that was after a good many ladies and gentlemen had taken an almost affectionate leave of me. I went up accordingly, re-dressed, was shewn out at the back-gate, found my way to the lane, got in by the broken conservatory, but could not fall asleep till about half an hour before the great bell summoned us all to our places of business. I made up for it by sleeping over the desk that day. Our work was slowly as well as cheerlessly done. If Hardstaff observed anything, he made no remark; if he had, I should not have minded it; my head was full of the Rozenki Palace, the fine company, and the countess. I have said she was a pretty woman; I had no doubt that she was rich, and it was impossible to doubt the interest she had in me. Nothing in the world would have taken me out of St Petersburg now; I had come to a new life in the strange northern climate. Madame Rozenki was the first woman I had ever seriously thought of, and how could I help it, under the circumstances?

The very next day, Hardstaff was gone from his desk again. I fancied he had taken to the tea-shop, and thought it beneath him to be known. Gone he was, however, in the afternoon; and with the same creak, rustle, and knock, in came the countess. She made no excuse, did not ask for Hardstaff, but sat down at once, and began talking to me; how I liked her party—what I thought of the ladies—did I know what any of them had said of me, and would I like to come again.

I did my best to answer in a truthful manner, particularly as regarded the ladies, for I saw she had kept a remarkably close watch upon me all the evening. I also took occasion to insinuate my surprise at her own behaviour and the general notice taken of me by the company.

'O yes,' said she, 'I received you as an old friend

—that is the best passport to society. They were all friendly, of course. That is our way in Russia: we are quite a warm-hearted people.'

They did not look so, but no doubt they were. I would have believed anything that woman said.

She congratulated me on appearing to such advantage; said she should have credit in my bringing out; assured me that the two ladies between whom I sat were her late husband's cousins, and heiresses to great estates in Red Russia; and advised me not to let them or anybody else know I was not dumb till she taught me French. 'Then,' said she, 'the recovery of your speech will be so interesting. But I am forgetting that I want you to write something in my album;' and opening a flat parcel she had brought under her arm, the countess presented me with a beautiful book of the kind with illuminated borders, backs of carved ivory, and all manner of handwritings and languages on its satin-like pages.

'There, you are to write some English poetry—anything you like from Shakspeare or Byron, within that border of forget-me-nots. It will be a specimen of your handwriting and your taste, for me to keep when you have gone back to your own England, and forgotten me.'

'I will never forget you, madame,' said I, and might have said more, but she rose with:

'There is somebody coming—I must go. Bring the book with you to-morrow evening—at seven, remember. I won't send the carriage: it might attract attention; the footman will be waiting for you at the back-gate. Good-bye, my dear young friend,' and the counting-house door again closed between her and me.

With all the care and precision requisite for such a task, I copied a passage from *Romeo and Juliet* into the ivory album. It was intended to indicate my private sentiments. I don't think I was actually in love, but Madame Rozenki, though some years older than myself, was a young, fair, and wealthy widow; and what man at twenty-two would not have fallen into the snare?

I copied the passage, and I went to the party. The footman received me at the back-gate, and shewed me to the dressing-room. I got arrayed, rang the bell, was inspected by the countess, in another rich evening-dress, was approved of, conducted to the drawing-room, presented to scores of more company, set to dance, play cards, and hand ladies, and allowed to go home in my old clothes, and creep in at the conservatory window as before.

There were, I believe, two or three more invitations by notes brought me by a dirty boy from the tea-shop; but my first evening at the palace serves so completely for all that followed, that I have no additional particulars to record.

An inexperienced person would scarcely believe how rapidly the charms of the scene faded away, or rather became tiresome. The mere sight of grandeur and finery, which seemed so dazzling and fairy-like at first, on the second or third repetition lost its novelty. As I could not understand a word that was said, the real amusement of company was lost to me. Playing the mute's part for so many hours, and going home with nothing but a glare of lights and jewellery in one's eyes, and getting up to business after an hour or two of broken sleep to doze over the desk all day, seemed all cost and no profit. If madame had given me a quiet interview with herself in one of the back-rooms, where one might get up one's courage, and make one's declaration, it would have been something worth losing sleep, bribing porters, and shirking Hardstaff for; but the lady called me her dear young friend, presented me to her company, and gave me hints on deportment. What better signs of a tender interest could any man expect?

I was weighing the whole subject in my mental balance one day in the counting-house; I had not

missed Hardstaff; but the creak, the rustle, and the light knock brought me out of my own barricades to see that his desk was vacant, and Madame Rozenki had taken possession of the only chair we kept for strangers.

The usual remarks and inquiries about her last party having passed, she began to compliment me on the elegance of my handwriting as exhibited in her album, a countess-dowager and two heiresses from Moscow had admired it, and I made a bold attempt to direct her attention to the meaning of the passage written, and its suitability to my peculiar case, by saying: 'How do you like the lines I selected?'

'Ah, they are moving,' said the countess, with a very embarrassed look. 'You should not have written them; I must not hear such things: you do not know all; I am an unhappy woman;' here she sighed deeply.

'You unhappy, madame?' said I, coming a step or two nearer, for the opportunity was not to be lost.

'Yes,' said the countess, casting her eyes to the ground: 'but do not ask me; I cannot tell you; yet you are the only person on whom I can depend.' Her eyes were raised now, and looking me keenly in the face: 'Will you do me a service?'

'At the risk of my life, madame,' said I, and the offer was honestly made.

'Well, I believe you; but fortunately there is no such risk requisite; all I want you to do is to make a fair copy of this paper;' and she produced from her pocket a pretty large one, neatly folded. 'You see,' she continued, spreading it open before me, 'it is a law-paper, absolutely necessary in a very important suit—one which may result in riches or ruin. I must give it up to the court; but as it might be lost, or get into my enemy's hands, an accurate copy would be of the greatest importance to me. Family reasons make it unadvisable to intrust such a paper to any clerk or lawyer, but I can trust you. If you will take the trouble of copying it, word for word, letter for letter, in your own clear beautiful hand, I will never forget the obligation.'

An instantaneous offer to do that or anything else she wanted, was the only reply I could make.

'Thank you, thank you,' said the countess, placing the paper in my hand, which, by the by, she pressed. 'You are the only man in the world from whom I could ask such a service, and to your honour and discretion I can trust for keeping the secret. I know it, I know it,' she continued, cutting short my protestations of prudence in all that concerned her.

'When do you think you can get it finished?'

'To-morrow,' said I, glancing hastily over the paper; it was large, a folio sheet of parchment, and written in the old Slavonic character, which is still employed in Russian law and theology.

'Well, to-morrow evening bring it to my house; the footman will admit you at the back-gate, and I will explain everything to you in my own boudoir. Be particular in copying this;' and she pointed to some words like a signature at the end of the paper. 'Good-bye; I must go. Come between seven and eight;' and the countess was out of the door before she could hear my promise to be punctual.

I copied the paper with great attention to accurate transcription and strict secrecy.

Word for word, letter for letter, as Madame Rozenki directed, I traced out in the privacy of my own room, so as not to be seen by Hardstaff, the curious Slavonic writing, of which I did not understand a syllable.

There was some difficulty in matching the parchment and copying the signature; it might have been the emperor's sign-manual, for aught I knew.

The work cost me a sleepless night, but it was finished in good time. No eye could have told the difference between the copy and the original; nobody had cause to suspect what I was about; and with the

service done, and the great opportunity in the boudoir in prospect, I repaired to the back-gate of the Rozenki Palace between seven and eight.

The same footman admitted me, and with the accustomed look, motionless and stolid; but instead of leading on to the boudoir, as I expected, he handed me a sealed note, and stood by in the passage till I read it. That process did not require much time. The billet, which was dated 10 A. M., contained only this:

'MY DEAR YOUNG FRIEND — Unforeseen circumstances oblige me to set out immediately for Archangel; I must therefore lose the pleasure of receiving you this evening; but we will meet again at my return, when I hope to make more fitting acknowledgments for your friendship. Please to give the papers, both copy and original, to the footman; he has orders how to forward them; and believe me yours, in great haste,

CATHERINE ROZENKI.'

It was her own handwriting, and only one course remained for me: I gave the papers to the footman. Having no knowledge of each other's language, no questions could be asked or answered; and I went home, wondering what business could have called her so suddenly to Archangel, when she would return, and what acknowledgments were to be made to me.

These wonders were still fresh in my mind, when, a few days after, the English packet brought me a letter from my uncle, earnestly requesting my immediate return to England. It was so brief, and so hastily written, that I concluded the old man must be very ill, and thinking of his heirs and successors. Hardstaff, to whom I shewed the letter, by way of apology for my precipitate departure, was of the same opinion, and thought I should lose no time.

No time was lost; I set out with the English mail-packet. It was reckoned a fortnight then from St Petersburg to London; but I reached King William Street in the forenoon of the tenth day, to find my uncle well and busy in his counting-house.

In answer to my hasty inquiry why he had sent for me, the old man looked mysterious, beckoned me into his private room, and put into my hands a letter from Skinderkin & Co., in which he was informed, in the most business-like manner, that the interests of the firm and my own safety made it advisable that I should leave St Petersburg immediately, as I had incurred the resentment of a noble Russian family.

The case was now clear to me: the countess had been exiled to Archangel, and I sent home to England, through her high-born relations' dread of a *mésalliance*.

I felt myself the hero of a real romance; but what was to be done? Her address in Archangel was unknown to me; and even if it had been known, who could say into whose hands my letter might fall. Better to wait, and see what chance time might bring. For the present, I parried my uncle's lectures and inquiries by giving him to understand that I could not help the partiality of a rich widow and a countess.

The old man seemed to think it very unaccountable; so did everybody who heard it except my mother, good woman; she calculated on officiating at a wedding-breakfast in the Rozenki Palace.

I became somebody, even in the housekeeper's opinion, but had subsided into my old place in the counting-house, and my seat in the back-parlour, when, with the last packet, which left just before the frost had closed the Baltic, who should arrive but Mr Hardstaff!

He had resigned his office under Skinderkin & Co., and was on his way to Yorkshire, where he intended to spend the rest of his days in genteel retirement by help of his Russian savings. They had got two Scotchmen in lieu of both him and me; but some affairs which he was commissioned to wind up brought him to King William Street; and I took the only opportunity now in my power to learn something of the countess, by asking him, when we

chanced to be left by ourselves, if Madame Rozenki had been calling at the counting-house of late.

'O no,' said he; 'she sends her steward now: she wants no more silly young men to do her business.'

'What business do you mean?' said I.

'What you did for her: helping to get her nephew's estate in Archangel. The boy had died while he was yet a minor, in the monastery just behind her palace, where she had placed him to be educated and out of the way. He was dumb, you see, and had been dead for two years, but nobody knew that. She got the rents and the furs, and at last contrived a scheme—I suppose, because you looked a fit subject for it—to pass you off for her dead nephew with her company at the palace, and make you copy out a will leaving the estate to her. I believe the monks and she got up a funeral when you were fairly out of St Petersburg. Of course, she made Skinderkin & Co. send you.' And the amiable man smiled.

'What did you get for helping in the business?' said I, feeling that every word he spoke was true.

'Fools do the work, and wise folk get the profit,' responded my excellent senior. 'But I must tell you she is married to a prince—one of the Romanoff family, they say; and I would advise you to keep well out of Russia: it would never do for people to know the strange way she took to get her legacy.'

THE PROUDEST MOMENT OF MY LIFE

How very unfortunate that I should have been in Dulchester at this time; and how weak of me to break through a salutary rule, merely because I was afraid of appearing cold to my old friend! Would that I had listened to my wife's advice, and resolutely said 'No;' but that, alas! I have rarely the moral courage and the wisdom to do. I have therefore accepted 'with pleasure' what I would have given anything to be able to refuse. I have been foolish enough to promise my old schoolfellow, Spitchcock, to dine with him, on this present 9th of November, at the banquet given in honour of his election to the chief magistracy of his native city—I, who hate the very name of a public dinner, and would sooner dine off cold shoulder of mutton at home, much as I dislike that viand, than feast like a prince with the Lord Mayor of London himself.

I am by nature by no means insensible to the charms of a well-spread table; but then nature has not endowed me with the physical qualities of a diner-out. I am very dyspeptic; my poor head aches as if it would split when I breathe the tainted atmosphere of a crowded room; I can take but little wine with impunity, and am the most timid and nervous of men. In short, I am but a poor creature, and emphatically 'bad company.' As my wife says, I shall most probably eat or drink something which disagrees with me, and, as I observe to her, I have half a mind not to go after all. The only comfort I get, however, is the remark, that it is a great pity that I had not had a whole mind the day before, and that there is no one to blame but myself. As the fly is at the door, however, it really is too late to break my engagement. I perceive that my countenance bears a very rueful and infestive expression as I tie my white neck-cloth before the glass; and I descend the stairs slowly and reluctantly, as a gentleman might do if he were going to play the chief part in a tragedy in front of the Old Bailey. I arrive at the Guildhall, and am at once ushered into the withdrawing-room by the town-crier in his gold-laced coat, who shouts out, 'Mr Aspen!' with a force that makes my heart knock at my ribs in the most painful manner. How I do hate those long rooms with the entrance at one end and the fireplace at the other! Besides being a decidedly inconvenient and uncomfortable arrangement, what a painful ordeal it forces on the timid man who has to make his way alone from one

end of them to the other—just, too, as his name has been made so unpleasantly conspicuous that every nerve in his body is vibrating like a Jew's-harp. 'Mr Aspen!' and that unhappy gentleman walks nervously up the room, spoiling as he does so his white kids by fumbling at the buttons.

My friend Spitchcock advances from the midst of a circle of guests to meet me; and although I never was in the least afraid of him before, he now appears to me to be quite an awful personage. Surely it cannot be that this is the self-same Spitchcock whom I have known from boyhood? The very identical Spitchcock who went to school with me more than twenty years ago, and whom I perfectly well remember to have seen 'hoisted' and well flogged for the crime of having prigged from the usher's desk the Key to the Rev. J. Joyce's Arithmetic? Can it be that this portly gentleman of five-and-thirty or thereabouts, weighing some seventeen stone, and clothed in scarlet and sable, was ever small enough to be ignominiously 'hoisted'? Yes, it is my old friend Spitchcock, who is very glad indeed to see me—much more so than I am just now to see him; and he asks kindly after Mrs Aspen, regretting that provincial mayors don't follow the excellent example set them by the chief magistrate of the metropolis, and invite the ladies to join their husbands and brothers at the civic festivals. Then he introduces me to several of his particular friends, and so I make the acquaintance of several of the most remarkable members of the municipality of Dulchester. 'My predecessor in office, Mr Silas Tomkins—my friend Mr Aspen. Mr Alderman Bowler, Mr Town-clerk, Mr Sneels—my friend Mr Aspen, an old schoolfellow.'

In a short time, all the guests are assembled, and we proceed to the banqueting-room. I am of course seated at the cross-table at which sits His Worship, the Mayor, and the most distinguished of the company, amongst whom I observe the twin M.P.s for the borough, one or two cathedral dignitaries, and other local magnates. On my right sits Mr Alderman Bowler, and on my left Mr Sneels, both of whom are especially charged to 'take care of me.' The alderman looks like a two-bottle man at the least, but Sneels I should think never drank anything stronger than toast and water. No doubt they will take care of me, and perhaps, after all, I shall get through the evening pretty well. I cannot dispossess myself of the apprehension, that it is within the bounds of possibility that somebody may propose my health before this distinguished company; but it seems *less* probable than it did an hour or so ago. The possibility is still there, looming in the future, but it is less distinct. I see it, as it were, through the haze of the good things which are now smoking on the board. It is more than two hours beyond my usual dinner-time, and I am very glad when Spitchcock's chaplain has said grace, and the lay-vicars at the bottom of the room have sung their *non nobis*. I am decidedly hungry, and rather chilly, so that the vermicelli soup is very grateful to my feelings. A pleasing warmth begins to diffuse itself down even to my very boots, and a glass of very fair sherry revives my spirits amazingly. I make a much nearer approach to enjoying myself than I could have believed possible; and I think that if it were not for that little black cloud which may possibly expand and overshadow me an hour hence, I should get through my evening very comfortably. Bowler as yet has not said much: he is too deeply occupied in stowing away a plentiful allowance of mock turtle; but Mr Sneels has something to say for himself, and we get on very well together. I was greatly mistaken, though, in thinking that he never drank anything but toast and water. He takes his glass of wine with the cool off-hand manner of the regular diner-out; and I suspect that it is by way of an excuse for half a glass more that he asks me to take wine with him in the rather long interval that

elapses before I can get a bit of fish. It is turbot, and I relish it greatly. Since I *am* here, why shouldn't I, just for once, disregard dietetics, and make a good dinner? To be sure, I ought not to mix my wine; but it is so difficult to stick to such a rule as that when one is dining out; and, as Sneels says, champagne is hardly to be called wine—it is only a sort of sweetish soda-water. A glass or so of that cannot hurt anybody. Sneels says it never hurts him, and I am sure he is a dyspeptic-looking creature enough.

My scruples about mixing sherry and champagne are therefore easily overcome; and Bowler now directs my attention to a fine turkey just placed on the table. It is stuffed with truffles, he says, and is a first-rate sort of thing. I know that, and wonder at the rapid march of civilisation, of which this *dindon aux truffes* affords striking evidence. I could not have believed, till I saw it, that such a dish was within the *répertoire* of a culinary artist at Dulchester. The final cause of turkeys is decidedly truffles, and the final cause of truffles is turkeys. That is a great truth, which is well known amongst the accomplished professors of this important branch of chemistry; but however came such a truth to be known and practised by the cook of a provincial mayor? For my part, I am almost sure to eat more of any dish flavoured with truffles than is good for me, and I do so now; but Bowler on one side, and Sneels on the other, both assure me that a glass of wine will keep everything quiet. 'The venison, sir,' says Bowler, 'is the gift of His Grace the Duke of Widelands, who owns all the country here about. We always return one at least of his sons as our borough member, and he always sends us game and venison for our mayor's inauguration dinner. Don't be afraid of it, sir; it is very easy of digestion, and another slice won't hurt you. No. Well, the pleasure of a glass of wine, sir. You had better come and reside among us, and then you would very soon get rid of your pepay. Nobody is peptic here, Sneels (with a wink at me), are they? We have all capital appetites at Dulchester, and, thank God, our digestions are equally good. You are afraid of sweets, sir? and why so? That sweets don't agree with you, sir, is a delusion—a great delusion, believe me. I have read somewhere or another that the digestive apparatus does not act properly unless a certain quantity of food is taken into the stomach, and that it is better that this necessary quantity should not be all of one kind. Now, you see, sir, that it is not easy for a man to take enough of the substantials—I don't count the soup as anything—to fulfil this indispensable condition of healthy digestion: it is to pudding, therefore, that he must have recourse, to fill up the space, and set his stomach to work. I have proved this doctrine to be sound over and over again, for I am always better after a good dinner than after a bad one, and so are most people. A man is a fool or a physician at forty, and long experience teaches me that pudding is wholesome. Pudding is the padding that fills up the chinks, and keeps everything else quiet—ha, ha!' And Mr Alderman Bowler, chuckling at his own wit, fills his own glass and mine in the most friendly manner.

I must own to having an almost childish love for sweets, and for plum-pudding in particular. I quite agree with Bowler that there is no sweet dish which is better, and I take Sneels' advice, and put plenty of sherry over it, in order that it may sit comfortably. Bowler and Sneels both assure me that the port is very good, and such as can't hurt anybody; one glass, therefore, with a bit of cheese, and just a draft of bitter beer. But, no, I thank you; I would rather not take any more at present. Bowler by this time is certainly mellow, but Sneels talks on and sips his wine as coolly as when we began dinner. As for me—why, I am tolerably

comfortable—very comfortable, I may say, considering the care that has been taken of me, and that I have done what penny-a-liners call 'ample justice' to the good things set before me. Upon my word, I do think that there is much truth in the doctrine, that the digestive powers are more efficient when the stomach is pretty well filled. I have often felt more uneasy after — But my train of thought is cut short by a loud thump on the table. The company rise, and the chaplain returns thanks. I am not sorry to stand up, for I do not feel quite so much at my ease as I thought I did; the heat of the room has certainly affected my head a little, and I have rather an annoying sort of buzz in my ears. As I sit down again, too, the awful possibility, which I had half forgotten, begins to assume once more a threatening shape. In a minute more, it rushes back on my mind in full force, and gives me 'a turn' sufficient to derange a far stronger digestion than mine. I have a sinking sensation, which makes me believe that the soup, the turbot, the venison, the champagne, the sherry, the bitter beer, the port, 'that wouldn't hurt anybody,' and the plum-pudding, are all making preparations to demonstrate, in a very forcible manner, that quantity and variety are not always to be depended on to insure perfect digestion. I know that my turn is not to come yet, if it is to come at all; but my friend Spitchcock is on his legs to propose the first toast, and that *may* be the beginning of the end I am so fearful of. What would I give for his self-possession! He looks the very picture of prosperity too, as indeed he well may. We started in life together, and now he is a provincial Whittington, having made a fortune in leather; while I, who corrected his exercises, and construed his Delectus, am — But never mind. I don't envy him his wealth, but I would give anything for his assurance. He may keep his gold for himself, but would that I had a small portion of his brass! His hands rest on the table-cloth; his fingers are spread out as if he were about to play on the piano; his double chin reposes calmly on his white cravat, and his gold chain of office glistens grandly on his snowy waistcoat. He proposes the toast which is always sure to be received with enthusiasm in a company of English gentlemen—the health of that gracious lady, the best of sovereigns, of wives, and of mothers—'The Queen, gentlemen, the Queen'; and the lay-vicars immediately proceed to 'scatter her en-ne-mies,' to the accompaniment of the organ in the gallery. 'No, sir, no; that cannot be permitted,' says my neighbour Bowler. 'Don't disgrace Dulchester by leaving a heal-tap after drinking her Majesty's health. For the other members of the royal family, half a glass may be allowed to pass; but her Majesty, sir, deserves a bumper.'

I can't deny that proposition, and so her Majesty has a bumper of the port that won't hurt anybody, but which begins to make me feel just a trifle excited perhaps. Or is this enthusiasm catching, and am I excited by the hip-hipping, which is really very stirring, particularly to a novice? I know that I never felt so loyal and so devotedly attached to our most gracious sovereign and her family in my life; and on the invitation of that astonishing Spitchcock, I drink all their healths from the very bottom of my heart. I say, that astonishing Spitchcock, because, when he was at school, he could never say 'bo' to a goose, and, in fact, was always thought to be next door to a fool; but now, nothing abashes him. At his request, we not only drink the Queen and the Royal Family, but the Army, Navy, Militia, and Volunteers, the Right Reverend the Lord Bishop and the Clergy of the Diocese, the twin M.P.s, the ex-Mayor, the Town-clerk, and the Editor of the local journal, in connection with the Press. Spitchcock has something to say both glib and appropriate about each and all of these personages—something very much like what I have read in the

newspapers as having been uttered by other mayors on like occasions; but it is a wonder to me how he can have learned his part so thoroughly, and how he can go through it so smoothly. He shews great tact, too, for I observe that he administers a strong dose of compliment to the representative of the Dulchester *Penny Trumpet and Sheepshire Gazette*. His Worship takes care to well butter the editor, and the editor well butters his Worship in return. I inwardly resolve, should I be so unfortunate as to be toasted, to butter as thickly as I can this influential gentleman. I even begin, in a vague sort of way, to think over something complimentary to say about the press, but the heat of the room is beginning to have its usual effect on me; I feel rather faint, and if I could slip out unobserved, I certainly would do so: this, however, is impossible; I am tied to the stake, and must endure the worst. Bowler and Sneels assure me that the window behind us having been opened just a crack, I shall quickly recover myself, and, at their recommendation, I swallow another glass of the innoxious port, in order to hasten my convalescence. My neighbours are really very kind and attentive, and they do their best to assuage my physical sufferings; but they do not seem to be aware that they should endeavour to 'minister to a mind diseased,' that my rapidly increasing uneasiness is owing as much to moral as to physical causes. For the latter, the crack open at the top of the window behind me may possibly be some palliative—it is to be hoped so, for this dizziness and swimming of the head is making alarming progress. The truth is, that I have persuaded myself that I shall be called on to address this roomful of strangers, and I am overwhelmed with terror. Open a crack, indeed! Would the crack were in the floor—a yawning gulf—dark, unfathomable, bottomless! I care not, so that I may sink down—down, 'anywhere, anywhere, out of the world;' or, at anyrate, out of this terrible room; for Spitchcock himself rises again, and—wretch that he is—looks significantly towards me, his old friend Aspen.

Toasts are running short. Everybody has at length been 'drunk'; but drowning men will catch at straws, and one faint hope remains. Able toast-master as Spitchcock has shewn himself, what can he say about *me*? But another look from him almost annihilates me. I feel that 'the proudest moment of my life' is come—I turn deadly pale—I turn very red—I burn with heat—I shiver with cold—I look up at the ceiling—I look down on the floor—I look timidly around. The faces I see are not as the faces of men who would compassionate the sufferings of a fellow-creature, however 'unaccustomed to public speaking.' I am afraid that Sneels will hear my heart beat, and it is only by an immense effort that I prevent my teeth from chattering audibly. As for thinking of something to say, either about the editor of the *Penny Trumpet* or anything else, my mind is an utter blank. I try, of course, to look perfectly unconcerned; but that fellow Sneels must see that I am not so, for he hisses in my ear 'don't be nervous,' and so unnerves me completely.

'Gentlemen,' says that cruel Spitchcock with one of his blindest smiles—'gentlemen, charge your glasses;' which I mechanically do, putting in a full charge and drinking it off at once at a gulp, thereby causing the wax-candles before me to double themselves in a most surprising manner. I try now to think of something else—to shut my eyes and ears to what is passing around me—but I am spell-bound, and must listen. Surely this is a terrible dream; or am I the prisoner at the bar, found guilty of some fearful crime? No innocent man could feel as I do. Listen! what does that personage in scarlet say? 'Gentlemen, with your permission, I will propose one more toast before I vacate this chair; and I am quite sure, gentlemen, that it is one which you will receive as warmly as you have received those loyal, patriotic,

and complimentary toasts which I have already had the honour of proposing this evening. Gentlemen, we have had the pleasure of drinking the healths of many of our old friends who have favoured us with their company to-night; and if we would uphold the character which Dulchester has always enjoyed for hospitality, our new friends must not be left unnoticed.' (Applause.) I am, here, taken much worse. 'I am truly happy, gentlemen, to see around me so many fresh faces, and I am going to propose to you that we shall drink to the health of their owners, assuring them that we shall always be happy to see them in Dulchester, particularly on these festive occasions. There is one gentleman present, to whom I must crave your permission to refer more particularly'—the mayor, the dignitaries, the twin M.P.s, the town-clerk, the aldermen, and the mace, now swim before my eyes in dreadful confusion—'he is an old friend of mine, though a new friend of yours; and I must tell him how happy I am to see him here on this, to me, proud occasion. With your permission, gentlemen, I shall give 'The strangers present, and with them my old friend and schoolfellow, Mr Aspen.'

O smooth-tongued Spitchcock! little do you think what misery you are causing the old friend whom you wish to honour. I feel that everybody is looking at me, and immediately there is a fearful reiteration of my name from all parts of the room. 'The strangers present and Mr Aspen—Mr Aspen—Mr Aspen.' The agony of that moment! How do men feel when they step on the stage where Mr Calcraft awaits them? How, when, far from human aid, their frail bark is rushing towards the awful abyss of Niagara? Does not a man's life pass before him in these supreme moments? Is he not a child again, weaving daisy-chains in the sunny meads, or slowly pointing out great *As* beside his parent's knee? Yes, it is so. I, too, am a boy once more, and I am trying to say my lessons, of which I cannot remember a single word.

Master Spitchcock, too, must have again 'fudged' his arithmetic, for he is again 'hoisted,' and is about to suffer the penalty of his crime. He has a red coat on, which is odd; and the broom must be in full bloom, for it is yellow, like that emblem of civic dignity, the mace; but still I cannot be mistaken. I am twelve years of age; I can't remember one word of my lesson, and there is Master Spitchcock going to be birched. How long this vision of my youth, strangely mingled with the terrible realities of my middle age lasts, I cannot say, but I am roused from it, and brought back to the actual by Sneels, who whispers: 'Now, Mr Aspen—now, sir;' and I stand up, hardly knowing what I do, and holding desperately on to the table with both hands. My eyes are open, but like Lady Macbeth's, their sense is shut. I see nothing; all my faculties are absorbed in the tremendous effort to say something.

'Mr Mayor and Gentlemen—When I took my seat at this hospitable board this evening, on the invitation of my old and valued friend, your worthy chief magistrate, I had not the remotest idea that I should be called on to address you; and still less, if that were possible, could I have anticipated that on me would have been conferred the high honour of thanking you in the name of several gentlemen, who, like myself, are enjoying your hospitality for the first time. I am no orator, gentlemen, as you may easily perceive. I shall therefore merely thank you warmly for the high honour you have done us, and crave your permission—in my own name, and in that of the gentlemen for whom I have the honour to speak—to propose a toast in return. It is on such occasions as this, gentlemen, when we see assembled round the social board the legislators, the magistracy, the clergy, the gentry, the traders, the professional classes, and though last, not least, the representatives of the fourth estate, of that glorious institution without which our boasted *Magna Charta*, our *Habeas*

Corpus, and our Trial by Jury, would be nothing but a delusion and a snare—that we perceive the full value of our ancient municipal institutions. (Loud cheers.) I consider it to be a great honour and privilege, gentlemen, and I am confident that all these gentlemen in whose name I speak consider it to be a great honour and privilege to be in a position to ask you to drink the toast I am about to propose. Mr Mayor and Gentlemen, we thank you with all our hearts for the high honour you have conferred on us, and we beg leave to propose "Prosperity to the ancient city of Dulchester." I sit down amidst tremendous cheers—of that I am quite certain.

But did I really speak that speech? Commonplace as it is, it is so much better than I thought it possible for me to make; and yet I must have made it, for is it not so given, word for word, in the *Penny Trumpet and Sheepshire Gazette*, a journal remarkable, as everybody knows, for the scrupulous fidelity of its reports? My wife hints, it is true, that the editor of that well-conducted print has 'cooked' my remarks, in return for the butter which I perfectly well remember having administered to him, but I really cannot believe that any respectable editor would condescend to such an act as that. Besides, my wife is prejudiced, for she was very angry at my accepting Spitchcock's invitation against her advice; and still more angry at my coming home at midnight in 'such a state.' What she means by that, I don't know. I was certainly in good spirits on reaching home, but that was natural enough. The dreaded ordeal was over; a great weight was removed from my mind, and there was some reaction—nothing more. In future years, however, I will take care not to be 'drunk,' either at Dulchester, or elsewhere.

THE EXHIBITION OF 1862.

ALL the world knows that we are to have another Great Exhibition in the year just beginning; and all the world—Whang Fo in China, Jeejeebhoy Singh in India, and Wrwkschtptschkhoff in Russia—intends to send specimens of art and industry for display on the occasion. Some among us can hardly realise the fact that eleven years have passed since the Crystal Palace in Hyde Park astonished every one by its forest of iron columns, and its acres of fairy roofing. To the young, however, eleven years are a wide span; and it is among the young that we are to look for indications of the real length of the intervening period. Miss, who now has a beau to escort her, was then a little girl, who stared with all her eyes at the marvels of the palace of glass; and the other miss, second daughter of Paterfamilias, now old enough to enjoy, if not fully to understand, such scenes, was then a baby in the border region between long clothes and short; Master Richard, who could then only just reach to the level of the stalls and counters on tiptoe, is now apprenticed or articulated, and feels entitled to comment on the progress of nations in art and industry; while little Bob, aged eight, who is looking forward to many a treat next summer, was then—nowhere. As to Paterfamilias himself, he is a little more gray, and thinks about the expense of these great collections; he speculates, too, whether all will go well between the Emperor and ourselves; and whether the rival presidents will plunge us into worry or worse. If he is statistically inclined, he will consider the facts, that the United Kingdom now contains a million and three quarters more people than it did when the Great Exhibition was held in Hyde Park, and that there are four thousand more miles of railway open—more people to travel, and more facilities for travelling; nay more, that there are half a million more people within walking-distance or omnibus-distance, in the metropolis itself. Taking

these things into account, he will probably arrive at a conclusion that the new undertaking has a fair chance of success.

This success, of course, depends in great measure on the cost of the undertaking. The expenditure at Brompton will be far heavier than that which was incurred in Hyde Park. True, certain liberal men have guaranteed to the extent of £430,000 against loss; and this enables the commissioners to borrow money abundantly on easy terms; still, the ultimate result must depend on the balance between outgoings and incomings, in this as in all other undertakings. The commissioners of the Exhibition of 1851 have lent to the commissioners of the Exhibition of 1862 a piece of ground at Brompton or South Kensington, bounded on the east, west, and south by well-made roads, and on the north by the new Horticultural Gardens. On this piece of ground the structure is being built for the forthcoming Exhibition. The bargain is too complicated to be easily understood; some parts of the building are undoubtedly intended to be permanent, some temporary, some doubtful; and the arrangements between all the parties concerned, on this point, seem to be made contingent on the success of the enterprise. All that we can certainly say is, that the expense will very far exceed that of the former building. The former commissioners threw over all the regular architects, and accepted a plan from a gardener, Mr (now Sir Joseph) Paxton; the present commissioners have similarly ignored the architects, by adopting a plan suggested by a military engineer, Captain Fowke. The architects, of course, do not like this; and their adverse criticisms are possibly tinged in some degree by this dissatisfaction. However, Messrs Kelk and Lucas are working hard, and leave the critics to dispute among themselves.

This *Journal*, for the most part, keeps clear from long ranges of figures—numerals followed by a frightful array of ciphers. We must, however, on this occasion, go a little into such a region. The question is being put, all around us—Will the Exhibition building for this year be larger or smaller than the Crystal Palace constructed in Hyde Park eleven years ago? This is a reasonable question; and we will endeavour to present an answer, by comparing the two buildings in various ways.

In the first place, then, concerning the *area*. The space set apart in Hyde Park for the Exhibition of 1851 was 2300 feet long by 500 wide, or about 26 acres; but roads and open spaces had to be formed out of this, thereby limiting the extent of the actual building to 19 acres—about seven times the area covered by St Paul's Cathedral. At Brompton, the area of the main portion of the building will be 16½ acres, with 4 acres more for the *annexe*, on the western side of the Horticultural Gardens, to be appropriated to heavy machinery; and there is a promise of an eastern *annexe* of 4 or 5 acres more. The reader may therefore comfort himself with the certainty, that the new building will be larger than the old, in the space covered. Should the eastern *annexe* be formed, the new building will cover as much ground as the old Crystal Palace plus *fifteen Westminster Halls*—a tolerably large increase, it must be admitted! In the next place, as to *site*. The Hyde Park structure was a little above the natural surface of the ground. The spot for the new building, although not actually excavated, is 5 feet below the level of the new roads made on all sides of it; and apprehensions are entertained in some quarters that, unless a very careful drainage-system be adopted, the building will be damp in the lower stories. Certain it is, that on a gloomy November day, many hundreds of visitors had to wade through a very 'slough of despond'—a batter-pudding of unctuous mud, in their progress from one part of the works to another. However, let us hope that the many wise heads

concerned in the matter will make due provision for the dryness of this important structure. We come next to *length*. Here, the old conquered the new. The Hyde Park Crystal Palace could boast of a length of 1850 feet, presenting an interior vista never paralleled by anything seen before—in this country, at all events. The new building will be 700 feet shorter, being about 1150 feet along the Picture-gallery frontage in Cromwell Road. But the difference in shape renders any comparison of mere length fallacious. No part of the Hyde Park structure was more than 460 feet deep or wide; but the new building, besides an average depth of 650 feet, will have either one or two *annexes* stretching to a great distance northward. Taking average lengths and depths, we may put the comparison thus: Old building, 1850 feet by 430; new building, 1150 feet by 650; together with an *annexe* 1000 feet by 200, and probably another *annexe* of equal size on the eastern side. Concerning *height*, the extreme dissimilarity of the two buildings renders it difficult to institute a comparison. The Crystal Palace in Hyde Park varied from 24 to 64 feet high along the main portion, with a central transept 108 feet high. The structure at Brompton will have a height of nave, or chief avenue, equal to 100 feet, with numerous lower degrees of elevation with which the reader need not be perplexed. At Hyde Park, as we all know, the whole roofing was of glass; not a corner was there but had its flood of daylight pouring in upon it; avenues and quadrangles, all alike, had the glassy covering, except two refreshment courts, which were left open to the sky. At Brompton, however, there will be a good deal of opaque roofing, wood covered by a peculiar felt. The picture-galleries, the nave, the transepts, will all be roofed in this way. The only part in the new building that resembles the old is the series of courts. These will be veritable crystal courts, magnificent in size, and graceful in appearance; six in number, they will vary from 150 to 250 feet in length, by 86 to 200 feet in width, or, on average, 220 feet by 140; 50 feet high, and wholly roofed with glass. If we were inclined to prophecy, we would say that these crystal courts will be more general favourites than most other parts of the building; but Captain Fowke loves better his nave and galleries.

The *floor-space* and the *galleries* are the parts to which the majority of exhibitors anxiously look, for it is on those that the amount of exhibiting space mainly depends. At the Hyde Park building in 1851, the floor and galleries comprised about 1,000,000 square feet of boarding. At Brompton, if the second *annexe* is made, the flooring alone will exceed this quantity, at or near the level of the ground; while 300,000 square feet more will present itself in the form of galleries, at a height of about 25 feet from the ground. The reader will at once, therefore, see that the new building very far exceeds the old in horizontal or floor space, to say nothing of wall-space, which we shall speak of presently in connection with pictures. We are told to expect a mile and a half of galleries running round the nave, the transepts, and the crystal courts, with all the riches of man's ingenuity displayed to us on either hand; and if we could count up the number of avenues between the ranges and stalls of exhibited goods, the tempting treasures of all regions, on the vast area of the ground-floor, it would extend to a greater number of miles than one would like to walk on a hot summer's day.

The grand novelties, however, in comparison with anything in the Hyde Park building, will be presented by the *domes*, those 'wonders of the world,' which architects are criticising with some severity, and which practical men say will delay the completion of the building in an inconvenient way. The domes will be of very little use; and as they will necessarily be costly, it is only their beauty that will bring them into public favour. Whether they will possess this

beauty, is just the point in question. Many persons think that each dome will be beautiful in itself; but that two, near the ends of a long building, will make the centre of the structure appear too low and mean. Captain Fowke evidently expects something grand in the interior view from dome to dome; and it is only fair to give a brief note of what is intended and hoped for. The domes are to be duodecagonal, or twelve-sided, and larger than any others in the world. Their diameter is to be 160 feet, and height 250 feet. Now, the dome of the Pantheon at Rome is only 140 feet diameter by 70 feet high; that of the Baths of Caracalla, 111 feet diameter; that of Florence, 139 feet diameter by 133 feet high; that of St Peter's at Rome, 158 feet diameter by 263 feet high; that of St Paul's, 112 feet diameter by 215 feet high; and that of the new Reading-room at the British Museum, 140 feet diameter by 106 high. Each of those at Brompton will, therefore, be a trifle larger in diameter than St Peter's dome, although not quite so high. The new erections will be quite unlike the old in structure. They will consist almost entirely of iron and glass, and will shed an extraordinary flood of light down upon the floor underneath. Each dome will have an inner and an outer gallery. Some grand results are expected to be made visible from the spacious area beneath each dome. Although the general level of the building is, as we have said, five feet below that of the roads outside, there will be an ascent of a foot or two to the great platform or *dais* under each dome, and then a descent of six or seven feet, by three magnificent flights of steps, each eighty feet wide, to the floor of the nave. From the one dome to the other will be a distance of about one thousand feet; and the designer hopes and expects that a very majestic *coup d'œil* will be obtained from both these elevated spots—the one eastward, and the other westward. Each dome will spring from the intersection of the nave with a transept; and as the two transepts will have the same level as the nave, the commanding vista from each *dais* will be north and south, as well as towards the other *dais*. All we will here venture upon is, an expression of a hope that this grand effect will compensate for the comparative paucity of light in the nave; at any rate, there will be something such as the world has never yet seen in these two crystal domes.

The *picture-galleries* are another feature which did not exist in the Hyde Park building of 1851. Art as well as industry, taste as well as manufactures, is to attract our attention in May next. True, we had sculptures in Hyde Park; but now we are to have pictures as well as sculptures; and very glorious pictures too, if prophets speak aright. Captain Fowke prides himself on the picture-galleries. They constitute the entire architectural feature of the south or main front. On this side, the largest gallery will be 1150 feet long by 50 feet wide; uninterrupted throughout its whole length, except by certain piers or projections for ornamental effect. The length is about equal to that of the great gallery at the Louvre. The work of this gallery is unmistakably intended to be permanent; substantial brick-work, piers at the entrance seven feet thick, and a thickness of five feet of concrete to form a basis beneath—all denote this. The brick-walls will be lined with wood, which will be painted of some uniform tint. The wall-space will be such as to allow of pictures being hung to a height of thirty feet, if the persons learned in art should wish so to do. But how to light the pictures? When we consider what wranglings there have been at the National Gallery and the Royal Academy on this point, we can well understand that it became an anxious question in connection with so vast a collection as that promised for next May. Luckily, the commissioners had some basis to rest upon. When the Sheepshanks collection of pictures was to be

arranged at the South Kensington Museum a few years ago, Captain Fowke was requested to construct a gallery which, however bare of pretensions in other respects, would at least allow the pictures to be well seen. It must be candidly admitted that he was successful; for the pictures are well seen, by gaslight as well as by daylight. The ingenious designer now hopes to effect on a very large scale what he there accomplished on a small one. The desired result is, first, that the quantity of light should be as great as possible, be subject to control, and obtained from above; and, secondly, that the rays from the sky incident upon the pictures should not be reflected from their varnished surfaces, so as to strike the eye of a spectator while standing at a convenient distance for examining the pictures. A particular arrangement of lantern-lights, in the roofs or ceiling, is adopted for the attainment of these ends, so as to leave the walls unbroken by windows of any kind. It is a great experiment, the success of which we must all warmly desire; for the nations of the earth will send us their pictorial treasures, and it is only right that we should place those treasures where they can be best seen. This large gallery is not by any means the only one devoted to pictures. There will be one beneath it, lighted by side-windows only; and if this be deemed not well suited for this purpose, there are abundant services which it can be made to render. There are also, running up Exhibition Road and Prince Albert Road, picture-galleries about 550 feet long each, 25 feet wide, and 30 feet high—intended for the reception of small oil-paintings, water-colour drawings, architectural drawings, and engravings. Excluding the lower floor or story, and admitting only the galleries which have the improved mode of lighting at the top, it will be seen that there will be considerably more than 4000 feet length of wall-space, 30 feet high, on which to serve this great pictorial feast.

Another matter, very important in the eyes of persons engaged in pleasure-seeking, is the *refreshment* department. Few subjects excited more astonishment than this at Hyde Park. Most of us remember how difficult it was, on a hot and busy day, to obtain those creature-comforts which 'exhausted nature' insisted on demanding; but few persons suspected, until the six months of exhibiting were over, how enormous had been the consumption. More than 50,000 quarter loaves of bread; 120,000 small loaves, rolls, and biscuits; 870,000 plain buns; 930,000 Bath buns; 220,000 Banbury and other cakes; 50,000 pounds of plum-cake; 80,000 meat patties; 70,000 pounds of ham; 260,000 pounds of beef and tongue; 800,000 pounds of ice; 80,000 pounds of salt; 65,000 quarts of milk and cream; 21,000 pounds of tea, coffee, and chocolate; more than 1,000,000 bottles of lemonade, soda-water, and ginger-beer; with minor items—were sold at the Hyde Park Crystal Palace in 1851. Wine was included among the 'minor items,' for in those days French wines could not, as now, reach us at a cheap rate; and we were certainly not a wine-drinking people. The viands were not consumed wholly by visitors; for there was an exhibitors' dining-room, where sometimes 2000 cold dinners were disposed of in a day. The contractors gave L.5500 for permission to hold this refreshment department; and they admitted afterwards that they had made a rich harvest out of it. What they really received 'over the counter' was not publicly known; but it is a matter of easy calculation that the buns and the effervescing drinks alone must have brought L.30,000. Now, when the commissioners for the Exhibition of 1862 set to work, they resolved that the refreshment department should be profitable to themselves and pleasant to the public. The first thing was, to set aside a sufficient space. They settled this matter by appropriating the whole of the space where the Exhibition building abuts upon the south side of the beautiful

Horticultural Gardens. We believe, indeed, that the refreshment-gallery will, in part, be built on the very arcades which form the south boundary of the gardens; but whether this be so or not, windows from that department will look out upon the parterres, terraces, walks, cascades, and fountains of the gardens, all rejoicing in the summer sunshine. We are promised arcades 1500 feet long by 25 wide, for light refreshment counters; besides more elaborate results of culinary art in dining saloons 300 feet long by 75 wide. The *déjeuner à la fourchette*, the luncheon, the plain dinner of roast meat, the Paris dinner of *recherché* viands—all are promised; besides the sandwiches and the buns, the ginger-beer and the coffee, which must satisfy economical John Bull and his large family. It is said that the enormous sum of £30,000 is to be given for the rent or royalty of the refreshment department for the six months. As the picture-galleries on the south are intended to be permanent, so will these brick refreshment-galleries on the north be permanent also. 'At the close of the Exhibition,' we are told on something like official authority, 'they will become the most delightful dining-halls in the metropolis, supplying a great public want in this respect.'

Of the buildings as a whole, considered as examples of constructive ingenuity, the Hyde Park Crystal Palace was more *sui generis* than the structure at Brompton; the latter contains a vast amount of brickwork, whereas the former was almost wholly of iron, wood, and glass. Each boasts, through the mouth of its chief designer, of the quantity of materials it has absorbed or will absorb. 'I,' said the Crystal Palace, 'appropriated 3300 iron columns, with 1074 base pieces to rest them upon; 3500 girders to connect them together; and other pieces which make up a total of 4000 tons of ironwork; also a million square feet of flooring and galleries; and 20 miles of wooden gutters; 200 miles of sash-bars; and other pieces, making up a total of 600,000 cubic feet of woodwork: I had 17 acres of glass in my roof, besides 1500 vertical glazed sashes.' 'And I,' says the Exhibition building at Brompton (what a pity we have not a short name for it, such as was found so appropriate for its progenitor in Hyde Park!), 'shall use up 10,000,000 bricks; and nearly 1000 iron columns, larger and thicker than yours, oh Crystal Palace! and 1165 girders; and five miles of pipes and gutters; and three miles of iron railing and balustrade; and other articles which will make up my weight of cast iron as great as yours, 4000 tons; besides 1200 tons of wrought iron for the domes and roofs; and windows which, if perched one on another, would reach nearly twenty times as high as St Paul's; and thirty miles of sash-bars for the roofs of the crystal courts. There!'

Enough for the present. We have given the reader some materials for instituting a comparison between the past and the present—the building for the last, and the building for the forthcoming great International Exhibition. Of the exhibitions themselves, and the differences in the characteristic displays of the two great collections, more anon.

A LADY'S ADVENTURE ON THE ATLANTIC.

A SINGULAR adventure once befel me on the wild coast of the north of Ireland, where the Atlantic heaves its billows against that giant barrier of black rock, which seems in stern defiance to say to the invader: 'Here shall thy proud waves be stayed.' It brings a shudder to my heart to reflect in calmness on the only time in which I saw that threatening coast. I was a total stranger in that part of the world, and wanted to get to Scotland. I was told a Glasgow steamer called at a small town or village on the coast; and I took an Irish car, and set off on a journey of about twenty miles to meet the said steamer. I am not going to record any witty sayings of my droll Irish

driver; they say wretchedness in Ireland has greatly passed away, and somehow, it appears to me that Irish wit and humour have greatly passed away with it. Years ago, when the road I was travelling over was very bad, and the Irish miles were nearly half as long again as they are made now to measure, an Englishman, borne along on the same singular kind of conveyance as I was, complained to the driver most bitterly concerning the state of the roads and the length of the miles in his unfortunate country. 'Ah! sure, then, your honour, that's the very reason the miles be so long,' was the answer; 'because they're bad, we give you good measure.' But now the roads are made better, and the miles shortened, so that travellers do not so much require to be kept in good-humour.

Arrived at a poor-looking small town, lying flat on the sea-shore, my driver announced the object of that arrival to a man, who at once informed me I must 'go round the corner' in a boat, to get to the steamer. Seeing a white wall in the direction he pointed, I concluded that that wall concealed the steamer from sight, and only took the precaution of bargaining for the sum to be paid for putting me on board of it. That, indeed, was speedily settled; it was not a great sum. An autumn afternoon was drawing on, and I had no inclination to check the hurried departure which the man seemed anxious to make. Without entering a house, I followed him to a boat, where he left me, to hasten away in search of another passenger. He secured two, rather young men, and an old widow; they were all Scotch, and strangers like myself.

When we got 'round the corner,' the aspect of matters began to look strange. There was no steamer to be seen; but on went the boat out into the open sea: on and on it went; whither bound I knew not, nor do I believe the man himself did. The wind had been high all day, though the sun was bright; it rose higher and higher; the black wall of rock was seen at a distance, chafed by the white surge that tossed against it. The waves lifted up our fragile skiff, and from their summit we looked into gulfs from which it seemed impossible we could ever re-ascend. Seriously alarmed, I called to the boatman, entreating him to put back. I pointed landward—perhaps towards the rocks and the breakers—and begged him to land us over there. His answer was: 'We will keep her afloat as long as we can.' But his perplexed look, his wandering, anxious eye frightened me more than his words. The storm increased—land disappeared—the autumn afternoon drew on. No sign of a steamer in sight. Terror took hold of our souls; the men were white with fear. Beside me sat the little old Scotchwoman, her widow's cap closely circling her small face, her hands clasped on her bosom, her eyes looking neither at the sea nor sky, but immovably directed straight before her; her lips incessantly repeating, in a clear, steady voice, heard distinctly amid the roar of wind and waters, an accumulation of texts which it seems surprising that her mind could at once collect on the same subject. 'The voice of the Lord is on the deep: the voice of the Lord is on many waters.' Such words came calmly sounding out amid the roar of the elements with a wonderful power, at least on my own troubled mind. When our heaving boat rode on the crest of a mighty billow, and the valley of the shadow of death seemed to open to us from below it, that calm, devout voice brought me that sense of relief which one feels when knowing that you are not in danger of meeting death in the midst of godless companions. 'He holdeth the winds in the hollow of his hand: . . . Fear not, for I am with thee: be not dismayed, for I am thy God. When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee.'

There is something in the retrospect of a storm at sea so terribly magnificent, that those who have ever witnessed such can imagine what a strange sublimity was added, by such a visible commentary, to words in themselves so sublime. Never did I at all fully

conceive the weight of those expressions until, while our mortal life seemed almost the plaything of the raging ocean, I heard that quiet old widow saying: 'Fearful in praises; doing wonders. He holdeth our soul in life. He arose and rebuked the wind, and said unto the sea, Be still.'

That our strange boatman was now thoroughly terrified, and indeed at his wits' end (which, I believe, it was not very hard to reach), became quite evident; and his exclamation, after another survey of the dark horizon, gave us additional cause of fear, as we gathered from it his own apprehension that the steamer he had so madly come out to look for might have already passed on her way. A murmur of horror, and, from the two male passengers, of rage against him, broke forth as the fearful doubt arose; but on my part it was somewhat quieted by the voice beside me: 'He maketh a path in the waters. He rideth on the wings of the wind. His footsteps are not known.'

There was a short interval of deep silence. Evening was fast closing in; the sky was darkening and darkening. My old comforter was perhaps silently praying; for I could still see the hands clasped on her black dress. The eyes were now closed; but, after some minutes of such silence—whether it was the conclusion or not of her prayer, I do not know—she uttered the words: 'For thine is the kingdom, the power, and the glory, for ever and ever. Amen.' How energetic, how real, seemed such an ascription of praise, such an acknowledgment of Divine power! But singular, almost unlike reality, it seems, to add that almost simultaneously—at least, before they were well ended—there was a cry from the boatman: 'There she is! Praised be the Lord!'

Poor fellow! he was an Irishman, and half-witted as he must have been to have brought himself and us into such imminent peril, he uttered a thanksgiving not so often heard from more enlightened men among those who go down to the sea in ships.

The men started up. In the twilight was seen a trail of smoke—then a white chimney—then the great dark hulk; and soon the stamping paddles, walking through the clashing billows, in which for six hours we had been tossing, still spared, while still almost ready to perish. Now all our fear was that we should not be seen—be hidden in the trough of the sea just as our life-preserver passed us by. The men held red handkerchiefs aloft, and the boatman shouted. But the roar of the wind was louder than their shouts; and, as the means of safety approached, so did the torments of fear and suspense increase in intensity. I recollect holding up a white handkerchief, that was soon rent from my feeble hand, and borne away on the wings of the wind; and as I uttered a cry that had not escaped me before, the old Scotchwoman murmured: 'The Lord is my light and my salvation; whom, then, shall I fear? The Lord is the strength of my life; of whom shall I be afraid?'

On comes the great steamer; her noise is heard, her paddles are seen; but can she see us? Shout—shout louder still! We who cannot shout, cry to those who can. The shouts are not heard—the cries are borne away with the howling wind; the waves appear to roll over and bury them. But Mercy is around us. We are seen. The steamer stops; and amid and above the roar of wind and wave, comes the deep-toned voice of the captain's speaking-trumpet, in sailor fashion, demanding, with the usual expletive: 'Who the devil are you? and what are you doing there?'

Our boat nears the vessel, that looks a leviathan beside it; and a storm of furious objurgations is showered by the captain on our luckless boatman. A rope-ladder is hastily let down; the bulwarks are lined by all on board, full of wonder and compassion; up jump our two male companions, and are the first eagerly to ascend the ladder of safety, leaving the two women to follow if they please. I determined to follow the Scotch widow; though she was not the

first to rise, I made her go before me. The pitching of the boat alongside of the steamer was frightful. The firm voice of the captain and sailors above us, by offering safety, seemed to make each instant of danger more sensibly felt. But lo! the calm, pious, steadfast heart of the old widow fails at the final moment; she has crept about half-way up the ladder, and there she sticks, flat against the side of the tossing steamer. In vain the captain commands, the mate entreats, the sailors encourage; there she sticks, as if fastened to the ship's side. Her hands have grasped, with a sort of death-clutch, to a step of the ladder of rope, and nothing can unclasp them, nor can she be moved up or down. In vain I urged her to let me save myself. There I am in the pitching boat, the unhappy boatman urging me from below, and the sailors urging her from above. The men were wise to save themselves first; they are looking down on us now, perhaps, and thinking what foolish, helpless creatures women are.

At last the words 'Haul up the ladder!' are pronounced by the captain; comfortable for me to hear, without knowing if it will ever be lowered again. The smiling, good-natured sailors repeat the order, and up goes the rope-ladder. 'Lay it flat on the deck' is the word, and ladder and clinging Scotchwoman are laid prostrate there—she on her face, with hands closed in that death-clasp round the rope, senseless and cold as if life had indeed departed. If they cut that step of the ladder away to which she clung, or found some other means of extricating it from her grasp, I know not, but just as I was believing myself abandoned, I hear a sailor's cheery voice: 'Another woman in the boat!' 'Lower the ladder; and as soon as she puts a foot on it, haul up and lay it on deck,' says the mate. Now, I had a small basket and an umbrella in the boat, and I wished to save them with myself; so, when the hope of doing so revived, I took up my basket and umbrella, and before I got well on the ladder, I let the mate who gave these orders see that I had them in charge, and then said: 'Will you be so good as to let me go up by myself, if you please?'

They did so; and the captain himself gave me his hand and drew me up on deck, saying: 'You are a brave woman: your life is worth saving.'

Ah, captain, you ought to be a good judge, but not half so brave am I as that good Scotchwoman whom you have just hauled up and laid on your deck, clinging to a morsel of rope.

I did not say those words: undeserved praise perhaps overcame me, for I burst into tears, and shewed the stout captain I was anything but a brave woman or a good sailor, or, indeed, at all worth saving, though I could climb up a ladder of rope by the side of a steamer rolling heavily on the billows of the Atlantic.

PRECIOUS TIME.

WHEN we have passed beyond life's middle arch,
With what accelerated speed the years
Seem to flit by us, sowing hopes and fears
As they pursue their never-ceasing march!
But is our wisdom equal to the speed
Which brings us nearer to the shadowy bourn
Whence we must never, never more return?
Alas! each wish is wiser than the deed.
'We take no note of time but from its loss,'
Sang one who reasoned solemnly and well;
And so it is; we make that dowry dross,
Which would be treasure, did we learn to quell
Vain dreams and passions. Wisdom's alchemy
Transmutes to priceless gold the moments as they fly.

J. C. P.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH. Also sold by WILLIAM ROBERTSON, 23 Upper Sackville Street, DUBLIN, and all Booksellers.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL OF POPULAR LITERATURE

Science and Arts.

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 419.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 11, 1862.

PRICE 1½d.

SOLDIERS' BUSINESS.

There are necessary evils. These are very elastic in their essence, and in many cases care and skill can reduce them to a minimum. Fires may be avoided or put out, pestilence may be kept at bay by sanitary means, and shipwrecks are lessened by a reliance on the warnings of Admiral Fitzroy and his Board of weather-wise prophets. But, so long as human nature remains the flawed, fallible thing it is, no sane person expects to see a complete stop put to fire, wreck, and epidemics.

So with war. We all know that war is bad, wicked, foolish. Even Jenkins Minimus, smallest of school-boys, can carry up to awful Dr Wigsby, the stern head-master, a Latin exercise or English theme replete with wholesome denunciations against war and its grim brood of wrongs. The ideas, to be sure, are not native to the mind of Jenkins Minimus; but he borrows them with ease. He need not go far to seek for them. Heathen bards and Hebrew seers have poured forth bitter phials of indignant eloquence against the giant sin; myriads of pulpits have rung with the severest censures on the wholesale trade in murder; grave philosophers have battered the mighty evil with all the force of logic the most lucid; learned men have proved it, in the most brain-breaking folios and tremendous tomes, to be both a crime and a folly; satirists have lampooned it; immortal poets have pilloried it in verse that can never die.

Cui bono? Moloch can survive the assaults of poet, priest, and sage; he cares no more for a comic cartoon than for the strictures of a political economist: sarcasm, piety, sense, common or uncommon, fail to kill him. In truth, Master Jenkins might just as well pen his unanswerable arguments against other vices—Ambition, Greed, or any of the company of deadly sins. We could as easily abolish covetousness, exterminate the selfish, or make truth-telling universal, as root out that bellicose instinct out of which war starts into being. But ten short years ago, millions of well-intentioned folks were boasting that we were wiser than our fighting forefathers. War was over for ever; the Great Exhibition had solemnly inaugurated a millennium of peaceful buying and selling, and the stain of blood was off our souls for ever. It was a kindly hope, a pleasant imagination, but we know what the predictions were worth, and how roughly the fair dream

was broken. The trumpet-call of actual warfare shewed that the old spirit only slumbered, and quiet Britannia, dragged once more into the arena, caught up her dented arms, and maintained against seven-fold odds, in Europe and in Asia, the renown won long ago. Nor are we islanders alone in our pugnacity; our neighbours are always making ready for a fight, or fighting, or reposing after a contest; Europe resounds with the clash of steel, and America is one vast camp.

As, therefore, it is evident that the soldier's work in the world, for good or for ill, is not yet brought to a close, war must continue not the least important of the arts and sciences. Let us look at the monster as he is, and as he was. He has changed greatly with the changeful condition of mankind. In his primitive state he was much more repulsive than in his present phase. A sketch of savage war may not be out of place. I will not select as illustrations the lowest types of humanity; I will not tell how the mop-headed Mayals of Australia muster their black hordes, with waddy, spear, and boomerang, to wage a timid but pitiless strife. There are nobler barbarians than these, and in an American forest lies the scene.

A great village among the black pine-trees, wigwams of bark and lodges of buffalo-hide, bleached white, and stained with rude pictures of battle and chase, are crowded together by hundreds. All the dusky population—men, squaws, children, and young girls—are out of doors; and a striped post is planted in the ground, and round it is formed a silent circle of plumed and painted warriors. What bravery of decoration, what savage dandyism have we here! Not without deep thought and cunning skill have those subtle devices, in blue, in black and white, in red and yellow ochre, been laid on; every streak has its meaning, its vaunt, or its menace. Barbaric heralds have decreed to one a skeleton, in memory of past deeds; to another a bleeding heart, in token of future promise. And those young men, those exquisites of the forest, how admiringly do the Indian maidens eye the bright vermillion, the flaunting azure, the threatening sable, with which they have bedaubed their copper-coloured skins, and the fox-tails, eagles' wings, and strips of scarlet cloth, that flutter round their haughty heads. That tall chief, too, about to take command of the party setting out on the war-path! How proudly does he shew his scars, and the scalps whose hair fringes his moccasins and robe, and the

collar of grizzly bears' claws that rattles on his painted bosom. The drum beats with maddening quickness, and the wild chant of the war-song swells and falls, monotonous, but inspiring, and each hero, adorned with feathers, beads, and jingling bells and buttons, strikes his hatchet into the post. Then they set off, a long array of hideously accoutred champions, stalking forth in single-file, and vanish in the woods. They go to wage a cruel war, to lurk in ambuscades, to shoot the foe from behind tree-trunks, to fall, in mercenary thirst for blood, upon the weak as well as the strong, on the innocent as well as the guilty, to brain helpless infants, and slay women unsparingly. They take no shame for such deeds. When they come back, boastful and triumphant, the gory scalps they will exhibit will not all be those of hostile warriors; there will be the snow-white locks of the aged, the long glossy hair of girls, the tresses of children, among those terrible trophies.

Turn from that painful picture to this, where, in a Christian city, among civilised folks, a gallant army is marching forth to do or die. The sun glances on the moving hedges of bright steel, the fluttering flags, the helmets, and sabres, and prancing steeds; on the heavy cannon, whose very roll through the streets sounds like the deep-toned thunder of an organ; on the blended colours of soldierly uniforms, and the pomp and sparkle of war. Moloch exhibits nothing now to disgust or to shock the eye; his pageant is fair to view. What exquisite neatness, what polish, what order, pervade the whole procession! The drums rattle, the clarions sound shrilly, the bands pour forth a flood of martial music that quickens the hearer's pulse, and fires his blood, and brightens his eye, as if he, too, were bound for the battle-field; and handkerchiefs wave from balcony and casement, and the roar of the popular applause drowns the very clangour of the trumpet; and brilliant eyes, swimming in tears, look fondly forth on the flaunting standards and the manly forms that cluster around them, and the host departs amid a tempest of cheers, and prayers, and blessings.

But the trade of war is a rough trade; it is but a butcherly business at the best; the gilding soon tarnishes, the gay hues are besmirched, the pretty varnish is rubbed off, and Moloch shews his ugly features without the mask. Presently the gold-lace will be but shabby copper, the fine uniforms all stained and ragged, the arms rusty, battered, smeared with gunpowder and blood, the stamp of hard and desperate service upon everything and every man. We are advanced beyond the savage state. We take no scalps, like Indians; we do not carry the heads of slain enemies on spear-points, like the Orientals, and we neither roast our prisoners nor enslave them. But there are things done, in even the mildest war, that are best untalked of; there are episodes of vindictiveness, of cruelty, of sheer wanton mischief, which escape even the most Argus-eyed of 'Own Correspondents.'

The East furnished valiant chiefs and daring partisans, but no great captains. The Greeks invented strategy in all its branches. They were a logic-loving people, and delighted in working out a practical syllogism, whether in ships or politics, the fine arts or the art of war. The last they may be said to have created. They were the first to discover the magic of discipline, the advantages of a regular formation, and the merits of drill and exercise. The shock of their compact phalanx was irresistible. The armed multitudes of the Great King, made up of fifty incongruous tribes, differing in speech, colour, and race, and quite destitute of mutual reliance, were no match for the spearmen of Hellas. Not only could the Greeks bear down at push of pike the tumultuous onset of their Asiatic enemies, but they could outmarch them, outmanoeuvre them, foil them at every point of war. To this day, our military students read with undiminished

interest how Xenophon and his Ten Thousand made their wonderful retreat through hostile lands, baffling brute force by sober skill, and preserving an unbroken order in the midst of direst peril. The Ten Thousand were mere mercenaries; their motives in supporting young Cyrus against his royal brother were probably no higher than those which swayed Major Dugald Dalgetty, but their historical immortality is assured.

We read with wonder, in our school-days, of the victories of Alexander, when half Asia lay prostrate before the arms of a handful of Greeks and Arnauts, eked out by recruits picked up among the conquered, and trained in Grecian discipline by Macedonian captains. But if history teaches any lesson at all, it is that an unwieldy armament is a cause of weakness, not of strength. Those great hosts whose numbers still look so imposing on paper. A huge army needs heaven-born commissary-generals, quartermaster-generals, adjutants, and staff: its demands for transport, roads, food, physic, clothing, and money, are bewildering, and its very size impedes its movements. The causes of delay are hydra-headed; evils multiply themselves like the nails in those famous horse-shoes that exhausted the treasury of a sultan. Hunger is followed by pestilence; Death cuts the thick grass with a trenchant scythe: the great machine is broken by its own weight. On the other hand, almost all the brilliant victories on record have been won by small forces opposed to an overgrown and over-confident adversary. Cressy and Poitiers, Agincourt and Bannockburn, Marathon and Cannæ, point the same moral. Even Napoleon, with all the advantages of steady discipline and the resources of a continent, did but little good with the half-million of men he set in motion for Russia. Bloody, bootless Borodino cannot take place with Arcola or Lodi on the file of great deeds. We need scarcely wonder, then, that Alexander and Clive, at a distance of many centuries, were respectively able to overcome, with a small body of well-drilled Europeans, the disorderly masses of the Oriental world. Garibaldi is not the first chieftain who has found a small army the most to his purpose.

Perhaps the Greeks were too consistent; perhaps their logic was a pitfall for their feet, and their science a snare to them. They conquered Asia indeed, but they were not able to match the Romans. Strategy, after all, will no more win a battle if manly valour has decayed, than an accurate knowledge of the law of projectiles will shoot a pheasant. Pyrrhus and his Epirotes, with their elephants and their engines, were beaten by the young republic. Greece and her conquests and colonies fell an easy prey to the soldiers who bore S.P.Q.R. on their shields. More than all, the short Roman falchion triumphed over the serried hedge of spears, and the legion beat the phalanx. The phalanx, previous to the general employment of gunpowder for military purposes, had no slight merits. A Grecian host was like a porcupine bristling with steel quills: drawn up twelve deep, the hoplites could charge with resistless weight, or receive unshaken the attack of the barbarians. The Romans, however, succeeded in overcoming the Greeks in precisely the same manner in which, at Ravenna, the short-sworded infantry of Spain routed the German lanzknechts.

The legion was long the standard of martial perfection. Eight deep, heavily armed, and loaded like packhorses, the Roman veterans advanced to the charge with those 'short thick steps' which struck such dismay into the hearts of the Pictish plunderers. There can be little doubt that, before the use of cannon, such a formation was the best suited for warfare. There were plenty of light troops to skirmish, and to follow up the flying foe, plenty of archers and slingers, and a modicum of horse, but the brunt of the day was for the legionaries.

Still, on the swelling green summits of our higher

chalk-downs, in Berks and Wilts, in Wessex and the kingdom of Kent, we may trace the outline of the camps, as the Romans left them. Crowning the hill-tops, or perched among the morasses, sternly regular, they lie, the square *castra* of the old ruling race. A Roman camp may be easily distinguished from the round forts where painted Britons encamped, or where the red moustached Danish Vikings quaffed their ale as gleemen played the harp, and spoil lay piled around. There are the gates, as Livy and Strabo give them; there are the avenues, the forum, the place where stood the general's tent, the outposts, the vallum. They set their mark on all the world, those men of Central Italy; their camps were the same in chalky Wessex as in sandy Arabia.

The Lower Empire preferred the cohort to the legion, mounted her soldiers on horseback, and preferred the bow to the sword; perhaps not unwisely. After all, Cæsar and Titus had to deal with spearmen and swordsmen, not with the archers of Scythia and the countless nomads of the Dacian steppe. A different set of tactics was needed to cope with Huns and Turks from that which had conquered Caractacus and Simon the Zealot. The Goths who crushed the Western Empire had limited ideas on the subject of soldiery; so long as a man had his face to the foe, he was not very patient of reproof. Downright assaults, hard hitting with the axe and mace, fair sword-blows, and a wall of shields opposed to any charge of cavalry, made up the Teutonic idea of war.

The Parthian, in turn, had but one notion, which is universal to this day among the horsemen of Asia—to feign flight, to wheel and turn on the scattered pursuers, to shoot off clouds of arrows in the act of retreating, to wind and twist like a pigeon on the wing. Such was the fashion in which the Saracens outwitted the Crusaders, and the Moors the Spaniards, and such are the methods in which the riders of India strive to foil ourselves. There is something almost touching in this constant confidence in one exploded stratagem, that reminds us of the pewit hovering with drooping wing and shrill cry, to lure us away from her nest.

The Huns, with their circle of wagons forming a triple breastwork, their showers of shafts, and the incessant assaults of their innumerable cavalry, had tactics peculiar to the Tartar stock. Attila confronted Ætius on exactly the same system which Timur observed when he trampled Bajazet's army to powder. But these wild horsemen were chiefly formidable in an open country; they were not easily kept together: when the tide of victory turned, the black cloud dispersed.

Goths, Huns, Vandals, all the greedy and bold races which came to batten on Roman plunder, easily sickened, and died like locusts in a north wind. Gibbon records, in volume after volume, how the barbarians fought, and snatched, and died as they feasted. An army of those days had no doctors, no ambulances, no hospital. The sick seldom recovered. Wine, mizma, rich meats, and the hot Italian sun, thinned the ranks of every successive host.

The Mohammedans brought with them from their deserts faith and valour indeed, but no art of war. They learned from the degenerate Greeks how to take walled cities; they won battles by absolute fighting. Khaled was no more a great general than Blücher or Murat; the spread of Islam was helped on by policy rather than by martial skill. The earlier of the dark ages saw plenty of battles, but little sustained and regular war. Charlemagne, indeed, had profited by the lessons of Roman tacticians, and had gone near to reunite the Western Empire under one sceptre, but he had no successors. No country was at peace; almost all men had given or received wounds; war, a desultory and harassing war, was brought home to every one's door. We can scarcely form an idea of those old times, when strife was

chronic, when the lord of the hill brawled with the lord of the vale, when king opposed king; baron, baron; andthane, thane; and when even mitred churchmen were in the field, lustily pounding temporal foes with their episcopal clubs.

The wars of the middle ages were more frequent than conclusive. A commander had need to be quick if he would not see his army melt away like snow in a thaw. Kings might have some influence over their nobles, though such was not always the case; but no power could retain the services of the common men when once their forty days' provision was spent. Six weeks give but scanty limits for a campaign; but the popular notion of war was—an invasion, as much burning and plundering as possible, a hasty siege or two, and one pitched battle.

Beyond this, the feudal levies cared not to keep the field. James IV. had dallied beyond the prescribed space, and was left with few besides his knights and gentlemen to perish at Flodden. The Crusades afforded some curious examples. The multitude that followed Peter the Hermit in the first frantic rush across Hungary and Thrace towards Palestine, was full of fiery zeal, but under no control. Ignorant of geography, of discipline, and of the simplest laws of health, the human tide poured on, slaughtering Jews by the roadside, robbing, rioting, dying like insects on the soil they ravaged. Very few reached Asia, to be destroyed by the terrible charges of the Turkish cavalry. The majority fell by the sword of the pestilence—by malaria, excess, famine, and hardships. Disease did more mischief among the Crusaders, from first to last, than did the scimitar of the Saracen; the knights and soldiers brawled and drank in prosperity, hated each other, plotted each other's ruin, leagued even with the infidel to overthrow a rival. But in a military point of view, those martial pilgrimages made great changes in Europe. The mightiest nobles and princes pawned their lands to raise troops; their feudal retainers were not bound to go so far. Thence followed long engagements, pay more or less regular, and the institution of the *soldatus* or soldier, the 'hired man,' as distinguished from the vassal, who merely served his forty days in the militia. Thus sprung up the mercenary, the professional Free Lance, the Condottiere of the middle ages. At one period of Italian political life, and before the warlike French appeared in the Ausonian Peninsula, one curious result of the employment of mercenaries was to render battles harmless. Lukewarm enemies fought, not to kill, but to capture. To make prize of a foe's horse, of his rich Milan armour, of his baggage and purse, or to secure his person and hold him to ransom, was the height of a warrior's ambition. Even the Peace Society might have smiled approval on those bloodless engagements, in which property was taken, but life religiously respected, unless, as sometimes occurred, some luckless combatant was smothered in his close-barred helmet. Ransom was eagerly sought for during the latter part of the feudal epoch. A prisoner's best chance of quarter and kindness was to appear wealthy. Few cared to kill the goose that might lay them golden eggs; but there was small hope for the plebeian and needy captive. When prisoners were troublesome, they were killed like so much vermin. Richard of the Lion Heart, in cold blood, cut off the heads of thousands of Turkish captives taken at Acre; the wife of Barbarossa the corsair, shipwrecked on the Italian coast, was instantly beheaded; Edward the Black Prince found it convenient to slaughter the French he took at Crécy; and Froissart naively admits, that he did not know why this sharp measure was adopted, but says that 'it is to be presumed his royal highness had very good reasons' for what he did. Some excuse may be found for Henry IV. when at Agincourt, in the confusion of an attack by French plunderers on the English baggage-guard, he bade his weary troops cut the

throats of the captives, who outnumbered themselves. The deed was cruel and bad, but even Shakespeare calls it just and wise. The fact is, that down to the Seven Years' War it was by no means uncommon to butcher whole regiments of prisoners, even after granting them quarter: the military conscience is tenderness itself in our days when compared with what it was of old.

Towards the middle of the seventeenth century, England and Scotland were the only countries whose king had no standing army, and, consequently, the only countries whose people could be called freemen. Cromwell's fine army, consisting of sixty thousand well-disciplined troops, maintained by oppressive subsidies, was an odious innovation, and has caused among us a dislike to standing forces which is not yet wholly extinct. At that time, France was only beginning to form the nucleus of that powerful armament by which Louis XIV. afterwards overawed Europe. The German Thirty Years' War had shewn that the orderly and virtuous Swedes were more than equal to Wallenstein's dissolute soldiery; but it was left for Cromwell to keep a great body of armed veterans, in obedience to law, without the use of severe enactments. Indeed, the red-coat of that day, whether an Ironside of the Protector, or a guardsman of Charles II., had the utmost interest in keeping his place; dismissal was no boon to him, but a punishment; nowhere else could he get such wages, such food and clothing, as in the military service. We owe the cat-o'-nine-tails to the Dutch, who, in their own army and navy, were wont to use many barbarous practices, of which keel-hauling and the strappado were two of the mildest. The wretches who served under Frederick of Prussia and his opponents were kept to their duty by the cane; they were mere slaves, pressed, watched, beaten, and driven in pipe-clayed herds against the bayonets of the foe. The Russians and Austrians have preserved the same idea of a soldier's position; they have laboured to reduce each individual to a segment in a machine, to convert a man into an automaton that never reasons, but acts according to the word of command. Our own army, during the last century, was modelled on German principles: we sent pig-tailed soldiers, in pipe-clay and powder, to cope with the hot-blooded *sans-culottes* of the nascent French republic. The eagles were checked, and Spain was freed; but the pig-tails and powder had to be given up; and we now aim every year at making the fighting-man less of a machine, and more of a thinking being.

War has taught some general lessons; not the least important of which is, that the most virtuous armies are the best. Troops suffered to plunder are apt to lose their taste for fighting. The French robbed and pillaged more in Spain and Portugal than anywhere else, and nowhere did they fight so ill. A good conscience is the best cuirass. Starving armies, weary armies, armies dying of disease and hardships, have gained victories which irradiate the pages of history. Beaten armies have turned back to wrest victory from the enemy's clutch. But no one ever had to tell of a debauched and dishonest army that could stand before better men. It is worthy of notice that Bourbon's ferocious host, after its eight months' saturnalia in plundered Rome, was unable to storm the city of Florence. It is wisdom as well as mercy which keeps the soldier under strict tutelage. The Americans of the northern states are learning by bitter experience that sobriety and steady courage go hand in hand.

Sickness is the great scourge of armies. It may seem strange that an assemblage of men, all robust and vigorous, and almost all of whom are young, should die, even in peace, at a rate exceeding that of the gross population; but so it is. Soldiers die faster than the feeble and sallow workers at unhealthy trades. In an actual campaign, they perish with ten-fold rapidity. Fever, cholera, dysentery, follow a host

as vultures do in poetry. In spite of all our talk with reference to the slaughter of Balaklava and Inkermann, almost all the lives we lost in Crim-Tartary were by disease. All armies suffer thus; it is only a question of degree. A small force in perfect health, briskly marching and countermarching, might overcome and destroy the hugest army by mere force of vitality. For a hundred that the sword slays, sickness slays a myriad.

To the old soldier, indeed, battle has ceased to be a scarecrow. Guard him from cold and wet, from heats and chills, from unwholesome food, deadly fatigue, and the other ills of a campaign, and he will gladly front the risks of mere fighting. Did any thinking person ever compute the very small proportion of casualties in each fight to the numbers engaged? Of the casualties, there are a multitude of wounded to a single slain man; deaths are rare blanks in the lottery of war. The Duke of Wellington would have been surprised to hear, on the authority of the *Continental Bradshaw*, that 'seventy thousand men were slaughtered at Waterloo.' His Grace put down, certainly, a very much more moderate number in his world-famous dispatches.

The modern appreciation of cavalry as an arm is strangely different when compared with the ancient estimate. The knights, and those towers of steel, the men-at-arms, were the pith and sinew of a feudal army; not so much, certainly, with us in England, where the 'crestless yeomen' furnished us with those bills and bows which deserve the merit of our triumphs. But in France and Germany, the chevaliers were the cream of all armies. Even the famous lanzknechts could not always keep out, with their stand of pikes, the furious rush of heavy-armed horsemen. In Cromwell's army, the horse ranked above the foot. It was deemed then, and long after, that cavalry could break a square of infantry, a thing now thought impossible, unless the infantry be of some inferior race, or demoralised. We have all read, with a glow of excitement, how impetuous squadrons came thundering on serried squares, and how they were steadily received with fixed bayonets and a fire that emptied many a saddle. But the most experienced officers living are willing to admit, that if cavalry rarely contrive to harm infantry, the latter, in turn, do little hurt to cavalry. First of all, no horsemen will rush upon an unflinching body of infantry; they may do so in novels, or in New York newspapers, but they will not do it in real earnest. When they get pretty close, they rein up or wheel off; the squadrons shiver to fractions, and the best officer is left helpless in such a case. If they see the enemy finch or flee, *à la bonne heure!* then the dragoons have an easy bargain of the foe; they trample, slash, hack, hew, and ride through broken battalions as through ripe corn. But a firm front is too much for them. On their part, the infantry do not fire so steadily as if on parade or at target practice. There is something in the rush of bounding squadrons, the tramp, the dust, the glitter, the shouting, eminently calculated to spoil shooting. The best marksmen, hitherto, have wasted their lead in such cases: balls fly high, or score the ground, but nobody is much the worse. Even the 'thin red line' at Balaklava did not succeed in bringing down above the merest handful of Cossacks. The very bravest men have nerves to be discomposed by bustle and din. Yet cavalry are not useless, even in these days of far-reaching rifles. Their very name is dreadful to scattered foot-soldiers in Europe or America. The cry of 'Cavalry coming!' is awful in the ears of a fleeing army; the troopers convert a retreat into a rout, they cut down stragglers, disperse enemies, take prisoners, and improve a victory. For sudden assaults, for foraging, for picking up intelligence, cavalry are unrivalled: a beaten force retires under their protection, and a victory is never made the most of where they are lacking. The moral effect they produce repays their heavy cost.

The best formation for troops on a day of battle has long been a matter of dispute. The Spaniards adhered to the legion till artillery compelled a change; the Scandinavians attacked in the form of a half-moon; the Anglo-Saxons preferred the Greek wedge. But modern tacticians have but three chief shapes for a body of infantry—one passive and two active—the square, the line, the column. Napoleon had a deep affection for the column; he trusted to the brilliant valour of the officers and veterans who formed the head of the armed serpent. The steely dragon did its work well for many a day, though at Waterloo it proved unequal to the line. The column has this inherent defect, that it may be raked and decimated by artillery and musketry, while it can do nothing but advance. A line, on the other hand, has the advantage of weight of fire, and that of the facility with which it can be formed into square; but it is thin, and can easily be pierced if cannon-shot and platoon-fire fail to discourage the assailants. A square, again, though proof against horse, is a mere target for gunnery.

Armies are always divided into two classes—the flying columns and the regular forces. The former must carry all they want with them, munitions, food, everything. Almost all the old armies we read of were flying columns, cut off from reinforcements and supplies, bodies of men that had cast their lot in a hostile land to do or die. This answered better in the rude old days when war fed war, and when an invader lived on forced contributions, than it could possibly do in these times of respect for private property and public rights; besides, a flying column is easily disheartened; its component parts must win victories, or despair and surrender. But a regular army has its own difficulties; it must have its base of operations on the frontier or sea-coast, and this must be wide in proportion to the distance of its furthest advance. Stores, wounded, prisoners, reserve—these, and more, must stay in the rear, and the communication must be kept up by stationing powerful *corps d'armée* at short intervals. Supposing our lively neighbours the absolute lords of the narrow seas, and two hundred thousand men actually landed on the coast of Sussex, scarcely fifty thousand troops could be spared for that apex of the widening pyramid which should reach London. In scientific war, at least three soldiers are needed to protect the supplies and communications of the one who does the fighting; and, without deep calculation and care, especially in these modern days, mere brute courage avails little. Valour is an integral part of soldiership, but, as the Gallic veteran observed as he watched our cavalry charge at Balaklava, it is very magnificent, but it is not war!

ROBIN-REDBREAST.

Most of our summer songsters have long since deserted their favourite haunts, and fled to more genial climes, but emigration has no charms for the little friend of the immortal babes. Robin-redbreast, true to the land of his birth, whose colours he bears on his bosom, prefers to brave its wintry blasts, rather than seek warmth and sunshine under alien skies. He chirps now with the same cheerfulness that inspired his mellow welcome of spring and his sweet piping in honour of autumn's plenty. Struck with this constant gaiety through all the changes of the seasons, an old writer reasonably asks: Why, when man is told to learn wisdom of the serpent, industry of the ant, and gentleness of the dove, should he not take a lesson from the robin in patience and equanimity, and meet the joys and sorrows of life with a contented spirit?

Setting aside the melancholy tragedy with which he is especially associated, Robin is quite a legendary hero. A Welsh fable tells of a far-distant spirit-land of sorrow,

darkness, and perpetual fire, an awful region to which the robin benevolently repairs day after day, bearing in his bill a drop of water to quench the evil flames, venturing in his charitable zeal so near the burning stream that his feathers are scorched by its fires, and hence he is called, in the language of the Celtic principality, Bron-rhuddyn, or the breast-burnt. A more pathetic legend invests the redbreast with a degree of sanctity. 'It was on the day when our Lord Jesus felt his pain upon the barbarous cross of wood. A small and tender bird, which hovered awhile around, drew nigh about the seventh hour, and nestled upon the wreath of Syrian thorns; and when the gentle creature of the air beheld those cruel spikes, the thirty-and-three which pierced that bleeding brow, she was moved with compassion and the piety of birds, and she sought to turn aside, if but one of those thorns, with her fluttering wings and her lifted feet. It was in vain. She did but rend her own soft breast, until blood flowed over her feathers from the wound. Then said a voice from among the angels: "Thou hast done well, sweet daughter of the boughs! Yea, and I bring thee tidings of reward. Henceforth, from this very hour, and because of this deed of thine, it shall be that in many a land thy race and kind shall bear upon their bosoms the hue and banner of thy faithful blood; and the children of every house shall yearn with a natural love towards the birds of the ruddy breast, and shall greet their presence in its season with a voice of thanksgiving." In fine harmony with this tradition seems the old country couplet—

The robin and the wren
Be God Almighty's cock and hen.

The redbreast from time immemorial has enjoyed an immunity from persecution other birds may well envy. It is a popular belief in many places that it is unlucky to kill or confine one of the favoured race. Mr Halliwell gives the following rhymes as current in Essex—

The robin and the redbreast,
The redbreast and the wren,
If ye take out o' their nest,
Ye'll never thrive again.

The robin and the redbreast,
The martin and the swallow,
If ye touch one o' their eggs,
Bad-luck will surely follow.

We do not know whether the same opinion prevails in the animal world, but it is said that neither the weasel nor the wild-cat will molest the redbreast alive, or eat it when dead; the household cat, however, has no compunctions in the matter, many a callow brood of robins falling victims to her sly tactics and merciless talons. The friendly feeling with which the redbreast is here regarded has its counterpart across the Atlantic in the case of his American namesake the red-breasted thrush, or American robin, a much larger bird than our own favourite, but resembling him in his manners and habits. Wilson, the American ornithologist, says: 'His nest is held more sacred among school-boys than that of some other birds, and while they will exult in plundering a jay's nest or a cat-bird's, a general feeling of respect prevails on the discovery of a robin's.' The North American Indians have this one feeling at least in common with the white intruders on their hunting-grounds. A tradition current among them gives an example of metempsychosis. A certain youth, before entering upon the privileges and duties of manhood, was enjoined by his father to fast for the space of twelve days. This was more than nature, even Indian nature, could endure, but just as he was about to expire of hunger, the guardian spirit of the youth transformed him into a redbreast. The term of probation ended, the old warrior went to the lodge to congratulate his son on his fortitude, and welcome him to the ranks of his tribe. At the sight

of the transformed youth, he was overwhelmed with grief and remorse, and entreated his son not to leave him childless and desolate. Gazing at him with loving pity, the bird bade him be of good cheer, for although he could never regain his human shape, he should love to dwell near the dwellings of man. He promised to cheer him with his songs; never reproaching him, but always sprightly and cheerful, he would shew no sign of regret at his strange fate, while his race should ever be the harbingers of peace and joy to mankind. The redbreast is in consequence sacred in Indian eyes. We wish we could say the same of nations nearer home. In France, the robin suffers with other small birds in the indiscriminate and short-sighted war waged upon everything with wings; and, unfortunately, he is a titbit highly relished by unsentimental continental gourmands. Mr Waterton was disgusted with the sight of above fifty dead robins at one stall in the bird-market at Rome; and when he expressed his astonishment that such birds should be killed and eaten, the redbreast-seller replied with a grin: 'If you will take a dozen of them home for your dinner to-day, you will come back for two dozen to-morrow.' The authorities at our own Crystal Palace have shewn small respect for the sanctity of the 'birds of ruddy breast.' A number of them built in the hanging flower-baskets at Sydenham, and made the halls of glass musical with their song; unfortunately, with their characteristic love of human society, the unpaid singers invited themselves to the dinner-tables of the visitors, and were poisoned for 'being troublesome!'—a cruel return for their gratuitous melody.

Considering the universal reputation of the bird, we are at a loss to account for his being ever looked upon as a prophet of evil; but there is a still lingering superstition, that for a robin to tap thrice at the window of the room of an invalid is a sure sign of a fatal termination to his malady. The popular belief in what Ingoldsby calls this ornithological dodge is generally supposed to have originated in the imagination of the author of *The Norfolk Gentleman, his Will and Testament, and how he committed his Children to his own Brother, who dealt most wickedly with them, and how God plagued him for it*; but we are inclined to think the ballad-maker only gave increased currency to a fancy already prevalent among the vulgar. Lupton says: 'A robin-redbreast finding the dead body of a man or woman, will cover the face of the same with moss; and as some hold opinion, he will cover also the whole body.' Drayton adopts the first idea—

Covering with moss the dead's unclosed eye,

The little redbreast teacheth charity;

but the poets generally credit our hero with covering the whole of the friendless bodies of unburied men; so Arviagus, bewailing the supposed death of Fidele, promises to deck his grave with flowers, but says in alight of his own loving intentions:

The raddock would
With charitable bill (O bill sore shaming
Those rich left heirs that let their fathers lie
Without a monument) bring thee all this,
Yea, and furred moss besides, when flowers are none,
To winter-ground thy corse.

Herriek relates, that while Amarillis slept, then

Thither flew
A robin-redbreast, who at view,
Not seeing her at all to stir,
Brought leaves and moss to cover her.

Whoever started the idea, fanciful as it seems, must have been an observant lover of nature, for it is in character with the habits of the bird: when she fancies her nest too exposed, the redbreast conceals it to the best of her ability by a covering of dry leaves, and she will even strew her eggs with them, if compelled to leave her nest for a time.

Unwarped by northern or southern tendencies, the

redbreast is distributed generally throughout the woods, lanes, fields, and gardens of the United Kingdom. Although, mindful of the proverb, among the earliest birds on wing, and among the latest in retiring to rest, his song is seldom heard after twilight, and being sweet and plaintive rather than powerful, is drowned in the general chorus of summer songsters; but in winter he reigns unrivalled, and seems desirous of proving that incubation is not, as usually supposed, the sole inducement to melody. Robin is by no means destitute of the faculty of imitation, and in captivity will vary his song with snatches caught up from street-musicians, daring even sometimes to assume the notes of the nightingale, and with considerable success too. John Dunton cites a talking redbreast among the rarities he saw in Ireland. It belonged to Dr Phoenix, who used to have it brought into his dining-room to amuse the guests by asking: 'Is the packet come?' 'What news from England?' and repeating various sentences learned from its mistress. The doctor refused twenty guineas for this *rara avis*; upon which Dunton remarks: 'I do think were it sold to the worth of its pleasant chat it would yield a thousand.'

It must be confessed that our little friend has a penchant for fruit, and indulges it in due season; but one cannot decently begrudge him the luxury, in consideration of the service he renders by clearing the orchard, shrubbery, and garden of myriads of insects intent upon depositing their eggs therein. As long as a fly is to be found, Robin wages war mercilessly against these enemies of cultivation, and when he has exterminated them, devotes his attention to the eggs they have left behind them. He is up, too, early in the autumn mornings, on the watch for the earth-worms. As soon as one puts in an appearance, Robin hops lightly, rapidly, and certainly upon the foe, seizes him by the head, and after beating the captive against the ground till all earthy matter is driven from his body, flies off to his nest, or makes a meal of him on the spot. The said nest is sometimes built in strange places. A pile of books in a sitting-room, a child's cart hanging against the kitchen-wall, a flower-pot, a discarded watering-can, and other situations quite as extraordinary, have been taken possession of by redbreasts, who have reared up their family undisturbed by the calls of curious visitors. In 1818 a hundred-gun ship, called the *Trafalgar*, was being built in Chatham dockyard; a pair of robins took up their residence in it, unmoved by the noise of the busy shipwrights; and, by a strange coincidence, their first egg was deposited upon the morning of the anniversary of Nelson's famous victory.

The old saying, 'birds of a feather flock together,' however true in a general sense, does not hold good with regard to the robin. Once paired, each couple prefer keeping themselves to themselves, and decline to associate with their neighbours. Friendly advances are repulsed in an unmistakable manner, and as for hostile ones, woe betide any invader of Robin's domain; he will tolerate no intruders, but fight to the death to preserve the sanctity of his home: even the not-easily daunted house-sparrow is glad to keep at a respectful distance, having a wise respect for the prowess of the champion of the feather-weights. Mr Wood came upon two redbreasts in his garden, who were so intent upon doing each other serious bodily injury, that he had no difficulty in capturing both. They were placed in durance vils, in a cage large enough for a dozen such birds to live together in peace, but no sooner was the door closed than the contest was renewed with increased ferocity. The naturalist then set one at liberty, but the only use he made of his freedom was to fly round and round the cage, singing a song of defiance, which the captive returned as spiritedly. Next day, Mr Wood released him also; and in the evening the warlike pair were again found engaged in desperate conflict, which, but for human

interference, must have ended in the death of one of the sturdy combatants. Two birds were caught under similar circumstances in a yard in Belfast, and kept all night in separate cages. Next morning one was liberated, the tamer of the two being destined for captivity; but he seemed so miserable, that he was later in the day also released. He had no sooner descended into the yard than he was met by his opponent; again they were separated, and the aggressor driven from the premises. In the evening, the prisoner was once more let out of the cage—a fatal kindness—for his indomitable foe was waiting for him, and this time contrived to deal him a death-blow before any one could save him. Another robin, who had taken possession of a green-house, killed no less than twenty-four of his race, who attempted to take up their abode in the place he had chosen for himself. Pugnacious and jealous as he is, Robin is a model-husband, being most assiduous in his attentions to his bride; so our lady-readers will doubtless be inclined to look forgivingly upon his pugilistic propensities; though we suspect if the criminal was brought before a jury of womankind, his scarlet-faced uniform alone would, in any case, procure him a unanimous verdict of not proven.

Chaucer's 'ruddock bonnie' has ever been a favourite with man, woman, and child, and in almost every land has had some affectionate appellation given him. The Norwegians have christened him Peter Bonsmed; the Bornholmians call him Tome Liders; his familiar cognomen in Germany is Thomas Guidet; while in England he bears the household name of Robin-Redbreast. This friendly feeling may be partly attributable to the ballad so popular with the young, but it arises principally from the extraordinary liking shewn by the robin for human society. Shy among birds, he is the boldest of the bold in his relations with the lords of the creation, and delights in attracting their attention, hopping upon the ditcher's spade, perching on the woodman's bundle of fagots, following the gardener at his work, and greeting the wanderer in the woods with a kindly chirp; and when the cold has killed the insects, and the frost-bound earth confines the worm, he comes confidently tapping at our windows, peeping in at our doors, and even crossing our thresholds, knowing by intuition that he is secure of receiving a warm welcome from high and low, rich and poor, gentle and boor, for

The veriest clown, beside his cart,
Turns from his song with many a smile,
To see him from the hedgerow start,
To sing upon the stile.

The harbinger of spring, cheerful alike in all seasons, brisk in his movements, melodious in voice, faithful in love, and bold in battle, full of confidence in himself and trust in man, and encircled with a halo of romance, no wonder that Robin is a universal pet. We cannot refrain from echoing Kit North's blessing on his ruby breast: long may he come with winter's frost and snow.

Secure his suit will be preferred,
No fears his slender feet deter,
For sacred is the household bird
That wears the scarlet stomacher.

LADY TRENT'S PICTURE.

STERN Roman nose, and high white forehead, with beautiful soft hair, which shewed no symptoms of grayness or decay. Yes, it would have made a fine picture, had it ever been finished. You want to know why it was not; well, be patient with me, and I will tell you all about it.

I was butler to the late Sir Frederic, and from causes and reasons which it does not matter about detailing, I was very much in my lady's confidence, as I had been in her husband's. I say this that you

may not question how or why such and such things came to my knowledge; my lady being pleased to make of me more a counsellor and friend, than a superannuated servant. I meant to begin my story at Christmas, but I must just go back a month to the first mention of the picture. I remember it well. The young baronet—that is, the present Sir Frederic—was about to leave home for a month, to return on Christmas-eve; and they were sitting together, just before parting, himself, his mother, and a young lady, who had been with my lady about a year as a sort of companion; for Sir Frederic was often away, and my lady disliked solitude.

They were talking about a fashionable artist who was then in the neighbourhood.

'He has taken the Honourable Miss Courtenay,' said my lady, 'and everybody considers it a splendid portrait. She is very beautiful.'

'Haughty, rather,' said Sir Frederic indifferently. 'But now I think of it, you should have had yours taken, mother. Why don't you?'

My lady frowned a little at his indifference to the name she had mentioned, but then a pleased smile stole over her face as it turned to her son.

'Do you wish for an old woman's likeness, Frederic?'

'Certainly, if you mean yourself. But it is a libel to call yourself an old woman.'

Then the baronet wished them good-bye; a reminder from his mother following him that he must on no account delay his return, as there was to be a grand party on Christmas-eve to celebrate it.

A half-smile was on Sir Frederic's lips, and he turned and looked into the room again, as though to say some additional parting words to Miss Prescott, his mother's companion, but her head was bent steadily over her work, and she never stirred.

Some time after that, I knew that the fashionable artist was coming to take my lady's portrait.

'I wished to have it finished before Sir Frederic returns,' said my lady; 'but the gentleman is so much engaged that I suppose it will be impossible. My dear—to Miss Prescott—you will read to me during the sittings, that I may forget what is going on. People never look lifelike when they know they are being perpetuated.'

The picture was begun, and the voice of the young companion might have charmed the painter as well as his sitter into forgetfulness, to judge from the slow progress he made; but they tell me that is always the way with a great genius.

The month passed away, and all was bustle and preparation. You think it cold now, perhaps, but one such winter as that was is enough in a person's lifetime. The robins were dead about the hedgerows, and throstles and blackbirds lay cold in the pathways, with their little claws sticking up, as though in mute deprecation of the bitter snow which fell upon them. But, in spite of the cold, no hands were busier among the laurels and Christmas roses than the hands of Annie Prescott. I like to think of her as she was then, and fancy, as I can sometimes, that the last few years are all a dream of my worn-out old brain. There was a gladness about her always, orphan though she was, and friendless; perhaps it was that she knew of a Friend whom none trust in vain—I don't know; I only know that if she had been a Trent born I could not have loved her better than I did. But at this time there was a greater charm about her even than usual—a softened grace, a sort of hush of expectation, and an unusual tenderness towards Lady Trent; and my lady, in her rare gentle moods, was wont to stroke her hair, and call her 'my child,' and 'my dear little girl,' and say she should be lost without her.

My lady might have been more prudent, but in her great pride and absorption in her own plans, it never entered her head that anything could mar them.

I wish I could give you an idea of the decorations for that party, but I cannot, and nothing is worse

than a weak description. The rooms were thrown open, blazing with light; the chandeliers laughed upon the wreaths of holly and the beautiful flowers; the musicians were assembled, and had begun a little toying with their instruments; and yet Sir Frederic was not come; at least no one thought he was; but as I watched my lady pass down the rooms into a conservatory, which formed a sort of finish to the prospect, a man's step came quickly behind me, and Sir Frederic held out his hand, as he always did, to greet me.

'Where is'—

I did not wait for him to finish, but pointed to the conservatory, telling him my lady was there.

'Oh—my mother,' said Sir Frederic, looking round vacantly. Then he recollected himself. 'In there, is she?'

And he marched off towards the conservatory. I saw him come out with my lady on his arm, looking as proud as Juno, and never noticing her son's rather absent manner and slow step. The latter quickened, however, suddenly as Lady Trent called out: 'Annie, child, where are you hiding? Come, and speak to Sir Frederic.'

And Miss Prescott came forward from her corner. I have said before that I am not apt at description, so I shall only say of Miss Prescott that I have never seen any one or anything so beautiful as she was that night in her simple dress, with the holly-berries glancing in her hair. I was not surprised that my lady stopped short and surveyed her with a look that had certainly more surprise than pleasure in it; nor did I wonder at the glow which came over Sir Frederic's face as he held her hand for a moment.

'Umph!' said my lady shortly. 'That will do, child. Is any one come? You had better see if you can be of use.'

By and by, the rooms began to fill. I ought perhaps to define my position in Lady Trent's establishment, but I hardly know how. I was not butler any longer; my lady generally liked me to be near her, and to take her orders, and also to listen to her outbursts of anger or pride, when anything annoyed her; nay, she liked even to ask my advice too, though, of course, she never followed it.

I was near my lady when the Honourable Miss Courtenay and her brother were announced, and seeing the sparkle in her eye as she went forward to receive them, it came over me like a flash of light that there was a plan in Lady Trent's busy brain which would fail, and bring trouble over the house.

Sir Frederic also was occupied amongst the guests, and his mother's eye passed from Miss Courtenay to him proudly. Well, he was a son to be proud of, but not with such a pride as hers. He was young, only wanting a few weeks of his majority, and handsome, as all the Trents were. But as I looked from one to the other, I saw in his straight black brows and resolute mouth that if his wishes clashed with those of his mother, she would find that he was a Trent in disposition as well as in feature, and no baby to be coerced into doing her will.

I am not going to give a history of the party; it seemed to me that all went merry as a marriage-bell, but my old eyes ached with the light and the dazzling dresses and movements of the dancers. Sir Frederic had been dancing with Miss Courtenay, and they came up together to Lady Trent laughing.

'We have been talking about your great lion, the artist, mother. Miss Courtenay has fallen in love with something he calls his painting-blouse, and wants all mankind to adopt the costume.'

'I merely made the remark that it was foreign-looking and becoming,' said Miss Courtenay, turning round to favour me with a look of scornful amazement. I daresay she did wonder at my impertinence in venturing to stand where I might breathe the same air as she did.

'It put me in mind, however,' said Sir Frederic, 'of my picture—yours, I mean—that is, the one you promised me; so I came to ask how it advances. Is it finished?'

'Not quite. They tell me three or four more sittings will be necessary.'

The baronet made a grimace. 'I wanted to judge of the lion's style. May one look at it?'

'No, no,' said Miss Courtenay. 'You should never look at —'s pictures in an unfinished state. Have patience. If you really want to judge of the style, you can see mine.'

They passed on; and my lady, turning to me, saw that I was watching them, as she was. Her thoughts would not be restrained, but came out exultingly: 'A handsome couple, Radford.'

I bit my lips, and made a venture. I hardly know why I did it, knowing that I should do no good; but it grieved me to see my lady settling in her own mind a thing which I felt would never come to pass. 'Yes,' I said deferentially; 'but not equally matched—not suited to each other.'

'Why not?' asked my lady sharply.

'I cannot pretend to judge,' I said with great meekness; 'but it seems to me that a haughty wife would never do for Sir Frederic. Something gentler and quieter'—

'Silence,' cried my lady still more sharply. 'You know nothing about it, James Radford.'

And I was silent. But I did know something about it, for all that; and I knew also why my lady's eyes followed her son's movements so anxiously, and why there had come upon her suddenly a nervous disquiet, which she tried to shake off, and could not. She was thinking if—there was hardly a possibility—but if he *should* disappoint her in that matter.

I was thinking of this also in a dreamy sort of way, when, by the merest chance, having been on an errand for my lady, I found myself entangled in a curtain which had hidden one part of the conservatory. As my arm pushed it aside, I saw two figures within, and I knew at once instinctively who they were. A white little hand, which had been perhaps resting on Sir Frederic's arm, was clasped closely in his fingers, and he was drawing it nearer to him, as though he would never let it go again; and his head was bent to look down into the face, which I could scarcely see for the leaves of a great orange plant—I knew whose it was, though—and I heard him say: 'My darling, to-morrow I will tell her. Have no fears; she cannot help loving you.'

All this has taken longer to write than it did to happen. I dropped the curtain, but as I did so, my eyes met the eyes of a face opposite—outside the conservatory, but looking in.

It was a ghastly face; it was distorted with passion; the very skin seemed stretched tight over the cheek-bones, and the eyes shone like the eyes of a tigress.

It was my Lady Trent. And I shuddered, thinking to myself Sir Frederic's words: 'She cannot help loving you.' I knew how much love there was in that watcher's heart for one who had dared to thwart her. For the rest of that night, there was a glamour over Sir Frederic's eyes, and he saw no alteration in his mother's manner, if, indeed, there was one; but when the festivities were over, and the guests all gone, she bade her son good-night, or rather good-morning, at once, carrying Annie Prescott away with her. The baronet suppressed an exclamation of annoyance; it was useless to be impatient, and to-morrow would settle all.

Lady Trent was not down stairs early the next morning, but she was first in the breakfast-room, and had waited patiently a full hour before Sir Frederic joined her, uttering an excuse for his laziness. His glance of inquiry round the room did not pass unnoticed, nor his look of discontent, and yet the cup in

Lady Trent's hand was as steady as though she had not known that a struggle must come.

'I want to talk to you, Frederic,' said my lady, in her calmest voice. 'In a few weeks, you will be of age.'

'Yes.'

'Thinking as I do,' proceeded her ladyship slowly, 'that it is absolutely necessary for a man of your rank and position to marry early, I have not heard without anxiety the gossip which rumour has from time to time set afloat respecting your attentions to different young ladies. I have, however, the greatest trust in you; and when the world took your name on its lips, and joined it to that of one every way worthy—I mean Miss Courtenay'—

'You are joking, mother!' burst out Sir Frederic. 'Miss Courtenay would as soon marry the man in the moon.'

My lady smiled—a wan, forced smile.

'You are modest, Frederic. Suppose I were able to assure you that Miss Courtenay thinks'—

'It doesn't make a spark of difference to me what she thinks, or does not think.'

'You speak hastily, and without consideration. Recollect that a man in your position cannot always afford to follow up his romantic notions, and sacrifice the future to a piece of boyish folly. You owe it to yourself, and to the society in which your wife should be received, to choose one whom that society would be justified in receiving. In mentioning Miss Courtenay's evident preference for you, I cannot help seeing that in all the country round there is no one so fit'—

'To rule over a household of white niggers, and worry her husband into shooting himself.'

'You are incoherent. I wish you would speak of this matter seriously, as one in which I am vitally interested.'

'So I will,' said Sir Frederic, again looking round discontentedly. 'I am glad you have given me an opening. In fact, I'—

'You may as well begin your breakfast, Frederic,' cried my lady, in a voice of unusual sharpness, for she wanted to stop his confession. 'It is useless to wait for Miss Prescott.'

'Why?'

'Because she is not coming.'

'Not coming?'

'Not coming.'

By this time, a little bright spot stood on each of my lady's cheeks, and her eyes were glistening. When Sir Frederic next spoke, he looked her full in the face, and she knew that she must answer him.

'Where is Miss Prescott?'

'She has left me, and has gone to her friends.'

'What friends?'

'I do not know, and it does not matter. Miss Prescott, the poor companion, is and can be nothing to Sir Frederic Trent, that he should make such searching inquiry concerning her.'

'Miss Prescott is a clergyman's daughter, and a lady. When did she go?'

'This morning.'

Sir Frederic looked at the window. The snow-flakes were filling the air, and dropping silently on the white earth, and the branches drooped under their feathery burden. Not a muscle of the baronet's face moved, but it was a shade paler than usual, as he turned to the table and ate his breakfast silently.

Lady Trent was astonished. Could it be possible that she had mistaken her son, and he had simply been amusing himself with the little companion, since he took it so quietly? At any rate, she was emboldened to return to Miss Courtenay, and went rambling on about the duties of rank and position, and the probability of the Honourable George Courtenay dying unmarried, even if he survived the old lord, when of course a sister's son would be the next heir.

But Sir Frederic was thinking of his darling out in the pitiless snow and bitter wind, and he heard not a word of what his mother was saying to him. He was thinking of the little soft hand he had held so tight in his own, never dreaming, alas! that this mother, who had always made him an idol, would now throw obstacles in the way of his wishes; he was thinking of the fair hair with the holly-berries in it—of the blue eyes that would not look up at him as he spoke—and of the little wife he had vowed to cherish and to love as his own soul for ever. Who was going to part them?

So he got up from the table quietly, with his face very pale, but his lips firm, and when he reached the door, he said, holding it open: 'Mother, last night I promised to take Annie Prescott to my heart and home, as the dearest treasure earth holds for a man. Since you have turned her adrift, and will not tell me where she is gone, I am going to seek her, and I never mean to come back till she is found.'

Sir Frederic had been away a fortnight—a weary fortnight. People talked about him, and wondered at his sudden journey; and those who came to call on my lady did not fail to express their wonder. But she bore it bravely, and put off the questions with cheerful commonplaces. You see she was not the woman to shew how the fox's little teeth were pinching under her velvet bodice. The Signor Something—I forget his name—had called once, but my lady was not disposed to sit to him then; he must come again.

One morning, I was summoned to Lady Trent's presence earlier than usual; she was sitting at a writing-table with a letter before her, open, and another sealed and addressed. It was one of my lady's peculiarities that she never spoke to any one without looking them full and almost savagely in the face. In some measure, Sir Frederic had inherited the trick. She turned and faced me then as usual, but with her hands clasped together.

'I have kept no secrets from you, James Radford.'

I bowed, believing her, but not knowing exactly what to say.

'I have received a letter from my son. He has found the—the person he went in search of. He—You can read it, as I wish you to take my answer.'

I read the letter. It was one of mixed appeal and determination. I thought there were parts of it which ought to have softened a mother's heart, but I suppose they did not.

'The answer is here,' said my lady, giving me the sealed letter, which was addressed to a hotel in Paris. 'I knew that Miss Prescott was gone to France, to some distant relatives. How Sir Frederic discovered it, I do not know, neither does it matter. My answer to his letter is a solemn oath that if he persists in his folly and perpetrates this shameful marriage, I will never see his face again. I will keep my vow. In the meantime, Radford, instead of sending this letter by post, I wish you to take it, because there is a chance that the sight of you, and the memories you bear about with you, may bring the prodigal to a better mind. If you can do anything, you will only add still more to the gratitude which the Trents owe you.'

I attempted no remonstrance, because I knew that it would be useless. I might have urged that I was old, and unfit for a long journey, but I knew what my lady would think of such an excuse. I said, however, merely: 'I will go, but I shall not succeed.'

My journey was interesting to myself, but would be so to no one else. It will be sufficient to say that I saw Sir Frederic, and gave him the letter. His face grew very pale as he read it; then he turned to me, with my lady's own look.

'Radford, tell my mother that I came of age yesterday, and was married this morning.'

There was nothing to be done but to hurry home as fast as I could. And yet, when my journey was over, and I stood at the gate of the lime avenue, I lingered. The interlaced boughs overhead threw their shadows behind me and before me, and a sharp east wind buffeted me, but I lingered because I dreaded the future. When I did go in at last, I found that my lady was giving a sitting to the fashionable artist. She sent for me, however, as soon as she heard of my arrival, and I went up, almost glad of the presence of a third person, to delay, as I thought, my tidings.

But I was mistaken. There was to be no delay, though she looked at me with eyes which expressed absolutely nothing.

'What news have you, James Radford?'

'Madam,' I said, 'I was too late.'

My lady got up and went to look at the picture; she put up her eye-glass and examined it carefully.

'A pity it cannot be finished,' she said; 'but as I shall never look like that again, I will have nothing more done to it. Set it against the wall, Radford, and let it remain there as it is. Do you hear?'

And Lady Trent left the room, with a bow to the astonished artist. I would have followed to tell her Sir Frederic's message in full, but she stopped me.

'You will never speak to me on this subject again, Radford. See that the portrait-man is paid, and let him go.'

Of course the news of Sir Frederic's marriage soon spread, and people came with a pretence of congratulating his mother, but in reality to see how she took it. My lady, however, escaped all that by giving out that she was too unwell to see any one.

And she had told the truth. She never was like herself afterwards. That searching look of hers became the glare of a wild animal, and she had fits of passion which terrified every unlucky servant who happened to be near her. Letters continued to come from Sir Frederic, and when they came she put them straight into the fire, unopened; and would sit with her chin on her hands, watching them curl up and burn with a savage satisfaction. At last she grew so bad that no one but myself dared to go near her, and as there seemed to be no one in authority, I wrote to Sir Frederic, telling him all particulars.

He answered my letter almost in person; that is to say, he sent a messenger on to bid me break his arrival as gently as I could to his mother. That was a pleasant task; but I knew no one else would do it if I shrank back. My news brought forth the most terrible fit of passion I had ever seen. My lady had taken an oath which she could not keep. She knew as well as I did that she could not forbid Sir Frederic his own house, and if she remained in it, she must see him. Suddenly she grew quite quiet, and came up to me.

'James Radford, you know I swore that I would never see my son again; and I never shall. Hush! Don't you talk to me. When will he be here?'

'I expect him every minute.'

'I am going to my own room to rest. Let no one disturb me to-night at least.'

We waited more than an hour anxiously. Several times I stood outside my lady's door, but she was quiet, and I really hoped there might be a change. Then I heard the gate of the avenue, and wheels. As they came rattling up the sweep, a noise in my lady's room, and then a succession of screams, most horrible and unearthly, filled my ears till I was stunned; then all was still. Servants came rushing to the spot, and my lady's maid among them, with scared looks and terrified gestures.

'You had better go in,' I said.

But the door was locked, or bolted inside. I put my shoulder against it, and burst it open. My lady was lying on the floor, dead, with a pool of blood about her. She had broken a blood-vessel.

Hardly knowing what I did, I went down to meet

Sir Frederic. I suppose I must have looked the horror I felt, for he started back when he saw me, crying out: 'For God's sake, what is it, Radford? My mother'—

I signed to him to be quiet, while his wife put her little hand in mine, and looked up at me wistfully. It was a sad home-coming for her, after all. I took her into the library, and made her sit down, promising to send my lady's maid, but knowing that I should not dare to do it, even if that young person had not been in a violent fit of hysterics up stairs. Then I told Sir Frederic. At first, he was like one mad, accusing himself of having killed his mother, and talking so wildly, that I was obliged to try to stop him.

'Sir Frederic, you did not kill her, but her own passion. Heaven have mercy upon her and us! Somebody must tell your wife.'

Perhaps nothing else would have calmed him, but that did. I led him to the library-door. I saw Miss Annie—pardon it, it is the last time; henceforth she is Lady Trent—sitting like a child where I had placed her, gazing into the fire; and tears were rolling down her cheeks as she gazed. I saw Sir Frederic go up and kneel beside her, putting his arm round hers tenderly; and I saw her dear face turn naturally to its rest on his shoulder. Then I shut the door quietly and went my way, for I knew that if there was any comfort for them on the earth, those two would find it in each other.

When I heard you say, 'I wonder why that picture was never finished,' that weary time came up vividly before me, and I have told the story.

MELIBŒUS UNDERGROUND.

I AM well aware that the above heading will plunge nine-tenths of the reading public into the deepest misery. The demise of Sir Roger de Coverley affected the like proportion of educated persons, but at that time very few people could read. *This* news, on the other hand, will touch almost every heart, and permeate all classes. The tear will be brushed away by the horny hand of labour, as well as be arrested by the coroneted cambric of the Child of Fashion. Melibœus underground! I have, however, too great faith in the moral strength of his admirers to believe that even the tidings of his having been 'turfed over' will be fatal to any one of them; and I should the more regret such a circumstance if it did unhappily occur, since Melibœus is alive and well at this present writing.

May the revulsion of joy experienced at this intelligence repay a distracted nation for a few moments of despair.

The truth is, our Melibœus formed one of that enterprising band who so recently made their trial-trip by the Underground Railway. It was essential that some human beings, who were neither engineers nor 'navvies,' should be got to accomplish this feat, since the public ear was getting abused by all sorts of scandalous reports upon the subject. It was darkly hinted that the subterranean scheme had been found impracticable, and that a hole at Paddington and a hole at King's Cross were all that had come of it. As for the visible signs of its presence, the shafts which have taken entire possession of the New Road, they excited no particular attention, since all London is being dug up just now as though it were Pompeii, and Paterfamilias can nowhere lay his head upon his pillow without the knowledge that gas is escaping somewhere, and a suspicion that it may be in his own house, and not in the roadway. The little brick towers in Oxford Street are the subject of as much debate as to their use and purpose as the Irish beehive-huts, nor have I ever passed them in an omnibus without some scientific passenger developing some theory entirely new concerning them.

'Will you be good enough to tell me,' asks the gentleman from the country who has come straight from the Paddington station, 'what is that curious tower—there, sir, there; we are just passing it—the brick tower with little steps at the bottom?'

City individual, who passes it twice every day, declines to look round, but answers gruffly: 'Drains, sir.'

'I beg your pardon, sir,' observes an intelligent-looking person opposite—'levels.'

'Thank you, sir,' says the bewildered gentleman from Berkshire, bowing to both informants.

'It's nothing of the sort, gent,' observes that coarse individual who always secures the end armchair with his back to the horses: 'it's a shaft.'

'A shaft,' twitters a lady-passenger—'a shaft! Dear me, it does not *look* like a shaft (but then she is thinking of a bow and arrow). I thought it was a monument.'

'Ay, perhaps,' says the country gentleman courteously; 'or it may have something to do with the Underground Railway.'

'That ain't got no shafts,' observes the coarse man. 'There's no air admitted, bless yer: no light, no nothin', except smoke and steam. They say it'll be like taking a Turkish bath in a horizontal chimbley.'

'It is constantly being flooded,' adds the city individual; 'and I am told that the men employed in its construction never venture in without cork jackets.'

'Cork jackets,' twitters the lady; 'dear me! cork jackets! What a capital plan.'

'Inconvenient for male passengers though, mum,' interposes the coarse man; 'deuced inconvenient for them as ain't got no creinoleins to float 'em, eh? They'll have to let out cork jackets at all the stations. Twopence fare; threepence loan of jacket; five shillings insurance-ticket for every hundred yards: it will be cheaper to take a homblibus like this.'

'My decided opinion is,' observes a severe gentleman in a white cravat (of whom the cad remarks when he has left us, that 'he 'ave been eatin' vinegar with a fork, he 'ave')—'my decided opinion is, that earth and water were given us to be travelled *upon*, and that any impious attempt to reverse the ordinance of nature will result in failure.'

'And yet there is the Thames Tunnel,' suggests the gentleman from Berkshire, who, having only seen pictorial presentations of that work of art, is not quite sure of his ground—'there is the Thames Tunnel, is there not?'

'A complete failure, sir,' observes the city individual conclusively, 'and don't pay its own expenses; and so will this Underground Railway be, you mark my words, sir. Dark, damp, and dangerous.'

Such being the universal tone of conversation adopted with reference to the subterranean scheme, it was, as I have said, of the first importance that somebody should be induced to go by the railway; and among the eminent individuals to whom an invitation for this expedition was sent, it is needless to remark was Melibœus.

'You are fond of a little practical mechanics, if I remember right,' observed the conciliatory director who invited him.

Melibœus balanced the admission card for self and friend upon his fingers, and replied that he really did not know; compound addition being the extreme limit to which his studies had ever led him in that department.

'Well, you like a champagne lunch, at all events,' urged the director smiling.

'If our humble presence—I speak for self and friend—my dear sir,' returned Melibœus warmly, 'can be of the slightest service to the cause of science, you may command it.'

'Good. The place of meeting is at Paddington station, and the hour noon, to-morrow.'

'Lunch at twelve?' said Melibœus. 'Isn't that a little early, eh?'

'We *start* at twelve, sir,' observed the director a little stiffly; 'we travel by special train to the Great Northern Hotel, and lunch there, at three.'

'The survivors lunch at three,' explained Melibœus, when he asked me to accompany him. 'The first toast will, I suppose, be, The Memory of our late Fellow-travellers, to be drunk in solemn silence. Their executors return thanks; and then comes The Prosperity of the Underground Railway. You will come, I know.'

'Yours to death, Melibœus,' returned I affectionately. 'But you're quite sure they said Champagne?'

At the north-eastern end of the arrival platform of the Great Western Railway station, there is a gaping tunnel never yet beheld by the most observant passenger. It is out of the way of the ordinary traffic, and on the other side of the road used by the mammoth wains of the railway company. Its arch is so little elevated, that the chimneys of ordinary locomotives would not pass under it, and if only for that reason, it would demand some novel kind of engine. But the one which was standing (November 28th), half in, half out of the aperture, like a dragon at the mouth of its cave, had not only an improved funnel; he had a body about twice the ordinary length; his shoulders were round and fat, and his general appearance was that of a prize-engine which had come up for exhibition at the Baker Street Bazaar. His natural gifts, indeed, are prodigious, and his disposition the most accommodating that can be conceived. He will smoke, or he will not smoke, according to the convenience of passengers, and should thereby earn the unqualified approbation of Mr Bohn. When in the open air, he will puff away like an ordinary locomotive; but while underground he will put his pipe into a side-pocket, out of deference to public opinion.

At the hour appointed, about sixty eminent individuals, all imbued with precisely the same love of practical mechanics as Melibœus and myself, were eyeing this monster with a satisfaction not unmixed with awe. Upon him and his performances, it was well known, would mainly depend the success of the Underground Railway, and it was the general wish to be complimentary, if we could. Still, what was there to be said? We could not, without the most fulsome flattery, call him pretty, and we felt that the right word had not been applied, when one of the distinguished company affirmed that he 'looked very Nice.' There were three or four open trucks attached to him, with carpets of straw, wherein we presently bestowed ourselves; the Markets' Improvement Committee of the city of London were of the party; and if there had been only a net thrown us, we might have been taken for a cattle-train.

It was arranged that we should first run down to the station at Edgware Road and back again, to test the qualities of the dragon, and accordingly he ceased his fizzing and fuming, restrained his feelings, condensed his steam, and pushed us smoothly backwards into the tunnel. In the Underground Railway, this by no means signifies into darkness, but simply into an arched vault, lit up at present* on both sides with gas, so that every brick in the rare mosaic-work of the roof and sides is distinctly visible. Neither steam nor smoke were perceptible, and as we advanced, our progress was made apparent in the lengthening vista behind us as clearly as though we had been travelling above-ground. For the first few minutes, however, there was a sensation of insecurity among those who were not shareholders; and when a deep bass voice

* It is intended eventually to light up only the frequent niches in the walls, but not the walls themselves; while the carriages, on the other hand, will be brilliantly illuminated.

announced at our elbow: 'The success of the Undertakers is now assured, sir,' Melibœus answered: 'For goodness' sake, sir, do not use such expressions as that until we get into the open air.'

Immediately afterwards, we got there—at the station which is to be on the eastern side of the Edgeware Road. At present, this is more like Wroxeter, with a few passing faces from the upper world peering down through the boardings, and wondering what all that excavation can be about.

'Upon the return-trip, gentlemen,' observed the engineer, 'she' (the dragon) 'will behave like an ordinary locomotive; and a whistle will be the signal for the change.'

Accordingly, in the centre of the tunnel, there arose a cry as of a hundred and forty 'females in distress,' and the next moment I received a couple of cinders in each eye. One of the principal directors (who had taken the precaution to turn his back to it) began to dilate upon the inconvenience we were undergoing, and—more especially—upon the wisdom which had devised an engine which did not do such things, but his remarks were drowned in universal cries of 'Take it away,' and 'Put it out.' The old gentleman who had talked so confidently of 'the Undertakers,' and who was of a plethoric habit of body, was well-nigh suffocated by the steam, and repelling all attempts at conciliation, took himself off in a huff as soon as we emerged at Paddington.

The rest of us recommenced our journey through the still vaporous tunnel, and having regained the Edgeware Road station, got out and walked, since the line would not admit of further travel thereabouts. There were several breaks on the route, places where the tunnels were not joined, and where we had to ascend to the upper world for a little, and then descend again; but, upon the whole, the forward state of the undertaking astonished everybody. Instead of being damp, the underground route was particularly warm and dry; instead of being dark, it was, wherever it was finished, light and spacious. Where the work was not so far advanced, the passage, indeed, was not without its perils. We had emerged somewhere near Upper Baker Street, to the great astonishment of the inhabitants of that region, and were about to descend into the next burrow. Upon a long thin plank, extending over a frightful chasm, we were expected to make our way to the top of the shaft. I do not think either Melibœus or myself would ever have accomplished this, and we were regarding the efforts of others to do so with ill-concealed horror, when, to our great relief, one of the party in front deliberately sat down upon this narrow way, and began to hollow. A navvy at our elbow explained that the gentleman was 'took with the staggers,' or, in other words, that his head had failed him, and he had turned giddy.

Deeply sympathising with this unhappy person, the rest of us made a rather precipitate retreat from the scene of peril, and inquired for some other method of approach to the desired locality. It was suggested that we should go down in 'the cradle,' a sort of wooden cage without bars, that fitted exactly into four great posts, between which it was made to ascend and descend by means of chains and pulleys. All those, therefore, who had weak heads, and were averse to walking the plank, crowded into this machine; and just as it was quite full, and we were actually on the move, another individual, and not a little one either, crushed himself in among us. It was a dreadful moment or two for those who were on the outside, of whom I was one, and I felt the mighty post graze me all the way down, as though it were taking my measure for a suit of grave-clothes. Scarcely had we touched the bottom, when an authoritative voice from above was heard to say: 'You gents must please to come up again at once, for you've been and gone down the wrong shaft.'

The tunnel we had reached after so many perils ran westward instead of eastward, and a hundred feet of solid earth intervened between us and the people who were upon their happy way to luncheon. We had arrived, however, at one of the principal Underground stations, which we could not leave without examination. There were the arrival and departure platforms never yet trodden upon by foot of passenger; the spaces for shunting spare carriages; the void which was to be filled by the winding stair; the whole giving such a sensation of light, and roominess, and safety, as, after our late adventures, we were charmed to contemplate. Going up by the cradle again, but in two detachments, we were led to the top of a perpendicular ladder, the end of which none could discern, and bidden to descend. For my part, I do not like to trust myself even to ladders at an angle, but this went sheer, like the steps on a ship's side. As in a ship, too, there were layers of men working upon the various strata, one above the other, each of whom turned round, and, not without a grin, surveyed us as we painfully and carefully descended, just as the bear does from the top of his pole in the Zoological Gardens. There was no sympathy among those delvers of the earth for inexperienced climbers.

'The gardener Adam and his mate,' quoted Melibœus ruefully, 'smile on the claims of long descent.' And yet it was not a laughing matter that the enterprising voyager above should involuntarily scrape the dirt from his shoes upon our heads and shoulders, and that the man below should incessantly proclaim, that we were on the point of treading on his fingers. Melibœus, who needed all his hands, and therefore carried his umbrella between his teeth like a retriever, was detained by that weapon in a narrow way, and after a brief contest, had to drop it into unfathomable space.

The tunnel in which we now found ourselves was in a less advanced stage than the preceding ones; one tramway only was yet levelled; the sides were not illuminated; and the dry gravel, which had hitherto formed the soil, was exchanged for miry clay. The Markets' Committee, who started first, got an undue allowance of lantern, and for those that were left there was something very like a scramble. We clung to the fortunate possessors of a farthing dip like drowning men to one who has a life-belt, and accommodated our pace to theirs with a politeness that bordered upon subservience. The light about which we ourselves hovered like moths was borne among the very last of the party, and we felt that to lose them would be destruction. It was like travelling in the desert; whoever faltered and fell might give himself up for dead. Melibœus and I, linked arm and arm, had a dreadful time of it; presently, we were thrown out, in consequence of a very civil direction to avoid a pool of water, and after that, our every energy was concentrated upon recovering the lost ground. Understanding that there were no pits, we made straight for the lessening light, and instantly fell thirteen feet—sheer—luckily into soft but very sticky loam. To convey an idea of our terrors after this incident would be impossible. Although we were each aware that our best suits of clothes were utterly and irremediably ruined, there was no room in our distracted minds for so insignificant a passion as Regret. Once there was a rumbling of wheels, and a terrible cry arose that a truck was coming: then all the evil deeds I ever committed in my life seemed to throng—But no; I prefer not to dwell upon that moment of horror!

At last we regained the rest of the party, who had fortunately been brought up at the end of the tunnel by an obstacle to progress. At the top of an enormous ladder was a little streak of light, coming through a side aperture of about three feet high, and

by that aperture, if they would leave the tunnel at all before waiting for the winding staircase to be completed in May, the whole party must emerge. More than one stout gentleman loudly expressed his opinion that it was most disgraceful and most discreditable. The thin people, on the contrary, averred that it was nothing more than ought to be expected in the present unfinished stage of the undertaking. We watched the first man who ascended with a feverish anxiety; he was upwards of a minute in the passage, and darkened the whole tunnel for that space, but he did get through, and we heard him ejaculate 'There!' (which is some men's only expression of thankfulness) when he had done it. It was not, however, so difficult a feat as it looked, for a navy was stationed above to give each a helping-hand; but the surprising part of the proceeding was, that we found ourselves in a gentleman's kitchen in Park Crescent. There was no cooking going on indeed, for the gentleman was away, his house being cracked from top to bottom, and about to fall down; but there was the dresser, and the fireplace, and the shelves for the servants' dinner-service—and there were we.

As we walked along the street to the next and only remaining shaft, there was no fear of losing our Underground party among the throng of ordinary passengers. The clay of the last tunnel proclaimed where we all had been as effectually as though the contractor had set his trade-mark on us; the very shoeblacks shrank from proposing the herculean task of cleaning our boots. There was, however, no more walking to be done now. A subterranean train awaited us under the Tottenham Court Road, in a tunnel in an equal state of forwardness with that at Paddington. We journeyed very slowly, in order partly that we should not be choked, since the engine was but an ordinary locomotive; and partly that the interior might be minutely scrutinised. This certainly deserved our best attention. What with gas-pipes, sewers, and aqueducts, the engineering difficulties of the route had been excessive, but they were all triumphantly surmounted. There was no bad air whatever, and except where here and there a burst water-pipe had left its mark upon the walls, there was not a trace of damp. The exquisite bricklaying, and beautiful curves of the arches, which in some instances came, we were told, within two feet of the roadway overhead, belonged as much to the region of art as that of science. We were not surprised to hear that the workmen, a race very superior-looking to that of the ordinary navy, were the very best of their class (many of them being in the receipt of two and three pounds a week), and that each class had its own peculiar specialty. The men who built the walls were distinct from those who formed the curves, and these, again, were different from those who completed the arch. When the line crossed any great thoroughfare, the form of the arch was in that place altered, in order to give it extraordinary strength. When dead-weight pressed upon it with unusual force, the tunnel was like an apple with a hole through it, solid brickwork below as well as above. In no case are there less than half-a-dozen rings of brick, and over the outside arch is a bed of concrete, with a layer of asphalt upon all, to keep it water-tight. On this almost solid telescope, with its multifarious cases, the roadway is shovelled back again, and paved over.

'Surely,' said Melibœus, upon receiving this mass of information from a scientific authority who sat between him and me, and lectured upon the anatomy of the tunnel—'surely Mrs Grundy will feel secure when she comes to hear all this.'

'Your good lady, I presume, sir,' returned the authority: 'well, I sincerely trust she will. There is no steeper gradient, you may assure her, than one in a hundred.'

'You don't say so!' said Melibœus: 'then the

chances are ninety-nine to one, I suppose, against anything happening.'

Presently the train slackened, and the engineer bade us remark a mighty something which crossed the archway over our heads. 'That is the Fleet Ditch, gentlemen,' said he; 'although we flatter ourselves you are none of you aware of the fact.'

It might indeed have been a pillar letter-box, for any smell that came from it, and yet there, within a few inches of our upturned noses, it ran—in its cast-iron trough—the filthiest drain in Christendom. About this point, the Underground Railway effects its junction with King's Cross; and somewhere in the neighbourhood of the Great Northern's arrival platform we emerged, to the great perturbation of a solitary Hansom cabman, who gathered up his reins, without even thinking of a fare, and galloped away to tell his friends, and be disbelieved. The line, which is adapted for both the broad and the narrow gauge, is being continued, half under, half above ground, to the Victoria Street Station beyond Holborn, and is eventually to join the Chatham and Dover Railway, which will cross the Thames at Blackfriars. A passenger from Edinburgh to Dover, for instance, will thereby avoid all the inconvenience, expense, and delay of a cab-journey through London.

I well remember that this advantage was dwelt upon, amongst others, at the champagne luncheon which took place at the Great Northern Hotel: every event which occurred during that sumptuous entertainment is distinctly engraved—whatever people may say—upon my memory; but still, I do not recommend champagne at three in the afternoon. It almost entirely incapacitates one for dinner at seven the same evening; and even the next morning it leaves a disagreeable taste in the mouth, like half-pence, which I confess I cannot attribute (as Melibœus did) to the Underground Railway's having carried us through metalliferous soil. Moreover, it confuses one's sense of time: some speakers, I observed, called it morning, and others night, but the word afternoon was rejected by all as inharmonious and inconsistent with the occasion. Melibœus returned thanks for 'those distinguished and intelligent visitors who had that day investigated the works, and satisfied themselves of the stability of the undertaking.' For my part, I think the directors would have been wiser in selecting a man of business for that duty rather than a humorist. He made an excellent speech of course; only, in congratulating the Company upon their prospects, he dwelt upon the wisdom and perspicacity they had exhibited in naming their present terminus Victoria. 'For,' said he, 'in addition to your legitimate traffic, it is to be hoped that numbers of persons desirous of going to the Crystal Palace or other station upon the South-Western Railway, will be induced, by the similarity of title, to confuse your terminus with the Victoria Station at Pimlico, and thus involuntarily swell the dividends of the Underground Railway.'

There was not, however, I am bound to say, the very slightest scintillation of applause.

THE CITY OF THE SAINTS.

Of all the wild drives that a modern traveller can take, the route between St Joseph (Mo.) and Great Salt Lake city is perhaps the wildest. Very few men not actuated by religious fanaticism, or hope of gain, have ever trodden that path,* but among these few we are not surprised to find Captain Richard Burton. After having tested the mysteries of Mohammedanism in its most sacred place, and experienced all that Fetich had to give in the interior of Africa, it was only natural that his spirit should have yearned towards the Holy City of the Mormons. A

* St Louis is the extreme western limit of most men's desires, and 'the turning-back place of all English sportsmen.'

journey, too, must have had irresistible charms for him in which such precautions as the following are always necessary: 'From the moment of leaving St Joseph to the time of reaching Placerville or Sacramento, the pistol should never be absent from a man's right side—remember, it is handier there than on the other—or the bowie-knife from his left. Contingencies with Indians and others may happen when the difference of a second saves life; the revolver should therefore be carried with its butt to the fore, and when drawn, it should not be levelled as in target practice, but directed towards the object, by means of the right forefinger laid flat along the cylinder, whilst the medius draws the trigger. The instinctive consent between eye and hand, combined with a little practice, will soon enable the beginner to shoot correctly from the hip; all he has to do is to think that he is pointing at the mark, and pull. As a precaution, especially when mounted on a kicking horse, it is wise to place the cock upon a capless nipple, rather than trust to the intermediate pins. In dangerous places, the revolver should be discharged and reloaded every morning, both for the purpose of keeping the hand in and to do the weapon justice.'

Even a stoker in a state of intoxication would not have afforded that fillip to a journey which is necessary to make it enjoyable in Captain Burton's eyes; an Irish carman sitting with his back to the horse, would have smacked too much of prudence and commonplaceness; but the Jehus of the Utah route were of a character to 'raise the har' of an ordinary voyager, and therefore promising and attractive in a very high degree to this student of mankind in the rough. 'I scarcely ever saw a sober driver. As for profanity—the western equivalent for hard swearing—they would make the blush of shame crimson the cheek of the old Isis-bargee; and, rare exceptions to the rule of the United States, they are not to be deterred from evil talking even by the dread presence of "a lady." The conductors and road-agents are of a class superior to the drivers; they do their harm by an inordinate ambition to distinguish themselves. I met one gentleman who owned to three murders, and another individual who lately attempted to ration the mules with wild-sage.'

Upon this desert track, mules—that is, legitimate mules, not the offspring of the horse and the she-ass—are invariably preferred to horses. In a journey of a thousand miles of infamous road, our author saw but one fall and two stumbles; they are neither groomed nor shod, and their stable is the open corral. They are, however, 'fearfully handy with their heels; they flirt out with their hind-legs; they rear like goats, breaking the harness, and casting every strap and buckle clean off the body, and they bite their replies to the chorus of curses and blows: the wonder is that more men are not killed. Each fresh team must be ringed half-a-dozen times before it will start fairly; there is always some excitement in change; some George or Harry, some Julia or Sally, disposed to shirk work, or to play tricks; some Brigham Young or General Harney; the trans-Vaal republican calls his worst animal "England"—whose stubbornness is to be corrected by stone-throwing or the lash.'

In a wagon built to combine safety, strength, and lightness, without the least regard to appearances, the bumping of which, if not well packed, will produce nasal hemorrhage, the travellers take their seats; their plunder, which is the characteristic name for personal luggage in that part of the world, is clapped on with little ceremony; and there they are for the next three weeks. There are 1136 statute miles (and such miles!) between them and Utah, and scarcely a roof upon the road to shelter them so good as that of their locomotive dwelling. Lieutenant Dana and his wife and child, indeed, who were fellow-passengers with Captain Burton, often preferred remaining in the vehicle, even at night, to the accommodation of the miserable

halting-places, twenty-five miles apart, the floors of which were 'like the ground outside, only not nearly so clean.'

It is along this track that the famous Pony Express, whose riders, if not 'arrowed' by Indians, accomplish a hundred miles at a time with four changes of horses, now secures the communication between New York and California in less than thirty days. In so protracted a journey, there must needs be some change of scenery, but its general character is most uninteresting: an arid desert with creeks, where 'water and grass are procurable,' or a mere waste of the above-mentioned wild-sage. This last often forms the traveller's only fuel, and when used for cooking, taints the food with a taste between camphor and turpentine. The traffic on such a route, except in the season of the Mormon caravans, is almost none, and even scarcer than trees and springs are men and women. The majority of these are Prairie Indians, and a village of them in process of removal is an interesting sight—'an animated shifting scene of bucks and braves, squaws and papooses, ponies dwarfed by bad breeding and hard living, dogs and puppies, straggling over the plains westward.' In front, singly or in pairs, ride the braves, not gracefully, but as it born upon and bred to become part of the animal; their lank, thick, brown-black hair, ruddy from the effect of the weather, parted in the middle, and confined with a long twist of otter or beaver's skin in two queues or pig-tails reaching to the breast: from the poll, and distinct from the remainder of the hair, streams the scalp-lock. They treat their poor lean horses very cruelly; yet nothing—short of whisky—can persuade the Indian warrior to part with a favourite steed. Like the Arab, he considers it dishonourable to sell a horse; he gives it you, expecting a large present, and if disappointed, he goes away grumbling that you have 'swallowed' his property. Behind the warriors and braves, follow the baggage of the village. The lodge-poles, in bundles of four and five, have been lashed to pads or pack-saddles girthed tight to the ponies' backs, the other ends being allowed to trail along the ground like the shafts of a truck; the sign easily denotes the course of travel. Behind the ponies, the poles are connected by cross-sticks, upon which are lashed the lodge-covers, the buffalo-ropes and other bulkier articles. Some have strong frames of withes or willow basket-work, two branches being bent into an oval, garnished below with a network of hide-thongs for a seat, covered with a light wicker canopy, and opening like a cage, only on one side: a blanket or a buffalo-robe defends the inmate from sun and rain. These are the litters for the squaws when weary, the children and the puppies, which are part of the family till used for feasts.

The total number of Indians on the Prairie and the Rocky Mountains is estimated at only 63,000, and poverty, disease, and debauchery are fast thinning even these. Captain Burton ruthlessly explodes all romantic theories respecting the Noble Savage. The sacred language of the Dakotas, used by the great medicine-men, he asserts to be merely one of synonyms; if they ask for a dog, they call it an ox, and if they mean a horse, they say moccasina, which of course astonishes the vulgar. Their language being so highly figurative, and indeed more than half of it mere signs, poetry is hardly required; a hi-hi-hi-hi, interrupted by a few words, composes most of their songs. One verse, it is probable, of that celebrated poem, *Blackboy's Mourning Song for his Grandson*, addressed to those of Ghostland, will suffice our readers:

Friend, pause and look this way;

Friend, pause and look this way;

Friend, pause and look this way;

Say ye:

A grandson of Blackboy is coming.

Their speech is metaphorical to such a degree that it conveys sometimes a meaning opposite to that which it intends. 'Friend, thou art a fool; thou hast let the Ojibwe strike thee,' is the highest form of eulogy to a brave who has killed and scalped a foe.

The missionaries give the most grotesque accounts of the Indians' reception of them. They were listened to with a solemn demeanour, nor once interrupted in what must have appeared to their hearers a very wild and curious story. Called upon to make some remark, however, at the conclusion of a synopsis of the Christian faith, these sons of the prairies simply ejaculated: "Apples are not wholesome; and these who crucified Christ were bad men." In their turn, some display of oratory was required. They avoided any tedious style of argument; and spoke, as was their wont, briefly to the point. "It is good of you," said they, "to cross the big water, and to follow the Indians' trail, that ye may relate to us what ye have related. Now listen to what our mothers told us. Our first father, after killing a beast, was roasting a rib before the fire, when a spirit, descending from the skies, sat upon a neighbouring bluff. She was asked to eat; she ate fat meat. Then she arose, and silently went her way. From the place where she rested her two hands, grew corn and pumpkin; and from the place where she sat, sprang tobacco."

Even in this desert route, nature plays her vagaries. In the midst of the dull uniformity of the prairies stands Scott's Bluffs, 'a striking and attractive object, far excelling the castled crag of Drachenfels, or any of the beauties of romantic Rhine. From a distance of a day's march, it appears in the shape of a large blue mound, distinguished only by its dimensions from the detached fragments of hill around. As you approach within four or five miles, a massive medieval city gradually defines itself, clustering with a wonderful fulness of detail round a colossal fortress, and crowned with a royal castle. Buttress and barbican, bastion, demilune, and guard-house, turret, tower, and donjon keep, all are there; in one place, parapets and battlements still stand upon the crumbling wall of a fortress, like the giant ruins of Chateau Gaillard, the "beautiful castle on the rock;" and that nothing may be wanting to the resemblance, the dashing rains and angry winds have cut the old line of road at its base into a regular moat, with a semicircular sweep which the mirage fills with a mimic river. Quaint figures develop themselves—guards and sentinels in dark armour keep watch and ward upon the slopes, the lion of Bastia crouches unmistakably overlooking the road, and as the shades of an artificial evening, caused by the dust-storm, close in, so weird is its aspect, that one might almost expect to see some spectral horseman, with lance and pennant, go his rounds about the deserted streets, ruined buildings, and broken walls. At a nearer aspect, again, the quaint illusion vanishes; the lines of masonry become yellow layers of boulder and pebble, imbedded in a mass of stiff, tamped, bald, marly clay; the curtains and angles change to the gashings of the rains of ages, and the warriors are metamorphosed into dwarf cedars, and dense shrubs scattered singly over the surface.'

Similarly isolated, crops out of the open plain the dome-shaped Rock Independence. Everywhere, within six or eight feet of the ground, where the surface is sufficiently smooth, and in some places sixty or eighty feet above, this rock is inscribed with the names of travellers. From forty to fifty thousand souls are calculated to have left their dates and marks from the coping of the wall to the loose stones below this huge signpost. Nor is this carving of names to be set down in the same foolish category with that of the climbers of the Pyramids, and other mere writing-slabs for tourists. 'Prairie travellers and emigrants expect to be followed by their friends,

and leave, in their vermilion outfit, or their white house-paint, or their brownish-black tar—a useful article for wagons—a homely but hearty word of love or direction upon any conspicuous object. Even a bull or a buffalo's skull, which, lying upon the road, will attract attention, is made to do duty at this *Poste Restante*. It is not to be wondered at, after weeks, and perhaps even months, of such wild and wearisome travel as that which Captain Burton describes, that the Mormon disciple who emerges from the portals of Emigration Canyon—the last stupendous gorge upon the route—should hail the sight of the holy valley which for the first time lies full before his sight. 'At this place, the pilgrim emigrants, like the Hajis of Mecca and Jerusalem, give way to the emotions long pent up within their bosoms by tears and sobs, laughter and congratulations, psalms and hysterics. It is indeed no wonder that the children dance, that strong men cheer and shout, and that nervous women, broken with fatigue and hope deferred, scream and faint; that the ignorant should fondly believe that the "Spirit of God pervades the very atmosphere," and that Zion on the tops of the mountains is nearer heaven than other parts of the earth. In good sooth, though uninfluenced by religious fervour beyond the natural satisfaction of seeing a bran-new holy city, even I could not, after nineteen days in a mail-wagon, gaze upon the scene without emotion.'

The chief peculiarity of Great Salt Lake City is its magnificent 'distances:' there is no closeness, no crowding anywhere. It contains but 12,000 souls at most, yet covers an area of no less than three miles. Main, otherwise Whisky Street, is 132 feet wide, including the side-walks, which are each twenty; and, like the rest of the principal avenues, is planted with locust and other trees. There are twenty or twenty-one wards or cantons, each having a common fence, and a bishop apiece. Every meridional street is traversed on both sides by a streamlet of limpid water, verdure-fringed. The houses are comfortable, but, to judge from the illustrations of Captain Burton's volume, with no pretensions to architecture. 'It seems hardly in accordance,' remarks he, 'with the energy and devotedness of a new faith, that a hole in the ground should represent the House of the Lord, whilst Mr Brigham Young, the Prophet, is lodged in what here appears a palace.' Our author went to hear the great man preach on Sunday; Mr Brigham Young was late for church, and entered during the delivery of a discourse by Bishop Abraham Smoot. 'The prophet was dressed as usual in gray homespun and home-woven; he wore, like most of the elders, a tall, steeple-crowned straw hat, with a broad black ribbon, and he had the rare refinement of black kid gloves. He entered the tribune covered, and sat down, apparently greeting those near him. A man in a fit was carried out pumpwards. Bishop Smoot concluded with informing us that we should live for Heaven. Another hymn was sung; then a great silence, which told us that something was about to happen. That old man held his cough, that old lady woke with a start, that child ceased to squall. Mr Brigham Young removed his hat, advanced to the end of the tribune, expectorated, stooping over the spittoon, which was concealed from sight by the boarding, restored the balance of fluid by a glass of water from a well-filled decanter on the stand, and leaning slightly forwards upon both hands, propped on the green baize of the tribune, addressed his followers.'

His sermon, however, was distinguished by much practical good sense, and seems to have pleased the captain, who does not seem easily pleased by devotional eloquence. A personal acquaintance, procured through the United States governor (whose wife calls on Mrs Brigham Young No. 1), impressed him still more favourably with the Mormon chief. The courtesy

of the prophet, the hospitality of the people, the palpable contradictions that he observed on every hand of the malicious assertions of the anti-Mormons, took the gallant captain's heart by storm. He pronounces the Mormon polity to be, in his humble judgment, the best in the world. We ourselves must confess to have been in error regarding both their tenets and their behaviour. Their public morality is immaculate. The Duke in *Measure for Measure* was not a more virtuous tyrant than he who rules with iron hand Great Salt Lake City. The Sir Cresswell Cresswell of Utah is a far more dreadful dignitary than he of Westminster; he puts on the black-cap; the penalty for breaking the seventh commandment is death, while all offences against chastity are proportionally severe, and even cruel. Once grant, indeed, a plurality of wives to be admissible, and the Mormon people are the purest under the sun. Although marriage is recommended to all men by their religion, and especially to all women, who cannot enter heaven without a husband to introduce them, the majority of their young men are bachelors. It is necessary, before marriage, that they should prove themselves by some mission to be devout members of the faith, and they often fail in this, or evince signs of a possible apostasy which terrify the fair, since an apostate husband suffers, according to their creed, both in self and partner. It is religious fanaticism which chiefly reconciles women to the doctrine of plurality. They are bribed with promises of Paradise, they are intimidated by threats of annihilation. Polygamy is a positive command from Heaven; if the flesh be mortified by it *tout mieux*—no cross, no crown. 'I have heard those words,' says Captain Burton, 'from the lips of a well-educated Mormon woman, who, in the presence of a Gentile sister, urged her husband to take unto himself a second wife.' This, indeed, is the conclusion to which the captain comes upon this matter, and it is quite as well for him, we think, that he is made consul at Fernando Po, and out of the way of the talons of the ladies. 'The choice egotism of the heart called love—that is to say, the propensity elevated by sentiment, and not undirected by reason—subsides into a calm and unimpassioned domestic attachment; romance and reverence are transferred, with the true Mormon concentration, from love and liberty to religion and the church. The consent of the first wife to a rival is seldom refused, and a *ménage à trois*, in the Mormon sense of the phrase, is fatal to the development of that tender tie, which must be confined to two. In its stead, there is household comfort, affection, circumspect friendship, and domestic discipline. Womanhood is not petted and spoiled, as in the Eastern States; the inevitable cyclical revolution, indeed, has rather placed her below par; where, however, I believe her to be happier than when set upon an uncomfortable and unnatural eminence.'

Women's work in the far west is so difficult a matter, that one wife could scarcely perform all the duties of a household, and plenty of young ladies are found who prefer to be the fiftieth 'sealing' of Dives rather than the toilsome single partner of Lazarus. The expense of living in Great Salt Lake City is four times higher than in London, although, fortunately for the poor, the excessive purity of the air enables them to dispense with many articles, such as stimulants, which are elsewhere considered necessities. Servants' wages average a hundred pounds a year, and consequently master has a strong inducement to marry *missus* Abigail. To conclude, says this audacious advocate of women's wrongs, 'as in the days of Abraham, the lands about New Jordan are broad, and the people few. Of the three forms that unite the sexes, polygamy increases, whilst monogamy balances, and polyandry diminishes progeny. . . . The Mormon colony, unlike all others, numbers more female than male immigrants; consequently, without polygamy, part of the social field would remain untilld.'

O Captain Richard Burton, Captain Richard Burton, we should like to see an article in the *English-woman's Domestic Magazine* on you.

English women have indeed much more to do with the matter than any others, for Great Britain supplies five times more recruits to the ranks of Mormonism than all the rest of the world, excepting Denmark.*

It is needless to say that we do not come to the same conclusion as Captain Burton regarding the advantages of Mormonism. The whole system seems to us to be that of a voluptuous oligarchy, to which all *males* that are young and poor are sacrificed; but the volume is dispassionate and fair, and will interest all who read it. The letter of Mrs Belinda Pratt, eighth wife of the celebrated apostle, addressed to her sister in New Hampshire, in defence of her own social position, is really a wonderful example of self-humiliation—if the apostle did not stand over her when she wrote it, with a stick: while those that do not care for social curiosities of this kind will find in the book abundance of adventurous travel. A man—and much more a woman—must be an enthusiast indeed to attempt that desert route upon which so many misguided folks have left their bones. 'The mismanagement of the inexperienced travellers has become a matter of Joe Miller. An old but favourite illustration, told from the Mississippi to California, is this: A man rides up to a standing wagon, and seeing a wretched-looking lad nursing a starving baby, asks him what the matter may be: "Wal, now," responds the youth, "guess I'm kinder streakt—ole dad's drunk; ole marm's in hy-sterics; brother Jem be playing poker with two gamblers; sister Sal's down yonder a courtin' with an intire stranger; this 'ere baby's got the diaree; the team's clean guv out; the wagon's broke down; it's twenty miles to the next water; and I don't care a cuss if I never see Californy.'" Which final statement is a veracious (though vulgar) rendering of our own opinion with respect to the City of the Saints in Utah.

S E A - L O R E.

Up stole, creeping on the shore,
Rolling, cresting, o'er and o'er,
The tide-waves, whispering evermore
To rocks and sands the ocean-lore.

Lore of many a mile-deep sea,
Blue, rising, sinking endlessly
O'er depths, once mountain, plain, and tree,
Now merged and sunk eternally.

Lore of earthquake, storm, and flood,
That swallowed, scorched, and bathed in blood;
Or 'whelmed in boiling depths of mud,
Hill, forest, beast, bird, flower, and bud.

Lore of diamonds, pearls, and gold,
Wealth of cities vast and old,
And peoples, over whom has rolled
Ocean for age on age untold.

Waves whispering of ancient lore,
Ere, ever bounded by the shore,
The ocean lashed, with tameless roar,
Sand, land, and rocks for evermore.

Lore of wrecks untold and dread;
Millions asleep on ocean's bed;
Bones, shell-crusted, heaped, and spread,
Till the great deep gives up its dead. R. R. R.

* There are seventeen Mormon chapels in London alone, and four thousand volunteer missionaries in England.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL OF POPULAR LITERATURE

Science and Arts.

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 420.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 18, 1862.

PRICE 1½d.

WE GIRLS IN THOSE OMNIBUSES.

'CHARING CROSS, Fleet Street, Westminster, fourpence all the way!' So sings that never-sitting bird, the conductor of the 'Favourite' omnibus. Here we stand, three scared country ladies, outside that unangelic spot, the 'Angel,' Islington. Won by the blandishments of the 'Favourite,' we carefully adjust our skirts, hitherto so innocent of London mud, and daintily step into the middle of the road, wondering why the omnibus does not drive quite close up to the pavement for us. First sister—in, with a mighty effort; second sister, with a gasp at the height of the step, follows. 'Now, then, ma'm—right!' and off we go, the last sister's last foot in a state of suspense between London mud and a London omnibus. Fear soon decides the question; clutching wildly at a greasy hand from the interior, and aided by a propelling force from without in the shape of a conducting arm, No. 3 is in, only, however, to augment the awful consternation her sisters are experiencing, arising from the unsolved riddle—'Where are we to sit?' No. 1 is dignified, No. 2 is plaintive, No. 3 is nervous. 'He said there was room,' murmurs No. 2, in accents vague. 'Here's room for one,' says a stout, rosy-faced woman, indicating, with her thumb, an imaginary space between herself and a cadaverous-looking shadow of a man, whose legs are rendered invisible by the mud-fringed drapery of his facetious neighbour.

At last all are seated, No. 3 having been startled into an unnaturally small compass by a remark from the owner of the greasy hand at the door, who says: 'If there ain't room, anyhow, there's my knee at your service, miss.'

Our journey is a long one; really, we shall get our money-worth. One by one the passengers are 'put down,' and others 'taken in;' but by this time, having all the right and dignity of precedence, we have so far regained our composure as to admire the internal economy and decorations of the 'Favourite.' First of all, there is that mysterious brass bar down the centre, reminding us of a lightning-conductor. What is its purport? We soon discover, to our cost. Plaintive No. 2 is suffering severely from compression, and though the half of the side to which she does not belong is only occupied by two small children, and something that looks like the thin moiety of an ordinarily sized woman, yet she cannot encroach upon

their rights, for that brass bar—oh, it must have a heart of iron!—is their firm friend; it 'stands up' for them, towers far above her small agonies, and insists upon her keeping her proper place, limited and previously occupied though that place may be; for she is seated between a portly lady and a more portly gentleman; and well is it for her that in this respect she cannot compete with her neighbours, for, otherwise, what *would* become of her? And this brings to mind another omnibus enigma. Why, we pathetically ask, why is it that the three stout people invariably found in an omnibus invariably sit in the same compartment, and as invariably turn upon each other those bitter looks of mingled suffocation and hatred? Must like *always* seek like?

Alack-a-day! the muddy drops yclept rain by the Londoners are falling fast; our omnibus becomes popular and populous; and we soon find we suffer as severely from the shower as if we were outside. In vain we embrace our crinolines, our pet new expanders—in vain endeavour to delude ourselves and others into the belief that we have no legs; each passer-by leaves a token of remembrance in the shape of adhesive London mud on our Magenta petticoats, and their unhappy-looking umbrellas revenge themselves for the wetting they have just received, by shedding dirty, spiteful tears on our boots. Our boots! Now, if we have a weakness, it is for neat boots, and we *never* allow them to be trifled with in any way whatever.

We are full (twelve inside); wherefore, then, does that resolute-looking woman in black stand on the step, as if with a determination to ignore the existence of somebody, and find room? We should not like to contradict that woman; we should not like to say we *are* in this omnibus, if she chooses to assert that we are not. She is not pretty. At some 'long time ago' her mouth evidently took up too much room, and she, of too orderly and economical a turn of mind to stand this, had tried to pucker it up into a smaller compass. The struggle seems to have been severe, for its traces still remain in the shape of long seams radiating from the centre of suffering, reminding us of the entrance of a pudding-bag when the pudding is yet inside. There she is, standing on the step, peering at us with her avaricious eyes, while over her shoulder our untiring bird sings again: 'Will that young gentleman in the corner get outside to oblige a lady!' *Almost* personal this; but 'that young

gentleman' looks straight before him, under pretence of believing that the conductor is speaking to some one else. 'Will any gentleman get outside to oblige a lady?' We don't know what he can mean, it is so unlikely in this pouring rain. Perhaps he is asking that funny question to make us laugh. Ought we to laugh? May we laugh? We look around to see what every one else is doing; all are grave. Are they humouring this joke? But no; that man in the brown alpaca coat is speaking, and half-a-dozen female voices chorus: 'This gentleman will ride outside.'

Conductor, blandly—'Will you be pleased to come out, sir?'

Alpaca coat, firmly—'No, I won't. I only said I should get out at Charing Cross, and that then she could have my place.'

So on we drive, our friend just standing inside, grasping the door with an iron grasp. The end of her shawl is in poor No. 3's left eye; her elbow is in No. 3's mouth, who is thereby precluded from making any objection, even could she have found courage to do so. No. 1 is not behaving at all well, her mouth being most untidily open; No. 2 is afraid that this strange journey has given No. 1 a fit, never having seen her with such an aspect before. Her gaze is riveted on certain many-coloured poles gleaming through the glass ventilators. She ventures to make a timid inquiry of her left-hand neighbour, not being sure that it is quite safe; he looks disdainfully at her, and shouts: 'Thems the legs of the gents as rides outside.'

Stoppage, 'Charing Cross.' He of the alpaca coat gets out, and the woman in black fiercely pounces on his seat. No more adventures until Westminster, where we get out, and No. 1 presents the conductor with a shilling, which he puts into his mouth. Does silver assist the conductive digestion? Gravel is said to agree with hens. Perhaps, though, he has a pouch within his cheek. Has nature, as a small compensation for many disadvantages, provided him with such a ready-made purse?

Now, we honestly confess, indeed we have never endeavoured to conceal the fact, that we are only country people; and now that we are once more at home, this mighty London, this great metropolis, seems to us a greater wonder, a mightier mystery than before; and within us arises a restless, ceaseless longing—a wild wish to know somewhat more of the natural history of conductors. Do conductors ever sit down? Can conductors sit down? Did they grow up standing, and so find their places just fitted to them? Did their mothers all know they were going to be conductors, and regulate their conduct accordingly? For surely peculiar circumstances and treatment alone could produce the eccentricities we call conductors.

Once, among a crowd of omnibuses, we saw upon one a stout conductor. Yes, dreamlike, fantastic though it may appear, such was the fact. Though we looked daily for the same phenomenon, it was never repeated; and we have come to the conclusion that the vision was unreal—'Beauty' momentarily 'embodied to our sight,' to shew to what conductors *may* come. A stout conductor! O strange anomaly! Rather let us tell of the conductor who died of indigestion, arising from bolting his food, gathered piecemeal during his brief stoppages. Rather let us tell of the conductor whose only recreation was crawling on all-fours over the roof of his lively charge, and who was degraded to a twopenny omnibus for being guilty of this dissipation twice in one day, thus turning a deaf ear to the pathetic entreaties of an old lady inside, who nearly died of asthma and fright at having gone ten yards beyond her destination, and who would certainly have perished then and there, but for the gallant efforts of a volunteer, who, after thrice bonneting and piercing himself with his 'side-arms,' in the effort to get out and stand where none but a conductor *can* stand, succeeded in attracting the absentee's notice.

Have conductors any homes? Had they ever time to marry? Do old mothers sit by their firesides? Do they kiss baby-faces before they go to their short sleep? We almost think so, for we have seen them deal very lovingly with little children; and wherefore else is it that one stops a dozen times in half-an-hour to answer an old woman's querulous inquiry as to 'Ha we come to Piccadilly Cirkis yet?' Whence comes their stern patience? Why is their authority so unquestioned? 'Breathes there the man' so wildly pig-headed as to contradict a conductor? We should like to see that man. But stop! We remember—yes, indeed, we do remember a woman once raising her voice against the prevailing vice of saying 'Right,' and moving on whilst the passenger is yet on the step, instead of the seat, and calling the conductor 'a naughty boy' for so doing; insisting, moreover, on the vehicle's stopping until she and her dog were comfortably inside; but then she was French, and he evidently yielded in contemptuous pity for her continental ignorance.

Fellow-countrywomen, have you ever been in an omnibus at night? We were once, and No. 1 immediately found her company unpleasant. Bounded on one side by the brass rod, on her other sat a man who had taken seven or eight drops too much, though he was old enough to have known better. The worst of it was, he was not at all ashamed of himself; and as soon as his new neighbour approached, addressed her with: 'So you ha' come to sit agin me. Well, I ar glad. Doant 'ee stir, doant 'ee stir; plenty o' room. I can sit up into my old 'ooman 'ere.' We had not before been aware that there was in the omnibus a more unhappy person than were our three selves. Performing his promise, he facetiously addressed the suffering lady: 'Now, old Beg-o'-bones, I ain't a hundred mile off, ar I?' Now, what were we to do? True, there was our escort; but he was three seats off, asleep, as we thought; but, as he afterwards assured us, merely 'shutting his eyes to keep them warm.' Every one says 'Patience is a virtue,' but was it our duty to suffer indignities? We had almost decided not, when our tribulations were brought to a sudden end by the determination of the old sinner to perform the remainder of his journey on foot. So out he got; the poor 'Beg-o'-bones' followed, looking, we thought, as if, besides the aforesaid bones, she had to drag along a very heavy heart.

It was the memory of this man that made a winking individual, likewise encountered in an omnibus, so utterly obnoxious to us. No. 1 still thinks that he was insane, and No. 2 that he suffered from a nervous affection of the eye, but No. 3 laboured under the painful conviction that this habit was assumed, and was, in fact, a personal attention to herself. So hateful was the bare idea, that it awoke all the courage which had been dormant ever since our arrival in London, and, exerting three indignant voices, we *denied* the conductor to put us down, instead of making this request a favour, as we had been in the habit of doing. Behold us, therefore, stranded on a London pavement; of our whereabouts, we have not the wildest idea. We left Regent Circus with the intention of visiting a friend in Paddington, but we do not in the least know to which we are nearer—our starting-place or our destination—and we feel very, very forlorn, until No. 1 exclaims: 'Why not wait for another omnibus?' Her suggestion is received with unbounded applause, and we wait.

Now, everywhere but in London, waiting gives the idea of quietude; but here, with our waiting, commenced a series of small persecutions, endured by us with politeness, too evidently, alas! born of cowardice. Here is our principal trouble, in the shape of this perambulating photographer with the iron-mouldy beard, Magenta nose, and tie to match, whose everlasting cry is: 'Portrait taken? Only sixpence: frame and picture complete for sixpence.' He is unremitting

in his attentions, is certain that these 'three sweet sisters' would make a fine picture, or if we should prefer being taken singly, he 'can do them small enough to go in a gent's pin, and he is sure there is some as would like to have 'em.' Now, we detest crossings—even at this distance of time and space we cannot think them safe—but the terror of this man behind us drives us wildly forward, and it is not until we are in the middle of the street that we realise the perils of our position, and here we all three stop short. Can that cabman be addressing No. 2? He says: 'Now, then, stoopid.' Well, she does not look witty; she is staring at the cab-horses, as if wondering which of them will be her fate, but still we do not think he need have made that remark. Now she has vanished from our sides; she has run all the way back, and the photographer is conversing with her again. Oh! it is so unladylike to run in the streets, but here she is, back again at the same pace; and now, both she and No. 1, who seems likewise to have left her native dignity at home, are safely on the other side. Poor little No. 3 is stopping to assure a crossing-sweeper that she has only half a sovereign with her; he is importunate; so she asks his name and address. We are grieved to say he does not appear gratified; on the contrary, seems rather to resent her kindly meant inquiries, and we are sorry to state, but truth compels it, that she finished her race by retreating both swiftly and ignominiously before a wheelbarrow.

Oh, what *shall* we do? we are so wretched. What that little boy says about 'omnibus-straw hanging to our tails' may be true, but politeness might have kept him silent; and he need not come so very close to us, nor make so many remarks about our 'whoops.'

O joy! An omnibus is passing, with the magic word 'Paddington' inscribed on its panels; so, much to the loudly expressed amusement of our friend the little boy, we make frantic signals to the conductor, who waits until No. 1 gets in to tell us that there is only room for two, unless one will 'ride outside.' Out we flutter again, not sure whether we ought to pay or not, and rather feeling as if we should beg the conductor's pardon for detaining him; but he looks benign; so we are reassured. But oh, we *do* object to going back to that little boy. Never mind; here is another Paddington omnibus, and nearly empty. Overjoyed, we hasten to deposit ourselves therein, and on giving a last look at our little tormentor, we behold him on the pavement in a fresh fit of laughter, evidently at our expense; and why, we soon discover to our cost: we are not going to, but from Paddington. We all prepare a long scolding for the conductor, but have not courage to deliver it when he opens the door and says 'Regent Circus' with such an air of calm superiority. So we pretend that we always meant to go to Regent Circus, and submissively take the 'Favourite' to the Guardian Spirit of Islington, who, by the way, must indeed have been in great straits before she put up with such a one.

Now, we are very much afraid that we have talked too much, but verily, there are few things that we like better than the sound of our own voices, on this subject especially. We have wearied our private friends with it, and now take a turn at our public ones, and still we are not at all tired. Does any one wish to hear us say anything more 'concerning' our London experiences? We are quite ready to oblige them. Or will any one discourse to us about omnibuses? There are many things we want to know. Does every omnibus keep a flying-man? We mean one of those individuals who, on seeing an omnibus pass, is suddenly seized with a fit of running, fiercely pursues, overtakes, and boards his prey, the speed of the horses not being for one instant checked. And the everlasting fat man—is he chronic? And the woman with the basket. A basket in conjunction with an omnibus has been an object of horror

to us, ever since we heard that little story about Greenacre; and we do wish some strong-minded person would say aloud every time he encountered one of these wicker-work travellers: 'Greenacre went for miles in an omnibus, carrying with him his wife's head, neatly packed in a hamper.'

Oh, this great omnibus abuse! But stop. Is it altogether an abuse? Mr Helps says that, in his opinion, one of the statesmen of the day would be a more successful politician were he to travel regularly in these vehicles, and so make himself acquainted with a class of fellow-creatures with whom he could not otherwise come in contact. And we feel in duty bound to acknowledge that we have found omnibuses very convenient, and we have both met with, and heard of, much kindness given and received in them. A conductor once lent a dear friend of ours sixpence to pay her fare; it has never been returned, for that conductor has been vainly, though constantly, sought. Where is he now? We wish he knew how much his generosity has softened our hearts towards his brethren.

No. 1 once came to great grief in an omnibus, her hair taking an uncomfortable freak of visiting her waist; and she was really touched by a respectably dressed woman drawing a long hair-pin from her own head, and offering it with: 'If you don't mind using it, miss.' This woman had a baby in her arms. By the way, how very popular babies are in omnibuses; every one seems to look upon them as common property, and we have already said what marked attention is paid to these little tyrants by those otherwise unbending democrats, conductors.

Well, if we stand talking here any longer, we shall be told to 'move on with our great lumbering box-of-all-sorts,' as quoth a cabman to an omnibus-driver, and we would much rather go before it comes to that; so let us end. Our visit to London is among the things that were. When next we go there, we shall doubtless find many changes in our old enemies, for we hear rumours of their having interior spiral staircases to enable ladies to 'ride' outside, and of first and second class seats. But, be they ever so magnificent, no future vehicles shall make us forget those omnibuses of 1860.

EARTH-OIL IN AMERICA.

PETROLEUM, or earth-oil, has been long known to exist in different parts of the world, under the various names and shapes of Barbadoes tar, Rangoon petroleum, Cuba chapatote, and Trinidad asphaltum, which last seems to be merely petroleum of the thicker kind, hardened by exposure to the sun and air, and in many other conditions of density varying with location. From the compact asphaltum of Trinidad to the light and volatile earth-oils, there appears a line of close relationship running through the tarry and viscid mineral pitch and the dense semi-fluid petroleum.

At Gaspé, Canada East, the petroleum oozes out of a sandstone cliff, and in calm weather, spreads itself over a large portion of the sea. In the fissures of this sandstone cliff, where the petroleum has been prevented from reaching the ocean, it appears hardened, like the pitch of Cuba, having parted with its lighter portions by evaporation. The petroleum, however, of which it is proposed to speak more particularly is that of the American oil-region, a district from which, within the past two years, large quantities have been procured, and from which there is a probability of a supply being derived for years to come, which will materially modify or change the business of people engaged in providing that prime necessity of civilised life—a safe and economical light.

The line of country along which, within a range of one to two hundred miles on each side, the earth-oil is obtained in America, can be best observed by

placing a straight-edge or ruler on the map of North America, with one end at Gaspé Bay, Canada East, and the other at Houston, Texas. A line drawn the full length of the distance between these points will pass through the country drained by tributaries of the great rivers west of the Alleghany range, which consists of hills under various names, extending from the low lands of the Mississippi outlet through Alabama, Georgia, Kentucky, Tennessee, Virginia, Ohio, Pennsylvania, New York, Vermont, New Hampshire, the province of New Brunswick, and terminating in the rugged cliffs of Ship Head, Gaspé.

The country on this line between Gaspé and the state of New York is as yet wild and poorly cultivated, with the exception of the valley of the St Lawrence, and has not yet been explored for petroleum. When, however, we reach Seneca in Seneca County, New York, we find petroleum under the name of Seneca oil, obtained with the water of the salt-wells of that part of the state. This was probably the first petroleum obtained by white men in America. In Pennsylvania, there are indications which shew that the Indians long ago used it as a medicine, probably like the Barbadoes tar or British oil of the apothecaries' shops, for rheumatic affections. Seneca oil is still celebrated as a remedy for stiff joints and aching limbs. It was not, however until the discovery of the mode of extracting a marketable burning oil from coal, and the difficulties and expense of obtaining such had been fully understood, that those persons engaged in its manufacture in the western coal-fields began to consider the practicability of obtaining an oil already distilled, and of much better quality, directly from the earth. In 1859, Pennsylvania, which contains a portion of the Alleghany coal-field, upon which numerous works for distilling crude oil from the cannel-coals and shales were located, was the scene of the first operations of the 'oil-borers,' as they were called. Their attention was attracted to the earth-oil as a means of supplying their wants, by observing that when the small 'runs' or water-courses were dammed, or when the water had collected in stagnant pools in midsummer, an oily scum floated upon its surface, and could be seen oozing from the bed and sides of the stream. In some places, the petroleum escaped, accompanied by large quantities of carburetted hydrogen gas, which bubbled up in the pools, and often gave them the appearance of being boiling caldrons. These water-courses were followed up; and the places where the escape of gas was greatest were marked as the best for 'boring,' for the idea of those who were engaged in these explorations was to tap the source of the petroleum by means of artesian wells, and by the same appliances which are used for sinking those wells. 'Boring for oil' was by no means so difficult a matter as manufacturing the fine oils from coal—a process requiring great experience and chemical knowledge; and therefore the number of wells which were begun by the speculators in petroleum stood in no danger of failing for want of skill. The first attempt was so successful as to lead numbers of people to plunge into the oil-business with great ardour.

The farmers, reflecting that there was no probability of any one getting the petroleum without first boring through the soil, claimed a large share in the prospective profits of the wells, and in some instances demanded and received, as their portion of the proceeds, as much as one-half of the oil obtained, and a round sum besides in yearly rental. Lots were staked off like mining claims in Australia. Wells of four inches diameter were sunk within a few feet of each other, and many disputes arose between the well-owners, as each would declare that the other was tapping his own peculiar oil-vat below. The 'oil-fever' increased with the number of wells, and in a few months the counties of Chenango, Crawford, and

Warren became as lively a spectacle of speculation, enterprise, and busy industry as could well be imagined. The price of the earth-oil, when it was first obtained, was from forty to forty-five cents per American gallon, which is one-fifth less than the imperial gallon; but the owners of the soil tried very hard to raise the price to seventy cents, and succeeded so far as to increase the speculative feeling. In 1859, the wells yielded not less than two millions of gallons, and their number constantly increased. The proprietors of the large coal districts endeavoured to underrate the yield of petroleum; and went so far as to say that the wells would soon be dry, pointing to several which had begun to fail, as a proof of their assertion; but by the summer of 1860, the oil-wells took a fresh start, some enterprising borer, going deeper than his neighbours, having struck that great desideratum of the well-owner, a 'flowing well,' one in which the oil is forced up by the pressure of the gas below, and for a considerable time yields its oil free from water, without the assistance of a pump, as in the 'pumping-well,' where water to the extent of fifty per cent. is brought up with the oil. This flowing well gave a new impetus to the business, and if speculation in petroleum lands and privileges had been wild before, it was now stark mad. To strike the deep fissures of the rock below was now the aim of all. Many of the pumping-wells which were hardly paying, were sunk deeper, and often repaid their owners' outlay by pouring out petroleum at the enormous rate of sixteen thousand gallons per day—the hitherto pent-up gas below forcing it out, for days and weeks together, so rapidly, that in many cases it was lost for want of vats or casks at hand in which to store it. The land-owners became still more exacting in their demands, and many stories are told of the effect of the sudden wealth which poured into the oil-region upon persons unaccustomed to handle large sums of ready money; for although the American farmer may possess the means of a comfortable subsistence, yet, in the interior, cash is generally rare with him.

An instance of the effect of the prospect of sudden wealth upon a farmer's daughter is told with great unction by the oil-men. The father of the girl lived in a poor cabin by the side of Oil Creek, and because he was not so prosperous as his neighbours, was not considered as of the best rank in country society. An oil-well had been sunk on the opposite side of the creek, and had proved to be most successful, and had induced a speculator to offer the farmer a large sum of money and a large share of the oil for the privilege of boring on his land. The bargain was made, and the work in progress. The daughter and her sister had not been well treated by the country swains, when they happened to meet at singing-school or meeting-house, and the prospect of being as rich as their neighbours was, of course, most agreeable to them. After the well had been begun, one young fellow who seems to have had an eye to business, became more attentive to our heroine, and after 'meeting' was over, would offer his arm, or tender some other polite attention. These little evidences of interest were graciously received by the hitherto neglected girl; and the people of the place at once set the pair down as 'keepin' company'—the American for 'engaged.' One Sunday morning as she came out of the meeting-house door, the young man stepped forward, as usual, to offer his attentions, but, drawing herself up with the most scornful air in the world, she cut him dead with the words: 'No, sir-ree; dad has struck it!' Which was the fact. Dad, as she termed her father, had struck oil the night before, and she was now the daughter of a first-class oil-millionaire, and could mate only with one of her own set.

With the influx of people engaged in the petroleum business, came the means of supplying their various

wants, and towns and villages soon rose along the principal streams in the oil-region. The labours of the oil-well borers were now directed by experience, and many of them became very expert in their pursuit, and were able to explore the adjoining states with practised eyes. The salt-wells of the Great Kanawha River, in Virginia, had always yielded a small quantity of petroleum with the brine, and the country lying between that river and Oil Creek in Pennsylvania, and on the line of which mention has been made, in a short time was explored with good results. On the Little Kanawha and its tributaries, numerous very fruitful wells have been discovered; one of them, the Running Spring, quite eclipsing the best of those of Pennsylvania. In Ohio also some very good petroleum wells have been opened. Southward, the petroleum is found in Kentucky, in various conditions; on the Big Sandy River in that state, it has exuded from the face of a sandstone cliff, and formed a deep layer of pitch along the banks of the stream. Petroleum has also been found at various places in Tennessee, Georgia, and Alabama, and at the Sour Lake, not far from Liberty, in Texas, it has been discovered in the shape of a thick pitch, not unlike that of Cuba.

The petroleum of the Southern States is not yet fully developed, but there is little doubt that they will yet supply the earth-oil in abundance. If peace should again be established between the Northern and Southern States, and the northern speculators be permitted to reside in the south unmolested, no doubt they will endeavour to develop the oil-wells to as great a degree as those of Pennsylvania and Western Virginia.

The earth-oils, as at present procured, vary in specific gravity from 795° to 833°, at a temperature of 60° Fahrenheit; the average gravity being about 830°. The Ohio wells yield a heavier oil; in some cases, like that of Canada West, it is quite tar-like in consistence. The number of oil-wells at present in active operation in America is over one thousand, and the extent to which they will supply the oil for the present year will not be much short of ten millions of American gallons. It is exported largely to Europe from the Atlantic ports of the Northern States; and, besides, is largely consumed in the States generally. One thousand dollars is the average cost of the labour and plant required for an ordinary well of 100 feet or so in depth. The petroleum is delivered at the seaport at a price varying from twenty to twenty-two cents per American gallon. From these facts will be seen the importance of a business which, but a few years ago, was wholly neglected.

Regarding the origin of these earth-oils, there have been many theories. One writer states, that at a period when the earth was in a highly heated condition, asphaltum was volatilised and suspended over the earth in the form of a vast cloud; and that when the earth began to cool, the lighter portion of the asphaltum began to condense in the colder latitudes, and descended upon the disturbed strata of the Alleghany coal-fields and the oil-producing states; and that the hard asphaltum of Trinidad is nothing more than the residuum which might be expected after distillation on so grand a scale. Another states, that the great reservoirs of petroleum are the work of the coral insect, and that the earth-oil occurs in rocks far below the coal formation. Another believes the petroleum to be the bitumen of the anthracite coal, which has been extracted from it by heat on the east side of the Alleghanies, and ejected on the west side of those hills. Others suppose that petroleum is merely the gases from the deep coal-beds, which may be subjected to a low heat, condensed upon coming in contact with water which fills the fissures of the strata in the coal-fields; and that the gas which escapes so violently when the reservoirs are tapped, is merely the free gas which occurs when

coal is distilled in retorts, and which is only condensed by artificial means. There is a very strong resemblance between petroleum and the crude oil distilled from coal; but similarity of origin ought to have produced oils precisely similar, which it must be admitted they are not. As it is, there is a wide field for the conjectures of both the scientific and unscientific observer.

MY LEAVE OF ABSENCE.

We were quartered in Athlone. Forty years ago—and the date of my story goes so far back into the dim past—Athlone was one of the most agreeable stations in Ireland, or, indeed, in all the British possessions. Plenty of dancing, hunting, dining, flirtation, and miscellaneous amusement. The inhabitants, especially the younger and fairer members of the community, worshipped a red coat, and adored a pair of epaulettes. If they admired one thing more than infantry, that thing must have been cavalry; for Athlone is a horse-loving place, with a weakness for steeple-chases. We were infantry, but we had no reason to complain. The fiery Westerns had received his majesty's Hundred-and-Ninth with the warmest and most brotherly hospitality. The young ladies had not been chary of their smiles. Our winter had been a blithe and pleasant one, and is still treasured up in my memory; and the summer, with its picnics and races, had not been far behind it. It was autumn when I asked our kind old colonel for a month's leave of absence. I had received an invitation to pay a long visit at a great country-house situated near Kells, the mansion of Miles Brackenbury, one of those ultra-hospitable Irish squires long since extinguished by the Encumbered Estates Court. 'Come, my dear boy,' the letter said, 'and stay till you're tired of us, or till Easter; and sooner the last than the first. Cock-shooting is just begun; the woods are full of birds, and the house is full of company; you'll always find a nag at your service, when the Clash-naclachan hounds come within reach; and so no time for more, but *ceade mille faillteagh!*' The good old man might have added to his list of attractions a cellar full of wonderful old claret, perhaps unpaid for, but sound and good, and the presence of half-a-dozen high-spirited daughters, the best waltzers and horsewomen in the county. Mr Brackenbury was not an old friend of mine or my family, as might be supposed by the familiar kindness of his epistle. He had made our acquaintance at assizes, when his duty as a grand-juryman brought him to the town, and when he had dined repeatedly at our mess. Why he had taken a particular fancy to myself, then a raw subaltern not long emancipated from Sandhurst, I really cannot say. My own experience, however, leads me to fancy that an Irishman commonly bestows his friendship on an Englishman, in preference to one of his own countrymen. Now, it happened that—except the adjutant, the colonel, and the major—I was the only South Briton in the Hundred-and-Ninth. Most of our officers were natives of the Green Isle; and to my nationality, coupled as it was with a more than Irish love for field-sports, I believe I owed Mr Brackenbury's goodwill. He invited me, at any rate; the opportunity was too tempting to be neglected; and I easily obtained the colonel's consent.

'How are you going, Willoughby?' asked Douglas, the captain of our light company, as he stood smoking at the barrack-gate, among a knot of our fellows. 'How are you going? I shall drive the tandem to Mullingar to-morrow, and I'll give you a cast so far, if you like.'

'Hang it, Douglas, you promised to take me. Don't you remember, just before you revoked at whist last night?' cried Rogers of the grenadiers.

'But what's Willoughby about, poring over the

map, as if he were a bailiff about to distrain on somebody?' asked some one else, calling attention to my studious attitude.

'I shall go a new way—a way of my own. I'm sick of gigs and tandems; and I know the face of every barmaid and beggar from this to Mullingar,' observed I.

'What does he mean by a new way?' 'A balloon?' 'A donkey and panniers?' suggested three of my brothers-in-arms.

'Sure,' said O'Shea, 'Willoughby's getting too wise and sober to go rattling about in gigs like the rest of us; he'll order out a "yellow," and a pair of spavined bays, and do the thing genteel.'

'You're out, O'Shea, for once,' said I, laughing, 'for I mean to walk.'

'To walk!' repeated all the officers present, in a tone of amazement that could not have been more genuine had I proposed to fly.

Pedestrian tours, in truth, were unknown things in my young days; nobody dreamed of trudging who could afford to ride. But when I convinced them that I really meant what I said—that I wanted to see a new and wild part of the country, and to get, perhaps, a little snipe-shooting on my way, there was a chorus of expostulation. 'Strike out a path for yourself across the Bog of Allen? Why, man, 'tis in Swift's Hospital you ought to be, with a head shaved as smooth as a billiard-ball.' 'You'll catch the ague!' 'Or be smothered in a quagmire!' 'Or tumble in among the Whiteboys. I heard Captain Rock and his rapparee rascals had been at the old work near the Curragh last week.' But I was resolute, perhaps I ought to say obstinate. A very young man is so jealous of his new independence, that he cannot endure to take advice. Besides, I really felt a wish for the walk. Twice, when on a 'still-hunting' expedition, I had obtained a glimpse of the half-explored recesses of the huge Bog of Allen, and I had some curiosity to see more. I was in high health and spirits; a capital walker in pursuit of game; and I enjoyed the idea of performing the distance in a very short time, and of gaining some credit by the feat. Accordingly, I sent on my portmanteau by coach, placed a few necessities in a game-pouch, filled my shooting-belt with No. 10 shot, and my flask with Dartford powder, and made my servant clean my Joe Manton, till stock, lock, and barrel were as clean as a new shilling. Then I started, with my sporting accoutrements buckled on, and my double-barrelled gun over my shoulder. Moore, O'Shea, and M'Vitie the doctor, walked with me to the second milestone, where I was to quit the road, and strike off across the country. They were all three good-natured fellows; and seeing that I could not be bantered or frightened out of my pet project, they were anxious to give me advice as to how I might best escape any dangerous adventure. Indeed, the Ireland of forty years back is removed by what might appear a century of progress from the Ireland of to-day. The ashes of the rebellious spirit of '98 still smouldered, and ever and anon blazed up into fitful flame. The people were miserably poor, ignorant, and discontented. Religious disabilities had not yet been done away with; and Orange injustice was bitterly avenged by midnight burnings and assassination. The mountains and bogs were full, not only of Rockites and Whiteboys, but of illicit distillers, between whom and the troops that hunted them there was the deepest animosity. My brother-officers spoke truly and sensibly when they assured me that it was not safe for one who wore the king's colours to trust himself alone in the midst of the lawless peasantry. But at nineteen years of age, we are not apt to accept a warning; so on I went, laughing and chatting, till we got to the second milestone.

'A wilfu' man maun hae his way,' said the doctor,

taking snuff, and eyeing me as ruefully as if I had been on the verge of destruction.

'Don't sleep in any blackguard little ahebeen, I advise you,' said Moore, who was a senior lieutenant and a steady fellow; 'and be sure you avoid giving the people any pretext for a quarrel. Don't be caught napping; and mind you have the gun in good order, in case of the worst.'

'And, Charley, if they make an end of you among the bogs, be sure you tell them you belong to the Hundred-and-Ninth: it would be a satisfaction to the regiment to bury you decently,' observed O'Shea, an inveterate joker.

'Hark ye, Willoughby, ye daft callant,' said the doctor, who spoke much broader Doric than his modern representatives from Edinburgh or Aberdeen; 'we would no be pleased to hear that you'd been coupit into a peathole, nor yet had your throat cut from ear to ear, among these wild Irishers. So be canny and quiet, my lad, and dinna speak any nonsensical compliments or daffing to the lasses, and keep out o' mischief and arguments, and push on to sleep at Barrynaclish, where there's a very decent inn, to be in Ireland.'

'Mind you keep a bright look-out for Captain Rooney, the highwayman,' said Moore; 'and don't be squabbling with that Mr Connell, that you cleaned out so prettily at the mess last week, in case you meet him at Mr Brackenbury's table. He was a close chap, but he dropped a hint that he lived near Kells when he was at home.'

'He gave Willoughby a look as black as thunder when he got up from the table,' said O'Shea, laughing. 'There'll be a fine piece of work if they come together again. I never saw a fellow come for wool, and go back so completely shorn. But, Charley, the saints, as my grandfather used to say, be with you, if you meet Red Peter and his gang, and'—

'Confound Red Peter and his gang,' cried I gaily, as I shook hands with the honest trio; 'good-bye, good-bye, old fellows. We shall meet at Mullingar, for old Brackenbury and his family always go over to the ball on the 27th; and I engage to supply the mess with wood-cocks.'

I turned back twice, to wave my hand to the little group still standing beside the second milestone; then I got over a turf-wall, scrambled as best I could through some excessively soft and treacherous swamps, and lost sight of my friends. I walked rapidly, and within two hours had made considerable progress. The Bog of Allen, even now, when its long-neglected wastes have turned out very gold-mines with respect to paraffine candles and peat-charcoal, is a strange russet region of brown turf and stagnant water. But in the day of which I speak, before modern agriculture and drainage commissions were known, and when no one dreamed that clear oil and pure white candles could be conjured out of the black bog-earth, the vast quagmire presented an aspect of the sternest desolation. Still the day was fine, the weather dry for Ireland, and I strode along with a light heart and active limbs, unsaddened by the gloomy sterility of the treeless landscape. Everywhere the same turf-stacks, the same dikes intersecting the fields, where a few lean cattle and shaggy horses pastured; the same sullen pools of water, stained purple, crimson, or inky black, by the peat that bordered it. Now and then, I flushed and shot a snipe; sometimes the big black Irish hares, looking gigantic in my English eyes, would start up under my very feet, and scud away like shadows across the bog.

Sometimes I nearly stumbled over a cluster of wretched cabins, which I had taken for turf-stacks, and which hardly seemed habitable by human occupants, until a swarm of barefooted children ran out, setting up a wild clamour in the Erse language at the sight of a Sassenach gentleman. But I encountered

no labouring-men or travellers, though at a considerable distance I could occasionally see a few turf-cutters plying their spades among the quagmires. The track I was following was a broad one, practicable enough at that season of the year, but which would have been impassable after heavy rains. It ran through a very wet and unfrequented part of the morasses, and by following it, I was able to cut off a considerable angle, and to shorten the distance by several miles. Up to the present time, I had known my way pretty fairly, having pushed thus far into the bog when accompanying, in the execution of a common but unpleasant duty, a party of soldiers detailed for 'still-hunting.' But there was a wide difference between traversing the district at night, under the guidance of excise-officers familiar with its features, and making my own way across it by the help of recollections; therefore, when I came, towards two o'clock in the afternoon, to a place where several roads and paths, each more rugged and execrable than the other, united in front of a little hamlet, I was fairly at fault. I met two or three wretched-looking women, staggering home under the weight of the ponderous turf-creels which their husbands had filled; from them I inquired my way, but they were, or pretended to be, wholly ignorant of English. They shook their heads, and curtly answered in Irish that they 'had no Saxon.' But my eye suddenly lit upon a cabin superior in comfort and size to the other huts, and which was evidently a whisky-shop or shebeen. Not only did a withered branch overhang the door, but a half-effaced inscription, the work of some Athlone house-painter, set forth that 'Bridget Mc'Carthy' had some connection with 'spirits' and 'tobacco.' A good-humoured country-girl, not in the least pretty, but with a pleasant expression in her freckled face, was busy with her spinning-wheel at the door. She gave a jump of surprise as she espied me, rose and curtsied half timidly. 'Did my honour please to want anything?' The words were English at any rate, and they were welcome to my ear. I forthwith mentioned my desire to learn the shortest way to the place where I was to spend the night, and I also asked for refreshments. Was there any ale? The girl shook her head.

'Mother,' she said, 'had nothing but just the groceries, barrin' praties and bacon.' I declined the latter, for I had been thoughtful enough to bring with me some sandwiches in a case, but I had no objection to some whisky and water.

'Mother!' screamed the girl, 'a gentleman at the door!'

From the interior of the cottage forthwith appeared a tall bony woman, whose long dark hair, dashed with gray, flowed over her shoulders like the mane of a wild-horse. I daresay Mrs Bridget Mc'Carthy had been a fine woman in her youth, somewhat in the Lady Macbeth style, but now she was grim enough to have been one of the Furies in person. She wore a man's frieze coat over her feminine attire, and was as rough and fierce as her daughter was neat and gentle.

'Who's this?' she asked of her daughter, after casting a suspicious glance at me.

'A strange gentleman, wanting to be tould the way to Barrynaclish,' said the girl; 'and he'd like to take some dhrink, mother; but sure I couldn't ask him in.'

These last words were spoken in a whisper. The elder female impatiently shrugged up her shoulders, and said something in Irish, on which the girl vanished into the house.

'You're a sodger officer?' said the hostess abruptly, fixing her piercing black eyes first on my cap, and then on my face. I then remembered that I wore a forage-cap, the only part of my equipment which could have betrayed the military man, but I felt some uneasiness at the woman's remark.

'A good guess, mistress,' said I, as carelessly as I

could; 'and now, if you will give me a drop of poteen, and point out the road to Barrynaclish'—

'What shall I earn for my pains?' cried the landlady with startling fierceness. 'Is it more blood you'd have? And do you dare to ask me the way to the place where your red-coated butchers—Bad end to ye, and all the rest of the inimies of the poor!'

'More blood!' Was the woman sober? Yes, her fiery eye was quite steady as it glared upon me. Her voice quivered with the agitation of strong hate, not of intoxication. But before I could speak, the daughter came tripping out of the house, bearing in her hand an *egg-shell* filled with pure whisky—no uncommon substitute for a wine-glass in such out-of-the-way places.

'Would my honour take a taste of the dew, nate? Sure, she had set the kettle on, but the wather would take a few minits to hate before 'twas fit for the punch.'

The daughter was as smiling and civil as the mother was the reverse. I had not the heart to refuse the primitive goblet she proffered me; I drank the whisky at a draught. It was excellent.

'Good stuff this; too good to be "Parliament,"' said I with a laugh. Now, in general, you can pay no greater compliment than this to a shebeen-keeper; but my praise of the liquor merely made Mrs Mc'Carthy stretch out her long arm, and mutter something in Irish, which sounded very unlike a blessing.

'Hush, mother, hush!' cried the girl; 'whisht, then. Would you please to sit down, sir?'—and she offered me the chair that stood beside the spinning-wheel. 'Mother's not quite herself to-day, sir, by rayson of there bein' a corpse in the house. Sure, alannah, the young gentleman had no share in it!' For the fierce hostess was again grinding out curses between her teeth.

'Indeed,' said I, 'you do me no more than justice. I guess, from what you say, that some one has lost his life in some unfortunate collision with the troops. I hear of it now for the first time.' Then I remembered that a detachment of the Hundred-and-Ninth, under Captain Cameron, had been for some time stationed at Barrynaclish, for the purpose of suppressing illicit distillation. It turned out that on the preceding night a skirmish had taken place between a party of ours and some outlawed smugglers, and that a man had been shot dead on the spot.

'Twas a poor boy from Kerry, sir, and he had no kinsfolk within miles and miles,' said the girl sadly; 'so they brought him here for the wake and the burial, and the coroner comes to-morrow. My heart bleeds for the poor mother, fur off to the south, that doesn't dream yet that she'll never see her son more.'

I expressed my regret for the unhappy occurrence, and Mrs Mc'Carthy became so far mollified as to discontinue her anathemas. I informed the hostess and her daughter that I was not going to join the detachment at Barrynaclish, but to pay a visit at a considerable distance off; and under existing circumstances I declined to await the boiling of the kettle, and presented Mary with half-a-crown in payment for her whisky. A couple more half-crowns, judiciously bestowed for the wake, propitiated Mrs Bridget so far as to turn her curses into blessings. 'And now, my dear,' said I to the handmaiden, 'I shall be obliged to you for directions as to my way.'

Mary's instructions were explicit enough. I was to turn to the left as far as the burned cabin, and then to the right, and so by the meadows and the big pool, and if I kept straight on towards the mill I should see against the sky, I should reach the fine carriage-road itself. 'But be sure, sir, you tread carefully in crossing the bog, for 'tis dangerous walking. And when ye git to the hard road, then, be sure, sir, ye beware of the captain.'

The captain! what captain? But the girl gave

me a frightened look, laid her finger on her lips so rapidly that the gesture passed unseen by her gaunt parent, and dropped me a farewell curtsy. It was certain that she had intended to give me a friendly warning, and as certain that I could not divine her meaning. I thought of it as I trudged along the track she had indicated, past the burned cabin, and straight on for the distant mill. But I had soon plenty of occupation for my faculties in crossing a treacherous bog, which required to be traversed with extreme precaution. I got well over the trembling surface at last, and before very long I came on a broad road, much neglected, but still practicable for wheel-carriages. My thoughts now took a wider range. I remembered the purport of my solitary journey, and the comments and advice of my brother-officers. I thought, too, of the half-jocular recommendation I had received, not to be led into a quarrel with our late guest, Mr Connell, should we meet at Mr Brackenbury's hospitable board. And now I may as well explain what my friends meant by remarking that I had 'cleaned out' the pockets of the gentleman in question. I had not won a sixpence from him at cards or dice; there had been no gambling at all, in the common sense of the word. But the Irish gentlemen of that day were addicted to an amusement called 'challenging,' in which two persons exchanged, or offered to exchange, some articles of property, an arbitrator being selected to award the precise money premium to be paid in either case. Military messes were not slow to adopt this custom, always provocative of a great deal of mirth and diversion, and the Hundred-and-Ninth had caught the epidemic. Skill and luck combined curiously to render such exchanges uneven, and I have known ill-starred aspirants lose all their personal property, down to the clothes they wore, and for the loan of which they were indebted to an opponent's forbearance. So had it fared with this Mr Connell, a man whose acquaintance some of us had formed casually on a race-course, and who had repeatedly dined with the regiment. He was a dark, saturnine, middle-aged man, of no slight tact and worldly knowledge, but he had been signally worsted in an attempt to pigeon myself, whom, as one of the junior officers and an Englishman, he had deemed an easy prey. To be sure, though I won his gig, his bay mare, and his brown horse, his watch, pistols, driving-cloak, and diamond breast-pin, I had been an indulgent conqueror; I had allowed him to ransom the whole spoil on easy terms, and had been playfully rebuked by our own fellows for letting him off so cheaply. But this clemency had not taken away the smart of defeat; the young officers of the corps had quizzed the beaten man most mercilessly; and it was with looks that boded little friendship that Connell had given me a cold shake of the hand, muttering something about 'having his revenge at another time.'

'On my conscience, Willoughby,' O'Shea had said, 'when that fellow said he'd have his "revenge," he looked mightily as if he meant it. 'Tis pistols and coffee he'll be inviting you to yet, old boy.' But I had nearly forgotten Connell and his black looks, until I remembered him as I turned into the road, and gave an involuntary chuckle as the scene of his defeat arose again before me. The sun was getting low, and a mist already lay, like a soft white sheet of gossamer, over the brown morasses on my left. There were no milestones to be seen, and I could only guess my distance from the village. A frieze-coated peasant whom I met leading a calf in a string, told me that Barrynaclish was two miles off, 'or maybe a thrifle more.' Irish miles are long, but the 'thrifle' proved longer still; the twilight fell and deepened, and yet I saw no signs of the whitewashed houses and squalid hovels of Barrynaclish. The bitterns were booming in the swamps to the west and north; I heard their harsh cry, but no other sound. What was that? The tramp of a horse! No very remarkable phenomenon on

an ordinary road, but in this lonely region it acquired a new character. The beat was quick and heavy; the steed was evidently trotting at that brisk pace which was the boast of the old Irish breed. Presently a man in a huge many-caped coat, with a broad-brimmed hat slouched over his brows, and mounted on a powerful horse, came thundering past, and reined up his foam-flecked steed a few yards in front of me.

'Good-evening, sir,' said the stranger, in a hoarse voice that struck me as being an assumed and unnatural one; 'can you tell me the distance to Barrynaclish?' I moved on a pace or two, with my gun thrown into the hollow of my arm. I hardly relished the newcomer's looks and tones. The country was still in a disturbed state, and, independent of agrarian outrages, Captain Rooney, as he was called, gave almost as much annoyance to those who had anything to lose, as his more famous predecessor on the highway, 'Captain' Freeney. 'Can you tell me the distance?' asked the man impatiently.

'About a mile, I should say; nothing to a stout nag like yours,' I replied, rather coldly. The man gave a laugh.

'You are a stranger to these parts,' said he, 'and so am I. I'm going north from Kildare market. We can push on to the village together, and then we shall be the better able to keep off highwaymen.'

'Much obliged for the offer, sir,' I returned, more and more doubtful of the intentions of my new acquaintance; 'but I am on foot, you on horseback. We must go on at our own pace, as before.'

'Nay, I was always of a companionable nature,' said the horseman, good-humouredly, as he swung himself out of his saddle, and prepared to lead his nag by the bridle; 'and would rather walk and talk than ride in silence.'

I was puzzled, but there was an appearance of hearty frankness in the horseman's speech and action which in a manner debarred me from giving him an unfriendly answer; so we walked along for some distance, the stranger leading his horse, a fine animal, dark brown, with one white foot. I kept my right hand on the lock of the gun, which I carried across my left arm, and watched the traveller narrowly, but he shewed no sign of distrust or hostile design.

'Are you from the south, if I may make bold to inquire?' asked my fellow-wayfarer.

'No,' I replied; 'I'm from the west. It's Athlone we're quart'— Here I stopped short, inwardly chiding my imprudence, for I had been about to reveal my true character, and, for aught I know, the stranger might be a chief of the Ribbonmen or Rockites. The man gave a start, and looked hard at me. His face was as much concealed by the slouched hat, cape, and a handkerchief he wore round his neck, as if he had been masked, but I saw his eyes sparkle through the dusk.

'Ah! an officer, then; on leave, I dare say? Do you belong to the dragoons, or the Hundred-and-Ninth, captain?' Every military man in Ireland is called captain, by a large majority of the population, and to a subaltern, particularly a junior ensign, there is something winning in the sound of such a title.

'The Hundred-and-Ninth,' answered I, trying to catch a glimpse of his features. 'We have met before, I daresay; I seem to remember your voice.'

'Sure, so do I yours,' responded the man drily. 'Mr Willoughby, if I don't mistake?'

'At your service,' said I; 'and your name'— Crash! The question on my lips was cut short by a sudden and fierce blow with the but-end of the ruffian's loaded whip, which fell like lightning on my unguarded head. I staggered under the cowardly stroke, the blood trickling from my temples, and a thousand fiery sparks dancing before my eyes, but I did not fall. Almost mechanically, I lifted my gun, and brought the stock to my shoulder. Ere I could cock it, however, the muffled horseman sprang upon me with a

savage imprecation, grappled me by the throat and collar, and we both came headlong to the earth. There was a desperate struggle; we were on our feet again, and locked in furious encounter: my nerves and muscles seemed to brace themselves for the contest, in spite of the treacherous blow I had received. The robber, for I at once guessed the truth—that I had to deal with the notorious Captain Rooney—was a far stronger man than myself, and possessed the firm muscles which only belong to robust persons whose lives have been passed in the open air, and nothing but my west of England skill in wrestling kept up the uneven strife. The highwayman's horse, the bridle dangling from his neck, stood by, snorting and pawing the ground.

'Bad cess to ye!' panted Rooney, as he wound his sinewy arms round me, and put forth all his powers for my defeat; 'twill be wise of you to knock under at once. I've grudge enough against you already.'

We reeled towards the bank; the robber's hat fell off, and the newly risen moon threw her light on his swarthy features, distorted by rage and excitement. 'Mr Connell!' the words broke from me half unconsciously. Yes, it was our guest at mess, the sporting-gentleman who had been worsted in his effort to pigeon the raw ensign. My surprise was fatal; for a moment I stood unnerved, on the next I was lying in the road, my enemy's knee on my chest, his hand on my throat, and a pistol-barrel glimmering before my eyes.

'Ye know me, do ye? I'll stop your mouth onst and for all,' growled the villain, as he gasped for breath. There was a dreadful pause, only broken by the click of the lock. I looked up, and saw the deadly weapon pointed full at my forehead. There was no hope. 'I swore I'd have my revenge. I could ye, I'd meet ye again,' said Rooney, or Connell, whose voice was thick with fury, while his tone and language were those of a rough untutored rogue, and all his outer husk of gentility had deserted him—and met we have. The gay redcoats laughed, did they, when you won my property from me! I'll tache one of them to laugh another way. Take that!' I closed my eyes, and breathed a silent prayer for Heaven's mercy, as I felt the cold muzzle of the pistol pressed between my eyes. But I scorned to utter a word of entreaty to the assassin. The horse whinnied, and scratched the ground with his forefoot. The robber started.

'Some one coming, eh! *diaoul!* they shall find your skull emptier than nature made it, for brains.' And with this brutal taunt he pulled the trigger. The pistol missed fire. I made a violent effort to rise, calling loudly for help.

'Howld your prate, fool!' growled the highwayman. 'You won't? then here's to insure your silence.' And he dealt me a couple of strokes across the head with the but-end of his weighty horse-pistol, and my senses left me.

When I recovered enough to open my eyes, the moon was riding high among a fleecy pack of white clouds; the dusty road was in the full track of the moonshine, while the morasses beyond, full of peat-bogs and mouldering piles of turf, was in deep shadow. I was quite alone. My limbs were stiff, and my blood was chilled with the night-dews. As for my head, it ached with a dull pain almost insupportable, and a shivering as of ague ran through my frame. My brains were still confused, but mechanically I put up my hand to my aching head, and was surprised to find that my hair was wet and matted with a dark fluid—the blood that had oozed from three wounds inflicted by my late assailant. In a kind of stupid surprise, I looked at my gory fingers, and marvelled at the plight in which I found myself. Slowly did memory return, shewing me, as in a dream, the recent struggle and my narrow escape with life. Of the robber and his horse, no trace remained. My pockets,

I found, had been thoroughly emptied and turned inside out. My watch and money were of course gone, and so were some other trinkets, even to my gold sleeve-buttons; but a valuable ring which I wore, and which was dear to me for the sake of the giver, had escaped the eye of the plunderer, who had probably done his work rapidly, in fear of the arrival of those at whom his horse had taken alarm. Had he left me for dead? Most likely that was the case. But how cold it was, and how my poor head throbbed, while the wounds smarted in the frosty air. I should be dead enough in real earnest before morning. Summoning all my energies, I strove to rise, and by a great exertion reared myself on my elbow. It was nearly dark, the moon was on the verge of the sky, the white clouds looked gray and dim. I was very cold and trembling, but my heart was beating fast, as if fighting against approaching death. I heard voices close to me.

'Twas hereabouts the gossoon saw the horse, Mike.'

'Stuff, I tell ye. Some farmer going home on his ould garron of a nag. And if there *was* thruth in the boy's discourse, sure, 'tis nothing to us.'

'Holy Moses! there lies the man that was robbed, dead as Brian Boroihme himself.'

I looked up through my heavy half-shut eyes. Five men, loaded with kegs, were contemplating me by the shaded light of a lantern. They were dressed in the common frieze-coats and brimless hats worn by the peasantry, but there was something wild and savage in their air; two of them were barefoot, and all had haybands twisted round their legs, as a rude substitute for stockings.

'The captain's made clean work of it this time,' said one of them sententially.

'It's a son of old Trench of Glasnamara,' asserted another.

'Tush!' cried a third; 'he's no more a Trench nor myself. 'Tis a sodger officer. Sarve him right, say I, and I wish the captain would rid Ireland of the breed of them.'

'Bathershins!' exclaimed the most good-natured ruffian of the group, dropping on his knees at my side; 'I believe he's only kilt, not dead at all. Shew a light, boys. His eyes are open.'

'What's to be done, now?' asked another.

'Lave him where he lies: the ould frost will finish him before mornin',' observed one philanthropist.

'Mike's right: the curse of Cromwell on all red-coats,' chimed in another.

I tried to speak; my tongue refused obedience; I could not utter a word. But the man who knelt beside me sprang abruptly up and spoke with great energy, at first in Irish, then in English. The Erse was unintelligible to me, but the English was not wanting in a sort of eloquence.

'See now, boys, sure as the blessed moon's yonder in the sky, 'tis enough to bring a curse on the lot of us. Sarve us right if every sup of whisky were spoilt in the still, or taken by the thieving gangers. Look at the poor young gentleman, lyin' there before you, helpless and bloody, and you to be lavin' him to perish—a Christian man!'

'He's no Christian, Tim. I'll warrant him a Prothestant, and an Englisher too,' remonstrated one of the hearers.

'What o' that, Jem? Sure, ould Miles Brackenbury's a Prothestant too, and has he not stood our friend many a time when we were in trouble, and the Orangemen would have shipped us off for iver to hunt kangaroos! Shame on ye! A butcher would have more heart for a hurt lamb than you for a fellow-cratur.'

I think the discussion was prolonged, but I heard only an indistinct gabble of words before I again grew faint. When I recovered consciousness, I was wrapped in a frieze-coat, and being borne along by four active men over a wild part of the country. Tim, my

preserver, walked beside me, and seemed to watch over my helpless condition with some degree of attention.

'Stop a minit, boys; the young gentleman's coming to himself. Take a dhrop, captain; 'tis the finest thing in the world agin the faintness.' And he put to my lips a flask of coarse green glass, containing pure whisky, which had never paid toll to the royal revenue. I took a moderate pull at the contents, and certainly felt the better for the artificial glow thus imparted. Off we went again. It was wonderful to observe with what a light, easy tread, with what swiftness and sureness of foot, those hardy outlaws carried me over the most dangerous ground. The path lay across immense morasses, where the earth quaked beneath every footstep, where it was necessary to spring from island to island of firm soil in the middle of a miniature ocean of weedy slough. On either hand lay quagmires and alimy pits of unknown depth; and deep pools of dark water, or peat-coloured streams, had constantly to be skirted. But the smugglers picked their way with infinite skill, and halted on until, from behind a ruinous wall of turf, the hail of a wild sentinel checked them.

'Stand, or I'll shot ye.'

'Friends.'

'Kape off, nabocklish: we're not to be caught napping. Give the word, can't ye?'

'Vinegar Hill! Will that contint ye?' asked Tim.

'Whoop! ye're welcome,' answered the frieze-clad sentry, shewing his rags, his shaggy head, and his rusty gun, over the crumbling wall. 'Red Pether's come back, and a blessed temper he's in. What have ye got there?'

'A poor young chap, hurt by that divel Rooney,' said Tim, as we passed on.

'And my back's nigh broken with carryin' him, let alone the kegs,' cried one of the other men, and the rest of the thoughtless fellows broke into a hearty laugh. A wild scene the camp afforded. There were no tents, but a score of wigwams roughly built of sticks and turf, and very inferior to the 'lodges' which beavers construct. Thirty fires were burning with the rich crimson glow peculiar to incandescent peat, and each had its still of pewter or copper, glinting in the ruddy light, and watched by some old man or crone with dishevelled gray hair and tattered cloak. A brighter fire of peat, mixed with brushwood, burned in the midst, and before it was slowly roasting a stolen sheep, cut into quarters, and ingeniously suspended by haybands from a structure of sticks. This fire and the cookery seemed under the charge of three or four half-clad boys and girls, presided over by a witchlike old woman in a tattered red cloak, who brandished a long iron ladle in the operation of basting. The ground was covered with sacks of grain, piles of potatoes, barrels, bottles, pack-saddles, and ready-cut peats for fuel. Nine or ten men, in frieze or dilapidated broadcloth, lay dozing among the heaps of turf, and several women were conversing in low tones within the wigwams. The whole encampment realised a perfect picture of savage-life. Our appearance created a sensation. Not only the roast meat, but even the stills were left to take care of themselves, while men, women, and children crowded up to stare at me, and to ask clamorous questions of my escort.

'Where's Red Pether?' asked Tim, when the curiosity of the crowd was somewhat appeased.

'Sure he's in his cabin, yonder,' said an old woman, pointing to the largest hut; 'and what he'll say when he sees the officer, the saints know best!' And the speaker crossed herself, and shook her wrinkled head ominously. Red Peter! I began to remember the name. It was against this man, famous in the annals of illicit distillation, that my brother-officers had warned me. In a moment more, the redoubtable Peter appeared. He was very tall and gaunt, with a pale face, scarred with cicatrices that added much

to his ugliness; and his red hair, hanging in a fiery mop almost to his shoulders, proved his right to the appellation he enjoyed. This captain of smugglers was dressed in an old green coat with the gilt buttons of some defunct Hunt, perhaps a trophy taken in war: the rest of his costume was of fustian and corduroy, somewhat less patched and torn than the apparel of his followers. He had pistols in the hay-band that encircled his waist, and carried a fowling-piece in his hand. A long and vehement discussion ensued, partly in Irish, on my fate. Tim, as before, was my advocate; Red Peter was decidedly in favour of putting me to death as a member of the noxious race of red-coats. The audience swayed to and fro, siding with each orator in turn; but at last Red Peter stamped his foot, exclaiming: 'Arrah! stand aside; put the cratur down on the turf. 'Tis but the crookin' of a finger, and I'll have revenge for the Kerry boy, poor Sullivan, the red butchers murdered yesterday.' Down I went on a pile of peat. Red Peter cocked his gun, and even Tim drew back, though still protesting loudly against the cruelty of such an act, when forth from the principal hut came two women, one tall and swarthy, the other comely and light-complexioned, and the latter ran forward with a cry, and caught Red Peter by the arm.

'Shame, father, father; don't black yer sowl by such a wicked thing. Sure, the poor young man's innocent of the blood spilled last night. He's from Athlone; he called at the house to-day, to ask his way, and very civil he spoke, too.'

It was Mary M'Carthy, the daughter of the shebeen-keeper, who had thus come forward in the nick of time, and her terrible mother, following, corroborated her daughter's assurance, though in a grudging and sulky fashion. Even in that extremity of mortal peril, I could not help smiling at the strange idea suggested itself that here was I, like a new Captain Smith among the savages, saved from instant death by an Irish Pocahontas. 'I hope,' thought I, 'the resemblance will go no further. I trust that I shall not be compelled by the inexorable destinies to marry my fair preserver. If so'— But my reflections were cut short by an almost unanimous and very noisy entreaty that Peter would lay down the gun. To this day, I have never felt sure whether the outlaw—who was not entirely sober—had blood-thirsty intentions, or merely meant to frighten me by a show of violence; at anyrate, he complied with the wish of the assembly, and permitted his wife (for his name turned out to be M'Carthy) to disarm him. In a few minutes the crowd that had gathered round me dispersed to return to their several avocations; and I was left to the nursing of Tim and of Mary M'Carthy, both of whom treated me with a gentleness surprising in beings so rudely nurtured. The hurts which the robber Rooney had inflicted were dressed and bandaged by one of the elder women, who had a wonderful repute for mending broken heads and curing flesh-wounds. One of the huts was assigned as my temporary abode; and during the week I spent among these wild people, I was attended to with a thoughtfulness and kindly good-feeling, of which I cherish to this day a grateful recollection. Before Red Peter would suffer me to leave the camp, he exacted from me a solemn promise that I would never reveal its locality, a promise which I need scarcely say was never broken. Tim guided me by a series of intricate paths to the Kells road, and did not take his leave of me till I was within sight of habitations. Six hours afterwards, I was under the shelter of Mr Brackenbury's friendly roof, and the strange scenes I had gone through appeared like the phantasies of nightmare.

I have little more to tell. Red Peter was tried at the Athlone assizes two years later, and was sentenced to transportation for life. In Van Diemen's Land, he made his escape, became a troublesome bushranger,

and was finally murdered by his companions for the sake of the government reward for his head. Tim, a fellow too good for his trade, was placed at the bar a year before, and got off with a short imprisonment, in consequence of my testimony as to his having saved my life. He married his sweetheart, Mary McCarthy, and I was glad to enable the young couple to take a farm in Connaught, where they have thriven, and still reside. Captain Rooney—*alias* Connell—was hanged at Ennis in 1829. The smugglers of the Bog of Allen carried on their desperate traffic for some years, frequently taking and losing lives in their contests with the military and excisemen, but our regiment was transferred to the North, and we saw no more of them. Wide indeed is the gulf that separates the Ireland of forty years back from the peaceful and contented Ireland whose prosperity and improvement go hand in hand with our own.

THE FOLD AND THE STALL.

Few will dispute the maxim of the king of Brobdingnag, that whoever makes two ears of corn, or two blades of grass, grow upon a spot of ground where only one grew before, deserves better of mankind, and does more essential service to his country, than the whole race of politicians put together. The farmer has indeed a great mission to fulfil, and if, for a time, he did not rise to the height of his vocation, a change has at length come over the spirit in which he pursues it. If it were only possible to put the first Christmas Cattle-show, which was held in a stable-yard off Smithfield Market, in 1789, by the side of the last show in the Baker Street Bazaar, everybody would be astonished at the immense difference between the farmers and the farm-stock of the two periods. Vast as have been the strides which we have made, during the last hundred years, in all branches of material progress, there is scarcely any in which the advance has been more prodigious than in agriculture. The literature of the farm is, however, for the most part, so purely technical, that few persons beyond the circle of the profession have any adequate conception of the improvements which have been effected in that branch of industry. It is hardly too much to say that the agriculture of our country, at the commencement of the last century, was comparatively little ahead of that described in the *Georgics*; and one has only to compare the observations of Arthur Young with those of Caird and Stephens in our own day, to discover that a complete revolution has been worked. Bacon is said to have made a collection of works on agriculture, and after perusing them, to have burned them in disgust, declaring that they were worthless, because they contained no principles; and this remained the defect of the system, till such men as Coke and Bakewell elevated a blind and thoughtless occupation into a science. A brief view of what has been done in one department alone—that of stock-breeding, to which, in our country, the cultivation of the soil is rapidly becoming subordinate—will shew the general character of the movement.

Brillat-Savarin declared that the destiny of nations depends on the manner in which they nourish themselves; and Sydney Smith used to say that the great end of government is roast mutton. Without considering how much of our vigorous, robust character as a people is traceable to our liberal consumption of the first quality of meat, there can be no question that how to provide animal food for our large and quickly increasing population is one of the great problems of the day. Some idea may be formed of its magnitude from the fact, that the appetite of London alone is fed every year by 270,000 oxen, 30,000 calves, 1,500,000 sheep, and 30,000 swine, to say nothing of the flocks of fowl, the shoals of fish, and acres of green stuff, which also find their way down the long 'red lane' of metropolitan humanity.

It is computed that the total value of the flesh imported into London, from all quarters, living and dead, cannot be much less than L.14,000,000 annually. We are compelled to seek contributions from other countries, and yet the production of our own land has been multiplied a hundredfold since the days of royal Farmer George.

Our great-grandfathers—in some quarters, our grandfathers—never knew the luxury of having fresh meat all the year round. They had fresh meat only from about August to November; and had to content themselves with beef salted and hung after the manner of bacon, during the winter and spring. Who ever hears of hung-beef now? In those days, the ox was still used as a beast of draught, and the cow was looked to chiefly for milk and calves; the sheep was regarded more for its wool and tallow than for its flesh; indeed, scarcely any attention was paid to the production of good meat—that was only a secondary and after-use to which the animals were put. The roast-beef of Old England, about which we sing with such gusto, must have been something very different from the noble sirloins of the present years of grace. The art and mystery of manufacturing meat was in its infancy, in fact, was barely born, when Arthur Young commenced those memorable journeys of his through the counties of England, and examined their agricultural condition. The roads were little better than ditches, hardly passable at some points in summer, and quite impassable in winter, or after heavy rains; hence, the farmers were restricted in the disposal of their produce, and in communications with their neighbours. Even in the country round London, the crops were very poor, and the land was worth, on an average, little more than twenty shillings an acre. Holkam House, which is now surrounded by rich and smiling acres, then stood in the midst of a desert tract, so unpeopled that Mr Coke used to say his nearest neighbour was the king of Denmark, and so barren that 'two rabbits fought for one blade of grass.'

'Sheepe,' says old Fitzherbert, 'is the most profitable cattle a man can have;' and it was in that description of stock that an improvement first took place. The movement commenced with the provision of a more ample supply of superior food, in the shape of the turnip. That singularly plastic plant which Linnæus termed *brassica* has been a great boon to the farmer. By long cultivation, it has been strangely developed and transformed, till its leaves are now cabbage and cole, its roots turnip, and its stalk kohlrabi. The superior cultivation of that part of it which is called turnip was due to Lord Townsend, who, on retiring from public life in 1730, possibly with the maxim of the king of Brobdingnag above quoted before his mind, devoted himself to agriculture, revived the ancient practice of marling the soil, which had fallen into entire disuse, and became celebrated as 'Turnip Townsend,' for his success in the cultivation of that useful vegetable. Upon the increased supply of food, followed naturally a corresponding increase in the number of flocks. Then Robert Bakewell of Dishley took the matter up, and adopting that great principle of 'selection,' which Mr Darwin tells us is at the bottom of nature's operations, founded a valuable breed of Leicester sheep. His skill in reproducing certain good qualities in the animals, and obliterating vices, was marvellous, and almost justified the rumour which spread among the bumpkins, that he could make sheep of any shape he pleased, as well as if he cast them in a mould, and direct the fat to any part of the carcass. He was disturbed in his designs occasionally, however, by those singular freaks of nature, as we call them, though, of course, they are regulated by some mysterious law, which revives the characteristics of some distant progenitor in the offspring of a family from which they have for generations been banished. His success brought the practice of breeding crosses

into popularity. He himself applied it to cattle. Coke of Holkham (afterwards Earl of Leicester) followed in his steps with more valuable results. The new breeds were superior in quality to those which they superseded, and sooner arrived at maturity, but they were much smaller, and the old farmers waxed wroth against the new-fangled scheme, which was substituting a 'race of rats' for the huge cattle of the ancient type. These prejudices, however, were overcome in time, and crosses multiplied. The finest and most favoured cross (it is now recognised as a distinct permanent breed) is that which was contrived by the Brothers Collings, and is known as the Teeswater or Shorthorn breed. The shorthorn is the most widely spread and increasing of the standard breeds; fully a third of the cattle disposed of in the London markets are of that kind, and traces of it are to be found in nearly all the compounds. Indeed, shorthorn bulls fetch by far the highest prices, often ten times as much as for those of other breeds.

It is startling to hear that farmers now a days can manufacture whatever sort of cattle or sheep you choose to order, just as a Lancashire mill will turn you out any description of cotton, or a Staffordshire foundry any quality of iron; but such is the case, although the operations of the farmer have not yet acquired the mathematical certainty of the weaver and the foundryman. A few years ago, for instance, wool and tallow appeared to be in greater demand than meat, and, accordingly, the farmers set to work to produce a sheep which would meet the new conditions. The New Leicestershire was the result, an animal which yielded a large fleece and abundant tallow, with but indifferent meat. The market has changed again, however; the farmers find that meat pays best, after all: the fat, large-framed sheep, which furnished such a lavish clip, has been discarded for one whose smaller bones are covered with better meat, and less coarse superfluous fat. The butchers are satisfied, but the woollen manufacturers are troubled at the falling off in their home supplies of raw material.

Agriculture is almost entitled to a place among the learned professions, for, as practised now a days, it demands a knowledge of geology, chemistry, botany, physiology, ethnology, and goodness knows what other ologies besides. The application of steam to agricultural purposes, which, by the way, was first attempted by General Bulwer, the father of the novelist, has been attended with success, and is being quickly extended. The ingenuity of our best engineers is taxed to improve the implements of husbandry, and no expense is spared in procuring the best weapons with which to subdue the soil. The annual production of the British implement trade (which exports largely) is stated to be not less than two millions sterling. Much science and experience is also expended in devising cattle-foods that will produce good wholesome flesh, and not coarse, oily fat. The farmer, too, has undergone a transformation along with his occupation. Arthur Young has portrayed one of the foremost agriculturists of his day receiving his guests in one huge chimney-corner of a long kitchen, hung round with dried joints of his best oxen, and clad in a loose coat, scarlet waistcoat, leather breeches, and top-boots. As late as 1835, the farmers at Tamworth, to whom he presented a couple of patent iron ploughs, refused to use them, because 'they were all o' one mind that the iron made the weeds grow,' and so stuck to the primitive old wooden implement. But the modern British agriculturist is of a very different stamp. There are no more dashing fine gentlemen in the country than the 'high farmers,' many of them men with a college education, who have several languages and no end of sciences at their finger-ends, who have travelled and seen the world; and even among the lower ranks of the profession there is a satisfactory disposition to observe

and reflect, and to avail themselves of every new invention which can be turned to account. From the dullest and least intelligent, the British farmer promises to become one of the most enterprising, enlightened, and scientific workers in our social hive.

THE MIDNIGHT SUN.

VIGOROUSLY Herr Ostrom plied the whip as we approached the town of Haparanda, and a great clatter the little Swedish horses made as they galloped over the ill-paved streets. The rumbling carriage rattled worse than ever, and the worthy burgher produced the desired effect of bringing everybody to door and window, and causing open-mouthed wonder in the simple peasants. The carriage and its occupants excited so much attention that I followed almost unnoticed in the jingling 'triller.'

Herr Ostrom was a burgher of Stockholm, who, for love of filthy lucre, had demeaned himself so far as to become our courier and interpreter, with an express stipulation, however, that he was 'not to be treated as a servant.' Three days before, we had landed from the Stockholm steamer at Umeå, a village about half-way up the Gulf of Bothnia, where we had taken post-horses, and hurried with all attainable speed northward. Well might we hasten, for we were chasing the sun. We had learned that, on the 21st of June, from Avesaxa, a mountain forty miles north of Torneå, we might behold the god of day taking unto himself supreme rule, and ousting night altogether; in other words, that the sun would remain the whole twenty-four hours above the horizon. We were three days behind time, but hoped still to catch a glimpse of the midnight sun.

Our progress had necessarily been slow, for posting in Sweden is conducted on different principles from that in Central Europe. Certain farm-houses are designated as post-stations, and the neighbouring peasants take turns in supplying travellers with horses. We drive up to a post-house, and if it happens to be a 'fast' station—that is, one where the postmaster is bound to have horses always in readiness—we may hope to get off in an hour, that being the time allowed to produce his animals. The readiness consists in having the horses pastured in some neighbouring fields; and on our arrival, three or four bareheaded boys and girls set off with most encouraging haste in different directions to catch them. But be not too sanguine, my travelling companions; perhaps we are doomed to see the horses—which, to do them justice, however lazy in harness, always exhibit amazing activity when at large—chased from field to field, and, at last cornered, dodging their pursuers, and, with contemptuous elevation of heels, dashing off again at full speed. Whilst impatiently watching these manoeuvres, we are fortunate if the approaching tinkling of bells—the Swedes bell their horses as the Swiss do cows—announces the successful capture of some other herd, which, with much shouting, is triumphantly driven into the yard. The required number is selected; harnessed with much letting out and taking up of straps, for travellers provide their own harness; the postilion—a peasant boy or girl, the representative of the owner of one or more of the cattle—mounts the box beside Ostrom, and he sets off; while I drive the triller, a rude buggy; and we strive to get something more than the regulation speed—four English miles an hour—out of the clumsy brutes. They are all dun-coloured ponies, with a black stripe down the back, and mane and tail enough to provide half a score of civilised horses.

As we go northward, the ponies are smaller, shaggier, and lighter coloured; the cows, too, that we see browsing by the wayside are very small, hornless, and pure white in colour. The trees are stunted, and we traverse vast forests of dwarf pines. There is no night now. The sun pours down upon us for twenty-two hours in the day, scorching us with his oblique rays during the many hours that he but just hovers above the horizon. When he sinks behind the hills, lingeringly, as if dreading to lose sight of us, there is a clear bright twilight. The peasants are stirring at all hours, for they take but little rest in midsummer, literally 'making hay while the sun shines,' and postponing sleep till the long winter nights. We go on, stopping but twice a day to snatch a meal of *lar stake* (broiled salmon) and black Swedish bread. The worthy burgher gets wearied from want of sleep and the toil of urging forward lagging horses. As soon as we reach a post-house, he calls for a glass of brandy and a cup of coffee, and, throwing himself on the floor, falls fast asleep. I pay for the horses, hasten the harnessing of fresh ones, and then wake him with difficulty.

Thus we hurry northward: now plunged in dreary forests; then mounting hills, whence we behold the island-studded sea and the lake-dotted valleys; or crossing noble rivers, whose deep dark waters flow so gently as hardly to swerve the rude ferry-boats from their course—till we reach Haparanda. We are on the northern shore of the gulf. We send on a *fortbül*, or avant-courier, to order horses, and stop to dine luxuriously on a beef-steak. And what a god-send it is! We have been perforce rigid vegetarians since leaving the steamer—always excepting the article of fish, which is only too plentiful; and we find the peasants' diet of sour milk and black bread rather weakening than otherwise.

We here engage an interpreter, for we shall find only Finlanders north of this; and our communications with the natives must hereafter first be framed in French for Ostrom, by him translated into Swedish to Eric, and by Eric into the Finnish tongue.

We proceed along the shores of the Torneå river, all of us travel-wearied. We move on slowly; and, at last giving up all hopes of reaching Mount Avesaxa to-night, fix them instead on a nearer mountain. Twelve o'clock approaches, and we fear we shall not even reach this. The lower edge of the sun touches the horizon. Watching him anxiously, we find he does not descend. 'He will not set,' cries F.; 'we shall see the midnight sun.' We stop the horses, and in profound silence fix our eyes on the great luminary. Now we perceive he moves, but not downwards. A blood-red ball of fire, he seems to *roll* along the horizon. Majestically he rolls, till an intervening mountain threatens to hide him from our sight; but no—a full third of his disc shines brightly upon us. He keeps on from west to east. All nature is hushed as if in awe. The heavens are cloudless, save where a few light cirri float a few degrees above the sun. In the north, the sky is coloured yellow, clear and brilliant as in a winter's sunset. It is twelve o'clock. We hold our breaths. Still the luminary moves towards the east, rising almost imperceptibly. A bird in the pine-wood bursts into a flood of song. The sun detaches himself from the horizon, and slowly rises into the open heaven. We look around on the lonely landscape. The trees are few, and so low that they seem but shrubs. The frequent hills are destitute of vegetation, and the broad Torneå river winds his way among them. We mark the prospect well, for this is an era in our lives.

We drive on along the banks of the noble river till, at two o'clock, we reach the little village of Matrengi. There is no road north of this. If we wish to pursue our journey, it must be in boats. But we are too fatigued to moralise upon this, the end of civilisation, the 'jumping-off place,' and I gladly throw myself

into one of the little coffin-like boxes which the Finns use for beds, and close my eyes in sleep. O wise Sancho Panza, to invoke a 'blessing on the man who invented sleep!' For seventy-two hours sleepless, with little and poor food, had I been urging forward lagging horses under the burning midsummer sun. My face, blistered with heat, seemed on fire; my lips were parched and bleeding; my inflamed and half-closed eyelids could not protect my eyes from the glare. How gladly I closed them in forgetfulness!

At one o'clock the next day (Sunday) I awoke. The yard was half-full of Finns, who loitered about the inn, after having examined our carriages with the greatest curiosity. They looked upon us as wonders. While I was dressing, a group collected about my door, eagerly staring in when it was opened by the *junffer* who was arranging breakfast, and frequently pushing it ajar themselves for greater convenience of observation. They are a large athletic people, active and energetic. The men wear queer leather-caps, coarse home-spun clothes, and boots turned up at the toes, and constantly smoke bad tobacco in wooden pipes.

Late in the afternoon, we set out up the river in two boats, each propelled by three men. Herr Bergstrom, the Swedish tax-collector, and the only civilised man in the neighbourhood, kindly accompanied us. The boats are built very light, low in the centre, and high in the bows, and are pushed up the swift stream by poling along the shore. The Torneå is wide and rapid, studded with large islands. The banks are rather high, and covered with bright green grass; for here, though the summer is so short, vegetation is very luxuriant while it lasts. We passed many salmon-fisheries. The fences of poles, stretched across the stream, pushed by the current, and recoiling by their own elasticity, make a low murmuring, as if complaining of being removed from their native element. Our men stopped to rest at the dairy belonging to the postmaster; they gathered round a huge bowl of sour-milk, each armed with a spoon, and soon despatched their frugal meal. Sour-milk, hard rye-biscuit, and fish, are in summer the only food of these sturdy peasants. The little white cows were assembled in a stable, from which the gnats were driven off by the smoke of a peat-fire before the door. They were tended by two strapping rosy-cheeked lasses; and everything from stable to dairy was neat and clean as possible.

Our next stoppage was at the falls in the river, where we left our boat, and, while the men drew the other up along the bank, we walked through the woods. Swarms of mosquitoes and gnats attacked us, and, in spite of handkerchiefs over our heads and waving pine-branches, bit us furiously. We walked two miles, through marshy grounds covered with a profusion of the *Linnea borealis*, and other beautiful wild-flowers of kinds unknown to us, and reached a log-house in a narrow clearing. A pair of reindeer horns were nailed over the door, and a barrel was sunk in the ground to collect the water from a spring. 'This house was built and this clearing made but five years since,' said Herr Bergstrom; 'they are pushing cultivation northward.' Northward it was indeed—north of 67° 30'! We were within the Arctic Circle. In no other country in the world, except in Norway, can cultivation be carried on even many degrees south of this; and here we were surrounded by a forest of green trees, and treading on green grass and lovely flowers. Taking boat again, we ascended the river till the sun sunk very low, when we landed, and scrambled up the high bank to a fine point of view. We saw some wondering peasants regarding us attentively from the door of their hut.

But our attention was soon fixed on the sun, whose lower limb grazed the horizon. Now again a huge fiery ball, he rolled on the mountain-tops, this time not dipping behind them. His edge touched a distant solitary pine; then shewed the bare branches in dark relief against his red disc; then appeared severed by

the scathed trunk; kept onward, and left it behind him without rising or sinking a second. Thus swift and far he passed in right ascension, and not until some minutes past twelve did he alter his declination, and, shaking off his contact with the earth, seek again the zenith.

Keeping to the centre of the stream, we now rowed swiftly downwards. We had fishing-hooks—long lines with large hooks, baited with a piece of bright tin and a bit of red worsted. This was so made that, as it towed far behind the boat, it shimmered in the water, looking not unlike a minnow. Three large fish were caught during the descent. Our progress was rapid, and we soon reached the bend of the cataract. Herr Bergstrom asked if I would descend the falls with him. I could hardly believe he would attempt such a thing, but finding him serious, and that it was not unusual, I assented. A man was obtained who makes it his business to steer boats down the falls (for it would be certain destruction to attempt it without an experienced pilot), and with two rowers we set off.

The rowers pulled lustily, to give steerage-way to the boat; the grizzly old steersman, his long white hair streaming in the wind, seized firmly his broad paddle; the men talked and joked in the uncouth Finnish tongue; the rapid stream hurried us along; while I sat quietly wondering, like the sailor when his ship was struck by lightning, 'what the dickens was coming next.' Soon the roar of the cataract drowned all other sounds; the water was here a surging mass of foam, and there shewed through its yellow waves the rocks with which it warred. The boat shot down the first steep descent like lightning; then rocked and rose, and felt like a ship in a stormy sea; then was struck by a high wave, and trembled with the shock; then leaped downwards, as if to plunge beneath the stream, dashing the foam of the next wave far and near from her high prow. Still rushing down the torrent, the thunder of the billows in front directed our attention to a huge rock, the waters hurling themselves against it, and mounting over its very top. The pilot gave the boat a sheer, and before we knew how or why, we had left it far behind. The water was splashing into the skiff as we took an oblique course. All was noise and confusion around us; the waters bellowed and the shores seemed hurrying away. Another roar warned us of another rock. The boat reared like an impatient charger, plunged downwards, and again shot by, giving us hardly time to glance at it as we passed. She leaped over the last wave, sped through the swift rapid below the fall, and safely grounded on the shore. It was a most exciting passage, and I had plenty of leisure to meditate upon it while the men were baling out the half-filled boat, and the rest of the party were accomplishing their slow overland passage.

We rowed down-stream to a salmon-fishery, and sent a boatman ashore to waken the fishermen.

With a loud halloo, six young men and three girls rushed out helter-skelter from the rude hut, donning their clothes as they ran, and sprang shouting and laughing into their boats. The foremost girl, a strapping red-haired maiden, seized the oars of the first boat, into which three men had sprung, and pulled it into the stream before the others had tumbled into their boats. A fence of upright poles, driven into the bottom like stakes, stretches entirely across the river, with a square enclosure fenced off at the centre. This has openings at the sides, which the salmon enter on finding their progress up the river stopped at every other point, but discover too late that they are in a *cul-de-sac*, and wander about seeking the exit.

The boats, propelled at such speed as to throw jet at stem and leave foam astern, entered the enclosure, and the rowers, dropping their oars, and pulling the boats along by the fence, payed out the nets along the four sides. Then all three boats' crews seized the upper net, one at the centre, and one at each end, and

pulled it downwards, one person in each boat constantly darting a pole into the water and catching it again as it rose, to frighten the fish, and prevent their springing over the top of the net. They soon brought the upper net side by side with the lower one, and then, still thrashing the water with the pole, to keep the poor fish frightened and bewildered, hauled up the two nets together with three huge salmon entangled in the meshes. These were killed by blows of a club on the head, to prevent their jumping out of the boat. Again with great shouting the fishers dashed around the enclosure, the men pulling, while the half-wild girls threw overboard the nets as fast as their arms could move. They threw them down, pulled them in, took this time but one fish, lay on their oars a moment to look at us, and then, calling to one another, they darted off again across the stream. Such powerful energetic girls I never saw before; and, indeed, the whole people in activity and alertness contrast agreeably with the lazy stolid peasants of Germany.

We reached Matarenzi at ten o'clock, and retired to sleep during the noonday heat.

Towards six o'clock I rose, and set off with the burgher to visit Herr Bergstrom. He has a pleasant place on the river, and three or four little red houses built in a quadrangle, after the Swedish fashion. His wife came in to welcome us, and brought a *bottle* of punch, which we drank with many bows and flourishes, the host always insisting on our emptying our cups at a draught, then refilling and clinking glasses. The room was plainly furnished, but, of course, scrupulously neat. There was the usual rack in the corner for pipes; among these was a pipe-bowl of great size, made of a knot of a wood resembling maple. It was a hundred years old, and had last belonged to the *papa*, or parish clergyman. With Madame Bergstrom and her son, Johann Eric, a little boy of four years old, we set off for an excursion to Mount Avesaxa.

The ascent was in some places steep and rocky, but the mountain was not high, and even the *gosso* (Anglice, small boy) got up without much fatigue. A barrel elevated on a pole marked the summit. It was here that some scientific measurements, having reference to the figure of the earth, were made by Maupertius and other French astronomers in 1736. The top of the mountain was destitute of vegetation, like every hill-top in that latitude, and the surrounding elevations were so low that Avesaxa, though by no means a high mountain, overtopped them all.

On one side flowed the broad Torneå. Far to the north, within the Arctic Circle, rose pyramidal mountains, behind which the sun, now low down, seemed about to sink. On the eastern and precipitous side, was a pretty lake, with an outlet encircling Mount Avesaxa, and joining the river. In every direction rose low hills, their bases covered with dwarf pines. Our enjoyment of the view was so lessened by the increasing swarms of mosquitoes, that we gladly took refuge in the smoke of a huge fire kindled by our boatmen.

Between admiring the prospect, brushing off mosquitoes and taking asylum in the smoke, and making absurd attempts at conversation in bad Swedish, we passed the time till near midnight.

And now the winged horses of the sun, that had long hovered over the mountains, just grazed their summits, and slowly drew their chariot along the horizon. They spurned with their heels the dark pinewoods till past twelve. Then the fiery car was half-buried, axle-deep, behind an intervening peak. They dashed forth, poised themselves for a moment, and then springing from this dark earth, began anew to climb high heaven. The *rising sun* was the signal for another little supper; and then, reversing the sun's course, we commenced our descent. That same day we began our journey southward, and were glad to welcome night again in lower latitudes. Sleep

is a blessing, and darkness begets sleep; but still it will be pleasant around a winter evening's fireside to recall to mind our three days' visit to the arctic zone and the thrice-seen midnight sun.

ALEXANDER THE CORRECTOR.

THE biblical student, turning over the pages of his Concordance, finds it hard to believe that such a compilation, necessitating years of arduous labour and patient application, was the work of a lunatic; yet such is the fact. Alexander Cruden was more or less mad throughout a long life, the history of which is worth studying, as a strange case of life-long brain-weakness, as well as a curiosity of literature.

Alexander Cruden was born in 1701—his father being at that time one of the bailies of Aberdeen—and in due course, he commenced his education at the grammar-school there. At a very early age, he seems to have become possessed with the idea that he was destined to be a shining light to his generation, and a chosen instrument in luring men from the error of their ways. As a natural consequence, he fell in readily with his father's desire that he should embrace the ministry as his profession, and to that end entered the Marischal College, where he was known as an earnest student, likely to prove a credit to his alma mater, and an ornament of the church. Unfortunately for the fulfilment of these pleasant anticipations, Cruden fell in love with a clergyman's daughter, who, unable to appreciate his merit, turned a deaf ear to his pleading, and prevailed upon her father, who was not unfriendly to his suit, to shut his door upon her persevering lover. Thwarted passion warmed the dormant seeds of insanity into life; he not only neglected his studies, but his language became so incoherent, and his actions so strange, that his relations were reluctantly compelled, for his own sake, to place him under medical supervision.

Temporary seclusion, combined with judicious treatment, worked the hoped-for effect upon the patient. Meanwhile, the cause of his malady had proved herself quite unworthy of the affection of an honest man, and had been sent away from home in disgrace. Aberdeen became distasteful to Cruden as the scene of his suffering. Giving up his once cherished hope of attaining distinction in the pulpit, he set out for London, where he obtained employment as a private tutor. This was in 1722. Ten years afterwards, he entered into business as a bookseller in the Royal Exchange, adding to his income by correcting proofs for the press. One day, a friend, anxious to do him a service, proposed to introduce him to a merchant living in the neighbourhood, who was likely to prove a good customer. He went accordingly to the merchant's house, and strangely enough the door was opened to them by Cruden's frail lady-love. Starting back in dismay, he exclaimed: 'Ah, she has still her beautiful black eyes!' descended the steps in haste, and could never be induced to approach the house again.

Soon after this romantic incident, Cruden commenced a work he had long meditated; and after fourteen years' devotion to his task, had the gratification of presenting Queen Caroline with a copy of *A Complete Concordance to the Holy Scriptures of the Old and New Testament*. Her majesty 'smiled upon the author, and said she was mightily obliged to him;' and he left the royal presence, confident that these kind words would be followed by a more substantial mark of approbation. The very next week the queen was taken ill, and died before she could realise the hopes her smile had raised. To render his disappointment more bitter, his business, in consequence of his application to the Concordance, had fallen off to such an extent, that he was glad to dispose of his stock in trade, and shut up his shop.

Deprived of his daily occupation, and worried by 'the eternal want of pence,' his mind became unhinged; and a second matrimonial disappointment had its share in bringing a relapse of insanity. He had been in the habit of reading prayers every Sunday evening at the house of Mr Payne, a corn-chandler in Piccadilly. This gentleman dying in the autumn of 1737, left his widow well provided with worldly gear. As soon as a decent time had elapsed, Cruden began to pay court to the lady, and she, according to his own account, gave him every encouragement, his addresses being 'received cheerfully and pleasantly without the least contradiction.' Soon after, however, he saw reason to suspect the widow's sincerity, and to make assurance doubly sure, wrote to say he would call at a certain time for a plain answer. When he went to keep his appointment, the lady left the house without deigning to speak to him at all. This treatment had such an effect upon poor Cruden, that his friends found it necessary once more to put him under constraint. He was taken to a private asylum at Bethnal Green, kept by a Mr Wightman, 'who pretended to know that a person is mad by the tone of his voice.' We are inclined to believe he was not so very mad after all, for while in duration vile, he contrived to keep a diary, in which he recorded the treatment he received day after day. It was severe enough, according to our modern notions. He was blooded, arrayed in a strait-waistcoat, handcuffed, chained by his leg to the chimney during the day, and fastened to his bedstead in the same manner by night. After a time, when he became possessed of a few shillings, through the benevolence of some visitors, he bought the privilege of walking in the garden for a few hours every day. All this Cruden bore pretty patiently, if not uncomplainingly, but hearing that it was determined to remove him to Bethlehem Hospital, he resolved to make an attempt to regain his liberty.

To effect this desired consummation was no easy matter, under the circumstances; however, he commenced operations at once, by setting to work at cutting through his bedpost with his dinner-knife. 'Working hard and praying hard' for three days, he succeeded, without awaking any suspicion of his intentions; and early on the morning of the 31st of May, which happened to be his birthday, he dropped out of window, and with the chain round his leg, gained the open street, and made his way towards Mile End, the stones making sad work with his slipperless left foot. Upon reaching Whitechapel, he was stopped by the watchmen, and taken to Aldgate watch-house, on suspicion of being a runaway jail-bird. He told his story. The constable sent to Bethnal Green to ascertain how far it was true, and Cruden's hated keepers soon arrived to claim him. The parochial officer, however, refused to give him up until all parties had been before the lord mayor, and to Guildhall they went. After hearing both sides, Sir John Barnard refused to deliver Cruden up to Wightman's agents, and recommended him to a lodging-house keeper in Downing Street. Here he remained unmolested, working hard for the printers, until he took it into his head to set up as a corrector of public manners, 'much affected by the many sins committed on the public streets of London, particularly by the crying sin of profane oaths.' Unhappily, he was not content with using persuasion only, but suffered his hatred of swearing to overcome his love of peace. One afternoon, as he was passing along Fleet Street, his ears were shocked by a succession of oaths from the mouth of a workman; carried away by his indignation at such a profanity, he snatched a shovel, which the offender was carrying, and 'corrected him with some severity.' This naturally attracted a crowd, and a general mêlée ensued, which lasted about an hour, during which our reformer

gave and received several hard blows, till, finding he was getting the worst of the fight, he retired to his lodgings. Although he says nothing about it, he seems to have been pursued home by some of the combatants; for greatly to his indignation, his 'conceited landlord and hot-headed landlady,' not only thought it necessary to get two watchmen to guard his chamber-door through the night, but sent for his sister Isabella. While she was talking to him at his bedside, one Acott, 'perhaps as conceited a tailor as any between Hyde Park Corner and Limehouse,' came into the room and bound his hands with list. He was then taken to an asylum at Chelsea, but was again set free after a rigorous incarceration of seventeen days. Upon being released, he refused to forgive his sister for her part in the affair, unless she consented to undergo forty-eight hours' confinement in prison (giving her the choice of Newgate, Aylesbury, Reading, or Windsor), which would give her an opportunity 'for a little speculation and meditation, and convince her that she is fallible;' otherwise he would punish her for her impenetrability and obstinacy by commencing legal proceedings. The lady being deaf to the appeal, Cruden was as good as his word, and brought an action against her and three others, laying the damages at ten thousand pounds. It was tried in February 1754, and decided in favour of the defendants. This he attributed to the desertion of his counsel, or, as he expressed it, to 'Alexander's generals not doing their duty;' and appealed to the public for a reversal of the judgment, in a pamphlet dedicated to the king.

In this pamphlet he published certain prophecies, made, as he averred, by a trio of eminent clergymen, though he discreetly veiled the names of the seers. These predictions were to the effect that he was destined to become a 'second Joseph,' and the Correcor of the people's manners and customs, besides attaining the more worldly honours of knighthood, united to the mayoralty and representation of the metropolis. His first step was to write a pamphlet setting forth his claims to a title. In this curious production he says: 'The designs of Providence in relation to the Correcor are yet somewhat mysterious, but are thought to be of very great importance to his majesty and his people.' He declares that his especial motive for seeking the honour, is in order that the prophecy that he was to be the member for the city should be fulfilled; but 'if his brother-liverymen make no objections, the honour of knighthood may perhaps come afterwards.'

To bring his book under the king's notice, he lay in wait for Lord Poulet, one of the bedchamber lords, who received him civilly, because, as Cruden quaintly confesses, 'being goutish in his feet, he could not run away from the Correcor as others were apt to do.' Lord Poulet, however, declined to present the pamphlet, on the plea that he could not understand it, a candid avowal at which the author naturally waxed wroth. Nothing daunted, the self-styled Correcor wrote a letter to his majesty, enclosed a copy of his book, and prevailed upon a page of the backstairs to convey it to its destination. Almost every member of the royal family and the episcopal bench were the puzzled recipients of the *Plea*. Having ascertained that the fees payable upon receiving his desired dignity amounted to L.95, 1s. 6d., our knight, in anticipation, always carried a hundred-pound note about with him in readiness. He became known and shunned by every one whose position at court was likely to enable them to further his purpose, until his experience justified him in inveighing in strong terms against the fashion of servants saying their masters were not at home when the contrary was in reality the case. At last he applied to Lord Holderness, who referred him to the Treasury, and the Treasury directed him to apply to the Lord Chancellor while parliament was sitting. Cruden, however, had no faith in anything but royalty itself, and danced

attendance at levee after levee, in the hope that King George would speak to him on the subject. Still nothing came of it, and the election for London drew nigh; he resolved to stand the hazard of the die as an untitled candidate, and astonished the good citizens by issuing the following extraordinary election address:

'TO THE LIVERYMEN OF THE CITY OF LONDON—I have acquainted the sheriff of my humbly proposing to be a candidate for one of the representatives in parliament of the city of London, which may be looked upon as an extraordinary step. This is not denied; but I trust I am under the direction of a gracious Providence, and I desire to be entirely resigned to the will of God, the supreme Disposer of all things. . . . If there is just ground to hope that God will be pleased to make the Correcor an instrument to reform the nation, and particularly to promote the reformation, the peace, and prosperity of this great city, and to bring its inhabitants to a more religious temper and conduct, no good man in such an extraordinary case will deny the Correcor his vote; and the Correcor's election may be a means to pave the way to his being a Joseph and a useful and prosperous man,' &c. &c.

As might have been expected, the choice, even by show of hands, did not fall upon the Correcor; and as he declined to demand a poll, 'having conscientious objections to that mode of election,' his ambitious hope remained unrealised.

Tired of law, and disgusted with politics, Cruden now betook himself to perfecting his beloved Concordance within doors, and occupying himself out of doors by erasing 'Wilkes' and 'No. 45' from the public walls with a piece of wet sponge, which he was in the habit of carrying with him, to remove any offensive inscriptions chalked for those who ran to read.

After failing to reform the manners of the people at Oxford, and narrowly escaping personal chastisement in the attempt, the Correcor paid a visit to Aberdeen, and unmindful of the proverbial truth of the fate of a prophet in his own country, tried to convince his fellow-townsmen that he was born to regenerate the world. The result may be guessed. He soon grew tired of his birthplace, and returned to the metropolis. He took lodgings in Islington; and there, on the 1st of November 1770, this pious, harmless enthusiast was found dead in the attitude of prayer.

PARTING WORDS.

'GOOD-BYE!' how oft we use the homely phrase,
Perchance with heavy heart, and tearful-eyed,
Or with a smile, by trembling lips belied,
Which own the sorrow that the smile gainsays;
Yet think we not how much the word conveys
A whole religion by our tongue implied,
A Faith in God, by the faint heart denied,
Which in our sorrow, murmurs at His ways.
'Good-bye!' can any parting words express
A firmer trust, a deeper tenderness?
God with thee—all is well, our anxious fears
Are but a mockery of the care we implore;
Trusting His love, we sanctify our tears.
God be with thee, Beloved, now and for evermore!

F. F.

The Editor of *Chambers's Journal* has to request that all communications be addressed to 47 Paternoster Row, London, and that they further be accompanied by postage stamps, as the return of rejected Contributions cannot otherwise be guaranteed. All MSS. for publication should be written on one side of the page only. It would also be well if each correspondent gave his or her address as it should be posted.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH. Also sold by all Booksellers.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL OF POPULAR LITERATURE

Science and Arts.

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 421.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 25, 1862.

PRICE 1½d.

SIGHT-SEEING.

A VERY country gentleman came up lately to visit a London friend of mine; my friend trotted him about the streets, got him safely over crossings, and, among other places, took him to the top of St Paul's. While they were looking down upon the town, the visitor, envying one who had a sight so cheap and grand within easy reach, said to my friend: 'I suppose you often come up here.'

This, I take it, is what many of our impulsive country cousins feel when they visit town. What the purple moors and shade-mottled lanes are to us, sick of gas, stucco, and policemen, the shilling-sights are to them. They leave the fresh green of the beech, the lawn, and the nightingale, for Christy's Minstrels and the Exhibitions. Nature's Royal Academy and the May meetings of the summer birds have no chance against the moving spectacles of Regent Street and the prophesyings of Exeter Hall.

Our friends arrive from the station brimful of excitement, with lists of things to be done and seen, compiled for the last six weeks out of the newspapers. They know the different titles of the Exhibitions, and where they may be found. For my part, I never can tell the difference between the Old and New Water-colour. They both seem very bright to me. Now a days, however, one's power of distinguishing among the pictures of the season is sorely tried by their dispersion. Beside the *bond fide* collections and galleries—and he must be a sorry artist who cannot get any one of the rival juries to hang him—single works are exhibited here and there half over London. There is, however, much to be said for this arrangement. What can be more perplexing to the sight-seer than three or four rooms full of pictures? Their number palls the appetite, and chokes the digestion. As for myself, though I like paintings as much as most men, my first impulse, on entering the Academy, is to shade my eyes; or, when I have looked well into two or three works, to shut them, and carry the impression out of doors carefully, lest some 'Portrait of a Gentleman' should dissipate it altogether. Depend upon it, this exhibition of single works is a sensible plan. One is glad, nevertheless, on reading the *Times*, to learn that some are occasionally safe out of sight in the provinces. It is pleasant to reflect on the sensation produced in those remote regions, when we stumble on the curt but dignified

announcement, "'Eastward Ho!' is at Penzance.' If you can get over the sense of interruption, you will find the crowds at such a place as the Royal Academy not without their interest. I amuse myself with philosophising on the way in which people mar the supposed object of their visit by exchanging salutations, looking out for friends, or watching for a vacant spot on the sparse seats, where they may rest their aching backs, and sink down in a sea of crinoline. It is curious to listen to the comments of sight-seers at an exhibition. Many, if not most, are struck by some peculiarity in the picture which the artist, if a true one, would perhaps have never expressed, if he could have helped it, and would retract on reflection.

Many of the remarks made upon Holman Hunt's 'Light of the World,' when it was first exhibited, were painful, and yet suggestive. I waited once for a considerable time by it, and watched its effect. Some looked till you could see their eyes fill, and then passed on in befitting silence. Others, mostly in black satin vests, criticised aloud. 'Hollo! this is a priest, isn't it?' The picture had not missed him altogether. 'What is he doing?' asked another. Some said: 'How pretty!' One detected Puseyism, and walked by with a sniff. Far different was the critique of a genuine dustman I once heard in the National Gallery, before the Martyrdom of St Sebastian. 'Look here, Bill!' he whispered to his mate with genuine respect—'this is noble, ain't it?' and then the two gazed long and steadfastly without another word. They had souls above Madame Tussaud.

The cook in *Punch* who came into her young mistress's studio, and praised the performance on her easel with 'Lawk-a-daisy, Miss Mary, if that beant like wax-work a'most,' gave a true touch of vulgar taste.

But why should we despise a taste because it is vulgar? Would you not gratify an ass with thistles, even if he sniffed his dislike of nightingale sauce? Who among the crowds that pour along the British Museum on Whitmonday take in the meaning and the value of the sights they see? Would you remove even the mummies, though they do not solemnise the gaping excursionist? He does not think of them as dead. He does not associate the long-enduring calm faces of the Egyptian statues around him with the thought and power of a people who held dissolution in suspense. He does not reflect that the Saurian monster, whose part skeleton he sees, might have

gambled in the mud of the London basin with unprophetic disregard of Pall Mall: to him, it speaks no other message than the case of butterflies caught on Hampstead Heath. It is a bone to him, and nothing more. Bless you! he came there to see the Museum, and will probably recollect nothing more clearly than the umbrella-stand, the great size of the door-mats, and the 'silver' cup at the 'free drinking-fountain' outside the entrance.

I am sure, though, that those secular philanthropists, who advocate the opening of the British Museum on the day of rest, cannot have tested the proposal in their own persons. There is something in the atmosphere of the place which, in a very short time, develops unexpected possibilities of lumbago, depression, general debility, and all the evils which Du Barry offers to cure with his delicious *Revalenta Arabica*. For hard, exhaustive, subduing work, commend me to the British Museum. I wonder that some of our ingenious legislators have not suggested its use in the matter of criminal reform. Send a few gangs of our surplus stock of felons for a month or two to the British Museum, request them to move on slowly about twelve hours a day, and I am sure that those who survive will never expose themselves to such a punishment again. Those who seek instruction there go with an object, and heed the things in the galleries, through which they pass to reach it, no more than they do the houses in Great Russell Street on their way to the Museum. But your sight-seer turns his bewildered eyes on everything, and thinks it quite a reproach when a companion calls him back to a room with 'You have not seen this.' He sees it in five minutes.

After all, what a world of thought gathers round any one object, if you let memory and fancy play about it for a while! That Roman bust, for instance—only recall its history. The stone, wrenched from the marble cliff, may be, at Carrara, then set in some old Italian studio or yard; the little vanities of the original whose likeness we have—his spoken and silent critiques on the disposition of the robe and hair; the opinions of his friends or the public when it was sent home, or set up in the square; the cost of it—the bill and receipt for the cash. Perhaps it was executed on commission, and paid for with collected money. Where is the subscription list, with its rival generosity? Who gave a penny, who gave a pound? What did Titius set his name down for, what Seius? How long did it stand where it was set? Was it in a hall? Did it see the blue-eyed Goths, or long-armed, low-browed Huns burst in? Did it hear the sack of the city—the shrieks of the household? Was it cast down, and splashed with blood? How came it to be chipped and battered? How long did it lie on the rubbish-heap where the lizard sat and sunned itself unmoved? Or was it buried in the cool moist ground, dug up at last by lazy Roman excavators, to look on a changed forum, and find a price once more? The catalogue will tell you who sent it here; at what auction it was knocked down again—going! going! gone. Ay, that is the burden of the story it has witnessed ever since it fell a shapeless, senseless block from the quarry, and was hoisted into the mason's cart by navvies who swore in Latin.

But, after all, that Roman bust! your sight-seer would look with twice the interest on a prize-pig's face. Sights! The eye, we are well told, sees what it brings with it the power of seeing.

The undertaker appreciates the mummies. But what is 'a sight?' Do we not understand by it something which attracts attention, either *per se* or *per advertisement*? It must *continue*, however, to attract. If deceptive, it must continue to deceive, like the talking-fish. The public have no objection to be taken in, provided you do it well. A sight must interest, attract, or perplex; at least have the credit of interesting, attracting, or perplexing *others*.

People don't like to have the trouble of discovering its merit themselves; it must be obviously interesting and exceptional; a house on fire, a balloon, even a cab-horse down in the street, is noticed as he never was before, and yet there is something to repay study, even in a cab-horse, unfallen. A dog with a kettle tied to his tail realises 'his day' at last; so, too, more honourably, if he can stand on his head or smoke a pipe: he is then 'a sight'; whereas his cousin, who assists the drover, and fulfils his mission with sagacity and trust, is overlooked. He is valuable to his master, no doubt, but would be doubly so if he had eight legs, for then, though useless, he could be shewn. How many sights owe their fame to some such equivocal distinction!

One man finds a sight in whatever he sets his eyes on; he lives in a marvellous, ever-changing, never-ending exhibition, though he hardly ever 'goes to see' anything at all. Another, who 'goes to see' everything, and is a professed sight-hunter, is ill instructed, empty, and weak. The one lives on wholesome food, the other spoils his digestion by a perpetual diet of sauce. Indeed, the charm of a sight, as a sight, is its stimulating effect on the curiosity nerves; until at last a man loses the power of application and research, and can perceive only that which is piquant or unnatural.

A 'sight,' moreover, must be definite and limited. No mere visitor can see London: it takes a sojourn and much patient study to comprehend that; so much has to be accumulated in the mind. So many regiments have to be marched into the field of view, that the mere preparation for the sight occupies years, is in itself an education. There is nothing very striking in London; it disappoints the visitor at first, then stupifies him. He is puzzled, choked, when the real wonders of the place begin to present themselves in crowded confusion to his mind. Regent Street and the exhibitions are no more London, than a Lifeguardsman is the British army. To review our army, we need a map of the world. I saw two extreme samples brought together the other day. The train I chanced to travel by carried many volunteers together for a field-day. There were four bands in the train, dispersed in different carriages, where they made themselves thirsty by playing in fragments. Part of the —th regiment, just landed from Asia, was also in the same train, medalled, mahogany-coloured, with brown beards burned yellow. They shewed another phase of our military strength than the trim saucy volunteers, plump and plumed; not but what—being one myself—I am sure that these last would fight. But to return. London is as vast as the British army; you cannot see it in three weeks.

There are accounts of it by daylight, gaslight, moonlight, much to see at either time; but another phase is possibly still more strange—London by early morning light, say at three o'clock in summer. It is quite light, and empty. A gorilla might help himself at the free drinking-fountain at the Oxford Street Circus unnoticed. Cats and rare policemen represent traffic. Rooks caw over Regent Street, as they fly towards Kensington Gardens. More than two million pair of boots are standing somewhere soiled with yesterday's mud, varied in shape, size, and age, but all void. Some twenty million toes are more or less pointing towards the zenith. But London is now a city of dreams. London asleep is a sight well worth seeing. It is curious, though, to traverse much of it, as may be done, even when it is awake, in comparative solitude. Some time ago, I walked from London Bridge to Hungerford Bridge at about seven o'clock in the evening without meeting above a score persons, except when crossing the arteries leading to the bridges. There is a series of streets on the other side of the water close to the river's edge, between huge warehouses; these streets are crowded with wagons, and noisy with rough

labour during work-hours, but silent as midnight after six o'clock. As I passed along between the locked storehouses, I could hardly believe it was still day, and that the stream of life was then flowing strong along the Strand. About opposite St Clement Danes (I am speaking of my side, the Surrey side of the river, between the great brick blocks of buildings), a little boy had set a trap for sparrows in the middle of the roadway, and was watching it round a corner. A man might have hung himself unhindered from one of the many gibbet-like cranes which, with their great iron arms, pick up bales all day long, and swing them into doorways high in air.

Then there are the Docks—another world; and Wapping with its fierce debauchery, far more glaring than that of the casinos in the West. Sailors, burned nut brown by tropical suns, just landed, and squandering with eager haste, and cosmopolitan disregard of public opinion in Wapping, the accumulated health and passions of a tedious voyage. But, my dear country cousins, it is of no use, I tell you, talking about London; you can't see it. Be content and wearied with panoramas and museums. I don't refer to the regular season visitors, who have a house or address in town. They affect society; they don't trouble themselves about sights; they don't enjoy them; they don't ride on the camel at the Zoological Gardens, or feed the monkeys. I mean the people who walk much, and take lodgings for a month; who eat ices at Farrance's; who dine once with a friend at a club; whose wives and daughters buy the annual bonnet.

But about those monkeys; why does not some enterprising Barnum exhibit a gorilla?—alive, I mean. There are convertible Irish labourers on strike who would do well—long-armed, bandy-legged, gray-eyed, with awful mouths, and unlimited capabilities of howling. You would only have to soak one in strong gum-water, and then roll him in plenty of loose hair. The result, if not a gorilla, would at least be 'a sight.'

It is a difficult thing to decide how far the benefits of instruction can or should be combined with the pleasures of sight-seeing. The Adelaide Gallery and the first Polytechnic were experiments in this direction; both, I suppose, may be said to have failed. Perhaps there is more benefit to be derived from unimpaired *bond fide* pleasure than some of our anxious pastors and masters would allow. Lessons are all very well, but I pity the poor boys who are condemned to hear explanations of the things they are taken to enjoy upon a holiday. I see them now in the old dreary chemical Polytechnic, wearily hanging back, and trying to gather some unintelligible amusement for themselves towards the tail of the procession; weary little lads, utterly unenvious of the good boy who, with gloves on, trots beside his master, and exhibits an unnaturally scientific interest in the theory of thunder and lightning connected with the electrical machine. I confess that Tutor, George, and Harry in the *Parents' Assistant*, never interested me much when a child. They must have been a tedious trio, and I am glad I never took any walks with them. It is hard to find a lesson lurking in a butterfly you have caught after a hearty scramble, and to suffer a description of the various artificial grasses, when your only wish in life is to tumble on a haycock. Let me laugh till I cry without being reminded that tears are the sign of grief as well. I know that, Mr Tutor; indeed I am inclined to think that the tears of childhood are bitterer than those of any age, as the juice of the gooseberry is sharpest when it is green. Give me a fairy tale without a moral. That is the charm of Grimm's stories; they are stories, and nothing more. Who would like to hear a lecture on digestion after a good dinner?

Talking of instructive sights, I wonder what the majority of visitors to the Crystal Palace get out of

those conscientiously representative courts. What a hodge-podge of history they must have cooked in many a brain. It is perplexing even to an educated man to pass through Spain, Nineveh, and Pompeii while you are munching the same bun. What wonder that the observant member of the Mechanics' Institute confounds them altogether, and pictures to himself Sennacherib, in the Alhambra Palace, sitting on a door-mat inscribed *cave canem*.

One of the sights of London is the sunset. I am serious. It shews there as it could shew in no town with a smaller canopy of smoke and blacks. The natural western tints combine with them wonderfully at times. I have seen the wildest brown and red effects in the sky looking up Oxford Street towards the Marble Arch, when the wind is in the east, and sweeps the carbon of a thousand fires towards the setting sun.

But then people can see the sun almost anywhere; not so the fireworks of Cremorne, which are much prettier, you must allow, and cost only a shilling. There are histories and legends attaching to both. Phaeton fell, and made some noise in the world; not so a late fire-king of Cremorne. He failed too, and some time ago was a dying pauper in St James's Workhouse, Poland Street. It is quite true; I gave Mrs Phaeton half-a-crown myself, and a recommendation to the House of Charity, Rose Street, Soho.

But we sat down to talk of sights, and I have told you of nothing new to be seen, nor indeed of the best way to find and see what is established and old, though you may not have set eyes on it yourself. Have you no guides, however? Is there not Timbs's *Curiosities of London*, a notable book, fat, and stuffed with the wonders of the town? Can you not find in these where to go to, and what to see? Are there no printed spectacles to look at, and look with? Have you visited the Museum of the College of Surgeons? any doctor can give you an order. Have you witnessed an operation in one of our hospitals? Have you heard Gladstone speak in the House? Have you witnessed an execution? Have you watched the sun rise in June? No! Then you are lazy, blind, indifferent, and don't deserve the pains I have taken with you. Not but what I daresay you would find something to criticise in either of the several sights I have suggested. Even Mr Gladstone has a trick of slapping his hand on the table at the end of a telling sentence, so loudly as often to blot out the last word.

I never saw a man hanged, though I once came in unexpectedly for a military execution in a foreign town. It was before breakfast. I met a number of people hurrying along, and, pushing myself into the middle of the stream, was carried at last to the top of a wall, where, Humpty-Dumpty like, I sat and saw 'all the king's horses and all the king's men' gathered together in three sides of a square below me. What was it all about? Presently a little soldier, with a white cloth over his eyes, and a priest whispering at his elbow, walked out and formed the fourth side of the square. They both knelt down; then the priest rose, and covering his face with his hands, moved aside a few yards. A file of soldiers marched quickly up to the man, still kneeling in his gray great-coat and white cloth. They were so close that the barrels of their muskets converged towards him like the ribs of a fan. It was all over in a second. He was put into a military wagon, and they strewed sand over the place where he fell; but the dogs still sniffed about it after the crowd had dispersed.

Hospitals are sights. One of the pleasantest I ever visited was the Orthopædic. In others, many patients are sick unto death; you see not only pain, but anxiety and despair. But the sufferers in the Orthopædic are generally well enough in health, and as the operation they need is performed directly after they enter the institution, the worst is past with the

majority. They are almost all getting better; moreover, they are furnished with a test of recovery impossible in ordinary sickness. When we have been ill, we often forget how bad we were; and measuring the passing faintness of to-day with the progress of yesterday, fancy we linger longer than we should. On the whole, the tide of disease may be ebbing; but now and then a wave runs up beyond the last, as if it were turning again. We have followed, watching, close at the edge of the retreating malady, and forget the distance we have traversed since the sickness was at its full height; but the patients of the Orthopædic can make no such mistake.

'How are you getting on?' I asked of a girl who was hobbling across the room with bandaged, crooked feet. She said she had been in for months, and was much benefited, and, indeed, was improving every day. 'Well, you are hopeful,' I thought; and added aloud: 'But you are very lame yet.'

'Ah, sir!' she replied, 'but see what I was!'

This being a common form of speech, I was not prepared to have it realised by her pulling a plaster-of-Paris model of her legs from under her bed, to which her own were graceful. 'See what I was,' she said.

Then there was a general exhibition of legs (plaster), and I found each one had an infallible test of progress within reach.

Poor things! they looked on the casts made when they entered the hospital as George Stephenson might at the model of an old stage-coach.

I don't think a hospital, though, generally a pleasant sight, high as its character deservedly is. You are overwhelmed with a consciousness of cleanliness and ventilation. It must be depressing, too, for sick to see sick; moreover, in my humble opinion, hospital walls are too white and staring; I should like to see more colour, and less rigid uniformity of arrangement. But still, even as opportunities for the gaining of experience by young surgeons, which they are, quite as much as anything else, the hospitals of London are sights well worth your going to see; and at least, you may learn from them to thank God for your own bedroom, where you sleep in private peace.

AN AMERICAN AGRICULTURAL ADDRESS.

A FEW weeks ago, as we were perusing an account of one of those numerous meetings at which in autumn-time our jovial farmers are wont to enjoy themselves, and which supply *Punch* with themes for many a jest, the question all at once occurred to us: How do our transatlantic cousins—a little more than kin and less than kind—manage these things in America? Have they, for example, ploughing-matches across a prairie with ploughs of ten shares, drawn by wild bison? Have they cattle-shows, prizes for enormous gooseberries, and medals for industrious labourers a hundred years old, with families of five-and-twenty, brought up without assistance from the parish? Above all, have they after-dinner agricultural harangues as full of self-laudation, bunkum, and brag, as American discourses usually are, from a pot-house debate to the president's message?

Let us look across the Atlantic, and see for ourselves. Let us consider the 'Report of the Committee on Flowers, Fruits, and Vegetables, and Agricultural and Dairy Productions,' albeit it is now more than ten years old.

After a few sentences beginning mildly with, 'In presenting this report of the eighteenth annual fair of the American Institute,' your chairman goes in for his first flourish. 'To every mind imbued with the spirit of patriotism, the contemplation of WHAT HAS BEEN DONE by this Institute for the interests of horticulture,' &c., 'must prompt the most ardent and sincere wishes for,' &c., &c. 'As a PROOF of the unwearied zeal of its members,' &c., 'the following enumeration

of premiums is respectfully submitted by your chairman: Silver cups, 130; gold medals, 30; silver medals, 150; agricultural and horticultural books, 450; diplomas, 250.'

Certainly, the society were not niggardly in their distribution of prizes; but these do not appear to have been overwhelmingly costly, since the average value of cups, medals, books, and diplomas is only three dollars apiece, the total sum being three thousand dollars. However, there is more to follow, for 'your chairman' exclaims, in a fine burst of capitals, 'NOR IS THIS ALL!' We naturally wonder what sublime achievement or magnificent guerdon is next to be brought to our notice, but are considerably disappointed to find, without any more capitals, or even italics, the following prosaic statement: 'Its services to the agriculturists are freely admitted from Maine to Georgia.' After a few more observations of no particular moment, the speaker quits his congratulatory tone for an apologetic style.

'With much regret, your committee' (apparently, when it came to regret, 'your chairman' thought it best to share his sorrow with sympathising colleagues) 'must here remark, that until within the last few years the art of cultivating the earth has been by many parents considered a degrading pursuit. From fallacious views, they have looked upon the handling of the plough, the spade, and the rake, as not so likely to confer riches, honour, and dignity as some other occupations.'

Now, we should be the last to disparage agriculture, by which indeed the world is fed; but we much fear that, unless statistics are wholly false, the profession of a ploughman does not in these days confer anything like so much 'riches, honour, and dignity' as many other occupations which might be named. But listen to 'your committee.'

'The earliest records of history, however, establish the pleasing fact, that *terra-culture*' (we trust our language will be at once enriched with this truly classical compound) 'has excited the sweetest and loftiest strains of the poet; that it has engaged the attention of the great and good; and that the most profound philosophers have deemed it a study of importance.' Without stopping to dispute this broad assertion, we must venture to doubt whether the 'poets,' the 'great and the good,' and the 'profound philosophers,' ever made any marvellous profit out of *terra-culture*, which is the real point at issue. Unfortunately, 'your committee' does not appear to have been composed of practical men; for instead of telling us a little about the price of corn, the number of sacks to an acre, and so forth, the committee flies off at a tangent to a most extraordinary distance—in fact, to no less a place than the garden of Eden. 'Each order of religion has its system of creation, its heaven and its hell, and *what more concerns us, each had its system of gardens* (!). The garden of the Jewish tradition is for the use of man; that of the Eastern polytheism is appropriated to the gods; and the Mohammedan paradise is the reward held out to the good in a future state. The inhabitants of Ceylon'—whose authority we suppose must be deemed conclusive on the point—'say that paradise was situated in their country; and Johnson informs us that they point out the tree which bore the forbidden fruit, the *Divi Lander*, or *tabernemontana alteinifolia* (!) of botanists. The fruit of this tree is said to be of great beauty, and the shape gives the idea of a piece having been bitten off. *It is now poisonous, though said to have been excellent before Eve ate of it.*'

We recommend the adoption of this style of report to committees of the House of Commons; the insertion of similar allusions would greatly enliven the proverbial dulness of blue-books. After another little excursus, in the course of which 'your committee' or 'your chairman,' or both, get hopelessly muddled up with the Egyptians, Sir Isaac Newton, King

Solomon (whose garden, we are told, contained amongst other flowers a 'rose' and a 'lily of the valley'), the Persians, Pliny, Isaiah v. 2, Matthew xxi. 33, Epicurus and Lord Bacon (who are mentioned almost in a breath, as if contemporaries), we arrive at an attempt to investigate the origin of grafting, which does not impress us very favourably with the American talent for such researches. 'The origin of the art of grafting as yet remains a secret. It does not appear to have been known to the Persians or to the Greeks in the time of Homer or Hesiod, and was communicated to the natives of Peru and South America by the Spaniards.' From Homer to the Spanish conquest of Peru is rather a long leap, and leaves the area of grafting more dubious than ever. With regard to the origin of pruning, however, the labours of 'your committee' were attended with more success. 'The browsing of a goat gave the first idea of pruning the vine, as chance, *which had set fire to a rose-tree*, gave the first of pruning the rose.'

We are next informed that 'the horticultural skill of the Greeks appears from their writers on geponics to have been considerable'—a statement which, as it is somewhat vague, and leads to nothing further, we presume was uttered merely to allow 'your chairman' to parade his knowledge of the word 'geponics.' In truth, a useless display of learning pervades this report throughout, for, as if we had not had enough biblical and classical allusions already, 'your committee' hark back to Tarquinius Superbus, 534 B.C. (pray observe the date), whose garden 'abounded with flowers.' 'Next in order of time are the gardens of Lucullus, situated on the promontory of Misenum, in the Bay of Naples.' What the Roman gardeners were about from the legendary era of Tarquin to the times of the conqueror of Mithridates, does not appear; but to make amends for this omission, we learn that 'Nero, it is related, spent upwards of thirty thousand pounds (one hundred and forty thousand dollars) in the purchase of roses to strew the floor and decorate the walls, on occasion of a supper.' Observe the care with which the thirty thousand pounds are converted into dollars, in order that the American mind may be deeply impressed with the monetary value of roses.

After stating that the commercial men of Holland, in the thirteenth century, were among the most eminent and wealthy of merchants, and probably imported bulbs from Constantinople to ornament their gardens, 'your chairman' makes some uninteresting observations, and then arriving at his peroration, plunges head-foremost into the turbid sea of eloquence.

'Commercial speculation may enrich the merchant, imperishable renown may be conferred on the achievements of genius, and nations gain the pinnacle of glory by military valour. All this, however, is but the "bubble reputation," which sinks into the shade' (perhaps 'your chairman' was anxious to avoid commonplace about a bubble floating or dancing in the sunshine, so he put his in the shade, and sunk it, by way of variety) 'when contrasted with the operations of the plough, guided by the diligent farmer and the skill of the gardener' (who, I suppose, take a handle of the plough apiece?), 'in producing the sustenance indispensably requisite to human existence. In one portion of the earth, the labours of the husbandman may be destroyed by mildew, storm, and tempest, and the horrors of famine threaten swarming millions. With what an intensity of feeling, in such a calamitous visitation, would more favoured regions then be regarded! Unhappily, at this moment, Europe presents such a catastrophe! Figuratively speaking, to America she casts her imploring eyes, and craves of our abundance. Thanks to an overruling Providence, her supplications will not be in vain. Our hardy and industrious farmers have ploughed deep, and reaped prosperity in every furrow; our

horticulturists have seen their gardens and their orchards smiling in all the luxuriance of plenty; the plough, the harrow, the spade, and the rake have been managed by wise heads and willing hands, diffusing happiness at home, and on the wings of commerce wafting it abroad. (Loud and prolonged cheering.) How vitally important, then, resumes our orator, 'that EVERY association having for its object the culture of the soil, should receive the cheerful support of the people, that its progress should be onward' (we were not aware that progress could be in any other direction), 'unchecked by the malignity of purblind meddlers, ever ready to dip their pens in gall.' It is truly distressing to think that there should be found any individuals, purblind or not, so malignant as to throw obstacles in the way of such an admirable and learned society, particularly when, as the speaker continues, 'millions of our fellow-men in distant lands will be rescued from the pangs of starvation by the successful results of scientific agriculture in the United States.' This ought to be sufficient; but, by way of clenching his argument, 'your chairman' adds: 'To silence the tongues of gainsayers, it may here be observed, that 7246 dollars 92 cents were expended by the American Institute at their seventeenth annual fair. The amount actually received at the door of Niblo's Garden was 9678 dollars, which would pay for the entrance of 38,712 persons. To this number must be added those who, either by right or by courtesy, were admitted free, to wit, &c. *And to these must likewise be added the very large number who gain admittance by the transfer or loan of tickets, and other deceptive modes.*'

Considering that the tickets were only a shilling each, these patriotic admirers of agriculture cannot have been in very flourishing circumstances; and besides, we can scarcely see that their presence was a subject of congratulation, or well calculated 'to silence the tongues of gainsayers,' unless, indeed, the success of an American Institution depends upon its being patronised by people too dishonest or too 'cute to pay. It seems, however, that the Institution must have had plenty of fraud to contend with, for the report proceeds: 'Your chairman is here led to remark, that many thoughtless (?) individuals have, on former anniversaries, gained admittance by presenting articles which were unworthy of exhibition; thus disparaging the display, and crowding the rooms with unprofitable visitors. On the present occasion, however, he has deemed it his duty to reject these "unconsidered trifles"' (from the inverted commas, we imagine this to be a quotation from some American Shakespeare, whose fame and works have not yet crossed the Atlantic), 'to the disappointment of many a seemingly patriotic contributor.' Could rebuke assume a milder form, or display more sympathy for the mishaps of the adventurous patriots in question? Of course, American gallantry must have a word to bestow on the fairer half of creation; but we are surprised to find that so eloquent an orator is contented with the following brief allusion to the Yankee wearers of crinoline: 'Have not our florists, by their inimitable displays of "nature's choicest gems," attracted to the Horticultural Room thousands of "virtuous wives and beautiful daughters"' (Why these inverted commas? Does 'your chairman' mean to insinuate that the wives are virtuous without being beautiful, and the daughters beautiful, but not virtuous?), 'the pride and glory of our commonwealth? This they deem a distinguished HONOUR, and a pleasing evidence of that pure and refined taste which elevates and so well befits the female character.' The italics are our own; but we could never have thought it the duty of an agricultural committee to collect 'evidence' of the 'pure and refined taste of the female character.'

We could quote much more, but our space is limited, so we hasten to the conclusion. 'Finally,

the conviction that the interests of agriculture, horticulture, and floriculture are of vital importance to the human race, and that associations established for encouraging improved methods of culture, may be truly designated the "collective wisdom" of the Republic, is the only apology your chairman has to offer for enlarging on this interesting subject in the present report.

We can only say that if 'your committee' are a sample of the collective wisdom of the Republic, we need not be astonished at any amount of folly which may be displayed by the less instructed portion of the community; and we hope, that after receiving the chastisement we are compelled, however unwillingly, to inflict, the Americans will set to work in good earnest to convert their swords into ploughshares, and endeavour to produce agricultural reports characterised by more modesty, less pedantry, and fewer unnecessary allusions to the garden of Eden.

MISHAPS AT THE POST-OFFICE.

A RECENT panic in Lombard Street, concerning the fate of five hundred bankers' parcels which came to temporary grief at St Martin's-le-Grand, suggests to us the collecting of a budget of oddities and mishaps connected with the Post-office and its gigantic system of operations. The incident adverted to occurred in October last. On one particular day, all the bankers in and around Lombard Street were terrified by the non-arrival of letters from the country, containing bills, notes, drafts, and other monetary paper of vast value. Messages to the chief Post-office, and telegrams to the country, alike failed to elicit satisfactory responses; until at length, in a basket under a table at the General Post-office, were found the precious documents. No roguery was apparent; only inadvertency: a basket had been pushed out of sight, and forgotten. It was a mishap, but one that will doubtless serve as a lesson for the future.

Among the incidents connected with the postal system, those which have given the greatest trouble and annoyance to the authorities relate to the *non-delivery of letters*. If A B writes to C D, and posts the letter, the Postmaster-general is accountable for its safe delivery, and is required to investigate the cause of any mishap. In some distressing cases, letter-carriers have been found guilty of purloining; in others, robbery has been committed by persons unconnected with the Post-office. In others, again, vexing though not distressing delays have occurred at some or other of the offices. But many of the cases which have had to be investigated have resulted in proof, after great trouble to the authorities, of absurd blunders committed by the senders and receivers of letters. The Annual Reports of the Postmaster-general are full of curiosities of this kind. A gentleman at Westmeath complained that a letter containing notes and bills for L.400 had not been duly delivered; after a world of trouble and anxiety to the Westmeath postmaster, the letter was found safe in a drawer belonging to the person to whom it was sent. A gentleman made complaint that a certain letter had not been delivered to him; on investigation, it was found in his letter-box, which had not been looked into for several days. A firm ought to have received a letter containing half of a L.10 note, and remonstrated at the non-delivery; it was found that one of the partners had received it, locked it in his drawer, and forgotten all about it. A person complained that several of his letters were not forthcoming; the letter-box at his door, on being examined, was found to be defective; fifteen letters were jammed between the box and door, where some of them had been quietly reposing as much as *nine years*! A clerk declared that he had posted a certain letter, concerning which anxious inquiries were made;

he was requested to take his oath to this fact; while considering whether to do so, he happened to put his hand into a pocket, where he found the letter—unposted. A letter containing the halves of two L.10 notes was not delivered at the proper time; it had been dropped in the street, picked up by some honest person, and, after a time, transferred to the rightful owner. A cheque for L.12, enclosed in a letter, disappeared in a mysterious way; postmasters and letter-carriers were set to work, and after a time it was found that the cheque had been innocently sold, with other scraps of paper, to a papier-mâché manufacturer, to be by him pulped up into tea-trays or other of his wares. A letter was once delivered at the counter of a music-shop; it became loosely entangled with a roll of music by a customer, then dropped in the street, then picked up by another person, and finally posted a second time.

Some of the curiosities of this kind we will narrate in the language of the Post-office authorities themselves. 'A postmaster in Scotland accidentally discovered a boy opening a letter which he had been sent to post, and taking from it a draft. It did not, however, appear that the boy had any dishonest intention; but his fancy had been attracted by an engraving on the draft, which he thought would be a pretty book-mark for one of his school-books.' When the Earl of Elgin was Postmaster-general in 1860, he gave the following as a proof that, in the estimation of some people, 'vital importance' is valued at something less than five shillings. 'A gentleman called at the Post-office respecting a letter which he had posted, declaring that it was of "vital importance" that his application should be granted. He was told that such an application involved much trouble and a great departure from the ordinary rules; but that, under the special circumstances, it would be granted on his paying the clerk who would have to make the examination a gratuity of five shillings. No sooner, however, was this condition named, than the "vital importance" at once disappeared; and the applicant found other means of attaining his object.'

We might greatly extend the examples of non-delivery of letters, through blunders on the part of the writer or the receiver; but the above, and some instances given in a former article (*Chambers's Journal*, No. 298, 'A Leaf from a Blue Book'), will suffice.

A social philosopher of our day, Mr Buckle, has got into trouble with many readers on account of the mode in which the characteristics of mankind are treated by him. He dives hither and thither; and if he finds, among a million of persons, that more than half of them adopt a certain course under given circumstances, he traces therein a kind of general law, which may, he thinks, be applicable to future generations under similar circumstances. Leaving the learned critics to fight their battle with him on the more serious parts of the subject, we may remark that the Post-office affords some justification to his reasoning in other ways. 'How stupid!' we exclaim, when we hear of a person putting a letter into the post unsealed, unwaivered, ungummed; but it is not a stupid inquiry to make, how far there is any uniformity in the number of such stupid persons every year. Now the Postmaster-general is in a position to tell us that this uniformity is so remarkable as to have attracted the attention of him and his predecessors. The proportion of heedless people this year is almost exactly the same as last, and the heedlessness is shewn almost exactly in the same fashion. If at any time during the year 1861, the Postmaster-general had been asked how many letters will be posted unsealed in 1862, how many misdirected, how many without direction at all, and how many newspapers will slip out of their wrappers in the course of their postal travels—he would have been able to answer with a degree of assured confidence, quite

inexplicable to persons unaccustomed to the study of uniformities in human conduct. Why are two million letters returned to their writers every year, from failure in the attempts to deliver them? Because they are mis-sent, or misdirected, or some other mishap occurs. But why should the number be two millions? This is just a question that the Postmaster-general could not answer; he only knows that such is the case. Out of five hundred and fifty million letters that passed through the post in 1860, about two millions (in round numbers), were returned to the writers; and this ratio does not differ much from year to year: or rather—and this is a singular exemplification of the same law of uniformity—the ratio *does* lessen, principally on account of increased activity at the Post-office in ferreting out blunders; but lessens so gradually, that a very close guess could be made at the probable number of such lapses next year.

Again, ten or twelve thousand letters are posted annually without any address, any writing whatever, on the covers: this is sheer forgetfulness, beyond the power of the Post-office to cure; and it is found that the ratio of such examples of forgetfulness, to the total number of letters posted, is singularly uniform. Again, one newspaper in five thousand slips out of its cover in the letter-box or mail-bag; and until new methods of fastening are adopted, we may confidently expect a similar ratio of mishaps next year. At the chief office alone, two hundred letters are posted every day unsealed and unfastened, taking one day with another, and the ratio deducible from this number might be safely relied on for the days of the forthcoming year. Sixty thousand letters were refused by the addressees in 1859, on account of the postage not having been prepaid: this is probably a number likely to lessen, rather than to remain permanent, because the annoyance of having a letter returned for such a reason would serve as a lesson to the addresser. More than twenty thousand letters now arrive *daily* at the chief office bearing only the name of an addressee, with the simple addition of the word 'London,' but without any street or house being denoted. Every year there are letters containing money which can neither be delivered to any addressee, nor, for want of an address on the inside, be returned to the writers: the money for which there is thus no owner is placed to an insurance fund for the Post-office clerks. Let us learn from the following to make our Queen's heads 'stick to their letters': in 1860, more than fifty thousand postage stamps were found in letter-boxes and mail-bags, rubbed from their proper places on letters and newspapers.

We may send any inland letters, from one penny postage up to several shillings, at the rate of two-pence per ounce; no man knows how much his neighbours' letters are likely to weigh; nor could any commercial firm say what would be the average weight of their letters for the next twelve months. Ask the Postmaster-general, however; he will tell you that their average weight will be such as to bring him about 1½d. postage each, if he takes all the inland letters of all kinds for a whole year: it has been so for several years past, and he believes it will again be so next year. Relying on the same kind of data, he believes that his book-post parcels, big and little, will bring him about twopence each on an average, and that they will weigh about five and a quarter ounces each.

The system of *franking* letters, quite unknown to the younger generation of the present day, gave rise to many odd circumstances in past times. When the postage-rates were very high, the receivers naturally availed themselves of every fair means for lessening the burden; and as 'privileges' were more in fashion then than now in high places, the privileged classes sought to have their letters conveyed through the post

free of expense. The sovereign, then the royal family, then the ministers, then the members of parliament, came in for this favour. But more than this. In the early half of the last century, members not only franked their own letters, but were allowed to obtain the same privilege for an unlimited number of letters belonging to other persons. A member had merely to write his own name on a letter-cover, or sheet of paper folded as a letter; any non-member might then address the letter as he pleased, and insure free transmission for it. This gave rise to scandalous frauds. Parcels of such covers were given to private friends, who kept them at hand as we now keep stamped envelopes. Nay, members' servants were wont to beg such parcels from their masters, and then sell them. The forgers, too, found it no difficult matter to imitate the signatures of members. Although the two houses of parliament in those days comprised far less than a thousand members, it was computed that the revenue was a loser to the extent of upwards of a hundred thousand pounds a year sterling, for many successive years about the middle of the last century, by the abuse of this privilege. Reforms were made from time to time—one being, that the whole of the writing on the exterior of the letter was required to be in the hand of the member. The only wholesome reform, however, was a radical one—the withdrawal of the privilege altogether, which we owe to the penny-post system. Queen Victoria, Mr Bright, the cobbler over the way—all alike now use the 'Queen's heads' for their letters, and honestly pay for the services received from the Post-office. When the franking system was in full bloom, the strangest applications were made of it. Men in high places did not scruple to avail themselves of the system in a way which would seem to us very mean and paltry. Not only letters, but parcels and boxes, food and clothing, dogs and cows, and even *women-servants*, were franked by post! The reader will probably dispense with the supposition that these were all put into letter-boxes; nevertheless, they were carried free by the postal authorities, in virtue of a wide stretch of the franking system. Old records of a curious kind are preserved at the head-office, illustrative of this matter. One relates to the packet service from England to various continental ports, and in it are the following items concerning the free conveyance of 'letters,' living and dead, obtained by a questionable application of the privilege under notice. The items have been found in a volume called the *Agents' Letter-book*, dated in and soon after the year 1703, by Mr Scudamore, chief-examiner at the head-office.

Imprimis.—'Fifteen couple of hounds, going to the king of the Romans with a free pass.' *Item*.—'Some parcels of clothing for the clothing colonels for my Lord North's and my Lord Gray's regiments.' *Item*.—'Two servant-maids going as laundresses to my Lord Ambassador Methuen.' *Item*.—'Dr Crichton, carrying with him a cow and divers other necessaries.' *Item*.—'Three suits of cloaths for some nobleman's lady at the court of Portugal.' *Item*.—'A box containing three pounds of tea, sent as a present by my Lady Arlington to the Queen-dowager of England at Lisbon.' *Item*.—'Eleven couple of hounds for Major-general Hompesch.' *Item*.—'A case of knives and forks for Mr Stepney, her majesty's envoy to the king of Holland.' *Item*.—'One littel parcel of lace, to be made use of in clothing Duke Schomberg's regiment.' *Item*.—'Two bales of stockings, for the use of the ambassador of the king of Portugal.' *Item*.—'A box of medicines for my Lord Galway in Portugal.' *Item*.—'A deal case with four fitches of bacon for Mr Pennington of Rotterdam.'

It may be all fair enough, perhaps, to render certain facilities to members of the embassies to Portugal and Holland; but it is impossible not to suspect that the 'hounds,' and the 'lady's cloathing,' and the

'knives and forks,' and the 'stockings,' and the 'flitches of bacon,' were rather unwarrantable examples of 'franked' commodities.

There is one oddity which the Postmaster-general and his assistants have not yet been able to explain or unravel—the collecting of used or obliterated postage stamps. Advertisements occasionally appear in newspapers to the effect that a certain number of such stamps would purchase admission for a child into some school, orphan asylum, or charitable institution; and one advertisement has gone to the precision of asserting that the General Post-office will give L.30 per million for such stamps. Whether these doings are a mere joke, or a result of ignorance, or a fraudulent trap for something that does not appear on the surface, is at present undiscovered.

THE LAST OF THE CONDÉS.

LOUIS HENRY JOSEPH DE BOURBON, Duke of Bourbon and Prince de Condé, was born April 13, 1756, only son of Louis Joseph, Prince de Condé, and descendant, in the direct line, of the illustrious Condé, the greatest military genius of the seventeenth century. He was educated for the army; but not relishing the restricted life of an academy, he ran away from his teachers, and for some time played the knight-truant. At the early age of fifteen, he fell in love with the Princess Louise of Orleans, whose hand, however, was refused to him by her father. The princess was sent, for greater security, to a monastery; but her young lover, nothing daunted, scaled the walls of the sacred retreat, and leading away his bride, married her secretly. The union was not happy. The princess, soon after her marriage, entered into various intrigues, one of which led the young husband into a duel with the Count d'Artois, afterwards King Charles X. The provocation occurred at a *bal masqué* in the palace of the Tuileries. The count, having a lady on his arm, was followed by the princess, who, from motives of jealousy, seized his hand, attempting to speak to him. Not knowing his interlocutor, the count in his turn grasped the mask of his fair follower, who, suddenly turning round, broke the strings, and thus was exposed to the gaze of the whole assembly. A challenge from the Prince de Condé to the Count d'Artois was the immediate result. The duel took place at the Bois de Boulogne; and both parties having been slightly wounded, it had no further consequences but a separation of the prince and princess.

On the breaking out of the first civil disturbances in Paris, the prince quitted France, in July 1789, and retired to Brussels. Declaring it his firm opinion that the revolutionary fever could be easily cured by a few 'whiffs of grape-shot,' he forthwith set to organise a small army of emigrants, the command of which was taken by his father. He himself prepared to lead the cavalry; while his son, the Duke d'Enghien, only offspring of the ill-fated union with Louise of Orleans, took a subordinate command. Beaten in all directions, father, son, and grandfather had to leave the field of battle, and to seek safety in flight. The Prince de Condé went to England, his father to Russia, and the young Duke d'Enghien to Ettenheim, in the duchy of Baden, to make love to the fair Princess of Rohan-Rochefort, and to meet a miserable end in the ditch of the fortress of Vincennes.

The news of the assassination of his only son was a fearful stroke to the Prince de Condé, who had only just begun to find calm in the quiet rural retreat of Wanstead, Essex. With that impetuosity for which

his race was distinguished, he now again rushed into excitement, seeking solace for his troubles in the pleasures and dissipations of town. At the greenroom of Covent Garden he met Sophia Dawes, the daughter of a fisherman of the Isle of Wight, a woman of great natural tact and of masculine strength of mind, who to the charms of beauty united those of singular conversational powers. A wealthy foreigner, who for a time contemplated making her his wife, had placed her for several years at one of the first academies of the metropolis, where she succeeded in mastering many accomplishments. These advantages, assisted by an exquisite natural grace, soon made her the centre of a host of admirers. She lived in sumptuous style at Turnham Green, following the profession of the stage more for her own amusement than for the sake of the salary. The Prince de Condé had no sooner made the acquaintance of Sophia Dawes than he became violently enamoured of her. Laying his whole wealth at her feet, he entreated her to put herself under his protection. She consented, but under the condition, that her position should not be made public.

In the suite of the Prince de Condé was a brave young soldier, the Baron de Feuchères, of good family, but in greatly reduced circumstances, who had to thank the prince from being saved from misery and almost starvation in a foreign country. On this young nobleman Sophia Dawes set her eyes, and having made his acquaintance, told him a romantic tale, to the effect that she was the illegitimate daughter of the prince by an English lady, and that her father having lately acknowledged her, intended to take her back to France, should circumstances permit it. The romance had its effect on the head and heart of the impressive Frenchman; he offered his hand to the fair lady, and at the end of a few weeks Sophia Dawes became the Baroness de Feuchères. Immediately after, occurred the overthrow of Napoleon, and the restoration of the Bourbons, followed by the reinstatement of the Condés into all their former possessions and dignities, with many additional honours and pensions. The Baroness de Feuchères, not choosing to continue the comedy any longer, now threw off the mask towards her husband, informing him frankly that she was the 'friend' of the Prince de Condé. He left her in disgust; but was too much attached to his old benefactor to take any steps for separation or public exposure. The prince, after his return to France, led a sort of roving life, but at his father's death, in 1818, settled down on his magnificent domain of Chantilly, where the baroness also soon installed herself.

The noble mansions and grounds of Chantilly, once the residence of the family of Montmorency, were given by Louis XIV. to the Great Condé; the illustrious general here spent his latter years, in the society of Racine, Boileau, Bossuet, and other literary men of his age. He was also honoured by frequent visits from the king himself, one of which was rendered memorable by the suicide of Vatel, the most enthusiastic of cooks, who ran himself through with a sword, because his master's dinner was left imperfect by the non-arrival of a basket of fish. Condé's descendants continued here till the revolution of 1789, when the sans-culottes got possession, and the domain was sold as public property. The Restoration brought it again to the family, the head of which improved and embellished the mansion to a high degree. When it came to be the residence of the prince and Madame de Feuchères, it was considered to be one of the finest estates in France. The château, standing in the midst of a beautiful lake, was surrounded by vast grounds, laid out in gardens, lawns, parterres, islands, grottos, and picturesque walks; and beyond extended the old forest of Chantilly, with its noble

oaks, rivers, canals, and hunting-fields, covering nearly eight thousand acres of ground.

The prince having had no other children by his divorced wife than the unfortunate Duke of Enghien, and owning no nearer blood relations than some cousins of the House of Rohan-Rochefort, the baroness, after a while, persuaded him to make a will in her favour, leaving her the whole of his landed and personal property. The infatuated old man consented to all that was asked of him; but the news of the affair coming to the ears of one of the Rohans, the baroness had a broad hint conveyed to her that she would not be allowed to enter into quiet possession of the immense heritage. The threat was imprudent on the part of the eager heir of the prince, for the baroness had no sooner received the message than she thought of means to frustrate the design of her enemies, and soon hit upon an extraordinary expedient to gain her desired end. By counselling the prince to bequeath a share of the property to a powerful relative of his own, she secured an influence of a most important character for the eventual safety of the share appropriated to herself. The scheme succeeded to her wish. A will was made out by which the domain of Chantilly and other estates were destined to a younger son of Louis Philippe, Duke of Orleans, who, in ordinary circumstances, might well have looked for some share of the prince's fortune, but whose acquisition of it in this particular way is to be regretted. During these proceedings, the Prince de Condé became restless. He stated publicly that he had known no peace of mind since this fatal demand to make his will had been pressed upon him. He passed whole nights without sleep; and the quiet retreat of Chantilly was often disturbed by the sound of angry words between him and Madame de Feuchères. Incautious expressions often escaped him in presence of the servants, who once heard him exclaim: 'My death is the only thing they look for.' Another day he forgot himself so far as to say to M. de Surval, his steward: 'Once they shall have obtained from me what they desire, my life may be in jeopardy.' On the 29th of August 1830, M. de Surval was witness to a terrible scene between the Prince de Condé and the Baroness de Feuchères. 'Madame,' cried the old man, 'it is horrible, atrocious, thus to put a knife to my throat to make me do a thing you know I abhor;' and, seizing her hand, he added, with a significant gesture: 'Well, then, plunge the knife in at once—plunge it!' The passion of the Prince de Condé was too extreme to be of long duration. After he had signed the will, he fell into a sort of stupor, from which he was scarcely aroused by the thunder of the cannon of July 1830, which drove his friend and relative, Charles X., from the throne of France.

The revolution had been but just completed, when dark rumours began to circulate about the château of St. Len, near Chantilly, where the Prince de Condé had taken up his residence. It was reported that on the morning of the 11th of August his highness had been found bleeding over the eye, and had ordered his valet to sleep for the future at the door of his bedroom. Some days after, the prince was visited by the new queen, who brought him the star of the legion of honour; but he was silent and embarrassed. On the evening of the same day, a horseman was seen riding towards the château, and at night was secretly introduced into the prince's bedchamber. The rider was M. de Choulot, a secret agent of his Highness; and from some words he dropped, it was surmised that the prince intended escaping from France, to get out of reach of Madame de Feuchères. The next morning, the 26th of August, a violent scene took place between the prince and madame, which was, however, hushed up, to some extent, by the latter. Nothing extraordinary transpired during the rest of the day. The dinner was apparently cheerful, and was followed, as usual, by a

game of cards; the prince played whist with the baroness and two visitors, criticised some movements, lost money, and did not pay, saying: 'To-morrow.' The morrow was never to come.

His Highness was attended to his bedroom by Lecomte, his valet; and the latter inquiring: 'At what hour does monseigneur wish that I should enter the room to-morrow?' replied: 'At eight o'clock,' with his usual tranquillity. So the valet went away, locking the door of the outer dressing-room, as was his custom. The Prince de Condé's bedchamber had two doors; the one opening upon this dressing-room, which led to the great corridor of the château, and the other passing on to a private staircase, leading to a lobby where the apartments of Madame de Feuchères were situated. The former door was locked by the valet on the night of the 26th August, but the latter remained unfastened. The watchmen and game-keepers during the night made their usual rounds in the park and through the château, but nothing unusual happened. On the morning of the 27th, the valet knocked at his master's door at eight o'clock according to orders. He found the lock fastened inside, and received no reply from the prince. After waiting a few minutes, Lecomte went away to call M. Bonnie, his Highness's physician. The two knocked again, as loud as possible, but still no answer. Surprised and very uneasy, they both went down to Madame de Feuchères. 'I will run up directly,' she said; 'when he hears my voice, he will reply;' and she ran out from her room half undressed. On coming to the prince's door, with M. Bonnie and Lecomte, 'Open the door, monseigneur,' she cried; 'open the door; *c'est moi!*' She repeated the summons; but all remained silent within. The alarm now began to spread through the château. Many servants came running up; an iron bar was brought; and the door of the bedroom was broken open. Then an extraordinary spectacle presented itself to the eyes of all the bystanders.

The room was dark, the window-shutters being completely closed; and only a faint glimmer of light was proceeding from a small candle in the fireplace, hidden by a metal screen. When the eyes had been accustomed to this dim light, it was seen that the prince was standing against the window, as if listening intently to something outside. But still he spoke not. Then the valet opened one of the shutters, and a frightful sight burst upon all. The Prince de Condé was hanging from the window-clasp, his feet just above the ground. Madame de Feuchères sank groaning into an arm-chair. 'Monseigneur is dead!' cried the bewildered domestics; and all the denizens of the château stood wailing in sight of the corpse of the last of the Condés.

The body of the prince was fastened to the clasp of the northern window, with two handkerchiefs passed one within the other. One of these hung loosely over the window-clasp; the other surrounded the head, supporting the base of the lower jaw. There was no running-knot on the handkerchief around the head; it did not press on the windpipe, and left the back of the head and neck completely uncovered. It was also so loose that when the attempt was made to take the body down, the valet put his fingers between. All this was very extraordinary, and greatly surprised the bystanders. So also did the whole aspect of the prince. His face was deadly pale; the tongue did not protrude from the mouth, but only pressed against the lips; the hands were firmly closed, the knees bent, and, what was most surprising of all, the points of the toes touched the carpet. Great was the marvel among the domestics; but though many a whisper was heard, nobody dared to speak his suspicions. The magistrates and police arrived soon; and copious reports were drawn up regarding the state in which the body of the Prince de Condé had been found, the evidence

of the servants, and the situation of the bedchamber of the deceased.

No sooner had the cold body of the prince been taken down from the window-clasp, than the household of St Leu began to feel the hand of a new master. 'Everything here belongs to Madame de Feuchères,' was the order given in all directions; and each servant in the place received careful instructions to protect the property of the baroness. The docile household, long under the partial sway of the baroness, forthwith began to comprehend the new duties; and the magisterial inquiries concerning the prince's death were almost unanimously replied to in the sense that he must have died by his own hand. The evidence to the contrary purport was nevertheless strong. Romanzo, the prince's footman, who had taken down the corpse, deposed that he had had the greatest difficulty in untying the knot from the window-clasp, so skilfully had it been fastened, and so strongly drawn through the bolt. Now, it was notorious to every one of the prince's servants, that his highness's awkwardness in tying strings was so great that he was unable even to fasten his own shoe-laces, and that the bow of his cravat had to be brought round to him at the two ends by his valet to adjust it in front. This was owing to a physical defect impossible to be overcome, the prince having received in one of his campaigns a sword-cut over the right hand, besides having his left collar-bone broken. The body had been found in a state of very incomplete suspension, and it seemed all but impossible that an old man, who was scarcely able to walk, should have had the courage and energy to throw himself on his knees to effect his death. His bed, too, was found moved from the bottom of the alcove where it always stood; and his slippers were carried to a part of the room where they had never been. Two candles were found extinguished, but not burned out, on the chimney-piece. Was it the prince who extinguished them, before commencing his complicated and difficult preparations for self-destruction?

Public opinion would soon have left off occupying itself with the Prince de Condé's death, had not its memory been revived before the courts of justice by M. Louis de Rohan, the prince's next of kin. This nobleman went so far as to accuse Madame de Feuchères of fraud, and boldly demanded the nullity of the testament. He caused a preliminary investigation to be made before the court of Pontoise, and then removed the case to the superior court at Paris, where, after endless delays and postponements, it came on finally in the spring of 1832, at the end of eighteen months. In spite of the long time which had elapsed since the death of the prince, the trial created the most intense interest. The advocate of the Rohan family, M. Hennequin, in a brilliant speech, unfolded the last years of the life of the Prince de Condé, and from a contrast between the well-known legitimist sentiments of the deceased, and the tenor of the will, he deduced the proof of the disposition of the property having been obtained by fraudulent means: in the impossibility of suicide, he saw the proof of assassination. Louis Philippe and the members of the royal family were more than alluded to in the speech; and the words murder and conspiracy were all but openly pronounced. However, M. Hennequin's eloquent oration was replied to by a still more forcible speaker, M. Dupin. He represented the suit of the Rohans as a mere plot got up by the reactionary legitimist party against the liberal Orleans family and their friends; as an effort of vengeance which all the partisans of the revolution ought to view with indignation and contempt. The decision of the judges was finally against the plaintiff.

This trial completed the triumph of Madame de Feuchères. Petted by the court, the possessor of numerous châteaux and splendid domains, the be-

stower of patronage, the successful speculator at the Exchange, she soon became the idol of a society that seemed to have completely forgotten the grave accusations heaped upon her a short time previous. Nevertheless, the baroness did not seem at ease, and gradually retired from the brilliant throng around her into the company of grave-looking priests. Then the news came that she had become a Roman Catholic; had been baptised at Notre Dame de Lorette, and had received, after full confession, forgiveness of her sins from the reverend *Père Briant*. The next which was heard of her was, that she was gradually selling all her splendid domains. The Palace Bourbon was bought by the government, to be used for the enlargement of the House of Deputies; St Leu was purchased by a minister of the crown; the château and park of Morfontaine fell into the hands of a stockbroker, and Montmorency became the property of a Hebrew poet. Numerous chapels and convents, all more or less richly endowed by the pious baroness, sprang up in the neighbourhood of Paris; and the belief gained ground that she intended giving the whole of her immense fortune to the holy Church of Rome. The priests in her immediate neighbourhood shared this belief, and her confessor especially was earnestly and daily exhorting her to make a will to this effect; this, however, she seemed unwilling to do; and being more and more pressed on the subject, she suddenly, in the summer of 1840, took her secret departure from Paris. Having travelled through part of England, and paid a visit to the peaceful home of her youth, the Isle of Wight, the baroness at last settled down in London. Here she was suddenly taken ill, and lingering only a few days, died towards the end of January 1841. Her remains were interred without pomp in the cemetery on the Harrow Road, where the curious visitor may yet inspect the grave. By a last will and testament, made previous to her departure from France, the baroness left nearly the whole of her remaining property, not given to the church, and which amounted still to above £800,000 sterling, to a child of ten years old, the daughter of one of her sisters, who had married a French gentleman. Though she died a fervent Catholic, she left some landed property, which she had purchased in England, to a Protestant clergyman whom she had known in early life. To her husband, the Baron de Feuchères, who had not held any communication with her since the death of the Prince de Condé, she bequeathed a legacy of £10,000, which he, however, declined to accept. The same refusal took place on the part of M. Odillon Barrot, the eminent orator and politician, whom the baroness made one of the executors of her will, with a gift of £4000. He accepted the duty, but declined the legacy, making it over to an institution for the education of orphans at Paris. After an interval of more than ten years, Frenchmen felt still haunted by the shade of the last of the Condés.

Of all the immense property left by the testament of the Prince de Condé to Madame de Feuchères and the son of Louis Philippe, not a fragment belongs at the present time to them or their heirs. The baroness sold every part of her share before she quitted France; and the prince was compelled to sell his portion by a decree of the present imperial government, ordering the confiscation of the Orleans property in France. Being put up to public auction, the estate of Chantilly was bought by two English gentlemen, partners in the banking concern of Coutts & Co. The heart of the last of the Condés lies still enshrined in its silver urn in the chapel of the château; but the church itself knows no more the sound of vespers and mass. The memory of the Great Condé, and the greater Louis-Quatorze, and the greatest Vatel, is already forgotten in the busy whirl of Stock Exchange news, which has little

sympathy with famous generals, or with tyrant kings, or with cooks who kill themselves for glory. It is typical of modern history, that the family of Condé should have given way to the family of Couëtts.

CURIOSITIES OF CHARITY.

AN Englishman is essentially a giving animal. No nation can point to so many noble institutions 'supported by voluntary contributions,' no country boast of so many local and private charities. Emerson could cite no stronger proof of the stability of things in England than the fact of William of Wykeham's credit, after the lapse of eight hundred years, still holding good for bread, and cheese, and beer, at Winchester. The American essayist certainly selected the most striking instance of a benevolent institution outlasting dynasties and political and social changes; but it is not by any means a solitary case. A large proportion of our minor charities date from the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries; and the hungry are still fed, the naked clothed, and the homeless lodged by the trustees of charitable testators, though hundreds of years have gone by since those testators made their last wills and testaments.

The great trade-guilds, the parochial authorities, and the clergy, are almoners of benefactors long since dead and buried, and it would be difficult to find a county in England in which the land is entirely free from a charitable charge of some sort. Scarcely a single want that flesh is heir to has been forgotten; we find donations of bread, cheese, meat, turkeys, herrings, pease, apple-pie, plum-pudding, barley, wheat, rye, wine, broth, milk, and figs. Edward Richardson of Ince charged his estates with the annual delivery of five loads of oatmeal, of two hundred and forty pounds each, to the poor of the neighbourhood. The Rev. J. Shepherd of Wetheringset left sufficient to provide a dinner annually for twenty poor persons on Lady-day, with five shillings to the clergyman for reading prayers, and half-a-crown to pay for a merry peal after the repast was finished. John Evelyn, Esq., of Godstone, unwilling that a custom he had established should cease with his life, saddled his heirs for ever with the providing of fifty-six pounds of beef, to be made into broth every Thursday, from the first in November to the last in April; and a round of beef of equal weight to be roasted for dining twelve or fourteen poor people every Sunday, with a due allowance of bread and beer. Thomas Williamson, who died in 1674, desirous of inculcating the prudence of laying by, directed that the rent of a certain piece of land should be applied to the purchase of mutton or veal 'at Martinmas, when flesh might be the cheapest,' and given among the poor of Castlerig, 'to be by them pickled or dried, that they might have something to keep them within doors upon stormy days.'

Donors of a bucolic turn of mind provided bulls for parochial use, cows to supply milk to poor people, and free pasturage for those lucky enough to possess cows of their own. Others found physic for the sick, petticoats for old women, coats for old men, fuel for winter days, and blankets for winter nights. The most munificent Christmas benefaction is due to the Rev. F. Gisborne of Staveley, who left the large sum of £22,893, the interest of which is expended in the purchase of flannel and coarse Yorkshire cloth, for distribution among the poor of a hundred different places, during the great Christian festival.

One worthy citizen of London, who had probably suffered in his own person from the darkness of mediæval thoroughfares, directed a lamp to be placed

at the end of the street in which he had lived, to be lighted for ever with a candle 'of at least eight to the pound.' The lamp still exists, but the modest dip has long since been superseded by gas. Others, again, have sought rather to lighten the spiritual darkness of their neighbours, by feeing the clergy to preach sermons on special occasions or at special seasons. The church, indeed, came in for a fair share of the liberality of our ancestors. One William Spencer, by a deed, dated the 29th of November 1494, left certain premises in the parish of St Mary Redcliffe, Bristol, to provide for ever 'three priests to preach the word of God in the parish church, or in the churchyard of the said church, before the mayor and commonalty and other devout persons, at the feast of Pentecost;' the clergy to be paid for preaching, and the clerk and sexton duly remunerated for ringing the bells and strewing the church with rushes. An estate near Deptford is charged with the supply of half a load of green rushes at Whitsuntide, and a load of peastraw at Christmas, for the same purpose; and the parish of Clee, Lincolnshire, possesses the right of cutting rushes from a piece of land called 'Bescars,' for use on Trinity Sunday. The ceremony of strewing the church floor with rushes was usually made the occasion for a holiday procession, and the custom is by no means extinct in the land. We have heard a great deal lately of the somnolent effects produced upon congregations by dull sermons and bad elocution; it seems to be a complaint of long standing. Many years ago, Richard Dovey of Farmcote, Shropshire, sought to remedy the evil at Claverley by providing free lodgings and a yearly payment of eight shillings for a poor man who would undertake to whip dogs out of the church and awaken the sleepers therein. Similar provision has been made at Trysull, Staffordshire, and Chislet, Kent. At the latter place, the land from which the wages of the church-orderly are derived is known as the 'Dog-whipper's Marsh.' At a small village in Staffordshire, the boys are kept quiet during sermon-time by the watchfulness of the recipient of a bequest of five shillings per annum.

Educational charities embrace a wide range, from the noble college to the humble dame's school, but none of them are fairly entitled to be numbered among the curiosities of charity. One, however, is noticeable, from the manner in which the originator's directions have been set aside. A clergyman named Collier left certain lands, charged with a bequest of eight bushels of barley, to be delivered every Michaelmas to the parochial authorities of Little Coxwell, who were desired to dispose of the grain, and apply the proceeds to finding instruction for three poor children in reading, writing, and arithmetic, for the space of three years, when three others were to take their places. These injunctions were carried out faithfully for some time, but 'the three Rs' seem to have risen in value in Little Coxwell; the trustees found the fund inadequate to provide such a liberal education, and have ever since compromised the matter by having three children instructed in reading only.

Among the many bequests for apprenticing poor boys is one by a Cirencester man, which binds the recipients of his bounty to imitate his example, if fortune should enable them to do so. Each apprentice is obliged to endorse his indenture thus: 'I do hereby solemnly promise, in the presence of Almighty God, to the trustees of Mr Richard Mathews, deceased, that if it shall please the Lord in mercy to raise me to any competent or considerable estate in the world, that I will remember to give moneys for binding forth other poor boy or boys, as the said Mr Richard Mathews hath done for me.' We wonder how many of them have done well in the world, and honoured the endorsement.

The promotion of matrimony seems to have been a favourite object with the benevolent. Archbishop

Laud's Charity dowers twelve maidens every third year. Every Easter-Wednesday, nine newly wedded couples receive fifteen pounds each, under the will of E. Dickenson of Westminster; and no less than forty girls are annually dowered at Bedford. Thomas Axe, of Ottery St Mary, sought to encourage habits of thrift in those who entered the holy state, and adopted the following plan. The sum of three pounds was to be given as a marriage-present to any young man or woman above the age of twenty-one who had lived in the same service for seven years, without receiving parochial aid for at least five years of the marriage. 'After that, there shall be paid to such couple, or the survivor of them, twenty shillings by the year for three years, if they can prove that in each of the said years they had *bonâ-fide* increased their stock three pounds. And at the end of five years next after such marriage, upon their making it appear that they have really gotten, and shall have then of clear stock, fifteen pounds, and not been chargeable to the parish since their marriage,' to receive a further bounty of five pounds. While boys and girls, maidens and matrons, have been remembered, widows and old maids have not been forgotten; but it is somewhat singular that the only charity we can find specially intended for old bachelors has long since fallen through by the insolvency of the trustee.

We modern Britons can scarcely conceive the fact of any of our fellow-countrymen being kept in a state of slavery; our fathers, however, were familiar enough with such things. Duchess Dudley, dying in 1655, left a hundred pounds per annum for the redemption of poor English Christian slaves from the hands of 'the barbarous Turk;' and in the year 1725, Thomas Betton, of Hoxton, proved his enmity towards his own kith and kin by cutting off his three sons and his brother Timothy with a shilling apiece, while he shewed his sympathy for his distressed countrymen by leaving the bulk of his property—about £22,000—in trust to the Ironmongers' Company. One-half of the interest of this large amount he directed should be expended in ransoming British subjects from slavery in Turkey or Barbary. In the single year 1734, no less than a hundred and thirty-five men owed their liberty to Betton's liberality; and in the ninety-two years ending 1826, as much as £21,088 was spent in the same good cause. As England concluded treaties with these slaveholding states, the demands on the fund decreased, and at length ceased altogether; until, in 1837, the Ironmongers' Company held no less than £119,180 in their hands, which was some years afterwards, by direction of the Court of Chancery, applied to promote education at home, and so free some from the slavery of ignorance.

Testators have sometimes found pleasure in encouraging manly pastimes. Dogget the actor's coat and badge is still an object of ambition to jolly young Thames watermen, who can feather their oars with skill and dexterity. Camping Close, Boxsted, Essex, was bequeathed to the parishioners by a lover of football, for the practice of that exhilarating exercise; and the people of Andover stand indebted to Catherine Hanson for the 'Common Acre,' a piece of ground left by her in 1570 for the recreation of the inhabitants. This was let on lease in the reign of Elizabeth, with the express stipulation that the tenant provided a pair of butts for men to shoot at, and permitted all persons to take their pastime therein. Here is an example that might be imitated for the benefit of our volunteers.

One William Tracy having, 'by way of pleasing his king, rashly libelled the life of Thomas Cranmer, archbishop of Canterbury,' Susan Barker, a descendant of the offender, in atonement, granted a yearly rent of £6, 13s. 4d. to the Hospital of the Holy Trinity, founded by Whitgift, desiring thereby to mark her approbation of 'the truly episcopal life' of that prelate, and shew the world that her family

were not ill disposed to spiritual dignities, 'as certain evil-disposed persons had put about.' Mr Archer, sometime member for the borough of Warwick, wishing, at his death, to shew his gratitude to the electors for having chosen him as their representative for thirty years, bequeathed four hundred pounds to the borough, the interest of which is expended in buying coal during the summer, to be sold to the poor in the winter at a moderate price. An old lady of Barton, Lincolnshire, being once benighted on the wolds, was able to direct her steps by the sound of the curfew-bell from St Peter's Church. In grateful remembrance, she conveyed a piece of land of thirteen acres to the parish-clerk and his successors, on condition that he rang the bell from seven to eight every evening (Sunday excepted), from the carrying of the first load of barley to Shrove Tuesday. The curfew-bell is still rung at many places, in accordance with old bequests.

Events of merely local interest are not unfitly commemorated by local charities; but there is something ridiculous in seeking to perpetuate the memory of such events as the accession of Queen Elizabeth, the defeat of the Armada, the Gunpowder Plot, the Great Fire of London, and victories such as Trafalgar and Waterloo, by doling out a few loaves of bread among the poor of some obscure township. Captain Cook's fame will be kept alive rather by his own achievements than his mother's donation to the poor of St Andrews the Great; and the townsmen and townswomen of the immortal tinker surely require no special benefaction to keep Bunyan's name in remembrance among them. Such memorials tend rather to the glorification of the individual who tacks himself or herself to a great name, than to the honour of the name itself. This objection, however, hardly applies to the annual relief distributed at the pillar at Brougham, erected by Anna, Countess-dowager of Pembroke, 'as a memorial of her last parting with her good and pious mother.'

That modest stone which pious Pembroke reared,
Which still records, beyond the pencil's power,
The silent sorrow of a parting hour!

William Norrice of Leicester, a miserly curmudgeon, desirous of purchasing immortality at the lowest possible price, and determined, even after death, to obtain the full worth of his money, 'in consideration of the love which he bore to the parish of All Saints, wherein he was born, and had lived, by the mercy of God, for fourscore and nine years, and for the charitable devotion he had to the poor,' granted a yearly sum of fifteen shillings to the parish conditionally, upon his instructions being fulfilled to the letter, any default to be punished by the withholding of his munificent gift. These conditions enjoined, that upon the Sunday preceding St Bartholomew's Day, the minister and churchwardens should meet and select forty-one of the poorest inhabitants, and deliver a written list of the fortunate ones to the parish clerk, that he might give them notice to attend at the church on Bartholomew's Eve. After the minister had duly exhorted his congregation to praise God for providing for the poor, and an appropriate psalm of thanksgiving had been sung, the forty-one were to be assembled in a convenient place, when the clerk calling each one by name 'in a loud voice,' gave him or her fourpence—the clergyman, clerk, and wardens each receiving a like sum for their trouble; and so ended the charitable farce of Much Ado about Nothing. A worthy pendant to the above may be found in the ostentatious bequest of John Troutbeck of Dacre, who left the interest of two hundred pounds to be distributed every Easter Sunday on the family tomb, by the hands and at the discretion of a Troutbeck of Blencow, so long as that famous line should be represented upon earth; in default, the fund to be administered by a Troutbeck who would take the

trouble to do it. Henry Dixon left certain moneys in trust to the Drapers' Company, for binding as apprentices any poor boys bearing the same Christian and surname; and, in a similar spirit, John Nicholson, stationer, of London, directed a hundred a year to be paid, in sums of fifty pounds, to poor persons bearing the name of Nicholson, towards their settlement in marriage; another hundred to be spent in apprenticing young Nicholsons; and a third hundred to be divided into annuities of five and ten pounds for poor men or women bearing the same name. This predilection for a name found vent in a more puerile manner. One Henry Green left his estates to his sister, with a proviso, that she should give four green waistcoats, lined with green galloon, to four poor men every Christmas; and his fellow-townsmen, Gray, directed that six nobles should be spent annually in providing six old women with waistcoats of gray cloth, and forty shillings in providing three old men with coats of the same material.

Bedford, famous for its multifarious charitable foundations, has been well styled a town killed with kindness; the parishes of Bredwardine and Litten come in the same category of victims of ill-considered liberality; nearly £3000 being annually distributed among a population of less than 2000, to the immense encouragement of idleness and improvidence.

The Rev. William Hanbury, of Church Langton, the friend of Lloyd and Churchill, and celebrated in his day as a horticulturist, seems to have aspired to become a charitable Thelluson. He left his property in the hands of trustees, to accumulate until it yielded an interest of a thousand a year, when they are to commence carrying out his grand scheme, by building a Gothic church 'as much like a cathedral as possible,' at Langton. This stately edifice is to have three steeples, the tallest not less than three hundred feet high, and provided with a peal of twelve bells. The communion-table and altar are to be of the finest marble; the organ, the best procurable; the edifice decorated with paintings by the greatest master living, and a 'religious gloom' thrown over the whole by means of magnificent stained windows. When not less than a hundred thousand pounds have been spent on the church, the trustees are to proceed with the secular institutions in connection with it. These comprise a museum of natural history, a public library, and a picture-gallery, designed 'to excite piety and devotion,' from scriptural history pieces, as well as to pay a proper deference to merit, by preserving one performance at least of the present and future artists, pointing out their excellence, and transmitting their names with honour to posterity. Five professors are to be provided with domiciles and annual incomes. The professor of grammar to teach an unlimited number of boys Greek, Latin, and rhetoric, for two guineas a year, and seventy Langton children gratuitously. The professor of music is to impart a knowledge of sacred composition, and the art of playing the spinet or harpsichord; the botanical professor is to include 'every other part of natural history' in his department, and the mathematical professor every branch of natural philosophy in his; the former, also, to give medical advice gratis to the county infirmary! The professor of antiquity, as his labours will be comparatively inconsiderable, is expected to devote himself to the collection of materials for the history of some one or other of the counties of England, until he and his successors have published the chronicles of every county in the land. Lastly, the professor of poetry is not to give lectures upon poetical literature, awaken the dormant genius of incipient bards, and annually give some original hymns and devotional songs to the world, but is solemnly enjoined to satirise in the severest manner, contemptuous of the law of libel, 'all who act meanly or basely in their station.' The effusions of the professor, we suppose, are to be issued from the printing-office which is to be

established for printing religious works for free distribution among the lower orders. These trifling institutions being established, and their maintenance insured, an infirmary for the county of Leicester is to be built, and a thousand a year set apart to erect similar institutions throughout the country. Then, schools are to be founded everywhere, organs presented to churches, dowries bestowed upon virtuous maidens, decayed tradesmen re-established in business, and poor prisoners liberated. In the founder's own words, 'no calamity befalling any by fire or water, storm or tempest, but their affliction shall be alleviated, and a share, if not the whole, of their misfortune made up here. The design of the whole of this foundation is universal charity, and here the distressed shall ever find relief. Here the poor man shall not want his cow, nor the little maid her ewe-lamb. The good, and industrious, and well-meaning shall ever find encouragement and assistance; and money shall not be wanting in carrying on prosecutions against rogues of all sorts! Here virtue shall be ever rewarded, and vice shall never go unpunished.' Mr Hanbury died in 1788. The income derived from the property in the trustees' hands amounted, in 1842, to five hundred and seventy-four pounds. At this rate, the realisation of the testator's ideas is not likely to be effected for some generations to come; and the subject being handed over to the Court of Chancery for consideration, in all probability the fund will, like Betton's bequest, be diverted to present use, instead of lying idle, in hope of fulfilling the dream of its ambitious founder.

L A R K S.

LARKS are perhaps the most familiar of all small birds to us English. The robin commits himself more fearlessly to the society of mankind, but then, he is essentially a country bird. The swallow skims the parks of our great towns, as well as the meadows by the far-off stream where no wheel is heard, but she comes to us only in the summer. The sparrow, indeed, remains all the year, and may be found everywhere—as fearless as the robin—a bird of catholic impudence; but he does not pretend to sing, but only to twitter. The lark, on the other hand, may be heard in the field and in the street, in the sky and in the cage. We find him on Salisbury Plain, and in Hungerford Market; up at 'heaven's gate,' and down in the bird-shops about the Seven Dials. Moreover, he possesses the (to him) questionable recommendation of being eatable; he is a delicacy to the tongue as well as to the ear; he is pleasant to see, to hear, and to taste. Sparrows are seldom cooked, except, perhaps, at the urgent request of spoiled little boys who have caught them; and roast swallows or robin-pie are delicacies yet to be proved. But the lark combines in himself almost all that a little bird can offer. He is very beautiful, though not brilliant; sings the sweet songs of liberty even when a captive; and after all, stripped of his bright brown feathers, and with his melodious throat twisted, gratifies his owner to the last mouthful, when eaten with gravy and fried bread-crumbs. Call not this horrible, dear reader, but recollect that I have here put down the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, about the advantages and excellence of larks. It is indeed this fulness of my record, this anxiety to say all that I can bring in rightly about them, which causes the painful transition from song to simmering, from the vault of heaven to the spit. Such contrasts may be horrible to some; there is perhaps more of the horrible than you think in most quiet histories, if you did but—as in the case of the larks—know all. Don't suppose, from the readiness with which I passed on to the gastronomical properties of the bird, that I myself am fond of eating larks; I am not. I like to

hear them sing; to see them mount. As for eating, I hold that birds are tedious and provoking when small. I like bigger cuts, though I don't inherit that appetite of our ancestors, the record of which survives in the saying: 'A goose is a foolish bird—too much for one, but not enough for two.'

Larks are not only, as I have said, good to see, hear, and taste, but they provide more smiles and illustrations to humanity than any other birds. I have not forgotten the eagle, of course; how some people are 'eyed' like him; how he sets forth the conquering far-seeing soul, when he is seen 'sailing in supreme dominion through the azure fields of air.' I have not forgotten that a man may be as hoarse as a rook, as greedy as a vulture, as pert as a sparrow. I have heard a little pretentious fellow compared to a tom-tit on a drum. No doubt there are some as wise as owls, and as silly as geese. There are others who swim like ducks, more who chatter like magpies. The local magnifico, when carried away by his pride, is compared to a turkey-cock; lovers bill and coo like turtle-doves. The persistent sot boasts of being able to sit like a hen; the high feeder lives like a fighting-cock. Birds and their belongings furnish abundant imagery. Nothing can be lighter than a feather, nothing can be softer than down. The locks of the hero are as black as a raven; the neck of his lady-love is as graceful as the swan's. I believe that these illustrations might be carried out to much greater length by any one who would take the pains. The thoughtless little school-boy repeats his lesson like a parrot. The confident assessor of his better rights claims his privilege of speech, crying: 'Every cock on his own dunghill,' with which savoury simile we will pass back to larks.

The lark excels in supply of illustration. I cannot find out whether there are any ornithological elements in the mud-lark; but the exhilarated disturber of our first sleep, the ravisher of knockers, is said, by what connection I know not, to be 'sky-larking'; the 'sky,' however, is now generally dropped, and the misguided 'gent.' sums up his exploits simply as a 'lark.' How the little bird we are considering came to have his title so dishonoured, may of course be accounted for in various ingenious but unsatisfactory ways. Probably, there is some reference to the overflow of spirits which seems to distinguish the songster.

But to leave these questionable illustrations, we come to a group both obvious and happy. The early man rises with the lark. Do we want to express a pleasant combination of brightness and activity, we say such a one is as fresh as a lark. And when we have listened to the joyous flexible song of an unaffected girl, we feel we are paying no ill compliment when we say she sings like a lark. Now, there is no other bird which provides so many illustrations. The lark has touched our hearts oftener than any other songster of its size, and made the most varied and distinct impressions on the memory.

Larks are found all over Europe, but being hardy and prolific, survive in large numbers the war which is continually made against them. Being, as we have seen, good to eat, they are persecuted even in England, where so few small birds find their way either into the market or on to the table. Abroad, as we know, all manner of small game are sought after and cooked. I remember once, while going down the Rhone in a steamer, being offered a bunch of raw water-wagtails to eat at one of the villages where the boat touched.

On some parts of the continent, the lark's curiosity is employed to destroy him. He is an inquisitive bird, and will hover over an object for the purpose of inspection. Knowing this, the sportsman fixes into the ground a little whirligig, covered with bits of looking-glass, which he spins by means of a string. The larks, seeing the glittering machine from a great distance, hasten to investigate, and hover over it within shot. With us, they are killed for the table

in winter, especially in the snow, when they congregate in large flocks, and sometimes enable the pot-hunter to bag several at one discharge. They are also netted in large numbers. Lark-shooting, however, is carried on in some parts quite in a sportsman-like way; I mean the birds are put up by walking the stubble, and are killed singly on the wing. This is considered good practice for young shots, and may be had best during the months of November and December, if the weather be open. In frost and snow, the birds flock, and when once disturbed, will often rise to a great height, out of range, and fly away to a considerable distance. But they are so fond of some spots, that however persecuted, they are sure soon to return. They love mostly warm upland soils. I remember some fields, about a mile from my home, when I was a boy, where larks were certain to be found, whatever the weather. There they sung earliest in the spring; there they flocked when the snow fell, and the frost hardened the ground. These fields sloped towards the south.

Probably most of my readers know that the lark alone of all our birds sings while on the wing, and never alights but on the ground. I say never, but I have once or twice seen a sky-lark make a bungling attempt to perch for a minute on a hedge. Its claws are not formed to grasp a twig, the hinder ones being very long. This bird, however, will sometimes remove its eggs and helpless young by taking them up in its feet, when circumstances render the position of its nest dangerous. This removal of the household is strictly a 'fitting.' Its nest is always on the ground, and often carelessly built; the eggs, four or five in number, vary in colour, being suited, doubtlessly, to the prevailing tint of the soil. I noticed some last year in a slate district in Cumberland, tinted exactly like the broken pieces of that material; while in earthy-looking soils I have observed a useful tinge of brown.

We cannot but admire the providence which enables this bird so readily to drop upon the very spot where its nest is concealed, after soaring long up in the sky; a nest which seems to have nothing to mark its position, and which a man may sometimes search for in vain, even though he may have marked the spot within a few yards. I was much struck with this last summer. I was climbing a mountain covered with short grass, a huge stock of turf, joining the Helvellyn range; a lark brushed up at my feet, and flew far away. Stooping down, I discovered a nest with five eggs. How could she, thought I, find this warm little home again; this tiny hidden spot on the great mountain's breast, where for miles there was nothing but monotonous green carpet, unbroken by bush or rock, not a path, landmark, or signpost to guide her back to her home. Nothing but the unerring instinct, unassisted by any sense, which God had given her for a guide! Sure, thought I, here is a little parable, without words, telling those who will learn, that though to all appearance the helpless be deserted—and it would not be in man's power to shew how they could be cared for again—yet the right comforter and protector will come, guided by a spirit whose ways we cannot explain, but only receive and bless.

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

THE touching bereavement that has fallen on the Royal House, the Christmas holidays, and momentous political considerations, seem to have brought ordinary matters to a temporary pause; while more than one scientific or learned society resume their meetings under the painful consciousness that they have lost their President, or most distinguished honorary member. Science, art, and philosophy have, however, not stood still; they have contented themselves with working quietly for awhile, and out of the whole sum

we may gather a few particulars wherewith to commence our monthly summaries for the present year.

The experience gained since the last equinox has confirmed the expectation of beneficial results from the telegrams flashed to the principal seaports from the Meteorological Department of the Board of Trade. The hoisting of the storm-signal, or the caution to look out for gales, has saved a number of vessels from damage or wreck; and has, moreover, so far impressed the minds of seamen and fishermen, that they begin to place confidence in the warnings, as more trustworthy than their own rough and ready weather-anticipations. We may fairly expect that in proportion as meteorology takes more of a scientific character, so will the signals become more precise; and certainly with no diminution of reputation to Admiral Fitz Roy, who is already regarded by many persons as the Clerk of the Weather. Hitherto, the signals have only been available by daylight; but now they are to be shewn at night by means of red lamps, so that if, when the admiral leaves his office in Parliament Street at the close of the day, he sees reason to apprehend the coming of a north-easterly gale, or a south-westerly cyclone, he will order the flashing of a message to the ports; and ere dusk sets in, the red lamps will fling their warning radiance around our coasts. Seeing that the patent for the aneroid barometer has expired, the admiral makes a practical suggestion—namely, that mariners should provide themselves with a small aneroid, which could be carried in the waistcoat pocket, and would always indicate changes of atmospheric pressure. These small instruments are manufactured by Messrs Negretti and Zambra, and they can be used to measure within two or three feet, the height of a house, a mast, or a cliff. It is also suggested that if a huge aneroid, with an exaggerated index, could be erected within sight of a large port, then mates or masters could tell, at any moment in clear weather, if the barometer were high or low, rising or falling.

This same department of the Board of Trade has recently published another batch of *Meteorological Papers*, Nos. 6 to 10, all of which deserve attention from practical as well as theoretical considerations. In one, sub-entitled *Miscellaneous*, we find remarks on meteorological progress, records of balloon ascents, descriptions of instruments, notices of remarkable phenomena, and 'forecasts of weather.' Another is a *Barometer Manual*, which costs not more than sixpence, and contains such particulars as will enable any intelligent person to understand the action of a barometer, and the way to make trustworthy observations. Another contains a translation of Professor Dove's *Periodical Variations of the Pressure of the Atmosphere*; another is filled with tables shewing the results of *Anemometry at Bermuda*; another sets forth *Diurnal Range-tables of the Barometer* within the Tropics; there are, besides, valuable observations from parts of the world ranging from the Orkneys to Natal and Tahiti, a barometer and weather guide, and a course of instruction to seamen as to how they may navigate the ocean from port to port in the shortest time, and with least danger.

By information lately received from Iceland, it appears that a series of observations made with reference to the cod-fishery shews an increase in the times of bad weather and in their duration; so much so, that the proverb seems to apply literally, 'Six months winter, and six months bad weather.' Many readers will remember what disastrous weather Captain M'Clintock met with, when, two summers ago, he sailed in the *Bulldog*, to take soundings for a north-about Atlantic telegraph-cable. The occasion of this bad weather is supposed to be a great accumulation of ice in latitudes nearer the pole.

M. Coste, whose name we have from time to time mentioned in connection with what the French call

pisciculture, has realised a project, formed some years since, for transporting shell-fish from the shores of North America, and naturalising them on the coasts of France. Clams abound along the seaboard of the dis-United States, as cockles do in the sands of the Wash; and of the different species, two hundred individuals were brought over last April in the *Arago* steamer, and were at once placed in the 'parks' prepared for them on the coast of Brittany, under M. Coste's own supervision. They lived through the summer, and are at present in so healthy a condition, as to encourage the hope that they are thoroughly acclimatised. There now remains the question of reproduction, and if this be answered favourably, the shores of France will, in the course of a few years, be colonised by millions of clams, and the country will possess a palatable and inexhaustible addition to its supplies of food. M. Coste intends, we believe, to continue his experiments with oysters and other marine animals from the western side of the Atlantic, in which praiseworthy undertaking he has been promised the valuable co-operation of Professor Agassiz.

The earnest inquiry for cotton has revived the attempts made at the beginning of the present century to render flax useful as a substitute for cotton in woven goods. Napoleon the First offered a large prize for the discovery of a method by which flax could be made available; and we hear that an inventor has now come forward with flax combed from the fibre in such a way that it remains perfectly soft and tender, and in a proper condition for mixing with wool in those branches of manufacture which require and combine a considerable portion of cotton.—In connection with this subject, we recall attention to the Tree-mallow (*Lavatera arborea*), a British plant of fibrous quality. It was described in a paper read before the Royal Dublin Society, and Mr John Hogg, F.R.S., brought it under notice of the Linnean Society of London. He has since then had the fibre dressed and spun into rope, of which he exhibited a specimen to the Society at one of their meetings in the course of last session. It was prepared from bark of one year's growth, and was perhaps coarser than would have been the case with two years' bark; it is, however, strong and tough, and appears to become stronger and tougher the more it is soaked in water. It can also be woven into matting; and as the bark contains a considerable quantity of mucilage, an impression prevails that it might be used in the manufacture of coarse paper.

A few scientific naturalists are discussing the interesting question of a zoological census: to most persons, it will present itself as an entirely novel question. Regarded, however, in its bearings on natural history, it is important: for example, a naturalist in Durham might describe a certain species of bird or insect as *common*, which in Devonshire would be rare; and it is clear that without some fixed standard no comparisons could be made. This standard could only be arrived at by actual enumeration; a task which at first sight appears hopeless; but competent observers with a quick eye have already demonstrated its possibility. The advantages of such a census would not be few; among them there is one involving profound philosophy, as pointed out by Mr Alfred Newton, in a paper on the subject, with allusion to Mr Darwin's *Origin of Species*. It is, as he expresses it, 'the light which might in consequence be thrown upon what we have lately heard so much of, the great question of the "struggle for life." It appears to me,' continues Mr Newton, 'that before we can assign any cause for the predominance of any one species over another in any given district, the first thing to be ascertained is, the *measure of that predominance*. This found, if the relative abundance of other species which influence its well-being—say, of insects or plants, as affording it food and harbour; or of predatory animals, as checking

its increase—we shall surely have acquired some valuable facts bearing upon its existence, and thus be enabled to judge with less chance of error respecting its preservation as a "favoured race."

Mr R. W. Sievier, a highly ingenious Fellow of the Royal Society, has, after a long course of experiments carried on in Belgium, discovered a new method of smelting iron, which promises great results, whether from the mechanical or economical point of view. The essential principle consists, as we are informed, in a process of exhaustion in preference to a blast; and the result is, that less time is required to liquefy the metal than in the ordinary process; that when cast it is surprisingly superior in quality to ordinary iron; that, bulk for bulk, it weighs much heavier; and that excellent razors can be forged at once from it, without the intermediate process of conversion into steel. We hear that one of the leading ironmasters of Staffordshire is building a furnace for smelting on the new principle: hence all who are interested in the subject may expect to see 'exhaust iron' in the market in the course of a few months.

An inventor at Philadelphia has repeated the experiment, made some years ago at Birmingham, for purifying iron while in the furnace by passing through it an induced current of electricity; and with more success than his English predecessor, seeing that apparatus suitable for the production of secondary currents is more available now than formerly. The process is applicable to steel as well as iron; and if carbonate of ammonia is thrown into the furnace during the passage of the current, the quality of the metal will be improved; for it is a fact known to metallurgists, that *good* iron or *good* steel must contain nitrogen.—Professor Vogel makes known to workmen that iron and steel tools may be preserved from rust by dissolving in a given quantity of benzine half its weight of white wax, and then applying the solution to the metal with a brush. The benzine evaporates, and leaves a thin, smooth, and permanent coating of wax on the surface, which protects the metal, and, as is said, resists the action of acid vapours.—Another Pennsylvanian inventor has effected an improvement in scale-beams, which seems likely to facilitate the weighing of heavy goods; it consists of a supplementary beam, so contrived that, while one weighs the tare, the other weighs the actual quantity of merchandise. Hence at one operation a hoghead of sugar may be weighed, and the proper deduction made for staves and hoops; or a wagon-load of coal, with trustworthy allowance for the weight of the vehicle.

Judging from discussions that have recently taken place, it appears probable that some change will be made in the patent laws in the coming session of parliament. Enlightened mechanicians and inventors have long been of opinion that patents are detrimental to the progress of invention and to increase of trade and industry, and they suggest that if ingenuity is to be rewarded, it should be in some other way than by the grant of a monopoly, which experience has proved to be hurtful alike from the practical and the moral point of view.—The Institute of British Architects are preparing a new examination-paper for young architects, after correspondence on the subject with similar societies in Edinburgh, Glasgow, Liverpool, and elsewhere, and henceforth competitors who pass will rank either in a Class of Proficiency, or a Class of Distinction. Young architects have long been asking for an opportunity of demonstrating their knowledge of their favourite art, and now the opportunity will be offered to them. It is to be hoped that the examinations will not be make-believe, because it is quite time that bungling builders should cease to palm themselves off upon the public as architects.

Lectures on ornamental art are in course of delivery at Wolverhampton and other provincial towns, from which many an artificer will learn, for the first time,

that Art has a history; that even fancy and imagination must work in obedience to certain recognised principles, and that excrescences, however full of 'design,' of wandering curves and huddled foliage, are not necessarily ornament. Good lecturers are in request at present; for under the authority of the Commander-in-chief, lectures are to be delivered to the troops at the several military stations throughout the kingdom, illustrated by appropriate diagrams, which are to be circulated from station to station. A commendable regulation in connection with the scheme deserves notice: the lectures are not to exceed one hour in length.

Penzance, the birthplace of Sir Humphry Davy, is talking about the erection of a statue to the memory of that celebrated chemist.—Sir John Franklin, son of a linen-draper at Spilsby, whose tomb is the Arctic Sea, is now commemorated by a statue set up in his native town.—The Society of Antiquaries have had a very interesting exhibition of the earliest of printed books, lent for the purpose by various well-known collectors, among whom was the late Prince Consort.

L A T E S N O W D R O P S .

WHY droop ye so,
Pale children of the tempest and the snow—
The first-fruits of the spring,
Feathers just fallen from her flying wing?
Do ye regret
The star-crown that the frost about you set,
Or are ye jealous of the violet?
Lift up your heads;
For now bright summer at a distance treads,
And through the arches dark,
Where grow the dank cool mosses on the bark,
And from the thickets where the ring-doves meet,
We hear the echoes of her hast'ning feet.
Poor falterers! ye can but vainly wait
So simple-hearted, in such virgin guise,
With modest, downcast eyes,
Patient and trembling, at her golden gate.
We love you none the less—
Rather the more—for ye come out alone;
Ye are our friends when all the rest are gone;
And timidly our lonely feet caress,
Even as they
That do not in the winter fall away.
Love such as yours,
That through the sharp times of the frost endures,
And changes not for all the changing skies,
We are too slow to prize.
Yet we will not forget
The pale sweet face, with early tear-drops wet,
Lifted to ours,
Because of finer flowers.
Ev'n now ye droop and die,
And take your simple farewell of the sky;
Ev'n now your weary heads
Lie here and there upon the mossy beds;
No summer-air
Shall bring your blossoms back where once they were;
No autumn-rain
Shall ever waken you to life again;
Your very trace shall pass,
And vanish like a shadow from the grass:
Yet shall your memory live—
The rather for the solace that ye give,
Making our hearts glad with the thought of spring,
When earth can spare no other living thing;
And when, next year, amid the fallen snow,
We see you, where before ye used to grow,
Ye shall come back as they
That have been absent only for a day. F. C. W.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH. Also sold by all Booksellers.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL OF POPULAR LITERATURE

Science and Arts.

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 422.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1862.

PRICE 1d.

EARNING PROMOTION.

THE *Galveston Standard* had become insolvent, leaving me with hardly a cent in my pocket, since my salary as sub-editor was a twelvemonth in arrear. I cannot, in fairness, assert that the catastrophe was an unexpected one, since I had struggled with tongue and pen, for the better part of a year, against the press of ill-fortune. But our leading articles fell flat on the Texan public, our news was forestalled, our best correspondents went over to the enemy, and our politics were unpopular. The *Standard* was a 'Republican' journal; the Texans are mostly democrats. We fell, as Macaulay says of Lord Chancellor Clarendon, with a great ruin. Bailiffs took possession of our type, our presses, and our virgin reams of paper. Poor old Methley, the proprietor, after drinking nineteen consecutive brandy cock-tails at his favourite tavern, took a fatal plunge from the quay, and was drawn from the sea, three hours afterwards, cold and dead. Seneca Jollith, the editor, was lucky enough to get appointed private secretary to his cousin, Abaelom Brackley Jollith, the United States minister at Berlin. As for myself, never, since I first came out to Canada with five thousand pounds, the wreck of a much larger fortune, dilapidated by British speculations, had the social sky looked so cheerless.

I had done and suffered much during seven years spent in America; and, after congratulating myself on several brilliant openings, I found myself all but penniless, and at a loss for employment. In this emergency, I thought myself fortunate in procuring a post as schoolmaster in the city of Austin. Taking one thing with another, my emoluments in this office may have reached the sum of nine hundred dollars per annum, and the turkeys and venison received as gifts from the parents of youthful prodigies and prize-men may have averaged a hundred dollars more. I brushed up what remained of my Rugby Latin and Greek, as well as of the modern tongues and mathematics picked up at Heidelberg University; and, on the whole, I got through with my work very fairly, and really taught what I professed to teach—a thing not by any means a matter of course in the Southern States. With home-staying folks in England, the division of labour is so accurate, and castes are so clearly defined, that a schoolmaster seems unfit for any other task than that of tuition. We all form our own notions of the model-pedagogue—an obtrusively

learned person in black-silk stockings, stiff white neckcloth, and glossy black, whose whole soul, for half a century together, is devoted to algebra, iambics, Greek particles, birch-rods, and other amenities of education; but in America, matters are differently managed. Once a schoolmaster, always a schoolmaster, is not the rule there. The principal of an academy receives no special training. It is no drawback to a man's ambition that he has taught boys. There is no reason why a schoolmaster should not have been a steam-boat captain, hotel waiter, plantation overseer, and gambling-house proprietor; there is even less to bar a schoolmaster from becoming a field-officer, merchant-shipper, farmer, preacher, senator, envoy, or engine-driver. Many Yankees, like Hajji Baba, go through all these grades.

I was not a Yankee, but I had been long enough in America to adapt myself to circumstances; and I never regarded my school at Austin as anything else than a temporary perch and breathing-place on the ladder of life, while I should have time to look out for something better. I did my duty, but my heart was not in the work. Dr Arnold himself, with all his genial aptitude for impressing youthful minds, would have been puzzled by my pupils. Those pert young citizens had no reverence in their dispositions, and were destitute of the slightest tendency to hero-worship—not that I was a hero, of course, but that he must be a poor tutor who cannot win the esteem and respect of a set of English boys. My young Texans, on the other hand, viewed me strictly in the light of a trader who sold them knowledge at a fixed price, screwed out of me, in information, the full value of the parental dollars, and were perfectly independent and cool in their bearing towards me. It can hardly be wondered at, under such circumstances, that I was anxious to win promotion in some other line, and that I absolutely longed for the day when I should close the grammars and lexicons for ever. At last, an admirable chance presented itself. Old Major M'Manus, superintendent of the Border Police, gave me a private hint of his intention to resign office.

'Why don't you try for my berth, cap.?' said the good-natured old man. I was not a captain, by the way, but I had once been a subaltern in her Majesty's service, and the Americans gave me brevet rank. 'Why don't you, eh? It would suit you a sparkling sight better than tryin' to cram Latin accidents and algebra into the darned thick-heads of my brother

Mark's hopeful sons. You throw yourself clean away, cap. Any chap could do the bookish work, but it needs a tight hand to curb our border rowdies, and to keep those Indian scamps in order. And even Mark, who's riled because his eldest didn't get the declamation prize, even he says you're too smart for a schoolmaster.'

'You flatter me, major,' said I, wavering in my mind. 'But even supposing me to possess the necessary qualifications for the superintendent's post, I see no hopes of obtaining it.'

'No?' said the old officer, a rough warrior, who had fought under the Lone Star flag against the Mexicans; 'and why not? The situation must be given away, and why shouldn't you hit plum-centre, as well as another chap?'

In reply, I said that I was a stranger and foreigner; that I had little or no interest with the authorities; and that I had absolutely no experience in matters of police. The major was a true friend; he not only pooh-poohed my objections, declaring that a man must wade before he could swim, but he volunteered to 'speak a good word for me' to the governor of the state.

About ten days after this, I was summoned to the governor's presence. With General H——, I had but the slightest acquaintance; but I was well aware of the high character which he deservedly bore for energy and honesty of purpose. He was not exactly a popular man; his haughty manners and brusque speech made many dislike him; but in moments of danger and difficulty, the eyes of the Texan settlers turned instinctively towards their old commander. Placemen in America are generally very soft spoken and bland in demeanour towards their constituents. General H—— was of another type. Tall, meagre, and tightly buttoned in a closely fitting blue coat, wearing jack-boots and brass spurs, he looked as thorough a martinet as any Austrian *Feldmeister*; and it was in a martinet's tone that he said, fixing his piercing eyes on me: 'M'Manus tells me, sir, that you want to be his successor; he tells me, too, that you are an honest man—a scarce quality anywhere. Hum! I believe you know nothing of police duties?' The last question was propounded with startling suddenness. The governor's thin jaws seemed to open and shut as sharply as the teeth of a rat-trap.

Without a moment's hesitation, I told him the truth. Except from hearsay and report, I was wholly ignorant as to the routine of a police superintendent's duties; but Major M'Manus had expressed his conviction that I should 'learn the business, with all its fixings, in a month at most;' and I was very willing to try.

The governor's hard-lined face relaxed considerably; his keen eyes twinkled approval, and he smiled in his grim way as he answered: 'I like that. There's some satisfaction, after all, in dealing with a born Britisher. A wheedling Yankee, now, would have tried to make me give credit to his assertions that he had been in state-employ before, and in the very line required. Truth's best policy, when old Nat H—— holds the scales. But hark ye, sir'—here he grew stern again—'the post doesn't go a-begging. You must earn it. By your own admission, you are not exactly qualified. You must *earn* it.'

'Nothing I should like better!' exclaimed I, and then bit my lips, fancying I had said a very foolish thing, or, rather, a sensible thing in a foolish and disrespectful manner, since candidates for promotion are usually deferential and polite in both hemispheres.

I was wrong, however, for General H—— brightened up amazingly at my words, and, for the first time, civilly desired me to be seated. He then turned to a cabinet, from a secret drawer in which he extracted a mass of papers, carefully docketed, and placed them on the heavy table of unpolished mahogany. Then he took a seat opposite me. 'The task which I require

you to undertake, Captain Kendal, is one of very considerable difficulty. It needs discretion and tact, and the risk is worth your thinking of. If you succeed, sir, you shall have the major's place as soon as he retires. If you fail, I warn you, you'll lose more than the salary.' And here the governor passed his lean hand, edgewise, two or three times across his bony neck, so as to indicate in sufficiently lucid pantomime the action of cutting a throat.

'There's not a soul, sir, except M'Manus and myself, who has an inkling of the truth,' pursued the general after a pause; 'and we'd not have guessed it, but for the depositions of a trapper, whose evidence is here in writing. Through him, we have got a clue to such black villainy as Texas never saw before, to the existence of a nest of criminals, whose cunning is a screen to their wickedness. But before I go further, have you yourself, sir, never heard rumours of travellers who have set off on a journey to the Mexican borders, and never been heard of more? Leonard Smith and his wife; Señor José Guzman, with his son, daughters, and servants; the Thorgoods, Zimri Sickles, and many more?'

I replied that I had some indistinct recollection of the disappearance of persons bearing these names; adding, that I had understood it was feared that they had been cut off by the Indians.

'Indians!' exclaimed General H—— testily: 'the Comanches need to have broad shoulders, sir, to bear all the weight of their own sins and those others lay on them. No, no, captain; I don't believe Indians meddled in the matter. Read those papers, and you'll understand what I mean.'

I did read, and I felt my cheeks grow pale, my lip quiver, and my eyes dilate, as I perused the documents before me. 'Great Heavens!' I cried involuntarily, 'can such a traffic in blood and treachery exist in the nineteenth century, in a Christian land?'

'I do not wonder at your surprise,' answered General H——; 'but in so new and wild a country as Texas, there are greater facilities for crime than in the long-settled portions of America. We have, as you know, a motley population, made up in a large measure of desperate characters, seeking refuge from the law—However, this is not to the point. Will you undertake the duty of unravelling this business?'

I, of course, agreed, and the governor having expressed his gratification at my answer, proceeded to enter into details, from which there appeared but too much reason to apprehend that the missing persons had been murdered by other than Indian agency. Some trinkets, of no great value, which were recognised as having belonged to the daughters of Señor Guzman, a wealthy landowner of Spanish blood, had been sold in the town of St Antonio by a Mexican pedler. Mr Thorgood's gold watch, with his name engraved upon the inner part of the case, had been seen by a traveller from Texas, exposed for sale in a jeweller's shop, in one of the petty towns of New Mexico, though the tradesman refused to give any explanation of the manner in which he became possessed of it. But the best evidence that foul-play had been practised was afforded by an uncouth trapper from the Rocky Mountains. This man had privately sought an interview with General H——, and had told him a horrible story in connection with a lonely inn near the borders, where travellers with property disappeared for ever, and from whose fatal doors no living guest who was worth plundering had ever been known to emerge. I read the trapper's deposition: it was roughly and hastily written down from the man's verbal statements, since he could neither read nor write, but it had a terrible savour of truth about it. And yet it was hard to believe that such things could be, in a country where, if wild and sudden acts of violence were common, deliberate crime was rare. I hardly knew whether to regard the trapper's assertions as glaring falsehoods, as the

hallucinations of a madman, or as strange truths told by an untutored tongue.

'But why,' asked I in great perplexity, 'was this important witness not detained? and why was not a search-warrant issued at once, to examine the houses of the suspected tavern-keeper; and'—

General H— laughed his dry laugh. 'Captain,' said he, 'your British raising makes you look at American affairs through English spectacles. We are not here in one of your old European lands, where all classes have a superstitious reverence for law. How could I keep the trapper? The fellow was a free man, and he loped off with his rifle and packs, and I saw no more of him. He was a rough diamond; could hardly talk with a Christian tongue, and mixed his story up with phrases of Indian and Spanish, that M'Manus and I had to puzzle out and translate, as best we might. According to his own tale, he had had a marvellous escape; his poverty and uncouth aspect had brought him safely through the robbers' den, and he said something of going back there to clear up the matter fully.'

'Do you think he has done so?' I asked. The general shrugged his shoulders.

'Perhaps so; perhaps not. Most likely, the man is setting his traps and shooting game in some untrodden wilderness of Arizona or New Mexico. Those hunters are not like civilised men; they are impatient of restraint, and not very fond of the forms and ceremonies which beset our law-courts. As for a search-warrant, I could not venture, on such grounds, to put the affront of a search upon a naturalised citizen of the state, such as Van Clein is. He is a man of some property, this Van Clein, and a captain of militia. The "boys" would not countenance any arbitrary trespass on his premises; and a governor must keep well with the majority.'

I made no verbal answer, but no doubt my features expressed anything but approbation, for the governor laid his hand lightly on my arm, and said: 'Do not misjudge me! I abhor, as much as you can do, the wickedness which I have but too much reason to fear has been done in the state I have the honour to preside over, and I am desirous of eliciting the truth. We want good and clear proof. Give us that, and you shall have no cause to murmur at our slackness.'

Thus it fell out that, three days later, I found myself, in company with old Major M'Manus, riding out of Austin, on an errand which I could not but acknowledge to myself to be of a dangerous and unpleasant nature. The major was in very high spirits, and wore his faded uniform with a more jaunty air than usual. I, on the contrary, felt nervous and depressed; to be sure, the hope of a good post shone brilliantly before my mental vision, but an ugly business lay between that hope and me. I had, though with considerable difficulty, procured the services of a scholastic deputy, who was to impart learning to my pupils during an absence which might extend over weeks; I had bought a horse, a rifle, and a bowie-knife, had loaded my revolver, and was ready for the road.

'That's a nice mustang critter of yours,' said the major critically, as we paced out of the city: 'a nice bit of horse-flesh. I see the left ear's notched; that's a Mexican trick: his feet have grown so that the smith had to pare away a considerable deal of hoof, yes, sir, afore he could shoe him; that shews the critter has been in Indian hands: they never have iron on their nags' feet. He's been just stole, somewhere on the Rio Grande, by redskins.' Having thus satisfactorily accounted for my steed, the major next turned his attention to myself.

'You ride 'nation pretty, cap,' he was kind enough to say, 'neat and nice, and not a bit like them high-shouldered, leggy, clumsy Yankees up north. I was raised in Tennessee myself, among the Corncrackers,

and we calculate that we can ride there, a few. But you don't look happy, that's a fact.'

I frankly owned that I did not feel in very cheerful spirits. The major reined up his piebald horse, and confronted me with wondering eyes.

'Don't say it,' he cried, giving a sounding slap to his booted knee—'don't say the words. You afraid! you not clear grit? I'll eat my hat, lace and all, if you're the man to shew the white feather.'

The major was greatly reassured when he discovered that I was not harassed by apprehensions for my own safety, but that I felt an Englishman's instinctive dislike to the business in hand. What I had to do was to play a part very closely resembling that of a spy, and such an avocation was not at all to my liking. The major smote his breast.

'Jerusalem! Cap., if you Britishers don't whip creation for squeamishness. Just see here. Here's a nest of spotted snakes in human shape, a 'nation sight worse than all the copperheads and rattlers in the Union, and you must be dainty about ridding the world of 'em! I wish I was a younger man, and not so well known, and I'd soon settle the thing myself, I would. How are we to punish the skunks, if you don't ferret out the truth? And to leave 'em unpunished! Young man, you'll have on your head all the blood those miscreants are likely to go on spilling, if you don't unmask 'em.'

I gradually yielded to the major's arguments, and the old man, proud of his success, was liberal of good advice.

'You'll just ride to St Antonio city,' said he, 'and give this letter to Moreno, the sheriff. Moreno's a good fellow, and true as steel to the state, for all his Spanish name. He's up to every trick and twist that a Texan rowdy can devise, and if he can't shew you a way to get scot-free out of this business, nobody can. Good-bye, cap.; I shall hope yet to see you fill my shoes as superintendent of police.' So we shook hands and parted. I did ride to the city of St Antonio, and there presented my credentials to Sheriff Moreno, a man of high character and intelligence. With this gentleman, I had a lengthened conference; and to his prudent counsels whatever merit attaches to the stratagem which I proceeded to put in practice, is justly due. The inn on whose proprietor rested the dark suspicion I have mentioned, was situated in a very lonely spot among the forks of the St Miguel river; no other house stood within thirty miles or more, and to the south lay a district of evil renown, frequently infested by hostile Indians. It was from the south, however, that I approached it, having made a long circuit for that very purpose, and arriving on a black mustang which the sheriff had lent me, an animal of extraordinary power and speed. Moreno, who was pretty well acquainted, by report, with the daring and desperate character of the elder Van Clein, had warned me that on the fleetness of my horse my life might probably depend, should my errand be discovered. The tavern was a long low structure, solidly built of logs and slabs, and with a shingled roof in indifferent repair.

Four or five colossal trees, forest giants, that had been spared for the sake of the shade they afforded, stood near the weather-beaten house, immediately behind which was a dense thicket of jungly vegetation; while the numerous runlets of water that gushed through the luxuriant turf, proved that the ground was of a swampy nature. There was a courtyard, of great size, surrounded by dilapidated barns and half-ruined ranges of stables; there was a stockade for defence against the Indians, and a strongly palisaded corral rose beside the broken palings of a neglected garden.

Beyond, was the wide prairie, a sea of grass and flowers, rolling away into distance, the green of the nearer meadows merging into the blue haze of distance. Towards this uninviting hostelry I advanced at

a brisk hand-gallop, and reined up at the entrance of the stockade. The latter was but carelessly closed by a couple of unbarked saplings, placed crosswise, and certainly no hostile visit from Indians appeared to be apprehended, to judge by the slightness of the defences.

'House! hilloa! house!' I shouted from the saddle. At the half-open door of the inn, just beneath a board on which was inscribed, in characters well-nigh effaced by rain and sun, the announcement that Van Clein provided 'good accommodation for man and beast,' stood a girl. She was tall and well shaped, with dark hair gathered into a red silk net, in Mexican style, and wearing a gaudy kirtle of orange striped with black, and a Spanish bodice adorned with gay embroidery in tarnished silver. But it was not this exhibition of foreign finery, put on in a careless and slovenly fashion, as it was, which attracted my attention; it was the singular expression of the girl's face—a handsome pale face, with bright black eyes, and finely cut features. But the eyes had a stony, sad look; the lips twitched nervously; and there was a settled frown, marring the smoothness of the brow.

'House! hilloa! house!' I called out more lustily than before; and my horse began to neigh and paw the earth, as if he too were demanding admittance. The neigh of horses from the ruinous stables answered the sound, and a mastiff chained in the yard uttered his deep-toned bark. The young woman had been gazing dreamily across the lonely stretch of prairie, and had neither noticed my approach, nor heard my first summons. She now started, as one suddenly awakened from sleep, and came forward with a slow step, shading her eyes with her hand, and steadily regarding me. There was something theatrical and peculiar in her gait and bearing, at which, at another time, I might have been tempted to smile. I did not feel inclined to smile then.

'Can I have food and shelter here to-night, miss?' I asked, as I took off my hat, and bowed with that deference to females which is universal in America. My form of address may appear, to English judgments, trite and vulgar; it was in full accordance with the etiquette of the backwoods. The girl hesitated for a moment. Her voice seemed to falter, for she twice tried to speak, before she succeeded in uttering an audible sound.

'Stranger, you can be served. You're welcome.'

Simple words, but said in a hollow tone that rang strangely and sadly upon the ear, like the note of a passing bell.

'I've come up from the south, Mexico way,' said I, in as natural and indifferent a voice as I could command, 'and reckoned on sleeping under this roof. But perhaps you may not be prepared to receive guests at such short notice, and in that case I should be sorry to trouble you or cause you inconvenience. There is yet a good hour of daylight.'

The girl looked up at the sun, and then glanced at me with a wild, undecided expression, not unlike that of incipient madness. 'True, there's light yet, and your mustang is fresh and good. You might get to Cooper's Farm on the St Miguel, and'—

'And if he did, could Cooper give him as good a supper, ay, or as good a bed, as Cornelius Van Clein can? Answer me that, you silly wench!' cried a deep voice at my elbow. I looked sharply round. The redoubted landlord was before me, a broad-built man of middle age, dressed in a suit of brown cloth, very un-American in cut and texture. Van Clein was about fifty years old, but his crisply curling hair was hardly iron-gray as yet; his deep-set eyes sparkled with all the fire of an energetic nature, and his strong features shewed the impress of a nature at once resolute and crafty, and a relentless will. He wore a red cap, and there were golden rings in his ears, such as foreign seamen wear.

'You are the proprietor of this hotel?' I asked in a civil tone.

'I'm landlord of this tavern,' returned the man bluntly; 'and you may thank your stars, Britisher, that I was within earshot when that foolish daughter of mine proposed to send you on to Cooper's. Hägel! the night will be dark and moonless, and it's easy for a stranger to lose his way, and get smothered in the swamps. But come in, master, come in!'

I dismounted accordingly, and mine host proceeded briskly to remove the saplings, and give me admittance.

'There's not a house for thirty miles,' said he, as he replaced the young fir-trees, 'and I'm not sure we've got a larder as well stocked as might be; but never mind, sir, there's good liquor in the cellars. Old Cornelius Van Clein can set as racy a flask of wine before a guest—let alone brandy and whisky—as the governor of Texas could.'

The landlord spoke very good English, but his Dutch accent was clearly perceptible, though, even without it, I should have recognised him as an immigrant from the 'old countries.' The New World does not produce those sturdy broad-chested figures, such as Van Clein's, in whom Herculean strength seemed to be combined with a fair share of activity. The landlord's complexion, naturally rubicund, though somewhat sallowed by unwholesome heat and hard living, was unquestionably European. The girl shrank away at the first sound of her father's voice, and we were left alone. As the landlord officiously took the bridle of my horse to lead the way towards the stables, I noticed that the hand which he extended was excessively muscular, and as hairy as a bear's paw.

'Many travellers been by this year, mister?' said I, in the most American tone I was master of; for, although Van Clein had accosted me as a 'Britiaher,' I thought that as a Yankee I might appear less an object of suspicion.

'Not overly,' answered the host: 'a lonesome road this. Yours is a tidy nag, sir, but you've put him along pretty smart, I guess.'

'Indeed, I have,' answered I laughingly. 'It's no pleasant matter to ride the prairie at nightfall, for those that have gold to lose.'

'No, no; you're right,' said Van Clein hastily. 'Here is the stable.' So saying, he threw open a crazy door, and disclosed a long low shed, furnished with a long manger and a rack, both of very rough and makeshift workmanship, of course, but at which a score of horses could have fed with ease. The stable was not quite empty; it contained two horses—one a fiery young mustang, the other a large horse from the north, who neighed and stamped a noisy welcome to my own steed. In addition to these there were five mules, such as are commonly used in Texas for draught or for farming purposes.

'Your nag will be in clover here, stranger; better than the parara, I reckon! So, you slip off his bridle, and I'll ungirth the saddle.'

Nothing could sound more fair than this division of labour; but happening to look over my shoulder, I observed that Van Clein, with a very ugly and ominous grin upon his broad face, was furtively 'hefting' my heavy saddle-bags, as if to estimate in advance the probable amount of booty. I instantly averted my eyes, however; it was no part of my plan to appear too acute and perceptive. We gave my poor nag a good cribful of corn, in addition to the usual mixture of cut grass and barley-straw. I rubbed him down, gave him water, and devoted so much time and care to him that Van Clein grew impatient.

'Make haste, mister,' said he; 'it's getting dark, and I've to see about supper for you. He'll do well enough, your horse. You'll find him sleek and well, when you want him.'

These last words were commonplace enough, but

something cynical and strange in the tone in which they were spoken, and my own surmises as to the character of the speaker, struck a chill to my heart. However, I took up my saddle-bags and poncho, and followed the landlord out of the stable.

'Can I carry them traps, stranger? they seem heavy,' said Van Clein.

'They're not very light, but I'm not tired, I thank you,' answered I, as cheerfully as I could. 'I declare I'm not sorry to be safe under an honest roof this night, for doubloons are a grievous temptation to some of the queer customers one meets on the border, whether white or red.'

'You may say that,' said the landlord drily; 'but you and your property will be as safe in my house, one as the other, every bit, Saperlote!' and here he flung wide the door of the inn, and pushed me gently forward. I entered, and found myself in an immense barn-like room, above which the bare gaunt rafters interlaced their meagre ribs. The walls were of rough logs, plastered with clay; here and there, lockers and presses had been affixed to them, but in general they were only draped by an enormous quantity of dried ears of Indian corn. A great fire roared and crackled on the hearth, but while about a third of the room was brightly illuminated, the rest was in darkness and shadow. Evidently, the apartment served for parlour, kitchen, and tap to the establishment. The furniture consisted only of a few heavy tables and dressers, some oaken stools, and sundry barrels set on end. Some shelves were garnished with a number of vessels in tin, copper, and wood, more or less dirty, and there were earthenware and pewter plates, and one huge silver flagon that must have been carved at Utrecht or Amsterdam. Confusion reigned everywhere—here a saddle, there a rifle; bears' hams in one place, pickled pork in another; fishing-rods, hides, blankets, and squirrel-skins, were tossed at random into any convenient corner.

The room was not untenanted. Two tall young men sat drinking beside the hearth, and never turned their heads in curiosity or welcome, although our entry was noisy enough. I fancied, too, that I could catch a glimpse of the girl's gay outlandish dress and dark hair from the verge of the lighted space, where a side-door was ajar. For my own part, I will own that my cheek blanched, and my heart throbbed painfully, as I heard the landlord carefully bar and bolt the strong door. It was not absolute fear that I felt, but that the consciousness forced itself upon me that there was no drawing back possible, that I was fully committed to the adventure, and must do or die. And when Van Clein came up with heavy tread, and clapped his powerful hand familiarly on my shoulder, as he repeated his bluff welcome, after the fashion of the district, an involuntary shudder ran through me. I was trapped; I was fairly in the den where Murder batten on her victims. True, I had come with my eyes open, trusting to my own tact and ingenuity to escape unhurt, but I could not feel very confident as to the issue of the affair.

Nor was the aspect of the two young men, whom Van Clein briefly introduced as 'his sons,' calculated to inspire confidence. They were both of a stature that might be called gigantic; but their brutalised features, sodden with drink, and stupidly ferocious, presented a remarkable contrast to the shrewd determined face of their senior. They were dressed in blue homespun, stained with clay and wood-ashes here and there; their beads were stubbly and uncared for, their faces unwashed, and their bloodshot eyes were fixed on the fire in a dull unmeaning stare.

'Joseph! Rube!' cried old Van Clein, stamping his ponderous foot upon the ground: 'have ye no manners, you cubs? that you sit there swallowing the monongahela as women sip tea, and never even try to welcome a traveller. Don't you see the stranger?' Thus adjured, the two young men did certainly turn

their haggard eyes and cadaverous faces towards me. The elder of them, he who was called Joseph, was apparently the more intelligent, but he shivered constantly from head to foot, as if with ague or bitter cold, and the hand with which he shaded his bleared eyes as he stared at me, was as tremulous as that of paralytic old age. The younger, Reuben, certainly the more robust of the brothers, had the wild restless eye of an insane person; his features worked incessantly, he muttered incoherent scraps of talk as he crouched over the fire, and he had gnawed his under lip till it bled.

'A nice pair,' said old Van Clein bitterly; 'a pair of sons that a father may be proud of, Donnerwetter! Hold your prate, sir' (for Reuben had begun to babble and growl in a more audible manner), 'or I'll silence you with the cow-hide.'

'Let 'em alone, father,' said the girl, stepping forward out of the shadow: 'it's the whisky and the loss of strength after the fever have pulled 'em down like this. Poor Joe has got the shakes, and Rube the horrors upon him. We'd best get 'em quiet off to bed.'

To this, however, the patients demurred; Joseph, in especial, whimpered like a child at his sister's reiterated desire that he should leave the blazing fire and the spirit-bottle. He shed unmanly tears, and moaned piteously, as the girl tried to take from him the brimming glass of whisky, which he was unable to lift to his lips without spilling a portion of its fiery contents upon the floor. Reuben, with his iron fingers clutching the tumbler, and his eyes intently gazing on the glowing embers, murmured in a low chuckling tone; I could only catch the repetition of the one word 'gold, gold, gold!'

'A pretty welcome this for a travelling gentleman!' grumbled Van Clein. 'Juno! Ju— Where is that black jade? Juno, I say.'

At the third call, a middle-aged negress, dressed in the striped cotton gown and gaudy head-kerchief, usually worn by slaves employed in domestic service, came into the room. The woman had a pleasant face enough, but she looked scared and cowed, and advanced towards her master with the timid and deprecating look of a dog that dreads the whip. Van Clein gruffly bade her bustle to get my supper ready—'A fowl, some deer-meat broiled, and the rest of that wild-gobbler' (alias turkey). The woman slunk away to execute the order, while Van Clein bade his daughter get some clean sheets out of the linen-chest, and go down to the cellar for wine.

'I'll shew you your room, stranger. It mayn't be quite equal to what New Orleans can offer; but there's a many has slept sound in it afore you, and never complained.' So saying, Van Clein led the way up the creaking step-ladder, and conducted me to a species of loft, where two rude stump bedsteads, furnished with feather-beds and mattresses, stuffed with the husks of maize, had been placed for the accommodation of travellers. There was very little other furniture, and I noticed that the door was fastened by a simple latch, without lock or bolt.

I made no comment on this fact, however; I had expected as much from the very first. 'You'll be able to sleep here, mister?' asked the landlord with affected good-humour.

'I should hope so,' I replied with a yawn: 'forty miles of prairie-riding would make any man glad of less snug beds than these.' So saying, I put down my saddle-bags and poncho in a corner, laying my rifle beside them, but keeping my revolver still in my belt, and my bowie-knife concealed under my coat. With all my confidence in the stratagem which the sheriff had devised, I would as soon have ventured into the den of a grizzly bear as have passed the evening in Van Clein's dangerous company and unarmed.

'A neat gun, stranger,' said the landlord, eyeing it

complacently, and with the glance of one who already esteemed it his own property; 'a neat gun, and cost a tidy lot of dollars, I expect.' It was a handsome weapon, mounted in silver, and of good make; but I inwardly resolved that Van Clein should never acquire a right of ownership in any part of it, save, perhaps, the bullet that lay deep down in the barrel, wrapped in doeskin, and well driven home upon the powder.

The girl now entered the room, with the sheets and pillows, and we went down. The sons were sitting over the fire as before, but the room was no longer illumined only by the red glare of the burning brands. The negress had lighted a great iron lamp, full of bears' fat, and whose wick of wild flax gave forth a broad, though smoky gleam. Van Clein himself set out a small table, covered by a coarse but clean cloth, and began to rattle among the plates and glasses.

I invited him to sup with me, saying that I hated to eat alone. The burly host grinned like an ogre as he accepted my invitation; and when I begged he would bring up a couple of bottles of some old Madeira of which he boasted, I heard him give a little dry laugh as he strode off cellarwards with the jingling keys. My reasons for calling for wine, an unusual order in a prairie tavern, were twofold: I wanted to conciliate my host, in the first place, by feigning perfect security and gaiety of heart; and I dreaded above all things to be stupefied by drugged liquor—a very probable contingency, if I tasted the common potatoes drawn from oak and keg.

In about an hour's time, black Juno brought in the supper. Van Clein applied a corkscrew to one of the dusty and cobwebbed bottles, opened it with a noisy cloop! and the generous wine gurgled into the glasses. We sat down together. 'Why, stranger, you don't seem the half as peckish as you said!' remarked Van Clein with something like suspicion. In truth, hungry as I really was, I found it very difficult to eat; every morsel I took in that evil companionship seemed to choke me. I had a hard part to play, and the task of a spy, even for a good purpose, was repugnant to me.

Still, by a violent effort, I succeeded in acting the character I had assumed. I ate and drank, I sang and chatted, and affected mirth that I was far from feeling. Katherine, the landlord's daughter, waited on us at our meal. More than once, I detected the girl's eyes fixed on me in a mournful and peculiar manner, less as if designedly, than as if she beheld some hideous spectacle invisible to others. I could guess what she was thinking of. She saw me alive and well, and, to all appearance, merry and unsuspecting, and in the midst of all the laughter and gay talk, she saw the shadow of the deed to be done at midnight—at midnight, when the stair should creak beneath a stealthy tread, and the little mean room above should be turned into a shambles.

And there I sat, face to face with Murder, clinking my glass blithely against that of the treacherous host, and smiling as Van Clein plied me with jest and anecdote. To do the ruffian justice, he was, for a half-educated man, an amusing companion; he had plenty of queer stories of Holland, France, and America, and he did his best to entertain me.

'Ah, Mynheer, this land is not equal to my own,' said Van Clein, as he uncorked the second bottle of the old wine. 'I hope to lay my bones in Holland yet; but I must wait to make a fortune first—ha, ha! I left Utrecht a bankrupt and a beggar; if I go back, it must be with guilders enough to dazzle the home-staying burghers. So, fill your glass, my noble guest. Another song; come.'

But I declined to sing; it was time for the second act of my comedy, a comedy that any blunder might convert into a ghastly tragedy.

I now assumed an air of melancholy and moroseness, made the more conspicuous by the loud and

excited manner in which I had been conversing. I became sullen and taciturn; I sighed deeply, and drank in moody silence. I saw Van Clein's eyes watching me curiously for a moment; then his brow cleared. He had doubtless remembered, as I had intended him to remember, that there are men on whom drink produces the effect of making them despondent and heavy, and that when the brains of these unhappy persons become affected by liquor, their transient gaiety is certain to evaporate. Little did he guess how my heart was throbbing with hopes and fears as I thus dissembled.

I was still, in fact, in most imminent danger. Although the elder of the two dissolute young giants before the fire was wholly unmanned by drink, ague, and a bad conscience, the other brother was by no means so. He was indeed abjectly afraid of his terrible sire, before whose frown the whole household trembled, but he seemed to me more excitable than actually unnerved. Delirium tremens, in his case, had taken the form rather of nascent madness than of mere palsied terrors. And even supposing both sons to remain neutral, and that no other accomplices lurked hard by, Van Clein was a host in himself.

I thought, as I looked at him across the table in the brightly lurid light of the lamp, that I had never seen so formidable a person. I was myself fairly grown, and possessed of a reasonable share of vigour and activity; but I felt as I surveyed the bull neck, the capacious chest, and the brawny limbs of the grim landlord, that I should have little chance of victory in a personal struggle. I was armed, to be sure, but so was Van Clein; I saw the brass-bound butt of a pistol protruding from his breast-pocket, in addition to which he wore a bowie-knife, carelessly stuck in the belt of untanned leather which circled his waist. Van Clein monopolised the conversation for a time, while imbibing the lion's share of the second bottle of wine, but at last my sighs and heaviness of spirits attracted his notice. He bade me 'cheer up.'

'Cheer up! The words are easily spoken, but it is harder to accept such advice than to give it,' said I in a sullen tone.

'Ah, ah!' said Van Clein, eying me inquisitively; 'you have had troubles, then, neighbour? Take another glass; old wine is the best comfort.'

I held out my glass to be filled, and drained it slowly. I then, as if by a passionate impulse, broke out into a torrent of fierce and moody imprecations against Fortune. I was the most unlucky—the most miserable man in the world; I'd blow my brains out, &c.; in fact, I acted to perfection the part of a despondent but desperate character. I threw out dark hints, too, of my having good cause to dread the pursuit of justice, of a load on my conscience, of some rash deed I had done, and so forth. The landlord swallowed the bait greedily. He clapped me on the back, bade me be a man, and shake off despair; he sent the girl to the cellar for fresh wine, plied me with Madeira, and declared that if I chose to make a clean breast of the cause of my trouble, he, Cornelius Van Clein, was ready with sympathy and advice. And all the time I could read, in the leer that lurked about the Dutchman's mouth, and the glitter of his pitiless eye, his fixed resolve to put an end that night to all my cares and sorrows.

At first, I feigned a great reluctance to speak, and was led by degrees to the mock confession which Sheriff Moreno had planned. I told him that I had been clerk to an American citizen, a wealthy merchant settled in Mexico; that I had robbed and murdered my trusting and indulgent master; that I had fled on horseback from the city of Durango on the very day when suspicion had ripened into certainty, and the Mexican police had beset my dwelling.

'I'm a hunted outlaw,' I exclaimed recklessly, 'and I'm thoroughly sick of the life I have been forced to

lead for the last three weeks. The man I killed has friends in Texas, and if I were to shew my face in Galveston or Austin, they would hang me like a dog. Yet I don't repent; I'd do it again for a clutch at the boards which that miser kept under lock and key. Ah! I'd give the five hundred gold doubloons I carried off for the friendship of one bold comrade; and if I had such a mate, Texas should smart for it.'

I had not dared to look in Van Clein's face as I spoke thus; I had bent my eyes on the table-cloth, as if sulky and half-ashamed. When I stole a glance at the host's face, I saw that it was working with a curious mixture of passions, wonder, ferocity, and a kind of hideous joy. He hid it by bending over his wine-glass.

'Five hundred gold doubloons, neighbour, did you say you'd give? Five hundred!'

These words were uttered in a husky voice, and old Van Clein turned purple with excitement as he said them. 'Yes,' said I, 'five hundred as good gold pieces as ever came from Spanish mint. They are in my saddle-bags upstairs; but what's the use?'

Van Clein brought his heavy hand down upon the table with a force that made the glasses quiver and ring. 'Your hand on it, lad,' he shouted forth; 'Higel, your hand! Little as you think it, you've found the right market for your pro-duce! I'm the man to be your comrade; I, 'Nelius Van Clein. Fill up your glass; no heel-taps, and let us drink success to the new partnership.'

We quaffed accordingly. I felt my face flush, not with wine, but with the fever of the perilous game I was playing. 'You—you're joking, landlord,' I stammered out, with not ill-counterfeited surprise.

'So little am I joking,' growled Van Clein with terrible emphasis, 'that, had you been a closer-mouthed customer, before daydawn of to-morrow I should have been owner of the swag you talk of; ay, and you'd never have asked for your own again.' And Van Clein winked, and drew the back of his knife deliberately across his throat, to imitate the act of slaughtering a victim. He drank again, and smacked his lips. 'You are a pretty fair hand for a novice, mister. What's your name? Oh, Kendal! very good! But you can't compete in experience with a man like me, who can count on his fingers, and tell no lie, till he reaches seventeen.'

'Seventeen,' cried I, quite aghast; 'seventeen ~~man~~—I mean affairs.'

Van Clein chuckled proudly. 'True as gold; true as the Bank of Amsterdam. But those sons of mine are not worth their salt—chicken-hearted colonials, that can't cut a throat without swilling whisky to drown the recollection, till they're weaker than women. Looky for you, comrade, though, that my sons are the drivellers they've become ever since we— Never mind. Only, if I'd not wanted extra help from a brave boy like yourself, why, I'd have served you an awkward trick this night, that's all.'

After a little more conversation, Van Clein expressed a wish to finger the gold. I went up and brought down the bags, and emptied my glittering store before the expectant villain.

'Ah, the yellow sparklers! how they shine!' cried Van Clein, as he greedily counted them, and swept them into a drawer of which he pocketed the key. Then he bawled for more drink. 'Not wine, now; brandy, girl, brandy! or, stay, Katherine; there's some old Schiedam still left. Up with the Hollands, and we'll have a night of it. Huzza!'

And a night of it we had. Van Clein drank recklessly; he shouted, sung, even capered about the floor, introduced me to his wretched sons as a new partner in the murderous firm, and threw off all caution and restraint. It was a dreadful revel. I could have fancied myself at table with carousing demons; and the arch-fiend, Van Clein, made a positive glory of his iniquity. He boasted exultingly of

crimes that might have made the listener's hair bristle with sheer horror. He shewed scars inflicted by desperate men, in hopeless self-defence; he told of drugged liquor that had stupified wakeful travellers, till they were slain as unresistingly as sheep. He told of unsuspecting wayfarers, killed in their beds, and took me upstairs to see where, beside the very bed I was to have occupied, the floor had been roughly scraped to efface a damning stain of blood. He exhibited a hoard of plunder; he openly avowed his share in the death of the Smiths, the Guzman family, and many more; and after sickening me with the frightful details of his crimes, he dilated on his hopes of going back to Utrecht, a rich and respected man, to live in luxury on his ill-got gains.

'We'll do business together, stranger, we will,' said Van Clein, 'and five hundred yellowboys are a nice handsel for the first night.'

Little did the wretch think that the gold he had so eagerly grasped was a bait, the property of Sheriff Moreno, whose swift horse stood in the stable, awaiting my pleasure to saddle and mount. It must have been a little before the setting of the broad yellow moon that the treacherous landlord, by that time very drunk, opened the door of the inn, and insisted on shewing me the graves of his victims. 'We shall earth many more of 'em; we shall, Blitzzen!' growled the miscreant; 'and none of the fools in the towns will be the wiser.'

And he shewed me where Leonard Smith and his wife lay, side by side; where Guzman, the rich Spaniard, had been hurriedly thrust beneath the stones of a paved yard; where his daughters had been interred under the rich alluvial earth of the little weed-grown garden, and the resting-places of several others.

'Here lies the last,' said Van Clein, contemptuously kicking a mound of freshly heaped soil—'here lies the spy.' I started.

'The spy?' I exclaimed.

'Yes, a darned trapper!—a fellow that went sneaking to the state governor, and told him queer tales of our doings. He came back here to ferret out more, I s'pose. But my gentleman took the fever, and in his ravings he let out all he'd done and thought, and we just stopped his mouth for him. There goes the moon! We'll go in, and get some sleep. You may trust the bed *now*, mister; you're safe with us now.' And we went in.

But as soon as Van Clein and his sons were sunk in tipsy stupor, and the girl—who, by the way, shrank from me with dislike when she heard me announced as a member of the gang—when she and the black woman had gone to bed, I slipped quietly out, repaired to the stable, saddled my horse, and led him with extreme caution to a point outside the stockade. Then I sprang on his back, and dashed at a rapid gallop across the broad and shadowy prairie. I had got some miles from that den of wrong-doers before I ventured to breathe freely. I rode fast. Day had not long dawned before I was clear of the wild country, and, long before the sun was high in the heavens, I reined up my tired steed at his master's door, in the city of St Antonio. Moreno clapped his hands with delight as he listened to the success of his own stratagem. 'We will rid the country of the viper's brood!' was all he said.

But to assemble a regular jury of twelve householders among those busy Texan farmers was a work of time. In spite of the sheriff's energy, it was not until the dawn of the sixth day that we approached the lonely inn with a strong body of armed and mounted men. There was the sheriff; there were twelve farmers on horseback, two of M'Manus's men, several negro servants, and about five Texans, who had been attracted by the prospect of a 'free fight.'

Although Moreno was the chief legal authority in

the county, no one present, except myself as an Englishman, thought of a formal trial, or any other law than that of 'Judge Lynch.'

We surrounded the house, which we found strongly barricaded. Old Van Clein had taken the alarm when he discovered my flight. In answer to the sheriff's summons to surrender, he replied, with a bitter curse, that he 'would sell his life dear enough;' and as we saw his stern face peering forth from the loopholed window, whence protruded the barrels of two rifles, we had little doubt that this daring miscreant, now fairly brought to bay, would keep his word.

Van Clein fought hard. The house was stormed, after a stubborn resistance. The robber aimed three times at myself, against whom he seemed to cherish a peculiar grudge; and at the third shot, my horse, that beautiful creature that had carried me safe away from the house of murder on a previous day, reared up, and fell back upon me, dead. Another ball passed through the sheriff's body, and he fell, groaning, from his saddle; but in the next instant Van Clein was himself shot through the head, and at their father's death the sons flung away their guns, and made a feeble effort to flee. They were easily seized by the horsemen, tried, sentenced, and hanged in *one noose* on the branch of a neighbouring tree. The house was pillaged, and burned to the ground, but with some trouble I succeeded in protecting from punishment or harsh usage the female inmates. Poor Katherine Van Clein, who had been a most unwilling accomplice in her father's wickedness, proved to be hopelessly disordered in her intellect. She was removed to the asylum at Austin. Juno, the negress, was rightly considered to have been cowed by her master into silence; she gained her liberty. The sheriff recovered from his wound. His five hundred doubloons were found in the drawer untouched; and I succeeded Major M'Manus as superintendent of the Texan police.

CHAP-BOOKS.

READER, do you know what a chap-book is? A chap-book is—I may almost say *was*, for cheap journals have nearly destroyed this antique class of literature—a little sheet of four-and-twenty pages, carried about by chapmen in their packs, or sold at those dépôts where they deal in everything, known in some parts as 'smallware shops.' Doubtless, in your boyhood, you have bought *Valentine and Orson*, *Beauty and the Beast*, or *Cinderella*; or perhaps your nurse has shewn you *The Book of Fate*, or *Mother Bunch's Closet Opened*. If so, you have seen a chap-book.

The humility of this class of literature has saved it from the clutches of the reviewers. They have never felt called upon to point out its beauties, and they have let its blemishes go free. I have now lying before me, however, forty or fifty specimens, on which I intend to have a gossip. They have been published at different times between the years 1689 and 1822. All that they have in common is their size—12mo; their price—a penny; and the class of readers they appeal to—the people.

They are well thumbed, in some parts into actual illegibility and holes; they are dirty, torn, and bear evidence not so much of having been read as studied. While I look at them, strange thoughts come up. These, then, have been the secular literature of the people; with many, almost the only reading they could get besides their Bibles and Prayer-books. They have come from lonely cottages upon moors and hills, where newspapers were seldom seen; they have lain in the

pockets of poor men and women, whom their fellows called 'scollards,' because they could spell out a page of these histories in a quarter of an hour. In quiet walks in days-of-old courtship, some long-dead Sylvius has enchanted his long-dead Sylvia with their marvels, and their glances into a world of splendour and of miracle. They have had listeners in kitchens, stables, and outhouses; in little country alehouses, at harvest-feasts, on great men-of-war, and by the rushlights of barge-cabins on canals and rivers. They have been read by soldiers at watch-fires on nights before awful battles, and by little children in bed on summer twilights. They have done a good and generous work, lifting the hearts of many a clumsy-limbed man and boy out of the drudgery of daily life, into a sphere above experience. Their heroes and heroines have been types of manhood and womanhood to simple souls whose lamps of faith never burned dim. As I lay them by, I think of Milton's saying, that books are not dead things; and I thank them for all they have done for the cheer of thousands, yet without fame or memorial.

The largest class of these chap-books consists of the old tales of our childhood, *Blue-beard*, *Jack the Giant-killer*, *The Children in the Wood*, and the like. Have you ever noticed how well these (if unimproved editions) are written; in what a firm, manly, old-English style, like the ballads; with the words of common life, and not the sesquipedal finery of the dictionaries?

I will choose as a specimen *The History of the King and the Cobbler*. My copy is printed at Falkirk; it has no date. This story would delight Mr Froude. It is possibly as old as Queen Elizabeth, perhaps older. The character it gives of the king (Henry VIII.) is too entirely that painted in Mr Froude's volumes to have been written after the accession of the Stuarts. Here he is thoroughly 'bluff King Hal;' a genial monarch, beloved of all his people, and lively and confident in the sense of that love. The authors of every party, religious or political, have used King Henry's character as capital for their sects and churches; and unhappily the interest of both seemed to require that he should be branded 'utterly bad.' But here, I fancy, we see what the poor and common people thought of their king.

The history relates 'how King Henry VIII. used to walk into the city disguised;' how, on a certain night, he became acquainted with a merry, jovial cobbler, and how they supped together in the cobbler's cellar. Then we have a chapter detailing the Xantippe temper of the cobbler's wife, who bursts upon the supper with a loud complaint at her husband's waste of money and time with lewd drinkers. The guest then leaves, telling his host that his name is Harry Tudor, and that he has a place about the court, whither he invites the cobbler to come and pay him a return-visit. The cobbler accordingly decks himself in his best, and goes to the palace. The yeomen want to drive him off; but he says: 'No, no; I will see my friend Harry Tudor—a plain, honest fellow. We drank two pots together, not long since. I suppose he belongs to some lord or other about here.' He was so determined, that the yeomen at last took him to the king. When the cobbler found himself in the royal presence, he was terrified, and thinking he might have committed high treason, he took to his heels, and ran. He was soon caught, and led back, and the king sent him down to the cellars. The king then disguised himself, and joined him as 'Harry Tudor.' The cobbler was delighted; he grasped his friend's hand, and told him what fears and perils he had undergone for the sake of seeing him. 'After he had drunk about four or five good healths,' says the history, 'he began to be merry, and fell a-singing his old songs, which pleased the king very much, and made him laugh heartily.' At last, a number of nobles coming

down in gorgeous dress, and standing bareheaded, the cobbler found out his mistake. He fell on his knees, and begged that at least his life might be spared. The genial king soon freed him from his terror, and the good fellow returned to his stall with many presents. The little book concludes with a ballad which he used to sing ever after while he was at work. I give two of the verses to shew its character:

I'll laugh while I sit in my stall,
And merrily will sing,
That I, with my poor last and awl,
Am fellow with the king.
His kindness to me was so great,
The like was never known;
His kindness I shall still repeat,
And so shall my wife Joan.

Whether this story—like the kindred one of *The King and the Miller of Mansfield*—had any foundation in fact, I do not know. Possibly from it arose our riddles and proverbs comparing a cobbler to a king. The very fact of there being such a tradition should, I fancy, make us more lenient in our judgment of Henry VIII. than the mass of our historians have been.

In another edition of this story there occurs a Part II. After the usual manner of sequels, it is poor compared with Part I. In it, 'Cardinal Wolsey, that proud prelate, curbed the king for being too free with a poor cobbler.' The poor cobbler himself is led such a wearying life by his tarmagant Joan, that he composes a consolatory ballad to sing whilst he is at work:

I wish old Joan she would die,
Though once with tears I wooed her;
I'd go to court, and there live by
My dear friend, Harry Tudor.

After various adventures, in which the king puts the honesty of the cobbler to a severe test, our rough hero gives up the awl and last, and becomes a courtier; and Joan, by the blandishment of good-fortune, and the example of the court, is tamed into the very model of a submissive wife.

Abridgments and modifications of some of our old English romances form another class of chap-books. The episode of Argalus and Parthenia, from Sir Philip Sydney's *Arcadia*, is the most popular of these; it has been printed at varying lengths by nearly all the publishers of chap-books. Another favourite tale is *Dorastus and Fawnia*, abridged, I suspect, from unhappy Robert Greene. The beautiful old tale of *Pasien's Grisail* (Chaucer's *Griselda*) has been often printed in chap-book shape. I wonder how many bucolic readers have made these high Arcadian knights and ladies their mirrors of love and good-manners. I wonder if ever, like these most courtly and finished lovers, they wished, when their feelings were at the highest, they could sing them to the lute.

Most of these stories are illustrated with rough wood-cuts. The pictures are of the most useful order. The publishers had no anachronic qualms. One of them, which represents a wedding-feast, does duty for every marriage in every period of time mentioned in the stories. The bride is at one time that fair pagan, Hero, and the bridegroom her Leander; at another, they are Argalus and Parthenia; at another, Whittington and his wife; at another, the daughter of the blind beggar of Bethnal Green and her loving knight.

A third class of chap-books is the *useful* class. Pardon me, reader, for the qualification 'useful,' when I tell you that among these I include such works as *Mother Bunch's Closet newly Broke Open*, *The Golden Dream-book*, *The Art of Courtship*, or *School of Love*, and *Moles Interpreted*. These were all meant to be useful, not amusing. They were to

be consulted before taking a lover, husband, wife, partner in trade, friend, servant, or master. The unsuspecting faith which a higher class once had in Lavater's *Physiognomy*, the poor class had in these. It is a vain thing to hope that no one believed these books; it is far more likely that there are thousands who believe them still.

I have two books on the subject of moles: the one is published at Dublin; the other, without note of place, has for its sub-title, *A Groat's Worth of Wit* [practical wisdom, as in the phrase, 'He has his wits about him'] for one penny. 'If a man have a mole on the eyebrows, let him refrain from marriage; for if he marries, he shall have seven wives.' The selfish author evidently supposed that the horrors of heptogamy fell upon the man rather than the women. He might have said: 'Maids, if you see a man with a mole on his eyebrows, don't marry him; for if you do, you will be one of seven.' A man with a mole on his forehead will grow rich, but he with a mole on his left side will be 'surrounded by calamity.'

In a little treatise *Of the Fortunes and Destinies of Men born under the Twelve Signs*, we have some useful indications 'how a man may know whether himself or friend falling sick shall live or die.' 'Whoever falls sick upon the second day of a month, shall recover. If on the fifth, though he seem to be healed, yet on the fifteenth of the next month he shall be dead. He that falls sick on the fifteenth, unless he recover within eleven days, he shall die.' Every day of the month is treated after this enlightened manner. Such fatalism quite shuts out medical science and the doctor, and even the faithful precaution of friends. How every believer who *did* fall sick on the fifth, must have hoped that the book was not true! If he died, what a confirmation of the book to all its readers! Even remedies are to be applied with regard to special days. 'If blood is to be drawn, the 6th and 16th of April shall then draw blood out of thy right arm; the 11th of April, out of thy left; the end of May, which arm thou wilt.' This little work contains a useful appendix, from which I glean 'A night-spell to catch thieves.' 'The following will drive away any evil spirit that haunts houses. Have it about you, no thief can harm you.' To save your house, however, you must 'write it on four pieces of fine true virgin parchment.' I give the Latin as I find it. Who can, may translate it.

Omnes Spiritus laudet Dominum Mosem habe.
Phrophetas exeret Deus, dissipari inter inimicos.

A great number of the chap-books are fictitious lives or autobiographies; such are *The History of John Cheap the Chapman*; *Fun upon Fun*, or *the Merry and Comical Tricks of Leper the Tailor*; *The whole Life and Death of Long Meg of Westminster*—a truculent Lancashire damsel, who comes up to London, and taking situations at inns, makes a fortune by thrashing every one she meets. The first two of these, and some others, are ascertained to have been the composition of a droll creature, named Dougal Graham, who, about a century ago, was bellman (that is, utterer of street advertisements) in the city of Glasgow, and who wrote a metrical account of the Rebellion of 1745.

Some are lives of popular heroes. In Scotland, *Sir William Wallace* is a favourite; in England, *The Voyages and Adventures of the renowned Admiral Blake*. Baron Trenck and Mohammed have their lives epitomised; so have the semi-historical ladies, Fair Rosamond and Jane Shore.

Others are devoted especially to amusement; such is *The Mirror of Wit and Universal Jester* (Falkirk, 1821). An anecdote in this book might have risen in our own times of revived volunteering. 'A sergeant drilling a volunteer corps, was peculiarly severe on one gentleman, whom he taxed as amazingly stupid

and awkward. The recruit was about to reply, but the sergeant stopping him said: "Hold your tongue, sir; a soldier is only allowed to open his mouth twice in the rank—once when his name is called, and again to bite off the end of his cartridge." *The whole Art of Legerdemain, or Hocus-pocus in Perfection* (no place or date), is another chap-book of amusement. I cull from it 'a description of the operator.' 1. He must be of a bold and undaunted resolution; 2. He must have strange terms and emphatical words; 3. He must use such gestures of body as may take off the spectators' eyes from a strict observance of his performance.' *The Comical Sayings of Paddy from Cork*, a collection of common Irish bulls, is a work produced by all the chap-book publishers. *The Royal Riddle-book, for the Trial of Dull Wits* (no place or date), is a cento of rhymed riddles. Here is about the best of them—

Between two woods I went away,
And lightly did I run;
Between two waters I came home
The same way I had gone.
If that the woods had water turned,
That would a miracle be;
Yet both the waters and the woods
Came rolling home with me.

The solution is, 'one going to a well with buckets.'

Above all people, lovers are greatly considered in these chap-books. The tales, of course, are mostly love stories. The fortune-books turn upon the hope of marriage more than anything else. But there are also books of direct aid for the enamoured; such, among others, is *The Art of Courtship, or School of Love* (Manchester, no date). One chapter in this euphuistic work is headed 'Complimental Expressions.' I give a few of these.

'Sir, the joy to see you is more than words can utter.' 'Madam, you are the fair physician who can only cure the distemper of my mind.' 'Lady, I am ravished with your voice, the power of which is as great as Orpheus's in compelling the attention of all mortals.' 'Fairest creature, O that I could find words to express how I love.'

The book cuts both ways. It gives 'a letter from a love-sick youth to a scornful maid,' and then 'her answer;' both poison and antidote. Another chapter is headed 'Witty and Ingenious Sentences, to introduce the Art of Speaking well.' The following are set down in sober seriousness: 'Sir, the ocean is not so boundless as the obligations you daily heap upon me.' 'You are the glory of your sex, and bear the palm from them all.' 'Report could never have got a sweeter air to fly in than your breath.' 'Farewell, fair regent of the soul.' 'I had rather doubt an oracle, than question what you deliver.' 'Sir, your noble deeds transcend all precedents.' 'My entertainment hath confirmed my welcome.' The author of these magniloquent utterances, and the gentlemen who educated themselves by them, ought to have lived by turns with Sir Charles Grandison and Don Adriano de Armado.

The last class of chap-books I shall mention is the religious series. In these, either highwaymen, Sabbath-breakers, murderers, perjured lovers, and bad apprentices are held up as warnings, or else Colonel Gardiner and such good men as examples. But the strangest of all the religious chap-books are the apocryphal. *The unhappy Birth, wicked Life, and miserable Death of that Traitor and Apostle [apostate?] Judas Iscariot* (Durham, no date). Amongst other horrible deeds, Judas is herein made to marry his own mother. Some of the 'facts' related are taken from the apocryphal Gospel of the Childhood of Jesus. The reader may know them, possibly, through the miracle-play in Longfellow's *Golden Legend*. At Newcastle, 'printed in this present year,' was published a translation of the apocryphal Gospel of

Nicodemus. It has a 'preface to the reader,' signed 'John Warren, priest.' At the same place, also without date, *The History of Saint Joseph of Arimathea* was brought out.

WHY I AM NOT A MARRYING MAN.

It is not an invariable rule that when you blame other people you are jealous of them, oh Belgravian mother; and I would have thee keep this in mind while perusing the following remarks. There is much to be said in favour of the views of thyself and daughters. Marriage is an admirable institution. There can be no doubt that Mr and Mrs G., seated at breakfast, before that massive and very costly silver urn, with teapot and sugar-basin to match, and with young G. in a high chair beside his papa, eating his bread and butter with the butter downwards, makes up a very charming domestic picture. There can be no doubt that G. and Mrs G. enjoy intensely looking into each other's eyes over the said urn, and seeing themselves reflected in the chubby face of young G., notwithstanding that the father's polished manners are hardly yet transmitted to the son. Man is notoriously a very slow unprogressive animal; it takes some three years for his legs to gain strength enough to support his body, during which period he consumes, at a moderate computation, the milk of an Alderney cow, besides sundry boxes of tops and bottoms, and other farinaceae, the ill effects of excess being corrected by gallons of dill-water. He arrives at the age of three, having with great difficulty succeeded in toddling very tolerably, speaking very indistinctly, and cutting a complete set of teeth, after much anxiety and worry. According to all experience with other animals, he ought now to be capable of earning his own livelihood. There ought to be a kind of cub-hunt from his father's hearth, and the young one should be chased at the top of his speed to seek a home for himself in a new colony—at least this is what we do with a fox at a much earlier age. But what is the case with the young man? He has had the entire time of a full-grown young woman, in the prime of life, devoted to keeping him clean and out of mischief; he has been carried in her arms, dressed out in 'insertion' and point-lace for display to admiring relatives, who find distant resemblances to his most distinguished ancestors. He has Sir Julius's nose, Lady Blanche's eyes, and his great-grandfather's hair—which, considering that his great-grandfather was a judge, and wore a wig, is a questionable compliment. He has passed through the carrying stage now, and runs about the house with a popgun and a whip, invariably going into the drawing-room with those weapons when visitors are there. As soon as he appears, all reasonable conversation is at an end, and baby's performance comes off, introducing all his accomplishments—scraps of poetry, names of birds, beasts, and fishes, and imitations of natural objects—the whole finishing up with loud applause for the baby, and violent kissing all round, which he submits to like a martyr who has been used to it.

'He certainly is a jolly little fellow,' you—the guest—exclaim, as he disappears, at the same time giving a sigh of relief; for with all his charms, you cannot help remembering that you called to see Mrs G., that your time is up, that you have hardly said a tithe of the sensible clever things you had on the tip of your tongue, and that it is evident that she prefers the infant lisps of her son to your educated

sense and refined understanding. You take your leave, rather dissatisfied with your visit, go home, walk into your stable, pat your favourite hunter, who pricks up his ears when he sees you, and comes neighing and grunting with anticipation of an apple, a morsel of bread, or some little sweetmeat, grateful to horse. Three hunters and a hack ought to be able to drive the thought of children out of any man's mind. When you see them in the boxes, all trim and fit to go; and when you picture yourself in that admirably fitting coat, with breeches and boots to match, 'devouring' the grass-land in the shires, you laugh at the recollection of Mrs G. and young G. No doubt, there are advantages in wives and children, but still single-blessedness and hunting are something too. For what becomes of the married men? Take our friend G., for instance. As a bachelor, he was the gayest of the gay, always in health, always in spirits, full of fun, lively talk, and activity. He dressed well, dined well, enjoyed his club, kept his two horses and a groom, had money to spare for a month's run on the continent, went shares in an opera stall, was out everywhere, mixing in the best society—when in an evil day he met his destiny. True, she had every attraction a man could wish for, hair and eyes to turn a poet mad, a complexion that staggered foreigners, and a smile that cured a headache at a glance. She sang, played, drew with admirable taste, was brilliant in conversation, and really amiable and affectionate. Everybody said what a lucky fellow G. was to find such a wife, and most of her acquaintance envied Mrs G. her delightful husband. Everything went on charmingly for the first two or three years. Though not rich, their united incomes sufficed, if not for luxury, at least for comfort. They lived in London, in a charming little house in Belgravia, kept a man-servant and a brougham, had two children—a boy and a girl—the picture of health and infant grace.

Four years pass over their heads. Though still young, they are getting middle-aged in appearance and manner. I am the same age as G., but feel at least five years younger than he looks. He has now five children; the eldest is preparing for Rugby—though they can't afford it conveniently, for their income has not increased these latter years, so they have put down the man-servant and the brougham. When they go to the sea-side now, instead of going to the Bedford or the Pavilion, they take lodgings; and you may actually see the elegant G. shopping in the early morning, and conveying pots of marmalade, &c., to his famishing family. Instead of riding or driving with Mrs G. as he used to, he takes the children down on the sands with little spades, to make those ephemeral constructions imitative of the Quadrilateral which children delight in. He used to be a member of the Alpine Club, and his ascent of the Packo di Nonsenzo was one of the shortest on record; now he gets tired or bored with a three-mile walk over the shingly beach, which certainly has nothing particular to recommend it. He is much stouter in appearance, and, though looking well, is lazy and unenterprising. All his powers and all his accomplishments lie dormant within, but want the occasion to bring them out; he has become entirely domestic, and what lion or tiger can stand that conserving system without loss of vigour and ferocity?

Mrs G., too, is, though I hardly dare to say it, much altered; her good looks remain, but she is now quite matronly. There is no doubt about her attractiveness; she is still charming in conversation, except when the baby is in the room; but oh, so altered in other respects from her maiden self!—she, the author of those charming verses addressed to the Gerner glacier, written from the Riffelberg;

she, the subject of that song, 'A Vision of Delight,' is now substantial! She never sings now, except to the baby, scraps of Mendelssohn's cradle-song. She never draws, but is always darning baby socks, or adding up bakers' books, or putting puzzles together for their second boy, or scolding the new nursery-maid, or writing out receipts from the *Shilling Cookery-book*. She is unmitigatedly domestic.

How altered are both these excellent folks! Their minds and their bodies seem equally cramped by a long course of domestic drudgery. They have been married ten years, and beyond a few days at intervals they have never been separated during that time. They are very proud of this. Mrs G. will even tell you, with triumph, that her husband has never left her and the children for more than twenty-four hours. From thus perpetually being in each other's company, they live like two puppies that are chained together; ever running in couples, each of them loses all individuality; and when in company, there is that constant reciprocal acting that you cannot fail to have remarked.

Separate them, however, and they resume their original character. I think I never was so astonished as when, the other day, I invited G. to spend a day with me at Market-Harborough to ride my black horse, which is quite up to his weight. He came with considerable reluctance; didn't like leaving his wife and children; didn't feel justified in risking his life; hadn't the smallest intention of jumping anything, but would see the hounds throw off, just as a memorial of old times. He had outgrown or given away all his old hunting things, so I borrowed a respectable scarlet coat from old Square-toes, my neighbour, which fitted him fairly. G. came down by the mail-train the night before; and though he had given up smoking for six years, before he went to bed, I had made him consume two large Regalias, and a considerable quantity of sherry and water. I roused him betimes in the morning, saw him safely in his shower-bath—which I had previously taken care should be filled with iced water—heard him pull the string and shriek simultaneously, and enjoyed the joke of my treachery immensely. I ordered a very substantial early breakfast—game, pies, kidneys, eggs, ham, coffee, tea, and beer. G. came in, looking as fresh as a four-year old. 'Awfully cold bath, that of yours,' he said—'took me at least ten minutes getting a reaction.'

'But you have got it,' I said; and he had, too, and made such a breakfast as only a reactionist could. I gave him a glass of cherry-brandy to finish with, and then felt sure of my man.

'How do we go to cover? You drive, I suppose?'

'No, I don't.'

'But, my dear fellow, I shan't be able to ride a yard when I get there, if you make me trot there; I shall be sore, and stiff, and hot, and uncomfortable.'

'You are quite wrong, G., you will be none of these things; besides, it is too late now, for here comes your hack; and a fine fellow he is too.'

So I mounted him on my old mare, who is still fit to go when I want her; while I, in possession of my bachelor activity, got on young 'Borando,' who is coming on for next season, but wants steadying. I found G. lingering at the door; and going back to inquire what he wanted, was amused beyond measure to find he wanted a letter from his wife, whom he had seen the previous afternoon. Yes, there it was, a little scented note, telling of home and domestic cares. It was soon read, and then we were off. We were rather late, so we rode fast. G. used to be an excellent horseman, and though altered much in figure, he has his 'old hand,' and got on excellent terms with his horse, long before we reached the meet. He was in the highest spirits; and when at last he got up on the 'Steamer,' a splendid black nine-year old, for which I gave L.200, I never saw such a change

in my life. We found directly, went away for an hour and twenty minutes—killed, and of the six up at the death, G., on the 'Steamer,' was one. Both of them looked hot, and rather dirty—had, in fact, been down over a nasty flight of rails, but were not materially damaged. I thought the 'Steamer' had had enough, so we went home without waiting for another fox. G. had his warm bath; and then we sat down to a charming little dinner—a contrast, I flatter myself, to what he gets at home. I gave him some Château Lafitte, and a Regalia worth a ransom, and sent him to bed early, dreading fearful aches and pains from the unwonted exercise. Nothing of the kind ensued; the warm bath, the Lafitte, the Regalia, effectually prevented any such result. Another note from his wife at breakfast, deploring his absence, longing so to see him; and then I drove him to the station in my tandem. The morning was charming; the horses went beautifully; we were both in good spirits. I said good-bye to him at the station; he thanked me heartily for his day's sport—had enjoyed it immensely—would like another, if he could get leave, and then said: 'My dear fellow, if you value these things, whatever you do, don't get married.'

There was a whistle, and he was gone, so I had no explanation; but there could be no doubt that in his mind matrimony and sport could not go together. As I drove home, I thought that a modification of matrimony might be made with advantage—matrimony with 'limited liability;' not that I advocate a more frequent appeal to Sir Cresswell Cresswell; not that I desire a plurality of wives, or anything affecting the bond as it is; but simply this, that husbands and wives should acknowledge and practise a little more independence; that they should not be so locked up in each other, and so dead to their former selves. Let G. come with me on a walking-tour, while Mrs. G. and the young G.s go with his mother-in-law to Sandgate, Folkestone, or any other pebbly beach they may prefer. It will do him—and he needs it, when taking his annual holiday—vastly more good than dangle about on the sands half the day, really more bored than he would be in London at his work. There is nothing to amuse his mind or to exercise his body; he misses his regular occupation without having a substitute; whereas, if he went with me, the change of scene, change of life, change of society, would give both a mental and physical renovation; he would return ten years younger; and their mutual delight at being reunited would well repay both G. and Mrs. G. for their separation. But as things are constituted at present, he daren't do this; the world at large would call him an inhuman husband; scandals would get abroad as well as he, affirming that it was either a case of desertion, or preliminary to a divorce. Mrs. G. would be pitied and talked about by all her sex; in fact, even supposing her to be sensible enough to allow it, he would not have the courage to try it, for fear of what the world would say. Not thus is it with my Lord G. They manage these things better in the higher circles. He goes off to the Highlands with his eldest son, just going to Oxford, and three or four idle cousins, to shoot grouse and stalk deer, after the fatigues of a London season; while my lady, with her daughters, flits over to Paris or Baden-Baden, to enjoy herself after her fashion. It is no amusement to her to live like a child of the heather on the moors; so she doesn't go there, and my lord equally feels that Paris would pall after London; he needs a refresher, and gets it; and they are reunited before Christmas in Leicestershire.

Now, only let G. and people of his class take matrimony a little more in this way, and it will look infinitely more attractive. It is contrary to the nature of things that men and women can be always together without losing their individual characters; they neither enjoy themselves so much when this is

the case, nor are they so agreeable to others. Now what do you say to all this, oh Belgravian mother, and above all, what do your daughters say to it? I pause—unmarried—for a reply.

LAPIDARIES OF THE URAL.

THE geographical student is of course familiar with the chain of the Ural, which in the Tartar language signifies girdle, denominated by the Russians *Kammennot-Porgas*, the 'Girdle of Rocks.' It runs nearly north and south, almost on the confines of Europe and Asia, and though it attains to no great elevation, its loftiest pinnacle not exceeding sixteen hundred feet in height, is perhaps, on account of its productions, one of the most remarkable ranges of mountains in the world. From the city of Kasan, eastwards for many hundred miles, the country rises so as to constitute in fact, though not in appearance, an immense table-land, with a mean elevation of eight hundred and fifty feet above the level of the sea. Very extraordinary phenomena are discovered in portions of this tract, where deep valleys have been formed by depressions or sinkings of the earth, occasioned by the existence, far below, of an endless series of caverns, whose roofs sometimes suddenly collapse, and precipitate into the gulf thus formed the whole superincumbent mass of rocks and earth, with the forests, villages, and streams which previously covered and beautified its surface. How those subterranean hollows were formed, whether by the mining operations of some forgotten races of men, or by the slow and subtle action of water kept perpetually flowing by telluric heat, may possibly never be explained; but the whole structure of our planet in that part of its surface abounds with unresolved problems, which will remain to exercise the scientific activity of future generations.

The soil to a great depth is impregnated with copper, throughout an area of a hundred thousand square miles, while iron and lead, silver, platinum, and gold, present themselves at intervals, alternating with the rarest gems, diamonds and rubies, topazes, beryls, and emeralds, chalcedonies and sapphires, onyxes, jaspers, and agates of gigantic proportions. Had this exhaustless source of national wealth existed near the centre of a civilised empire, it would probably have led to the erection of a metropolis superior to all the great capitals on record. Egyptian Thebes owed its splendour and magnificence to the vicinity of the quarries of sandstone at Hajjar Silsilis, and of granite at Assouan; but these are mere handfuls of rocks compared with the mighty quarries of the Ural, presenting hundreds of miles of porphyry and granite, sienite and crystal, quartz and malachite, interspersed with gems, auriferous sands, and cubes of virgin gold. Far as this wild region now lies beyond the limits of European civilisation, it is incessantly traversed, mapped out, and studied by scientific travellers, whose imaginations are inflamed by the prodigious blaze of riches which they know to exist everywhere beneath their feet. Already, east and west, north and south, the approaches to these mountains are inhabited by people superior in dress, manners, comforts, and dwellings to those of any other portion of the Russian empire. Great lines of well-constructed roads, radiating from the mines, stretch away towards China and Eastern Turkestan, on the one hand; and towards Perm, Kasan, Moscow, and Nishnii-Novgorod, on the other. Here, during the summer months, the stranger frequently encounters the gold and platinum caravans, the several divisions of which usually meet at Ekaterinburg on Lake Iset, in the month of March, and journeying slowly westward, reach the vast fair of Nishnii about July, and St Petersburg much later. Close upon the heels of these caravans come others with tea from the Chinese frontier, or with bear-

skins, wolf-skins, ermine, and sable from Northern Siberia.

What effects the social changes now going on in Russia may produce in the population of the mining districts, it is impossible to foresee; but up to this time, the owners of many of the noblest mansions in Ekaterinburg have been serfs, the property of nobles residing at Moscow or St Petersburg, or travelling in Southern Europe. We can hardly realise to ourselves, by the utmost stretch of fancy, such a state of society. With slavery, we habitually associate ideas of sordid toil, a timid gait, cringing manners, coarse food, the lash, the knout, straw, rags, and hovels. In Russia, the man who is the property of another, and, theoretically, on a level with his cattle, may often be seen dressed in costly furs, inhabiting a splendid dwelling, dining off silver and gold plate, and waited upon by hosts of domestics, who watch his nod as if he were a prince. Yet all these things may melt away, like the component parts of a mirage, at the touch of the aristocratic owner, who may sell this superb epicure, together with his wife and children, or reduce him in a moment to the condition of the most indigent peasant, working from half-past four o'clock in the morning, with little intermission, till seven at night, for less than a penny a day. Still, the owners of the serfs are too much alive to their interests to amuse themselves by accomplishing such a transformation, which would be killing the goose that lays the golden egg. Satisfied that they are able, whenever it pleases them, to achieve such an act of tyranny, they are generally wise enough to abstain from the exercise of their power, and to leave these industrious slaves in the enjoyment of the profits which they derive from skill and enterprise; yet, as examples of a caprice so insane and reckless are not wanting, the wealthy serfs, however enviable their condition may appear, are incessantly haunted in secret by apprehensions of this calamity.

Of course, the Ural lapidaries are, like most of their neighbours, serfs. Taste, it is said, they possess in the cutting and engraving, though not in the setting, of gems. But what is this taste? Has it any analogy to that which, in ancient Greece, influenced the gem-engraver, when he sculptured on the face of amethyst or ruby exquisite forms of beauty, goddesses, nymphs, or heroes, engaged in epic achievements or religious ceremonies? The stones commonly engraved for seals are amethyst, crystal, and jasper, though the Siberian traders often prefer seals in gold or other metals, which they love to display in their ice-bound homes, under smoking roofs, reeking with the smell of caviare or dried fish. The passion for precious stones is supposed to be an accompaniment of barbarism, because it is found in its greatest strength among eastern nations, who have not made great progress in civilisation; but we must distinguish between the predilections of barbarians, who may be said to heap up jewels on their persons that they may suggest ideas of grandeur in those around them, and the love of precious stones for their intrinsic beauty. On entering Ekaterinburg, the traveller is almost immediately surrounded by men, women, and children with trays of precious stones suspended before them, and the gems are offered for sale at comparatively low prices. These street-dealers are employed by lapidaries, who purchase the stones at a cheap rate, and cut and polish them on their own account; or by the merchants who work the mines, and adopt this humble method of disposing of the produce of their excavations. Among the most favourite ornaments displayed for sale on these trays, a majority are made of jaspers of different colours, which are in great request throughout Russia. Occasionally, a fine topaz is seen, but the name of this gem is liberally bestowed on various kinds of crystal, which have no claim whatever to be so denominated. Perhaps

the most beautiful produce of the Ural mines is the sapphire, a stone of the richest celestial blue, not of one uniform colour like glass, but varied with lighter and darker hues, disposed like diminutive clouds over the face and through the body of the gem, which is of the softest and most delicate transparency. It was through a large flake of sapphire that the Arabian prince looked, until, as the rays of light converged and played upon his eyes, he fancied himself to be gazing upon the interior of paradise. In fact, as your sight penetrates into the innermost parts of the sapphire, if you omit to notice its dimensions, you may easily imagine you are looking into the summer sky.

It is not, however, at Ekaterinburg that you behold, in all their lustre and variety, the jewels of the Ural, but at the great mart of Nisnii-Novgorod, where the wealthy dealers in gems arrange them for sale in tempting contrasts, placed in the most advantageous light, relieved against a background of gold, or some other substance calculated to bring out all their beauty. As far back as the beginning of the seventeenth century, merchants from Meshed, Bokhara, and Samarcand, penetrated as far north as Siberia, and took back with them, in exchange for the silks and perfumes of Southern Asia, jewels wherewith to adorn the arms and bosoms of their ladies, and the sceptres and crowns of their princes. At a later period, the ciphers, mottoes, and fanciful devices engraved on the seals of the Russians, have suggested to the inhabitants of Mohammedan countries ideas of talismanic influences. These nations, at once ignorant and fanciful, invariably attach a mysterious signification to unknown characters, especially when impressed on precious stones, in the countries of the unbelievers. We were once shewn, as a talisman of the greatest potency, a regimental button of an English soldier who had fallen on the field of Aboukir.

To revive the taste for precious stones in the more polished countries of Europe, it will be necessary that they should pass from the domain of female ornaments and princely pomp into that of art, which implies an immense advance in civilisation. The men who anciently distinguished themselves in this department of art have had their names transmitted to posterity with those of great sculptors and painters. Thus, the artist who engraved the head of Sextus Pompeius is known to have been Agathangelus; Evodus engraved the head of Julia, daughter of Titus; while a man of the unmusical name of Gnaïos gave birth to the most sublime specimen of the art in the head of the young Hercules, engraved on a sapphire, preserved in the Strozzi cabinet at Rome. In the British Museum collection of engraved gems, there is a cornelian, bordering for richness of colour upon the ruby, with a female figure in intaglio, which, when held up to the light, exhibits the form in as great perfection as could be represented by a statue five feet high. We remember seeing a beryl at Naples, with a figure of Venus rising out of the sea—probably a copy of the famous Venus Anadyomene, which, for the perfection of beauty, equalled the loveliest of the twelve statues of that goddess in the Museo Borbonico. Few stones were more rarely engraved in antiquity than the ruby; partly on account of its hardness, but partly also because it was itself more rare. We have, however, seen a figure of Victory on a ruby not quite so large as the thumb-nail, which might dispute the palm of excellence with the above-mentioned head of Hercules. Held up between the eye and the sun, the goddess appeared to dilate and throw out a glory around her, which displayed her form in all its majesty, with a proud triumphant countenance turned slightly towards the spear, to intimate it was with that she had accomplished her work. Within the periphery of a stone of similar dimensions, no less than twenty-six figures, in appropriate attitudes, and engaged in characteristic actions, have been engraved by a

Greek artist, whose labours only become visible in all their delicacy by the aid of a powerful microscope, which demonstrates that they could not have been wrought without the assistance of that instrument, supposed to have been unknown to the ancients. Another artist represented a chariot drawn by four horses in full gallop, and directed by a charioteer, on a gem so small that it could be covered by the wing of a fly. This delicate and beautiful branch of art was so extensively practised in Greece, that innumerable galleries all over Europe are now filled with the gems which have been accidentally preserved; and there is seldom an excavation undertaken in Rome, Naples, Athens, Corinth, or any other ancient city, which does not bring to light new and exquisite specimens.

These considerations suggest one of the uses to which the treasures of the Ural may hereafter be applied. We say hereafter, because, notwithstanding that ciphers and mottoes, with certain fantastic devices, are habitually engraved on gems by Russian artists, they exhibit, properly speaking, no approaches to art. Men have indeed appeared, both in Germany and Italy, able to imitate so exactly the gem-engravers of antiquity, that their productions have passed with ordinary judges for genuine antiques. The younger Pichler, for example, engraved, during the last century, on a white transparent cornelian, the figure of a young man bearing a *trochus* or hoop, which, having been stolen from the artist, was sold as an antique, and passed through the hands of a number of connoisseurs without exciting the slightest suspicion, till, by a strange chance, it came again into the possession of the artist himself, who, of course, recognised his own workmanship. It has been a question among antiquaries, whether the ancient gem-engravers executed their work with the wheel, or with fine steel instruments tipped with diamond. From the appearance of some unfinished gems, it seems perfectly evident that the wheel was used, but we must not on that account discard the theory that fine separate instruments were likewise employed. May not the artists have executed the first rough labour with the wheel, and then finished off with a diamond graver? In the Ural, the lapidaries divide the softer stones with iron wheels, but employ copper discs which turn on an axis in cutting the harder, and to intensify their power, cover them with powdered jasper impregnated with iron. No observer, however, capable of conveying a correct idea of their art has yet visited Ekaterinburg, so that we are compelled to depend for information on the rough untechnical accounts of scientific travellers, wholly unacquainted with the delicate processes of ancient art.

It has often excited surprise that artists in most countries, and in nearly all ages, have exhibited a tendency to religious enthusiasm, and have usually belonged to sects remarkable for the wildness of their doctrines and practices. The fact, however, may easily be accounted for. To excel in art, requires the prevalence of the imagination over most other faculties; and wherever this is the case, the mind is prone to indulge in dreams, and to seek to satisfy its longings by modes of belief and conduct lying out of the common road. So at Ekaterinburg the lapidaries are generally seceders from the orthodox Greek church, and belong to sects, the members of which, whether with or without reason, are commonly accused of putting out the lights after the performance of their religious worship, and indulging, like some of the early heretics, in excesses and abominations not to be described. In all likelihood, these reports originate in the hostility of the orthodox, who launch against the seceders the weapons of calumny, in revenge for their having quitted the common pale. But no traveller has hitherto been at the pains to clear up these points, though a large portion of the inhabitants of the mining capital have joined the heresy of the

lapidaries, and are equally guilty or innocent with them. There is perhaps some probability, that in the gloomy regions in which fortune has stationed them, superstition exerts extraordinary power over the mind, and leads to the performance of fantastic rites and ceremonies analogous to the temper and disposition of the Russians, who, in their proneness to the indulgences of sense, unite the intrepid recklessness of Asiatics with the craft and cunning of Europeans.

No conjecture can probably be made which would approximate to anything like truth respecting the length of time that will be required to people and civilise Siberia. The government of the czars has made numerous spasmodic efforts for the purpose of directing eastwards the stream of population, but hitherto with no great success, because the laws and institutions of the country, co-operating with the peculiarities of the climate, effectually check the development of any civilising system. Despotism is a poor nursing mother to an infant community. Wages such as were paid in England in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, would at this moment be thought extravagant at Perm, Ekaterinburg, and Tobolsk. The greatest incentive to industry is consequently wanting, exactly as among the negro races of Africa, who are content, like the inferior animals, with mere existence, because the forms of society to which they find themselves subjected are calculated to insure them nothing more. At present, the vast tyranny of Russia is in the throes of change, and the whole world may be said to be looking as anxiously in the hope of beholding some extraordinary political birth. Siberia is included in the circle of these agonies, complete deliverance from which can only be effected by shattering the whole fabric of Russian despotism, and creating a number of independent communities within the present limits of the empire.

There seems, however, to be no reason why independent communities may not yet be created in that part of the world where the Kaltruks, the Kirghis, the Nogais, the Karismians, the Mongols, and the Mantchous, have been at various times at once powerful and exempt from external authority. Many persons seem to anticipate the regeneration of Asia from the Russians, who have lately displayed immense activity on the Amoor and the borders of the Northern Pacific; but nearly every colony they have planted between the Volga and Kamtschatka has proved feeble and sickly, and ultimately died out. An illustration on a small scale of this truth is supplied by the present condition of a palace in the neighbourhood of Neryansk, belonging to the family of Yakoff. Built and furnished in the Dutch taste during the reign of Peter I., it has remained ever since uninhabited, though, in obedience to their distant lords, the vassals of the family still keep the edifice in repair, and the furniture in good condition. When a traveller patronised by the government presents himself, he is admitted and entertained with princely magnificence, at the expense of the distant owners, who have never seen their Siberian palace, and can probably form no idea of the splendour and luxuries it contains. The walls are hung with ancient paintings, grim and smoky with age; the cellars are stored with French, Hungarian, and Atlantic wines, and the tables are bountifully supplied with a profusion of game and other delicacies from the forests of the Ural. But the solitude of the vast apartments oppresses the mind, suggesting the idea of decayed grandeur or of a mushroom civilisation, scorched into apparent maturity by the arbitrary application of a fierce heat like that of a larch-fire, and then left to wither and fall to pieces unheeded. Should Russia ever possess respectable institutions, its Siberian territories might gradually become inhabited, even under the rule of an emperor. The mineral riches of the earth—the gold, the silver, the platina, the iron, the copper, the marbles,

and the endless varieties of precious stones—would of themselves supply an ample revenue, and constitute the nucleus of a respectable system of civilisation. Possibly the first step towards such a state of things is now being taken in Russia. Serfdom, virtually, if not actually, is at an end; the slaves are either in insurrection or on the verge of it; the nobles are all but at war with the government; and out of this political and social chaos, a new order of things will probably proceed, which may make the Volga the eastern boundary of Russia, give rise to a new metropolis in the Ural, and pour the wealth of its mines through many new channels into Southern Asia.

MELIBŒUS UPON THE COMMERCIAL WORLD OF LONDON.

'Now, which would you rather be,' quoth Melibœus, as we were discussing the great problem of Social Position together one evening, 'a Miraculous Corn-cutter, a Hair-destroyer, or a Rocking Boy? all which I came upon this morning, in New Oxford Street, within a stone's-throw of one another. The rocking boy's livelihood is made by exposing himself to the horrors of sea-sickness for seven hours daily, in order to convince people who look in at the windows, that "the motion is exactly similar to that of the living animal." The miraculous corn-cutter is probably subject to the detraction and ridicule which await every benefactor of his species. The hair-destroyer is a problem to me. His mission cannot surely be so terrible as its name would imply; for if so, who can be his customers? Who wants to have his hair destroyed? Even lunatics are not made bald by their own desire!'

'Nay,' said I, 'he raises and he razes. He has pomades for top-dressing, for increasing capillary vegetation, and others for arresting it. He will sell to the same individual an elixir for his whiskers, and also an eradicating fluid for his moles.'

'An enterprising tradesman indeed!' observed Melibœus, 'for consider the risk a careless customer must run in dealing with him. He might misapply these potent medicaments, and so divest himself of his head of hair, and receive in compensation some luxuriant but unnatural growth upon the tip of his nose. These are strange trades, but nothing to some that are followed in this wondrous metropolis. In St John's Wood, the other day, I saw a considerable crowd collected before a handsome villa, drawn together by the spectacle of a young gentleman, sandwiched with a placard in front and rear of him: "This is the Butcher's boy waiting for his Bill." This was doubtless a delicate reminder to the inhabitant of the villa that the account was a little overdue. But do you think it *was* the butcher's boy, or some youth whose regular profession it is to amend the commercial morality of the age in that singular fashion? I am in great doubt of this. You can find people in London to do anything. At the Emporium of the East, for example, you are served by individuals of dusky hue, and apparelled in Hindu and Mohammedan costumes, but who are certainly from no further East than Whitechapel. There are the persons who compose those *Tableaux Vivants*, which you tell me I am not to take Mrs M. to see. And there are the perambulating advertisement-men, whose garbs are now getting to be so very odd that I wonder they don't frighten the horses.'

'The other methods of attracting public attention are also becoming *outré* in the extreme,' said I. 'Conceive the embarrassment of a foreigner upon reading this announcement, which ornaments all the daily papers: "Who's Scroggins? Fire, thieves, fire!" By what intellectual process would he discover that Scroggins sells fireproof safes? The suggestors of these very striking announcements are probably highly remun-

rated, but I doubt the advisability of adopting some of them. Here, for instance, is a "bill delivered," which reached me but yesterday, for a jacket and trousers—*me*, who am unhappily twenty years upon the wrong side of such things, and whose child is still in tunics; it is a regular account, with every item scrupulously set down; and at the bottom: "Boys' suits to measure, supplied at the above wholesale prices." Its object, of course, is to induce one to look at it without discovering that it is an advertisement; but some people never do look at their bills, and all persons abhor the sight of them. Perhaps the advertiser trusts to the revulsion of feeling which *Paterfamilias* must experience upon finding that he doesn't owe the money after all. Of the new perambulating advertisers the best is that respectable doctor's boy, with the clean-covered basket, who gives you little elaborately packed parcels, with samples of the woollen goods inside them, which are to be found at the emporium itself.'

'Nay,' said Melibœus, 'not the best. The best is a man in armour who stands at the door of a Curiosity Shop in Shoreditch, with General Repository written under him, *as though that were his military title*.'

'My dear Melibœus,' said I firmly, 'I don't believe it.'

'It is so, nevertheless,' replied he; 'and of unintentional absurdities such as that, there is one close by Waterloo Bridge, which is quite as funny: "Irish Volunteer Brigade, *Orderly Room*." How singular it is that so quick-sighted a nation should have overlooked the contradiction in terms. There is also a "Philanthropic Institution" a little further on, with nothing but ropes and nooses in its window—an invitation to universal suicide. It is a pity that so many really good persons should be destitute of the sense of humour; but it is almost always the case. An excellent missionary once offered me the *Sunday at Home*. "Nay," said I, putting it gravely aside, "it would be very much better to have spent it at church." He looked rebuked, but I very much doubt if he understood me.'

'Your remark is just,' said I; 'but, on the other hand, a humorist often renders himself incapable of considering anything quite soberly, or at least without a certain philosophic playfulness. And, talking of humour, Melibœus, is it, think you, from the absence or presence of that faculty that we so often see such curious associations of names over the shop-doors; such as *Flint and Steel*, for instance, in High Holborn? Were those gentlemen cognizant, think you, of how odd it would sound, when they got into partnership; or did the peculiarity itself suggest their joining forces; or did they not think about it at all?'

'Well,' rejoined Melibœus smiling, 'it could be of no great consequence to them, since nothing could be easier, if the firm did not prosper, than for Flint and Steel to strike. But, as a matter of fact, there are astonishingly few of these titular coincidences, whether designed or otherwise. There are not half a dozen in all London.'

'Pooh, pooh,' said I, 'there must be half a hundred. Why should I credit thee, O inhabitant of Bullock Smithy, upon such a point as this?'

'Because I have eyes in my head, and use them,' returned Melibœus with dignity. '*I know more about London than any other man in the world*. Now, listen. There is *Buffon and Wilson*, bird-stuffers and naturalists, in the Strand. That is the most remarkable partnership of all, not only from the association of names, but from the wonderful congruity of their pursuit. There is *Latimer and Ridley*, who are not, however, martyrs, but Bootmakers, although they live in Bishopsgate Street. There is *Greenfield and Partridge*, stockbrokers, Throgmorton Street; and there is *Negretti and Zambra*, of ever so many streets, remarkable only for the inconsistency of their names with their profession; scientific instrument-makers

(and very good ones), who yet sound somehow as if they had emigrated from the coast of Africa. Besides these five, there is not, I believe, a firm in London—if we look on Commerce from the comic point of view—deserving of a moment's attention.'

'And are there no single names with anything peculiar about them, O most observant Melibœus?'

'There is Hyde, a leather-seller, and Greenhus, a gardener, and that is all. Perhaps the rarest name is 'on (with an apostrophe between the / and the o): I have only noticed that once. The most singular profession is that of a Say manufacturer, whom I should have supposed to have been a writer of fiction, if he had had a few thousand companions, instead of being alone in London. There is also a single Peelmaker, whose employment is shrouded in mystery.'

'But, my dear friend,' urged I, 'while I thank you for your wish to afford information, permit me to say that you cannot have surveyed every street in the metropolis, nor, indeed, one-fiftieth part of them. It is impossible that you can be in a position to generalise with such exactness.'

'I have a great habit of observation,' observed Melibœus complacently, 'and I will make you what wager you please that I am correct. There is one Blood-drier—"dreadful trade"—and let us be thankful that he is unique. The paucity of professors of some arts does, however, greatly astonish me. There is only one corkcrew-maker: the Cockneys drink their wine from the wood, or else this is *not* the most hospitable city in the world.'

'Such a lack seems monstrous, Melibœus.'

'It does; but yet so it is. And there are only two coal-shovel makers, inclusive (I suppose) of the people who make the bishops' hats.'

'My dear Melibœus, do tell me, in sober seriousness, where did you acquire these minute and curious particulars of London commerce?'

'At Bullock Smithy,' returned he, and an ingenuous calm, I am bound to say, pervaded him. 'There are no less than eleven persons who devote their entire energies to the making of pill-boxes.'

'Melibœus,' cried I, with sudden vehemence, 'you are a gross impostor; your "great habits of observation" are all moonshine. I see it all now: you have been getting up the *Commercial Directory*.'

'You have hit it at last,' returned he blandly. 'I took the one for 1860 home with me, and studied it very carefully for a fortnight. It is one of the finest works ever written, and I flatter myself I am now a master of it. It has not very much poetry about it, but some of its facts are harmonious, and comforting too. I learn from it, for example, that there are no less than ninety tripe-dressers in the metropolis. Conceive, therefore, the quantity of tripe, and the number of persons who must consume it daily! I was delighted to find that delicacy in such repute, for at Bullock Smithy it is scarcely recognised, and Mrs M. even refuses to set it before me, as not being a dish for a genteel table. In London, of course, there are no such miserable prejudices. I must confess, however, that a certain note upon the dairymen, in this valuable volume, did a little stagger me just at first. "Individuals marked thus x," it says, "are purveyors of asses' milk." Now, in Bullock Smithy, such an intimation would be made ground of action at once, and set every cowkeeper up in arms.'

'Is that unhallowed whisper true?' said I, 'which hints that the Smiths are not so numerous in the *Commercial Directory* as has been believed for centuries?'

'They are second in number,' said Melibœus decisively; 'they make up some 1300; but the Joneses top them by fifty or so. The Browns, including the aristocratic ones with the final e, amount to 600; the Williamses to 450. After them the Robinsons, Taylors, Edwardses, and others, are equally numerous, being about 250 each. The Maos, in spite of the

scandal about the emigration of North Britons to London, altogether only equal the Browns; and there are only two Scotchmans in the metropolis.'

'These investigations of yours must have been very tiresome, Melibœus, but their results are really interesting. Did you happen to calculate which trade has the most numerous followers?'

'I tried to do so, but feeling vertigo to be imminent, I abandoned the attempt. The sub-divisions of labour were, however, so very curious, that I took down the particulars of one of them for an example. There are 950 watchmakers; but besides these there are seven-and-twenty callings connected with watches, and with watches only, comprising barrel-makers, balance-makers, comparative balance-makers, enamellers, cap-makers, case-makers, engine-turners, dial-plate makers, engravers, escapement-makers, finishers, fusee-makers, case-gilders, glass-makers, jewellers, hand-makers, joint-finishers, key-makers, material-dealers, pallet-makers, pendant-makers, secret-springers, &c., &c. Singularly enough, with all this there is but one alarum-maker—a monopolist who should surely make some noise in the world.'

'Do the names of the traders retain any connection with their pursuits, Melibœus? Are there many Bakers, bakers, for example?'

'Only one; and but one Butcher, butcher: though there are 16 Taylors, tailors, out of nearly three hundred of that name. Among all the throng of Shepherds, there is but one who retains the least characteristic of that pastoral calling: he is a bell-hanger; but then, alas, he is also a gasfitter.'

'And what becomes of our Shakespeares and Miltons in this prosaic age, O my Melibœus! What wood-notes wild do they warble in the unregardful streets?'

'There are eight Miltons who follow somewhat sordid trades. A ninth reminds us (very dimly) of his august and travelled progenitor by keeping an Italian warehouse. Of Shakespeares there are but four; and of these, the one whose pursuits seem most to chime with that of the immortal bard, is but the proprietor of a Fancy Repository.'

A NIGHT THOUGHT.

How grandly solemn is this arch of night!
How wonderfully beautiful and vast!
Crowded with worlds enswathed in living light—
Coeval with the immeasurable past!
With what a placid and effulgent face
The mild moon travels 'mid her golden isles,
And on the Earth, asleep in Night's embrace,
Pours the soft lustre of her quiet smiles!
Can I, O God, who tremble here with awe,
Doubt the Designer, sneer at the design,
Nor own that all is of Thy wisdom, Thine,
Fashioned by Thee, and governed by Thy law?
I marvel at the being who can see
In these, Thy mighty works, no evidence of Thee.

J. C. P.

The Editor of *Chambers's Journal* has to request that all communications be addressed to 47 Paternoster Row, London, and that they further be accompanied by postage-stamps, as the return of rejected Contributions cannot otherwise be guaranteed. All MSS. for publication should be written on one side of the page only. The author of the Tale entitled *The Witness*, is requested to send name and address.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH. Also sold by all Booksellers.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL OF POPULAR LITERATURE

Science and Arts.

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 423.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1862.

PRICE 14d.

THE VOICELESS ONE.

LAURA TIPPETTS and I had known one another from childhood. Our parents lived on opposite sides of the way in a highly respectable street in the neighbourhood of Mecklenburgh Square. I have heard people deny that that is a fashionable square, and that the streets in its immediate vicinity are fashionable streets, but I have never found any one to deny that both they and it are highly respectable. The very policemen on the different beats acknowledge that. There was never any such murder done in it as was attempted in that otherwise respectable street off the Strand the other day. There was once an attempt at suicide, which was the nearest approach to it that I can recollect, and that was only with charcoal, which is not horror-striking; besides, the perpetrator opened the window as soon as he felt the sense of suffocation very oppressive, though the reason he generally gave was, that just as he felt his senses going, it suddenly struck him he had an engagement next day in the city, which he had forgotten till that very moment. The bloodiest affair that I recollect in our street was an encounter between Master Tippetts and myself, differences having arisen upon the subject of fairly knuckling-down at marbles; and I am bound to confess that the hemorrhage he produced from what pugilists would call my proboscis, was extraordinary; but I am not without hopes that the reason for his wearing a green shade over one eye during several successive days from the date of our 'little affair,' might have been traced to an administration, upon my part, of what the gentlemen aforesaid denominate 'pepper.' He certainly said he had a pig-stye; but I regret to state that though Joe Tippetts had a great regard for appearances, he had little or none for truth.

How I became acquainted with Laura, was on this wise: We not only lived on opposite sides of the same street, but in exactly opposite houses; it followed, therefore, naturally, that we were constantly looking out at the window at the same time; we flattened our noses at corresponding panes of glass; we emulated each other in the capture of flies; we gave half-pennies to the same organ-grinders; we bought milk from the same cow (for in Mecklenburghia they do, or did when I was young, drive about a live cow and sell real milk from it); we imitated the same 'buy-a-broom' girl; and, sad to relate,

we occasionally made faces at one another. Moreover, we walked in the same spots, and bowled our hoops in the same localities; so that one day, when Laura and I were coming at full hoop-speed in opposite directions, these came into collision, and rolled together into the road. As the only son of a poor widow, I had, of course, even at eight years old, been taught a certain amount of gallantry; I therefore recovered both hoops, and as I returned Laura hers, with a somewhat sheepy air, said: 'Hollo! I know you; your name's Laura Tippetts.'

'So do I know you,' said she with childlike frankness; 'your name's Robert Jacket, and you're always making faces at me.'

She was only just nine years old, and already had feminine tact enough to take a mean advantage. It's my firm belief that she commenced making faces; but by cleverly bringing the accusation against me, she stood upon some kind of vantage-ground. However, I answered sulkily: 'So are you at me.' To which she had the impertinence to reply: 'Rude boys must be rudely treated,' as if she had been my grandmother. Then she stole another march upon me: seeing me rather nonplussed, she inquired suddenly: 'How did you know my name?' This was a question easily answered, so I replied with a readiness that must have carried conviction to any mind: 'Your servant told our servant, and she told me. How did you know mine?' Had I been a little older, I might have drawn an argument from my own confession; but as it was, I asked the question with some anxiety, and she replied, holding up her forefinger slyly: 'Oh, a little bird told me.' And though I didn't believe it, I didn't like to say so, but remained dumb, wondering within me whether she had mysterious sources of information which were closed to me. In later years this has helped to confirm an opinion I entertain, that girls at a very early age receive from their mammas private instruction in artfulness; for you must have noticed how, when little girls are going out to walk or play with little boys, mammas always call the former aside, and converse with them apart for a few minutes; and during that short conversation many hints, I feel certain, are given for the entanglement in their talk of guileless and pantaloonless young gentlemen; else I am at a loss to conceive how it is reconcilable with the assertion, that the male is by nature the superior animal, that little boys have always the worst of it in wordy combat with little girls.

Laura, however, seeing that I was nonplussed, and had never heard of the communications whispered by feathered messengers, fearful, I suppose, lest the spirit of scepticism should lead me to ask unanswerable questions, hastened to change the subject; and as we walked home together, with Master Tippetts, who was not partial to strangers, sulking in the rear, she inquired what I was going to be when I grew up, to which question I promptly answered: 'A general.'

'Why, was your papa a general?'

'No, my papa was only a major.'

'Then, how do you know you'll be a general?'

'Oh! ma says I shall. She says pa would have been, only he died so young.'

'But do you think you'll ever be tall enough to be a general? Why, the gentleman who drills my brother is a head taller than my papa, and he is only a captain.'

'Do you mean old Stocks?'

'Yes, I do: Captain Stocks.'

'Do you know he isn't a real captain?'

'Oh! yes, he is; I heard pa call him so.'

'Well, ma says he isn't: she says he was pa's servant once, and he never was higher than a sergeant. She says he wouldn't salute her when he meets her in the street, if he'd been a captain; and people only call him captain 'cos they think he likes it, and a captain can charge more money than a sergeant.'

Hereupon, and before the knotty point was settled, we arrived at Laura's door, at which stood Mrs Tippetts, newly arrived from a shopping expedition, who, seeing me in company with her children, took the liberty (and I considered it a great liberty) of patting my cheek, shewed a perfect familiarity with my name, habits, place of abode, &c., and concluded by asking me to come in and drink tea with Laura and her brother; which I did, after running home first to 'ask mamma.' And so it came to pass that I grew intimate with Laura, and that my mamma became intimate with Laura's; for of course, after my tea-drinking, my mamma called to thank Mrs Tippetts for her kindness. It was a fatal day for me in many ways. I certainly reaped some advantages from the connection, but I as certainly reaped some disadvantages, not the least of which was a generous offer made by Mr Tippetts, when he became sufficiently acquainted with my mother, to administer any corporal punishment which my mother might consider likely to be of service to me in after-life. This offer, I grieve to say, my (I speak with all filial respect) misguided parent accepted; and the consequence was, I both feared Mr Tippetts and hated him with the hatred of the flogged. Nor did he always wait to be asked—had he done so, I think my sufferings would not have been very great—but taking a mean advantage of the inch which had been allowed him, he increased it beyond an ell; and putting himself completely *in loco parentis*, chastised me on his own account, and so robbed me of the only source—such as it was—of congratulation which I had derived from my fatherless condition, when I observed the frequency with which Mr Tippetts invited his son to private interviews in the study, the reluctance exhibited by Master Tippetts to avail himself of the paternal confidence, the rushing, swishing sound, as of a wind-bowed branch in the leafy month of June, that was to be heard by standing sentry at the keyhole, and the smothered cries that succeeded the swish, as of a little boy in agony who is forcibly held in a prone position.

So vividly was Mr Tippetts connected in my mind with such recollections, that afterwards, when I went to school, and had a Greek grammar with a picture upon the title-page of Solomon chastising his son, I took it for granted that it was intended to represent a scene between old Tippetts and his offspring, and wrote their names under the respective figures; nor could I be easily brought to understand

that I had confounded Mr Tippetts with the Wise King; for of wisdom Mr Tippetts was, I think, guiltless, nor could he be accused of letting justice interfere with his penal arrangements.

This, I think, is apparent from the treatment I experienced at his hands in the matter of our baker. The baker who supplied the families of Tippetts and Jacket with their daily bread was a worthy man, but to whom I 'cottoned' immensely in those early years. He was the happy possessor of a cart and a very fast pony, and it was my delight to get him to take me with him now and then, when he went his daily rounds. He, kind soul, not only indulged me, but entertained me on the road with stories of his life, with accounts of fluctuations in the price of flour, which I could not comprehend, and with new buns *gratis*, which were exactly suited to my apprehension. To all these delights I introduced Laura and her brother, and many joyous drives did we take together in the friendly baker's cart; but one unlucky day, as we were returning full of glee, in tip-top spirits, and with currant bun in fist, we suddenly turned a corner, and nearly ran over Mr Tippetts. I wished we had, a few minutes after, for it cost me many a tear. Old Tippetts held a consultation with my mother and his wife, and the result was that I had a difficulty in sitting down for some hours. I was found guilty of forming low acquaintances, and introducing the young Tippettses to them, and fear was expressed that unless I were checked in my career, I should make a melancholy ending upon the gallows. The poor baker was severely reprimanded, and I was severely punished. And yet there was not one of my grander friends who would take me out for drives, tell me stories of their lives, and gratify my taste for currant buns. Perhaps they had more to be ashamed of in their lives than my honest friend the baker. There was an offer made to pay him for his buns, whereat he very properly waxed indignant: he said it wasn't his desire to 'pison the minds of the young gentlefolks, he liked to see chil'un happy; what they'd had, they was welcome to: and as for their parents' custom, he didn't want it partickler, and they might take it som'eres else, if they liked.' I am happy to say my mother thanked him on the sly, but she was a lone widow, and too weak to battle with the world. Old Tippetts talked very big to her, and she acquiesced, but was not convinced. The baker never spoke to me again after the unfortunate occurrence, but he always greeted me with a sad, kind smile, as though he felt he was an injured man, but knew that it wasn't my fault. Lie lightly on that baker, earth, when he goes beneath thy upper crust!

Laura and I talked the matter over, and came to the conclusion it was a great shame; and so openly did we shew our feelings, that I was very soon sent to school. I now saw Laura only in the holidays; but during them we were as intimate as ever. It was perfectly understood that we were to be married so soon as our respective ships came home; and our respective parents tacitly and smilingly consented to the union. But alack for early loves! I had left school, having reached the manly age of fifteen; I had been delivered over to the watchful care of a reverend gentleman, who lived in 'a beautifully situated parsonage' not far from town, and who prepared young gentlemen for passing those examinations which are necessary to be passed by aspirants for future field-marshalships; I had the opportunity of associating with other young gentlemen of the same heroic tendencies with myself, of the same promises, on the part of their doting mothers, of generalships in the army, of manlier age—for one was eighteen—of more experience in society, and of greater pecuniary means; I had the inestimable advantage of breakfasting, dining, teazing, dancing, and flirting with the reverend gentleman's two daughters, under the supervision of their mamma; I frequently went out to the

neighbours' parties, and saw a galaxy of youthful beauty; and in conversation with my manlier, more experienced, more fashionable, more wealthy companions, canvassed the 'points' of our fair acquaintances. I regret to say that the result was unfavourable to Laura; for I learned what were embellishments, and what were blemishes, about which I had hitherto never dreamed in connection with Laura. We had been like brother and sister, and I had never yet thought of 'eying her over.' But now, when I heard an opinion expressed that a certain otherwise very estimable young lady was 'a dowdy,' it flashed upon me all on a sudden that if that were the case, then Laura was 'a dowdy also.' When our chief authority declared that though Bella Brail was 'a decent sort of little gal,' no 'feller' could think seriously of a 'gal' that kicked up her dress with her heels when she walked, and shewed all the sole of her shoe, I bethought me with dismay that that was exactly what Laura did, and it certainly does not look pretty. When he affirmed, moreover, that a projecting tooth was enough to spoil any mouth, and added, facetiously, that the osculatory process might be attended with casualties under such circumstances, I remembered sadly that Laura had a little tusk of that description; and when he ended with a violent denunciation of all 'gals' who had chilblains, and vowed that he would sooner throw up his commission (when he got it) than marry a 'red-wristed, sausage-fingered gal,' my heart smote me grievously, for I had often sympathised with Laura on her sufferings from chilblains, before I had been instructed in the value of external appearances.

I thought he was rather a brute, and I felt inclined to hate him, but somehow his words sank into my soul, and I pondered upon them deeply. Not long after, I saw poor Laura, and it was in winter. I determined to watch her narrowly. I walked out with her, and examined her gait: yes, the heels went up behind like a monthly nurse's; the projecting tooth was obvious to the naked eye; her chilblains she complained of with touching candour; and the dowdiness of her expansive bonnet, shawl wrinkled round the neck, gloves of cloth, and great snow-boots, was undeniable. But then there was her kind, frank, loving face; her wavy hair; her hazel eyes; her cheerful, friendly voice; and all that the 'authority' had said vanished for the moment from my mind. But 'constancy lives in realms above.' When I arrived at my own abode, that confounded 'authority's' words recurred to me; I reflected once more upon them; and all the horrors connected with chilblains, dowdiness, projecting tooth, and kick-up heels once more crowded in upon my mind. Is it possible, thought I, that I could sit at table three hundred and sixty-five days in the year opposite no matter how sweet a creature, who in summer would probably fan herself with her pocket-handkerchief, and in winter would continually rub one foot against the other with an expression of face indicative of irritating anguish, and would wear upon her hands a pair of mutilated black kid gloves, from which protruded, as it were, sticks of living beet-root! For I hold that the question which should be asked a man or woman at marriage-time is not, 'Wilt thou have this woman for thy wedded wife?' but, 'Dost thou think thou canst sit at table opposite this woman three hundred and sixty-five days in a year without becoming desperate?' And I came to the conclusion that in Laura's case I couldn't. However, I determined not to be a scoundrel without a struggle; and I remembered how a young lady whom I had known, who was a great deal more dowdyish than Laura, had far worse chilblains, kicked her heels up higher, and blushed whenever you spoke to her, had, after spending a year in a boarding-school at Brighton, undergone a complete mutation, threw on her shawl in a truly exquisite manner, cocked her

bonnet in the archest fashion, handled her muff with a defiant air, drew out of it the whitest fingers you ever saw, marched like a drill-sergeant, and reserved her blushes for particular occasions, if, indeed, she ever indulged in the weakness.

Even the projecting tooth might be made to disappear, for I have known young ladies subjected to much torture for the sake of even teeth; and there are at Brighton lady-principals with very correct notions upon the duty of enduring anything for the improvement of personal appearance, and dentists who perfectly agree with the lady-principals that it is surely worth a guinea. However, I was to be relieved of my embarrassment in the most unexpected manner. I had passed my examination notwithstanding the assistance of the Rev. Mr Cramb and his wife and his daughters, had been gazetted, and was to 'join' in a few days. My destiny was Winchester: it was therefore necessary to call at the Tippetts', and say good-bye. Mrs Tippetts was engaged just at present, sir; but Miss Tippetts was at home, and would see me if I pleased. I was a little anxious, for I had made up my mind to speak in an open, frank, fraternal manner to Laura; remind her how young we both were, and how ignorant of the world; and let her know, in the most handsome manner, and in the most delicate way, that should she see during my absence (as was very probable) anybody whom she preferred to me, she might candidly inform me, and that I should not hold her bound by childish, thoughtless promises.

As I was worrying myself with surmises as to the best way of setting about my awkward task, the door opened, and Laura appeared. She came towards me, I thought, rather nervously, and though her lips moved, not a word escaped them; then she looked earnestly in my face, and smiled. 'Dear me,' thought I, 'this is a great deal more emotion than I expected; I'm only going to Winchester.' Meanwhile, we had both taken seats, and Laura, to my astonishment, drew her chair so close to mine that they touched; then she looked in my eyes again, smiled again in melancholy fashion, and again her lips moved without a word escaping. 'This is very odd,' I said to myself: 'she can't mean to make a definite proposal; it isn't leap-year, for you can't divide the last two figures of the year by four without a remainder.'

And now her eyes began to fill with tears, and I felt that something tender was expected of me; so I was just stealing my arm round her waist, when she jumped up angrily, shook her head vehemently, and began talking deaf and dumb on her fingers. I made out 'I h-a-v-e l-o,' when I interrupted her immediately: 'I know you have, Laura,' I cried, 'and so have I loved you; but you see we are both so young and so inexperienced—and—and—I—really—don't feel—quite—equal to it—just yet.'

Poor Laura put her hands before her face, and left the room sobbing. What I had done I hardly knew, beyond the fact, that I had somehow made a fool of myself, when enter Mrs Tippetts in a high state of excitement. 'So, sir,' says she, without the usual salutatory compliments, 'you have commenced your military manners already; you come intoxicated into a respectable house, and insult the daughter of respectable parents. Not a word, sir; I'll not hear you. Laura tells me that you interrupted her with the most unfeeling and insulting nonsense whilst she was explaining to you that, from cold, she had lost her voice.'

Apology was useless; Mrs Tippetts was inexorable; even my mother's mediation only extorted a promise, that after a year's probation I might perhaps be forgiven; but, of course, Laura and I could never be at our ease again together; and I have often wondered whether it was for good or for evil that I jumped so hastily to the conclusion that 'l-o' must be the beginning of 'love.' At anyrate, Laura went

to a boarding-school at Brighton, lost her chilblains, and recovered her voice, so that there is no fear now of her misleading any one with the deaf and dumb alphabet.

POLICE.

SOCIETY has more hands than Briareus, and more eyes than Argus, but those eyes and hands must be variously employed. That Shibboleth of the political economists, the systematic division of labour, is the keystone of civilisation; indeed, the greater the progress made by any nation, the fewer are the accomplishments of the individuals who compose it. The 'handyman,' the Jack-of-all-trades, is seldom the citizen of a very wealthy or refined commonwealth. It is well for the savage that he can shape his own bow and arrows, make his fishing-tackle and traps, build his canoe and wigwam, and stitch his own moccasins with sinew-thread and a bone-needle; but we have no such requirements. With us, indeed, whole classes are devoted to a single office, to making the head of a pin, to dipping matches in phosphorus, or to manufacturing the twenty-fifth of a watch.

Of course, with these minute subdivisions of the duties of life, it cannot be expected that we should personally and at all times be ready to protect the property of self and neighbours. We cannot be always on guard against Black Will, the garrotteer, or Bill Centrebitt, the eminent cracksman; still less can we undertake to hunt down Mr Slippery, the fraudulent bankrupt, or to pursue, through all his doubles and disguises, that commercial Proteus, Mr Bolt, the defaulting cashier; we therefore maintain a body of professional persons, hardy enough and astute enough to perform those not very agreeable offices.

But before the police system attained to its present state of comparative excellence, mankind had to endure much. So long as the king or chief, elected or patriarchal, can find time to administer justice, the policeman remains in embryo. A monarch will probably have certain henchmen or servants ready to do his bidding, while the ruler of a petty tribe can call on the assembly of the people to give force to his words. But the salaried magistrate soon finds that he has need of a body of hard-handed satellites. Accordingly, in all Oriental countries, from Japan to Morocco, we find the court of the *cadi* or *mandarin* is garrisoned by a number of active myrmidons; these persons, by whatever name they may be called, are identical with the 'tormentors' mentioned in the New Testament; these are they who 'should have examined' St Paul in the grim Roman fortress, but who had no power to exercise their cruelty on the person of one claiming citizen's rights. The eastern policeman is at once thief-taker, jailer, and torturer, with a strong dash of the strangler and the headsmen. He is always ready to administer the *bastinado* in the most approved style, and prides himself on the skill with which he can bring down the heavy bamboo in succession on each individual toe of the roaring offender. Indeed, he is more fond of punishing evil-doers than of capturing them, especially when resistance is to be looked for. But his sphere of action is purely local; he is attached to a court, and confined to the limits of a city, and thus is only amenable to the orders of a single magistrate.

Turkey alone, a state which has copied, though in a vague and feeble fashion, the institutions of its neighbours, possesses a force of police, on foot and horseback, adapted to patrol the roads, and in some degree to provide for the general safety. This is, however, a precaution not much to Oriental taste; most Mussulman countries leave the roads to take care of themselves, and concentrate all their efforts against the pilferers of the bazaar.

Hellas did not devote much care to matters of police; very small communities seldom do. In Athens, Thebes, or Sparta, every man's business was pretty well known to his neighbours. Great offenders were dealt with by something very like Lynch law; and petty-larceny rogues were readily secured by the myrmidons at the beck of the Archons or the *Andres Dikastai*. Most of the smaller transgressors were slaves, and these were easily chastised by their owners. A riot was quelled by expostulation on the part of the more popular seniors of the city; and where all were known by repute one to another, the weight of public opinion did much that would be impossible under other circumstances.

It was not thus in Rome. A great magistrate of the republic valued above all other privileges that of being preceded by the fasces, the twigs that were to scourge minor sinners, the axe to which haughty necks should bow. The number of lictors attached to the person of every chief official was carefully defined by law; but the statutes placed no limit to the amount of precursors, apparitors, and miscellaneous retainers, who might haunt the tribunal of a judge, and these increased as the pristine virtues waned. The questors and censors were legally empowered to perform many duties which we now intrust to vestries, Boards of Health, coroners, stipendiary magistrates, and the public press. Their business it was to ferret out nuisances, to enforce sumptuary rules, to check evils, and, in short, to make the Romans virtuous by act of senate. They failed in the loftier objects which they undertook, but they did some good. Their troubles, like those of other persons in office, were both lightened and aggravated by the influence of the nobility. The patricians of Rome, than whom the world has never seen an aristocracy more haughty, warlike, and greedy at once of honour and gold, saved the magistrates a world of trouble. They would whip and chain their own faulty slaves; they had their private jail and their peculiar tormentor, and they could set plenty of hands in motion to enforce their fiat without troubling the lictors.

But their clients, the turbulent trenchermen who wore my lord's colours, and bore his name and ate his bread on a feast-day, these were not to be roughly hauled before a common court of justice. So much of a senator's power depended on the noisy freemen who hung about him like the 'tail' of a Highland chief, that he could not but protect them in any little difficulty with the law. They fought, too, at times—these quarrelsome dignitaries—not man to man, but mob to mob. Claudius and his clients and servants would come to blows in the streets or highway with Fabius and his hangers-on and domestics; and on the occasion of these riots, the authorities seem to have been quite passive, as if utterly incompetent to keep the peace.

Our northern ancestors borrowed many inventions from the unripe civilisation of old Italy, but not in this instance. They devised a system of their own, which prevailed throughout Scandinavia and Low Germany, and which, in England, has come down to our own day; they invented the constable. Mutual responsibility was the great principle on which our forefathers relied; so far as they could manage it, every man was bail for somebody else, or bound to look after somebody else, or responsible in purse for the damage that might possibly be done by somebody else. It was quite in accordance with this theory of theirs to elect a constable for each parish or ward. This official was chosen *volens volens*, filled his post for a limited time, and exercised no insignificant authority during the tenure of his place. Women, if householders and taxpayers, were eligible as well as men, and in such case, were compelled to serve by proxy of some son, kinsman, or hireling.

It never, very probably, entered into the heads of

the old Teutons, whether in isle or on mainland, to attire their constable in uniform, and to pay him a stipend, still less to require of him the strict obedience to discipline, and the sacrifice of time and sleep, to which our modern divisions, from A to Z, must submit. The constable was emphatically a freeman, a householder, and a man of property; he had that 'stake in the country' of which we used to hear so much when the corn-laws were tottering. He farmed, or ground corn, or sold nut-brown ale, and was in all respects such a man as his neighbours, till crime shewed its ugly face in the village; then, indeed, Mr Constable went to the chimney-corner, took down from its peg the official staff, and became at once the tremendous representative of Law. While engaged on the public business, in escorting offenders to jail, in attending executions, witch-trials, whippings, or the like, the constable was paid rather for loss of time than for the execution of his duty. During the rest of the year he lived as his compeers lived, and neither asked nor obtained a salary. The institution was cheap. It worked tolerably well, especially in cases where the popular sentiment backed the decrees of justice. In a thinly peopled district, where there were few crimes save theft, and where prowling strangers were eyed suspiciously, the constable sped fairly enough. If a riot had to be quelled, or an arrest made in cases where the heart of the people yearned towards the culprit, the constable's magic staff became but as a broken reed.

This result, however, was not surprising. A man chosen from the great mass of mankind must cease to be of them before he will act against their wishes and their ideas. It is perfectly possible to organise a body of men, whether as soldiers or police, who shall be the blind instruments of power, and as proof against sympathy with the public as the weapons they wear. But for this purpose, old ties must be snapped, and new interests created, and the most essential feature of the constable was, that he was a free citizen, singled out to exercise certain duties in behoof of right and law.

The great towns were unable to preserve even a moderate degree of order without some more ample arrangements than those which maintained the king's peace in Stoke Pogis and Chatham Parva. The burghers themselves supplied a civic guard to watch the gates and walls, as well as to patrol the streets. These duties were not negligently discharged. The honest traffickers were too much afraid of the marauding lords without, to omit the needful task of keeping a vigilant eye on the bulwarks of their city; they were also too keenly interested in the security of their booths and warehouses, to be very tolerant of the presence of light-fingered knaves of lower rank; they turned out in armour, therefore, and made the tour of the streets, stopping and questioning all rufflers, lunkers, and suspicious persons, carrying brawlers to the cage, and chiding those who kept late hours.

The unpaid magistrates of England had no other myrmidons to do their bidding than the parish constable, and such special constables as they might be pleased to swear in, in the event of any notable emergency. The sheriffs were accustomed to hire, and to dress in their livery, a certain band of irregular subordinates, the predecessors of those modern javelin-men who still form a prominent feature at assizes. But the sheriff's main dependence was in two especial institutions of the realm, the *Hue and Cry*, and the *posse comitatus*. The former of these was a man-hunt organised by authority. When a swift highwayman, horse-stealer, or other fugitive offender had 'fied the country,' he was pursued in the most blatant and tumultuous manner, with blowing of horn, and outcry of voices, and all within hearing were required, under pains and penalties, to join the chase. Our modern halloo of 'stop thief,' every year more rarely heard, is

but a feeble copy of those robber-hunts of the old time, when the runaway would be followed for half the length of a county by a whirlwind of legal vengeance. In days when there was no telegraph, and no detectives, and when more than half the island was a deer-haunted waste, it was of the utmost consequence to capture criminals 'red-handed,' and for this purpose the *Hue and Cry* was useful enough.

The *posse comitatus* was generally employed against rebels, seditious assemblages, or troublesome barons. It answered to the *levée en masse* of the French, and no able-bodied person, not in holy orders, was licensed to disobey the sheriff's summons to the field. The regular militia, under the lord-lieutenants, was only called out in time of war, civil or foreign. But without a formal muster of the train-bands, the sheriff had the right of assembling in arms as many persons as might be necessary to vindicate the majesty of law. Meanwhile the landed aristocracy, the principal clergy, and the first magistrates of towns, had established a sort of police of their own; every lord of a manor had his reeve or bailiff, as in Scotland each barony maintained its bailie, and these again had subalterns called 'followers.' A curious sight must our country have presented when there were many kings of Brentford, when every peer or great squire could hold his court leet, levying fines and issuing decrees, and when, in the northern part of the island, countless hereditary jurisdictions had the power of inflicting death or mutilation.

In the middle ages, too, arose that great creature, the Beadle. The latter, as his name implies, was of French origin. He was attached, not only to cathedrals and important clerical foundations, but to tribunals, jails, and metropolitan parishes. The chief duty of the medieval Bumble was to scourge offenders, especially women; but he united many of the tasks of the modern policeman with those of the professional flogger. Besides the beadle, there were ushers of court, town-serjeants, sheriff-officers, bailiffs, mace-men, tipstaves, and other servants of Themis. The most absurd and pernicious results followed this minute parcelling out of the land into local jurisdictions. It was safer to snatch a purse in one place than to purloin a hank of thread or a turnip elsewhere. Thus, the thieves, in their profane parody on the litany, coupled Hull and Halifax with Pandemonium itself, while in the south there was less fear of detection and less stringency of punishment.

The grand constables of all countries belonging to Western Europe were among the most important officers of state; they frequently led armies to battle, but their peculiar privilege was that of arresting potent offenders against the suzerain.

The Holy Roman Empire, so called, set the fashion in doing honour to those grim dignitaries whose duties were discharged on the dismal stage which the scaffold afforded. The headsman, throughout great part of the continent, held his post by hereditary right. Each considerable city had its dynasty of executioners, with a residence, a stipend, and certain perquisites. Some of these families yet retain the place of trust which their forefathers held; their chief is ready to perform the bloody tasks, now happily infrequent. Immemorial tradition, and use which lessens marvel, prevent these persons from viewing their trade with the horror and repugnance which it inspires, among even the vilest and most debased. The hereditary executioner of Bruges, for instance, may be seen on any summer's day, busy among his tulips, a mild, lethargic Fleming, though sprung from a race of professional blood-shedders.

In Scotland, the hangman was always viewed with deep disgust and abhorrence. It was the shower of stones aimed at the finisher of the law, which provoked Captain Porteous to give the fatal command to fire on the crowd. In England, the hangman was an object of antipathy; while in France, he was treated

with an enforced respect, and called by the name of Monsieur de Paris, Monsieur de Lille, and the like. Our ancient sovereigns were fond of calling in the aid of foreign talent: noble and royal heads were usually bowed beneath a French axe. It was the executioner of Calais who beheaded Queen Anne Boleyn. The difficulty of bringing powerful offenders to justice, led, in South Germany, to the establishment of the Fehmgericht, that invisible community before which emperors trembled. So strange a league, working in so mystic and hidden a manner, afforded such tempting materials to the romancer, that it is not easy to separate the viewless judges from Scott's and Spiedler's novels. But there is little doubt that the institution did much good and much harm. It was well that the most exalted criminal in that turbulent age should be arraigned at a bar, and before a tribunal, whose authority was not to be defied or tampered with; it was well that the robber-baron, high up in his rock-cradled eyry of a castle, with all his steel-coated retainers keeping ward there, should be cited to appear before his judges, as fearlessly as if he were a mere hind or fisher. Nor need we be very sorry when, in spite of guards and gates, the dagger or the cord punished the sins which kaisers and prince-bishops refused to chastise. But all secret societies, however pure and righteous their original aims, are likely to have those aims warped to evil ends. The members of the league could not resist the longing to pay off grudges and feudal hates, to remove the rival and the enemy, and that tremendous ostracism of theirs must have brought to destruction as many innocent heads as guilty ones. At last men learned that Justice is a plant that only thrives in the daylight, and the Fehmgericht collapsed for ever.

A more praiseworthy institution was the Holy Brotherhood of Spain, before at least the Inquisition obtained full mastery over its workings. This was merely an association of the rich and respectable classes of Spaniards, to insure the safety of travellers, and to sweep the roads of the banditti who infested them. But in time the highwaymen were neglected, that heretics, relapsed Moriscoes, secret Jews, and other foes of the church, might feel the full weight of the secular arm, and the *auto da fé* supplanted the assizes. As for the regular police of Spain, the *alguazils*, whose portraits Le Sage sketched so cleverly, they were but a greedy band of extortioners and bullies, more terrible to those who had anything to lose than to the brigands of the road.

The Turkish police at Constantinople stood once in high repute. The *cadis* used to make the round of the shops and stalls, inspecting weights and measures, and with summary strictness nailing the ears of dishonest traders to their own doorposts; but bribery, the curse of most southern nations, at last proved fatal to the integrity of Moslem magistrates, and even-handed justice became but a tradition.

Paris, in old times, was a disorderly city enough. Cloak-snatching was once the favourite trick of the French swell-mob; and the embroidered mantles, in velvet or fine cloth, which were worn in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, were boldly torn from their owners' shoulders at noonday. Street-robbery was as common in old Paris as in modern Mexico. The astute police, who were first organised by Richelieu, and afterwards fostered by Louis the Grand, cared little for vulgar picking of pockets. They were very shrewd and skilful, but they were eternally occupied in snaring spies, in ferreting out plots, and in tracking traitors. The exempts, a small but choice force, answered to our detectives, but were almost wholly employed in hunting down political offenders, and transporting them to the Bastille. The *Maréchaussée*, however, a mounted body of men who patrolled the highways, and the archers of the watch

in Paris, proved themselves of some real utility against malefactors.

It would be unjust to the police of early days not to take note of a serious stumbling-block which the superstition and negligence of the age threw in their way. In London, as in Paris and elsewhere, the ancient privilege of sanctuary was grossly abused. The Clink, the Mint, and the purlieus of Westminster Abbey, shared with Whitefriars and the Savoy the right of sheltering fugitives from law. The Church of Rome fell, as far as Britain was concerned, but the old immunities remained. To be sure, debtors alone had a strict right to the freedom from arrest which a residence within those charmed precincts afforded; but the forger, the cut-purse, and the burglar, with all others who dreaded and deserved punishment, crowded into the magic spot, and bade defiance to society. No writ would run in Alsatia, or the pettier dens where villany and vice collected in unwholesome proximity to the great thoroughfares; no warrant could be executed, save by a military force. It was not until the reign of William III. that these abuses were put an end to.

About the period of Queen Anne, thief-taking seems to have become a regular calling. The thief-takers of that day were the predecessors of the Bow Street runners of sixty years since. Both classes of officers were hardy and dexterous, and much dreaded by the light-fingered members of the community; but they were not very scrupulous, nor of high moral character; they lived in familiar intercourse with the rogues whose depredations they ought to have checked, and they rather encouraged than thwarted crime; indeed, to a thief-taker of the stamp to which Jonathan Wild belonged, Rascaldom was a farm whose crops were to be fostered in the hope of profit. Such a man freely accepted tribute from the highway heroes of the time, counted his felons as a grazier his sheep, and seldom brought a robber to the gallows till he was 'ripe,' and the reward for his capture worth having. Highwaymen were frequently great dandies, with laced coats, fifty-guinea periwigs, diamond rings, silver-hilted swords, and a watch in each pocket. The thief-takers ensnared them as much for the sake of this finery, especially when the robber's purse was likely to be a weighty one, as for the reward offered by government; and an act of parliament was passed to render lawful this spoiling the spoiler. The authorities of our own and other countries made one capital mistake; they were lax in the pursuit of malefactors, but most rigorous in the treatment of such as were unlucky or clumsy enough to drop into the clutches of justice. The net of the law had large meshes and unseemly rents, through which many fish of all sizes slipped securely. Not only was the system of police so defective, that any criminal of daring and address had a light task in escaping research, but the smallest technical flaw in an indictment was enough to quash the proceedings. If a felon were put to the bar as George, having been christened Peter, he was safe. If the grand jury found a true bill against Richard So-and-so, the rogue had but to prove that his sponsors had done him the good service to call him John, and the doors of the Old Bailey flew open at once. A name misspelt, the omission of a word in the legal documents, put an end to the trial. And at the same time human life was constantly sacrificed at Tyburn, in atonement of little pickings and stealings, which in our time a month's oakum or crank would expiate. Our ancestors had no perception of the great truth, clear as the noonday, that no severity towards a few can counteract the bad effects of the impunity of many wrongdoers. It is not excessive punishment which can deter mankind from wrong; it is the certainty of conviction; and we have found that the best plan is to catch criminals in the mass, and then to temper justice with mercy. Policeman X is a better school-master than the hangman.

The watchmen, who appear to have been called beades until the accession of Queen Anne, were, during nearly two centuries, the regular guardians of order in London and other great cities. With their long, many-caped coats, their rattles, and their hourly announcement of the weather and the time of night, they were a picturesque feature of the past. Many now alive can remember the monotonous chant of their tremulous old voices, their frouzy gabardines, their clubs and lanterns. They had watch-boxes, too, in which they were presumed to shut themselves up when brawls prevailed in the dark streets, and broken heads were imminent. Nor was this precaution wholly superfluous. The wild youngsters about town, from the Scourers and Mohocks, down to the boxing Bloods of 1820, used to count beating the watch among their choicest amusements. Indeed, if we may believe Dr Lingard's account of one to whom a Romanist chronicler bears no good-will, the Duke of Monmouth and the Duke of Albemarle passed their swords through the body of the beadle of St James's, and killed him as he knelt to beg his life, in that Augustan reign of Charles II. The watchmen were infirm old men for the most part—timid and slow, and wholly unfit for their duties. The 'runners' of the Bow Street office were more competent, but not wholly trustworthy. In the country, special constables had to be appointed whenever an important caption was necessary, and our modern protectors would smile at the little service rendered by these amateurs. Thus, in 1729, one Mr John Bostock, an absconding stockbroker from London, was arrested in Cornwall. The fugitive was a man of great size and strength; but had he been a Bengal tiger or one of the Anakim, he could hardly have given more trouble. Five men, after a desperate struggle, succeeded in capturing Mr John Bostock; it took nearly twenty constables to convey Mr John Bostock to Bodmin jail; and in the course of a week, Mr John Bostock broke out of prison, to be captured again, however, by multitudes of circumambient Cornishmen, and sent under guard to Newgate. It was often found needful to employ dragoons to patrol the heaths and commons near London, as a safeguard against highwaymen, who were at length scared away by the institution of a mounted patrol. But the reform is not of very long standing. There are still those who call our blue-coated guardians the New Police, and Sir Robert Peel was heartily abused by many lovers of old habits and shortcomings for providing too well for the security of our tills and plate-baskets. The Rural Police were still more unpopular at first than the metropolitan force, but, gradually and slowly, county after county adopted the innovation, and have found the benefit of it in improved morals and a perceptible decrease of crime.

THE FIRST BONAPARTE AND THE JEWS.

In the long-drawn-out tragedy of Jewish history since the capture of Jerusalem by the son of Vespasian, there are few gleams of light. The weary procession of centuries offers to the inquirer a monotony of persecution, relieved only by exterminating outbursts of popular savagery, such as the excitement of the crusading spirit called forth against the unhappy race. Few and far between were their benefactors. The short reign of the Emperor Julian lasted but twenty months. In the golden age of Mohammedan learning in Mesopotamia, Egypt, and Spain, they enjoyed a short interval of comparative sunshine, and gave earnest of what they could accomplish under favourable conditions. The Reformation brought no alleviation of their condition. It was not until the intellectual movement of the eighteenth century had passed its meridian that the Jew felt that the dawn of a happier day had broken at last. The movements towards the emancipation of the Jews which

have characterised the public life of every civilised nation during the last hundred years, afford in themselves alone material for a good-sized History. Nowhere has this tendency manifested itself more rapidly and profoundly than in France. Previous to the French Revolution of 1789—excluding the Rhenish provinces taken from Germany—Bordeaux and Bayonne were the only towns where a Jew could lawfully reside. The great financier whom the Emperor of the French has lately recalled with so much *éclat* to his councils, is one of the circumcision. It is well known that since 1831 appropriations have been made by the state for the salaries of the rabbis, and the maintenance of the schools and synagogues of the Jewish community.

The most remarkable episode in the history of Jewish emancipation, not merely in France, but in the civilised world, is the assembly of deputies and sanhedrim held at Paris in 1806 and the following year. In the midst of his grave pre-occupations, the Emperor Napoleon, on May 30, 1806, issued a proclamation, convoking an assembly of notables from among the Jewish body of France and Italy. The deputies were to be 110 in number, and to be selected from the rabbis and other learned and influential classes. Our British fathers were considerably astonished at the appearance of this proclamation, and did not hesitate to attribute a multitude of selfish motives to the emperor, some of which read very absurdly at the present day. The day fixed for the first meeting was the 26th July—a Sabbath-day. The Minister of the Interior, on being informed of his blunder, postponed the meeting till the next day. A public hall and a guard of honour were assigned to the deputies, who proceeded to the place of assembly under military escort. Abraham Furtado, a learned Portuguese, was appointed president. Immediately after organisation, the assembly drew up an address of thanks to the emperor. On the second day of assembly, the three imperial commissioners entered the hall, and presented a list of twelve questions, to which the emperor requested categorical answers. These questions and the answers thereto have a historical value, because it is only on this occasion that Hebrewdom has been solemnly and formally called upon to make a full and frank explanation of its real or supposed civil peculiarities in the face of all Christendom; and also, that a representative of Christendom has vouchsafed an express and unqualified approval of the positions taken up by this obstinate and steadfast minority. The proceedings of the assembly have been preserved in both French and German, and from them we extract the following complete series of questions and answers.

May the Jews marry several wives?—*Ans.* The Jews, following the common custom in Europe, may only have one wife. This has been the law since the Synod of Worms, under Rabbi Gershon (held in 1030), although Moses does not prohibit polygamy.*

Do Jewish laws allow of divorce? Is the divorce valid without a judicial determination and the observance of the regular forms of French legal process?—*Ans.* Divorce is allowed. But the Jews everywhere acknowledge in civil affairs the law of the land, and therefore admit no divorce to be valid without the sanction of a judicial decree, where this is enjoined by the law.

May Jews intermarry with Christians, or may Jews only intermarry among themselves?—*Ans.* The intermingling with Christians is not condemned by our law. The old law against marriage with foreigners only concerned the heathen. The hindrances that have hitherto existed to mixed marriages between Jews and Christians consist chiefly in the religious

* After the Babylonish captivity, polygamy went out of use. Even in polygamous times, the limit of four wives, two free and two slaves, was seldom exceeded. This was also the limit enjoined by Mohammed.

ceremonies attendant on the marriage-rite, about which the Christian clergy and the rabbis are at variance. A marriage contracted without the assistance of a rabbi is considered by the rabbis as valid, and the Jewish party to the marriage is always still deemed to be a member of the Jewish community.

Are Frenchmen regarded by the Jews as foreigners or as brethren?—*Ans.* The Jews in France look upon Frenchmen as brethren only. Moses had enjoined good-will towards foreigners; how much more fraternal feeling must Jews feel towards those who live in the same country with them, enjoy the same laws, and the same education—to whose humanity, moreover, it is owing that the former now feel the benefit of the highest civil status.

In lawsuits, how should Jews conduct themselves towards Frenchmen?—*Ans.* Exactly as towards Jews. Only in the worship of God are they different.

Do the Jews born in France regard this as their fatherland, and consider themselves bound to defend her? Do they owe obedience to the laws of the land?

—*Ans.* The French Jews, even under cruel persecutions, looked upon France as their fatherland, how much more now after the concession to them of equal civil rights. In war, too, the Jews have already given proof of their patriotism.

Who appoints the rabbis?—*Ans.* The form of the election of the rabbi, generally conducted by the heads of families according to a majority vote, is, however, undefined and fluctuating.

What jurisdiction does the rabbi exercise?—*Ans.* None whatever. The law recognises none. The sanhedrim, consisting of seventy-one councillors, at Jerusalem, constituted the highest tribunal in former times. Each chief town had a lower court of twenty-three members, and a board of arbitrators was in every place. The modern tribunals have been constituted by the later rabbis. Their power was more or less limited by the law of the land, and in France and Italy, since the Revolution, is annihilated. They have now only religious functions to perform, which, moreover, every educated Jew can discharge without offence.

Are the election and authority of the rabbis established by the law or by tradition?—*Ans.* Everything relating to the rabbis is traditional only.

Are there trades which the Jews may not follow?

—*Ans.* All trades are allowed to the Jews. The Talmud even enjoins the learning of a trade as a civil duty.

Is usury forbidden by 'the Law' between Jews themselves, and is the taking of usurious interest from aliens allowed or forbidden?—*Ans.* The law of Moses forbids all unlawful interest. This was no commercial regulation, but only a measure of benevolence among an agricultural people. Interest may therefore be taken from foreigners, because it is here a commercial necessity. The Talmud allowed interest in trade even between Jews. Of course, this means only legal interest. If, then, certain rabbis have only sanctioned the taking of interest from Christians, they are mistaken. The Jews hold as infamous every sort of usury, albeit usurers are found among them as among Christians.

The settlement of these answers occupied three sittings. On the 12th of August, they were handed to the commissioners, who, on the 18th of September, reappeared with the reply of the emperor, which expressed his approval of the statements of the deputies, and declared his intention to summon to Paris a great sanhedrim of French and Italian Jews, to aid him in giving a regular and recognised organisation to their scattered communities. Of the members of this sanhedrim, which was to consist of the traditional number of seventy-one, two-thirds were to be rabbis. A committee of the deputies were to nominate the members of the sanhedrim. The deputies were requested to advertise this project, so

that it might come to the knowledge of the Jews in every part of Europe, who would probably be incited to send deputies to the sanhedrim. An announcement to this effect was published in October in French, Italian, and Hebrew, and drew forth responses from every part of Europe. The sanhedrim did not open till February 9, 1807. The rabbis ranged themselves on each side of the president, the laity occupying the centre. Deputations from foreign Jews on behalf of their several communities submitted themselves to the jurisdiction of the French sanhedrim. At its third sitting, polygamy was expressly forbidden, except where it was allowed by the law of the land. The proceedings of the assembly of deputies were ratified, and on March 9, the sanhedrim closed amid cries of 'Vive l'Empereur,' 'Vive l'Impératrice,' 'Vive l'auguste famille impériale!' From this time dates the first general organisation of the French Jews into provincial and central consistories. From returns gathered by the first central consistory, it appears that the number of Jews in France amounted at that time to 80,000.

CARRYING DISPATCHES.

DURING the hottest part of the last American war, I was stationed at Dunn's Fort, one of the long line of military posts scattered at distant intervals near the southern shores of Lake Erie. Our fort was unusually strong in position, occupying the summit of a conical hill, surrounded by a table-land; and though many a fierce assault had been made against it; though our outer stockade had been a ring of flames; though thousands of Indians had leaped, and yelled, and raged against our ramparts, and American sharpshooters sent a bullet through each head which shewed above its shelter, our walls were still intact, nay, stronger than at the first; for after each attack we were sure to perceive some weak point, which even our limited means enabled us to strengthen, until at length Dunn's Fort stood upon its hill as complete a fortification in its way as it was possible to see.

Gradually all the neighbouring posts fell beneath the overwhelming numbers the enemy were able to bring against them; the remnants of their little garrisons either fighting their way through their assailants, or departing under the terms of a capitulation, all found a refuge with us, until our garrison was tolerably numerous, and the brave old bunting above our heads the only British flag that floated on the breeze for more than a hundred miles. However, this latter circumstance brought on us an evil we had not foreseen. The enemy, no longer engaged in harassing a dozen posts, gradually concentrated round Dunn's Fort, until we found ourselves within a complete cordon of foes, who watched us so closely, night and day, that it seemed scarce a pigeon could fly through the air or a mole make its underground way without their knowledge.

It soon appeared their intention was rather to cut off our supplies, and so reduce us, than to hazard another assault, though we were almost nightly disturbed by feigned attacks, which the least disregard might have converted into real ones, and which compelled us to burn our powder in a way we could little afford. Fortunately, a deep well within our defences furnished us with water, of which our enemies could not deprive us, but we soon began to feel the loss of the supplies they so rigorously intercepted. There was plenty of jesting on the subject at first, for hunger and hardship are evils the British soldier bears with a light heart. But soon we had a more serious anxiety—our powder was getting low, and we began to fear a time might come when there would be nothing but bayonets wherewith to repulse an assault.

Tidings of our condition had twice been sent to head-quarters by the only two friendly Indians we had, who undertook separately to 'run the blockade'

established around us. Anxiously we looked for the aid we had requested, but it never came; and the persistence of the enemy in endeavouring to draw our fire, convinced us that our messengers with their dispatches had fallen into their hands. It was evident some one else must carry the news, or try to do so, and I was delighted when, out of the six young subalterns who volunteered, the lot fell to me.

It was a little past midnight when I shook hands with my friends, and stole out of the fort to commence what all knew to be a hazardous undertaking. The night was intensely dark; there was no moon, and a cloudy veil shrouded the stars as I commenced my enterprise. My first difficulty was how to descend the hill, for a human form shewing against even that dark sky would have called forth a dozen shots. However, I safely effected it by creeping Indian-like at full length down a hollow, until at the foot I paused in the lee of a huge pudding-stone to recover breath, and decide how I had best proceed.

Another moment, and I heard the tread of an approaching patrol. I lay still as death, while they passed within a yard of me, jesting coarsely in their nasal tones on the straits to which they were reducing the 'Britishers,' who, as they truly observed, having no Indians left, must run their errands themselves if they wanted them carried.

After the patrol had passed, I spent a full hour in dodging along from one tree or stump to another, still advancing on my way, though slowly, while I watched intently for some gap in the living girdle through which I might glide unperceived; but every thicket was in possession of the enemy, while the open spaces between could be scanned at a glance by the ring of sentinels, who held their posts with a vigilance not a little stimulated by their hatred of the British foe. A furlong off was a second armed circle, and beyond, a third, so that we were shut within a triple belt of enemies.

Meanwhile, the clouds had vanished from the sky, giving place to ten thousand stars, which flashed down through the summer night, rendering it scarce darker than twilight, and doubling the risk of discovery. At length the nearest sentinel began to whistle *Yankee Doodle* as he steadily trod his beat; I took it for a good omen, and when he turned the tune and his back, I darted on to the shelter of a stump, and thence to that of a knot of prairie-grass, and so was past him. The second row of guards next engaged my attention; the individual among them it was my aim to pass, was staring earnestly enough about him with his great lacklustre eyes; but suddenly a screaming and screeching, and a fierce flutter of feathers, broke the silence; two night-hawks had attacked the same titmouse, and they were doing battle in the air over their prey. The American looked overhead to watch the combatants, and quick as thought, I crept along the ground to a neighbouring gully, in whose depths I sped down safely to the precincts of the third and last military Argus I expected to encounter. But here the shelter of the hollow failed me, and I was glad to crouch beside an adjoining bush to await the next opportunity.

This did not seem likely to arrive very speedily. My new opponent neither whistled nor noticed anything in heaven or earth save his own duty, and about that he appeared very wide awake indeed, looking belligerently under every stone, and almost into every stump, as if he thought Britishers were no bigger than tree-frogs. On he came, treading heavily on the parched grass, and turning right and left to inspect every object in his progress.

There was little hope that he would omit my refuge, but in my desire to keep a watch on him, I slightly shook a spray; the sharp eye of the American at once perceived the vibration, and he bounded towards the bush; but at the same moment I started to my feet, and closed with him, seizing his musket

before he was prepared for such an encounter. For a moment there was a fierce struggle, and then I succeeded in wresting the weapon from him, a victory he avenged by a loud cry, which was in fact the alarm. In my turn, I avenged the cry by a blow with the butt-end of his musket, which laid him stunned and harmless on the ground; then throwing the gun beside him, I started off at full speed across the plain.

As I fled, I could hear the alarm pass like a long reverberating echo round the outposts of the enemy, followed by the rapid tread of the men who were already hurrying in pursuit. It needed but the remembrance of the importance of my mission to add wings to my steps, and I made an arrowy flight of it towards the Rashadi River, whose wooded banks promised to afford me shelter. But my pursuers had almost as urgent a motive as myself, since on my capture might depend the possession of the fort; and with swift and untiring footsteps they hastened after me.

It was a breathless chase, over hills, across valleys, and past patches of bush, where I dared not seek shelter; every now and then an eager shout, or the sharp crack of a musket, breaking the silence, while the succeeding whiz of a bullet near me, shewed my enemies were straight upon my track.

Day at length broke, and still that fearful race continued, though each moment I thought it must end, and that I must creep beneath some bush, and die. But the thought of my suffering comrades upheld me, and I still pressed on, and the fleet-footed men behind me pressed on also. At last, crossing a rising-ground, they sighted me: what a shout of savage triumph they sent echoing through the wilds!—it was like the howl of a wild beast, and gave fresh impetus to my flagging footsteps. A dozen muskets sent their leaden messengers after me, but, almost by a miracle, I escaped unhurt, and the next moment reaching the Rashadi bush, I plunged into its cover.

The foe still followed. I could hear them divide, and beat the bush in every direction, in quest of the human game they had almost driven to bay. Closer and closer they came, until I had but one resource left, and that a desperate one—to dash for the nearest bend of the river, and endeavour to swim across. At the spot I gained, the bank was high and bare, and as I leaped from it, I felt there was little hope for one so breathless and exhausted as I was. But my plunge into the water—which was unusually deep in-shore—suggested an expedient, and wading rapidly along close under the bank, I dived beneath the fringing hemlock boughs which dipped into the river a little further down, and standing there up to my neck in water, with the clustering foliage sheltering my head from hostile eyes, I awaited the result.

Scarcely was I posted, when my pursuers were at the river's side in eager quest of me, wondering whether I lay like a stone at the bottom of the stream, or was darting like a fish through its waters; and muskets were levelled at every unfortunate duck which shewed dark on its glancing surface. They searched, too, along the bank, beating the bush right and left, and lightened the labour by jocular allusions to the reward I should have for the trouble I had given them.

For three mortal hours I stood there, listening to the movements of my foes, and to their fierce repinings over their disappointment. At length, they slowly and regretfully retired, and I was again free to move. The day was intensely hot, but I was cool enough; and when I emerged from the water, I was so stiff I could scarcely crawl. There was one comfort, however—my dispatches were not injured, since they were but verbal ones, that the enemy might learn no more secrets by killing or capturing me.

The exertion of walking rendered my legs more

usable, and following the course of the river, I went on diligently. But, after a time, the wind rose, and rushing through my saturated clothes, made me shiver as in an ague-fit. I was really ill, and so utterly wearied and exhausted, that I could go no further. I must find some nook to rest in, though the prospect of lying down in my wet clothes was far from pleasant.

Looking round, I caught sight of a little cottage under the trees—one of the smallest of backwoods shanties, built of the still round trunks of trees plastered with clay, and with a short clay-chimney like a stork's nest perched at one end. I at once resolved on seeking admittance; but ere I could reach the door, it opened, and an old woman in a short gown and sun-bonnet appeared at it. She started at sight of me.

'Eh, lad, but yo' frightened me!' she exclaimed, in the north-country dialect of my own land. 'And how bad thee look'st, as if thee'd been swimming t' river. But coom in, lad, coom in, and dry thee; for t' sake o' t' oud land at hoam thee'll be kindly welcome,' she added, looking at my British uniform.

She led the way into the hut, where a bright fire was blazing on the hearth, and summoned her 'oud man' from his work in some unseen garden, to find me a change of clothes, while mine should be dried. Never were people more delighted than the simple couple, who, so far away from their own land, and dwelling in another which, since their settlement, had changed its allegiance, had rarely a chance of seeing a native of their still unforgotten country.

Every kindness in their power was eagerly lavished on me; and when I was dryly clad in a suit of Adam Burdon's gray homespun, and had eaten and drunk, the wooden settle was drawn at one side the fire, that I might sleep, and the good dame ranged my wet garments on the other. Meanwhile Adam himself dried and burnished my dripping sword, and replacing it in the scabbard, put it carefully in a corner. The restoration of my pistols to usefulness would be a more tedious process, and it was for the present deferred.

How long I had slept, I know not, when I was awakened by a loud voice exclaiming with a Yankee drawl: 'Mother, mother, where are you?'

'Why, here, to be sure—where else should'st be?' answered the old dame cheerily, as she came from the inner room. 'But we had no thought to see thee, Jem.'

'Then it's an unexpected pleasure,' was somewhat gruffly replied; and I opened my sleepy eyes to see a tall powerful young man, attired in some dark uniform, and with a bugle slung over one shoulder. To my infinite astonishment, he held my sword in his hand, and I at once started up to repossess myself of it. 'But who have you here, mother?' he added abruptly, and glancing from me to my uniform.

'A lad fra' t' oud country; he was wet and weary, and I asked un in. He's an officer o' King George, but that's naught to thee.'

'No,' he said roughly; 'but he is a spy of King George, and that is.'

I indignantly denied the accusation, pointing out to the new-comer (whose last words had, to my surprise, announced him a partisan of the United States) the scarlet coat which had only been removed to be dried, and the same time striving to regain my sword.

'Let it alone,' he cried in a voice of thunder; then wrestling it from me with herculean strength, he dashed it through the window, scarce a foot square.

I sprang forward to go in quest of it, while the tones of the bugle rang deafeningly through the room; and when I opened the door, a band of armed men, similarly attired to my host's son, rushed in.

'Stop him!' cried young Burdon; 'he is a spy!'

The next moment, twenty arms were thrown round me, and I stood as if shackled within their iron

pressure. Never shall I forget the scene that followed—how earnestly I disclaimed the character they thrust upon me, pointing again to the uniform I had so lately doffed. Young Burdon and his fellow Rifle-rangers would listen to no explanation; loudly and blusteringly, they exclaimed that they had found me, a British officer, in coloured clothes, and that I must abide the result; and without delay my arms were bound across my breast, and I was held in close ward between two guards.

With tears his mother entreated my release, or that my blood would rest upon her head. Sadly and solemnly the father begged his son not to dishonour his humble roof; but the patriotic zeal of the young American soared high above all such filial weaknesses, and he laughed the suppliants to scorn.

'It was bad enough to have traitorous parents,' he said, 'without their making their house a nest for other traitors; and if he heard of more of this, he would fire the roof above their heads.' And there was a frown on his brow, and a fiendish flash in his eye, which convinced us his words were meant.

He then gave orders to his men to close round the prisoner, and march to head-quarters. Thus I was again in motion, but turning my back on my former route, with a sad and heavy heart, for my mission had utterly failed, and I was a prisoner under a fearful though false charge. If I met with no more scrupulous men than my present captors, I was sure of a horrible and ignominious death. It was a sad end to all the high hopes and lofty aspirations with which I had entered on my country's service; and almost unconsciously my thoughts wandered back to the home of my youth, and to those I loved, and I fervently prayed that they might never hear by how terrible a path the one so dear to them had passed out of the world.

Night at length fell on our dreary march; soon after the red glow of a fire flashed above the trees, and we immediately made towards the spot. It proved to be the bivouac of a considerable body of Rifle-rangers, with whom my captors joined company.

With a shout of mingled execration and delight, the other party heard the tidings that a British spy had been taken, and during the wild carousal which followed, innumerable were the insults and coarse sarcasms showered on me, as I sat powerless near the fire, between the guards, who never left me.

As the night wore on, higher and louder grew the enthusiasm of the Rangers in their country's cause; they drank to her in fiercely worded toasts, and sang in her honour long snuffing ballads, brimful of rancour towards her foes.

At length their exultation rose to the pitch of resolving, amid deafening cheers, that, as there could be no doubt of their prisoner's guilt, they should execute him without delay; and dark as was the night, a dozen ready volunteers ranged round the camp seeking two fitting trees, between which to erect the gibbet on which I should expiate the crime of British lineage and loyalty.

It was horrible to sit there and watch their glee over their self-set task, horrible to think that probably within the hour I must know that my dying agonies would rejoice my executioners.

At last all was completed; a stout sapling was laid between the branches of two neighbouring trees, and even the fatal noose was dangling in my view, when by a sudden whim, my captors resolved to delay my doom until morning. Again song, and toast, and gibe was resumed; but gradually the tumult settled down, until all were sleeping soundly on the grass—all save me and my warders, who sat watching me with staring eyes. I affected to sleep also. As I lay, I could hear them discussing, in low tones, the particulars of the coming event; but after a time, that interesting subject failed, and no other succeeded it. Gradually, the silence, the hour, and the fatigue

they had undergone, did their work, and despite their best intentions, my guards began to nod and doze.

I watched them through my half-closed eyes, and a throb of hope bounded through my heart. As I lay, I had not been idle, but with patient teeth had gnawed in two the rope which bound my arms; and I now paused only to consider whether I had best wait until my jailers slept. But the remembrance that I knew not how soon they might be changed, brought me to my feet in a moment. The next, with long leaps like a panther, I was bounding over the slumbering soldiers; and by the time the shouts of my startled warders had aroused them, I had gained the shelter of the bush.

With a roar like a sudden tempest, the Rangers rushed into the forest after me. But in the darkness of night, they could not trace me; moreover, fleeing from such a death, my speed exceeded theirs; and though for more than an hour I could distinguish their voices, and hear them breaking the branches on my track, the sounds gradually died away, and before dawn, I was in the solitary wilderness.

Never before had the rising sun and all he looked on appeared so lovely in my eyes, and with a glad and grateful heart, I resumed my interrupted journey. Without further accident, I arrived at Fort George; and within a week, I had the happiness of returning to Dunn's Fort with the relief it so greatly needed, by which we were enabled to hold the post until the end of the war, when it was ceded to the Americans.

THE STORY OF THE EDDYSTONE.

If it should be inquired what order of men peculiarly deserve the title of England's worthies, we might have some hesitation in replying. Our country has produced so many eminent men in so many different walks of life, that we should feel embarrassed by abundance. Most persons would be inclined, perhaps, to answer, Sailors—a class of which England may well indeed be proud; but although the profession of mariner has long been her specialty, as it once was that of Venice and of Holland, it is not so much her peculiar monopoly as is another calling—that of Civil Engineer. All the world over, wherever any work of difficulty is to be attempted—a railway across a Russian bog, a suspension-bridge in Mid-Hungary, a telegraph to connect two continents, a channel to unite two seas, an English engineer is always found at the head of affairs, and not seldom with a little army of English labourers under him.

It is from this last class that the Brindleys, Telfords, Rennies, Stephensons, and almost all their mechanical brethren, have sprung. Our men of practical science have never been born with silver spoons in their mouths; moreover, the state has never recognised their services, notwithstanding that they are the greatest and most obvious that can be rendered by man to his native country. A knighthood, or at most a baronetcy, has been the highest reward which has been offered (and in most cases refused by them) to those who have bridged the waters and the air, and annihilated time and space for our convenience. Under these unfashionable circumstances, it is not to be wondered at that the biographies of even our most celebrated engineers have not, until very lately, been considered worthy of public attention, and that the life of Telford himself fell still-born from the press.

As for Captain Perry, thanks to whom we sail up and down the Thames without impediment; for blind John Metcalf, to whom Yorkshire owes its roads; for William Edwards, by whose help his fellow-countrymen cross their Welsh torrents dry-shod; and for Andrew Meikle, who invented the thrashing-machine, not one in fifty of us ever heard the names of these ingenious and useful persons. 'Mickle the translator of another man's invention in the shape of a poem (the

Lusiad), is well reported of,' says Mr Smiles with bitterness, 'but his almost namesake is not even mentioned.' Mr Smiles himself, however, inaugurated a new era in his *Life of Stephenson*; and that has lately been followed by his far more interesting and comprehensive work, the *Lives of the Engineers*. How few of us, but for him, would be aware that the Thames is an artificial river almost from Richmond to the sea, and that before human industry confined it within its present channel, it was a broad estuary several miles wide between London and Gravesend; that the higher tides washed over Southwark and Lambeth; and that the district called Marsh still reminds us of its former state, as Bankside informs us of the mode by which it was reclaimed by the banking out of the tidal waters.

Dagenham Lake, to which the Londoners resort for picnic purposes, and wherefrom the funnels of the passing steam-boats and the upper sails of ships present so singular an appearance above the Thames embankment, was entirely formed by the overflow of that river. The great Dagenham Breach, a hundred feet wide, and thirty feet deep at low water, defied all the engineering skill of England a century ago. A thousand acres of rich land were spoiled by it, and a hundred and twenty completely washed away. Old ships were sunk, filled with chalk and stones, which the rising stream floated away like so many chips, although every cargo of chalk and ballast that passed by it paid its tithe. That royal ship, called the *Lion*, even was sunk there, and went to pieces the next tide, leaving the breach twenty feet deeper. How Captain Perry stopped this up at last, must be read in Mr Smiles's volumes. In those, too, may be read the history of the great Fens of Lincolnshire and Norfolk, a district, containing 680,000 acres of the best land in England, but which is as much the product of art as is the kingdom of Holland, opposite to which it lies. Even Canute had seen the necessity of doing something there in the way of drainage; for, sailing across the Fens with his ships from Ramsey to Peterborough, the waves were so boisterous on Whittlessea Mere (now a district of thriving corn-fields), that he ordered a channel to be cut through the body of the fen, which to this day goes by the name of the King's Delph. The isle of Ely was really an island then, and many a town and village whereat Cantabes of later times have dined and revelled, mere morass and water. The rearguard of King John's army was swallowed up during one of the frequent visits of the Sea to its kindred the Fens. Then came Sir Cornelius Vermuyden with his Hollanders, and drained and populated the place, and all was well until the civil war broke out, and the rumour reached the parliament committee sitting at Lincoln, that Sir Ralph Hunsby was about to march with a great force of Malignants into the isle of Axholme. Orders were therefore given to break up the floodgates, and in a single night the results of many a year's hard labour were undone. The people who carried out this cruel edict were only too glad of the opportunity; they were the ancient dwellers in the swamp, snarers of fowl and netters of fish, and when some of the poor Hollanders would have stopped the devastation, these stood by with loaded guns, and swore they would stay till the whole levels were drowned again, and the foreigners forced to swim away like ducks.

Let no one be deterred from Mr Smiles's volumes by the apprehension that they treat of mere mechanical matters—that he will be bored by tunnels all the way through. He has handled science as cleverly as Macaulay did history; and the incidental information scattered through his narrative is to the full as interesting as its main subjects. We are introduced, for instance, by the humble means of the New River, not only to Sir Hugh Myddleton, but to the times in which he lived, when the water-monopolists were the bucket-men of the streets, whose Protectionist cry was,

'Fresh and fair water; none of your pipe-sludge'—which was not complimentary to the New River Company. The narrative of the great Bridgewater Canal is interspersed with matters other than scientific; graphic pictures of the persevering Duke who dug it, and lived on four hundred a year, so that his workmen should get their wages, as well as of the scarce more rugged Brindley, whose genius had suggested it, and who was so wrapped up in his profession, that when, before a committee of the House of Commons, he was asked: 'What, then, Mr Brindley, do you think is the use of navigable rivers?' he answered: 'To make canal navigations, to be sure.'

Of all the men of science Mr Smiles has depicted, however, Thomas Telford is by far the most striking and attractive. He was fond of writing poetry, and even privately published a very pleasant volume of it upon the beauties of his native Eskdale; while his whole life, so matter-of-fact in other respects, was in others a poem. His love for that valley in the far-away north, where he had lived his shepherd-life, abode with him to the last. He delighted to benefit all belonging to it, from his dear mother at her cottage, the Crooks, for whose dim eyes he carefully printed his letters, down to the unknown generation which had been born since that which knew him as Laughing Tam. His purse was always open to the aged there, and his assistance ready for the young who left that sequestered spot to make their fortune, as he had done before them, in the roaring town. No wonder that he was the friend of such men as Campbell and Southey; the latter of whom (who hated men of science generally) dubbed this great road-maker and bridge-maker, Colossus of Rhodes and Pontifex Maximus.

Useful and excellent as were all Thomas Telford's works, however, he lacked the accomplishment of that one engineering task which secures above all others the admiration of age after age—he never built a light-house. No rock-set Pharos, begirt by boiling seas, owes its lonely being to him; although, if such work had lain in his way, he would doubtless have perfected it as well as a Rennie or a Smeaton. The last-named engineer is the hero of the story of the Eddystone.

The Eddystone forms the crest of a great reef of rocks, fourteen miles out to sea, to the south of Plymouth Harbour, and lying in the very path of the vessels that use the English Channel. At low water, the black and jagged rims of it is perceptible, but at high water they are almost entirely submerged; and sloping as they do towards the south-west, from which the heaviest seas come, the waves break over it, and boil and eddy among its reefs with tremendous violence. Many a gallant ship, almost in sight of home, has gone to pieces upon that pitiless crag, and in overanxiety to avoid it, many more have left their timbers upon the well-nigh as dangerous rocks of Jersey and Guernsey. It was long before any one dreamed of placing a beacon upon this difficult spot, but at length one Mr Henry Winstanley, 'a mercer and country gentleman' of Essex, obtained the necessary powers, in 1696, to erect a light-house on the Eddystone. 'This gentleman seems to have possessed a curious mechanical genius, which first displayed itself in devising sundry practical jokes for the entertainment of his guests. Smeaton tells us, that in one room there lay an old slipper, which, if a kick was given it, immediately raised a ghost from the floor; in another, the visitor sat down upon a chair, which suddenly threw out two arms, and held him a fast prisoner; whilst in the garden, if he sought the shelter of an arbour, and sat down upon a particular seat, he was straightway set afloat into the middle of the adjoining canal. These tricks must have rendered the house at Littlebury a somewhat exciting residence for the uninitiated guest. The amateur inventor exercised the same genius to a

certain extent for the entertainment of the inhabitants of the metropolis; and at Hyde Park Corner, he erected a variety of jets-d'eau, known by the name of Winstanley's Waterworks, which he exhibited at stated times at a shilling a head.'

This character of the man accounts, perhaps, for the whimsical design of the wooden building that he placed on Eddystone; but it is much to his credit that it stood in such a spot through several winters. The building was finished in four years. The first summer was wholly spent in making twelve holes in the rock, and fastening twelve irons in them by which to hold the superstructure. 'Even in summer,' says Winstanley, 'the weather would at times prove so bad, that for ten or fourteen days together, the sea would be so raging about these rocks, caused by out-winds and the running of the ground seas coming from the main ocean, that although the weather should seem and be most calm in other places, yet here it would mount and fly more than two hundred feet, as has been so found since there was lodgment on the place, and therefore all our works were constantly buried at those times, and exposed to the mercy of the seas. The second summer was spent in making a solid pillar, twelve feet high, and fourteen feet in diameter, on which to set the light-house. In the third year, all the upper work was erected to the vane, which was eighty feet above the foundation. In the mid-summer of that year, Winstanley ventured to take up his lodging with the workmen in the light-house; but a storm arose, and eleven days passed before any boats could come near them. During that period, the sea washed in upon Winstanley and his companions, wetting all their clothing and provisions, and carrying off many of their materials. By the time the boats could land, the party were reduced almost to their last crust; but happily the building stood apparently firm. Finally, the light was exhibited on the 14th November 1698.' This timber edifice much resembled a Chinese pagoda, with open galleries, and numerous fantastic projections. The main gallery underneath the light was so wide and open, that it was 'possible for a six-oared galley to be lifted up on a wave, and driven clean through into the sea on the other side.' When Mr Winstanley's work was finished, he was so satisfied with its strength, that he expressed a wish that he might only be there in the fiercest storm that ever blew; and this desire was unhappily gratified. 'In November 1703, Winstanley went off to the light-house to superintend some repairs which had become necessary, and he was still in the place with the light-keepers, when, on the night of the 26th, a storm of unparalleled violence burst along the coast. As day broke on the morning of the 27th, people on shore anxiously looked in the direction of the rock, to see if Winstanley's structure had withstood the fury of the gale; but not a vestige of it remained. The light-house and its builder had been swept completely away.'

Immediately after the destruction of this too daring pagoda, the *Winchelsea*, a richly laden Virginian, was wrecked on Eddystone, with the loss of almost all on board, so that the necessity of another beacon was pressed upon the public mind. Engineers, as a class, did not as yet exist; and, singularly enough, the next projector of a light-house for the reef was, like his predecessor, a mercer, one John Rudyerd, who kept a silk-shop on Ludgate Hill. His design for the new structure was simple and masterly. He selected the form that offered the least resistance to the winds and waves, avoiding open galleries and projections, and instead of a polygon, he chose a cone for the outline of his building. Its main defect consisted in the material of which it was built, for, like Winstanley's, it was of wood. 'The means employed to fix the work to its foundations proved quite efficient: dove-tailed holes were cut out of the rock, into which strong iron bolts were keyed, and the interstices were

afterwards filled in with molten pewter. To these bolts were firmly fixed a crown of squared oak balks, and across these a set of shorter balks; and so on, till a basement of solid wood was raised, the whole being firmly fitted and tied together with treenails and screw-bolts. The structure was not completely finished till 1709, though the light was exhibited in the lantern as early as July 1706. This light-house of Mr Rudyerd's withstood the fury of the elements for nearly fifty years, during which several curious circumstances happened with respect to it.

There being war at the time between France and England, a French privateer took the opportunity of one day seizing the men employed upon the rock, and carrying them off prisoners to France; but the capture coming to the ears of the king, he immediately ordered that the prisoners should be released, and sent back to their work with presents, declaring, that though he was at war with England, he was not at war with mankind; and, moreover, that the Eddystone light-house was so situated as to be of equal service to all nations having occasion to navigate the channel that divided France from England.

Rudyerd's house was at first attended by only two men, as the duty required no more. During the night, they kept watch by turns for four hours, alternately snuffing and renewing the candles. It happened, however, that one of the keepers took ill and died, and only one man remained to do the work. He hoisted the flag, as a signal to those on land to come off to his assistance; but the sea was running so wild at the time, that no boat could live in the vicinity of the rock; and the same rough weather lasted nearly a month. What was the surviving man to do with the dead body of his comrade? The thought struck him that if he threw it into the sea, he might be charged with murder. He determined, therefore, to keep the corpse in the light-house until the boat could come off from the shore. At last the boat came off, but the weather was still so rough, that a landing was only effected with the greatest difficulty. By this time the effluvia rising from the corpse was most overpowering; it completely filled the chambers of the light-house, and it was all that the men could do to get the body disposed of by throwing it into the sea. This circumstance induced the proprietors for the future to employ a third man, to supply the place of a disabled or dead keeper, though the occupation proved exceedingly healthy, on the whole. There was always a large number of candidates for any vacant office, probably of the same class to which pike-keepers belong. They must have been naturally morose, and perhaps slightly misanthropic; for Mr Smeaton relates, that some visitors having once landed at the rock, one of them observed to the light-keeper how comfortably they might live there in a state of retirement. "Yes," replied the man, "very comfortably, if we could have the use of our tongues; but it is now a full month since my partner and I have spoken to each other."

As we have said, however, the grand defect of the light-house was, that, though it could only be made useful by the constant employment of fire in some shape, it was itself of wood, and therefore combustible. Though the heat of the candles used in the lantern may not have been very great, still it was sufficient to produce great dryness and inflammability in the timbers lining the roof, and these being covered with a crust of soot, must have proved a constant source of danger. The immediate cause of the accident by which the light-house was destroyed was never ascertained. All that became known was, that about two o'clock in the morning of the 2d December 1755, the light-keeper on duty, going into the lantern to snuff the candles, found it full of smoke. The light-house was on fire! In a few minutes, the wooden fabric was in a blaze. Water could not be brought up the

tower by the men in sufficient quantities to be thrown with any effect upon the flames raging above their heads. The molten lead fell down upon the light-keepers, into their very mouths, and they fled from room to room, the fire following them down towards the sea. From Cawsand and Ramehead the unusual glare of light proceeding from the Eddystone was seen in the early morning, and fishing-boats with men went off to the rock, though a fresh east wind was blowing. By the time they reached it, the light-keepers had not only been driven from all the rooms, but, to protect themselves from the molten lead, and red-hot bolts, and falling timbers, they had been compelled to take shelter under a ledge of the rock on its eastern side, and, after considerable delay, the poor fellows were taken off more dead than alive. And thus was Rudyerd's light-house also completely destroyed.

The increase of commerce had now rendered a light on Eddystone more indispensable than ever, and no time was lost in applying to Mr Smeaton to erect a third. This gentleman was not indeed a mercer, but neither was he architect or engineer; he was a mathematical instrument-maker. The subject was, of course, wholly new to him, but he at once began to investigate it thoroughly. One of the earliest conclusions he arrived at, in spite of many representations made to him, that 'nothing but wood would stand on the Eddystone,' was, that stone was the proper material with which to build. Durability was the great object which he always kept in view. 'In contemplating,' said he, 'the use and benefit of such a structure as this, my ideas of what its duration and continued existence ought to be, were not confined within the boundary of one Age or two, but extended themselves to look towards a possible perpetuity.' The idea of the bole of a spreading oak-tree presented itself as being the most proper model for strength. In considering how to bind the blocks of stone to the rock and to each other, he dismissed the notion of iron cramps as insufficient, and adopted that of dovetailing—a practice then almost entirely confined to carpentry. By thus rooting the foundations into the rock, and binding every stone by a similar process to every other stone in each course, upon which the sea could only act edgewise, he conceived that he should be able to erect a building of strength sufficient to resist the strongest force of winds and waves that was likely to be brought against it. All this was done on paper before he had even paid a visit to the site of the proposed edifice. On the 2d of April 1756, Smeaton set sail from Plymouth, but on reaching the Eddystone, the sea was breaking over it with such violence that it was impossible to land. 'All he could do was to observe the cone of bare rock—the mere crest of the mountain whose base was laid so far down in the sea-deeps beneath—over which the waves were lashing,' and so to form a more accurate idea of the excessive difficulty of his task. Three days later, he was enabled to land on the rock, and remain there examining it thoroughly for two hours. A third, a fourth, and a fifth trial were unsuccessful; but the sixth time he was enabled not only to disembark, but to lie off in his sloop all night by the side of the rock, and to resume his investigations next day. On the 3d of August, Mr Smeaton himself fixed the centre and laid down the lines, and from that time the work proceeded as quickly as bad weather and heavy seas permitted. At most, only six hours' labour could be done at a time, and when the weather was favourable, the men worked by torch-light. In order to facilitate matters, and prevent the frequent voyages to shore and back, a buss (which seems a very odd vehicle to be out at the Eddystone) called the *Neptune* was employed as a store-vessel, and rode at anchor near the rock. But all this could only take place in summer; the winter had to be

passed on shore, and was occupied in dressing stones for the ensuing season. 'The manner in which the stones were prepared in the yard, arranged in courses, and brought off in the vessels, so that they could be landed in their proper order, and fixed in their proper places, was simple and effective. When the separate pieces of which a course was to consist were hewn, they were all brought together in the work-yard, fitted upon the platform in the exact sites they were to occupy in the building, and re-marked and numbered, so that they could readily be restored to their proper relative positions.'

If there was any post of danger from which his men shrank back, Smeaton immediately stood forward, and took the first place; and his presence of mind never deserted him. 'The men were about to lay the centre-stone of the seventh course on the evening of the 11th August, when Mr Smeaton was enjoying the limited promenade afforded by the level platform of stone which had with so much difficulty been raised, but making a false step into one of the artificial cavities, and being unable to recover his balance, he fell from the brink of the work down among the rocks on the west side. The tide being low at the time, he speedily got upon his feet, and at first supposed himself little hurt, but shortly afterwards he found that one of his thumbs had been put out of joint. He reflected that he was fourteen miles from land, far from a surgeon, and that uncertain winds and waves lay between; he therefore determined to reduce the dislocation at once; and laying fast hold of the thumb with the other hand, and giving it a violent pull, it snapped into its place again, after which he proceeded to fix the centre-stone of the building.'

At the end of the second season, September 1758, the twenty-fourth course was finished, which completed the solid part of the pillar, and formed the floor of the store-room. While living at Plymouth at this time, Smeaton used to come out upon the Hoe with his telescope in the early gray of the morning, and stand gazing through it in the direction of the Rock. After a rough night at sea, he had no eye for the picturesque beauties of the Sound; his sole thought was for his light-house. 'Sometimes he had to wait long until he could see a tall white pillar of spray shoot up into the air. Thank God, it was still safe! Then, as the light grew, he could discern his building, temporary house and all, standing firm amidst the waters; and thus far satisfied, he would proceed to his workshops, his mind relieved for the day.'

By the 17th of August, in the third year, the last mason-work was done in the cutting of the words *Laus Deo* upon the level stone set over the door of the lantern. 'Round the upper storeroom, upon the course under the ceiling, had been cut at an earlier period, "Except the Lord keep the house, they labour in vain that build it." The iron-work of the balcony and the lantern were next erected, and over all the gilt ball, the screws of which Smeaton fixed with his own hands, "that in case," he says, "any of them had not held quite tight and firm, the circumstance might not have been slipped over without my knowledge." Moreover, this piece of work was dangerous as well as delicate, being performed at a height of some hundred and twenty feet above the sea. Smeaton fixed the screws while standing on four boards nailed together resting on the cupola; his assistant—Roger Cornthwaite—placing himself on the opposite side, so as to balance his weight whilst he proceeded with the operation.' The light was first exhibited on the night of the 16th of October 1759, and the column still stands as firm as on the day on which it was erected. 'At first, the men appointed as light-keepers were much alarmed by the fury of the waves during storms. The year after the light was exhibited, the sea raged so furiously, that for

twelve days together it dashed over the light-house, so that the men could not open the door of the lantern or any other. In a letter addressed to Mr Jessop by the man who visited the rock after such a storm, he says: "The house did shake as if a man had been up in a great tree. The old men were almost frightened out of their lives, wishing they had never seen the place, and cursing those that first persuaded them to go there. The fear seized them in the back, but rubbing them with oil of turpentine gave them relief." About three years after the completion of this marvellous monument of human skill, one of the most terrible storms ever known raged for days along the south-west coast; and though incalculable ruin was inflicted upon harbours and shipping, all the damage done to the light-house was repaired by a little gallipot of putty.

INDIAN SOCIETY.

EUROPEAN society in India consists of as many sections and subdivisions as the creeds of the natives around it. There are the celestials of the civil service, the less exclusive members of the military, and the minnows of the Little Pedlington species. These last have always been regarded by the second class as interlopers; albeit they have undoubtedly been as necessary to the conduct of the country as themselves, component parts of the machinery which has helped to mould and civilise the Indian empire. Nor have the civilians ever warmed up sufficiently to accept their military co-operators into their affectionate or condescending confidence; for, in the eyes of an Indian celestial, there is no creature fashioned after his own magnificent image. We do not propose, in this sketch, any solid analysis of that strange mosaic known by the name of society, but will merely take our reader to an 'up-country' station, and make ourselves known to the inhabitants thereof. Let us choose the city of E—.

Before we have had time to sit down and judge of the arrangements we have made in our bungalow, we must pay a round of visits to a number of residents who have never heard of our existence. We send our card in; are salaamed; enter the presence of the lady of the house; hold a desultory conversation, generally bearing upon our appreciation of the climate; and then retire. We kill four birds with one stone the first day; on the next, we visit fresh places, and probably meet some of our new acquaintances, made the day before; and so on, until we find we have discharged our duty, and served the probation which is to end in our 'being in society.' It is very soon known who and what you are; and if no black record is against you, each of the families on whom you have called is bound, by the etiquette of the country, to 'return the call,' and, subsequently, to invite you to dinner. At these dinners, the most rigid state and formality are observed, unless the guests are few, and so well known to each other that time has thawed the icy rules of custom. It is in this way that one 'gets into society' in India. Without the preliminary visit when you first arrive, the hope is forlorn, for years of neighbourhood will not produce an acquaintance. It will be seen from what we have said, that ingress to 'society' in an up-country station is not a very difficult matter; and the result is, that very often Little Pedlingtonians find themselves in an atmosphere, of which, in common with other Eastern glories, they at home had only read about. They become so inflated by the lustre of their change in life, that they misconstrue courteous toleration for affectionate encouragement. There is little Mrs Parvenue, for instance, who 'knows everybody,' but who is in a perpetual state of excitement in consequence of it. When she receives her invitations, she invariably lets the fact come out in her nervous

conversation. 'You are going to the Leicesters on Friday, I presume? No! Oh, very nice people indeed, very nice. You should call upon them. Whilst dining with Lady Glyddon last week, she remarked: "My dear, is not Mrs Leicester a charming woman,"' &c. This makes you understand the free-and-easy footing she is on with Lady Glyddon, wife of a K.C.B., one of the brightest lights in the local 'society;' and that is a point gained. Now, Mr Parvenue is not himself exactly in society. He is a plain, honest, straightforward sort of individual, whose ambition is to return home with a lac of rupees, see his old mother, and smoke the calumet of peace for the remaining term of his natural life. He has no notion of studying people; and he nearly sent Mrs Parvenue into hysterics by alluding, during Lady Glyddon's formal visit to her house, to the time when he used to smoke his pipe in kitchen at home with the servant. From this thoughtless observation, Lady Glyddon would be able to deduce two facts fatal to the Parvenues' position in society—first, *the* kitchen (back and front in one) suggested a rent of £25 per annum; while *the* servant (a maid-of-all-work) smacked of the grossest plebeianism. This will not be forgotten by Lady Glyddon, you may be sure. Mr Parvenue, deriving a good income from an avocation connected with agencies or something like it, but of which Mrs Parvenue professes to *know nothing*, is enabled to provide his spouse with a carriage and pair, in which she performs daily rounds, and thereby keeps herself prominently before the big-wigs of the community, who might else permit her existence to escape their recollection.

Mrs Parvenue's return dinner-parties are great events in her career. To some of the invited guests they are everyday occurrences, a fact which adds to her nervousness. But Mrs Parvenue is a woman of stratagem. Her imagination being always at full tension upon the subject dearest to her heart, ever and anon bright ideas flash across her. She will give a trial dinner-party! There are a few small people like herself in the station, but who have not cared to magnify themselves. These, then, she chooses for her trial-feast, and, like Israel's scapegoats, they may bear away the penalty of any failure into the bitumen-incrusted shores of their solitariness, unknown and unreported. A second 'idea' follows quickly on the heels of the first. The same chuprassee, or messenger, who distributes the invitations to the 'nobodies,' also bears twenty invitations for a week after to those in whose favour she loves to bask. He is instructed to deliver the former first. But the nobodies see the envelopes, and become impressed, if not overpowered, with Mrs Parvenue's exceedingly good position 'in society.' Literally, and without a doubt, she does know everybody! The flaws in the trial dinner-party are rectified, and the second one passes off, a success and an epoch in Mrs Parvenue's experiences.

Of her first dinner-party (the experimental one), she never speaks, but of the second she makes much. The rings and changes on those twenty people who enjoyed her hospitality are not exceeded by the famous horse-shoe-and-thirty-two-nail problem. She is in conversation clover for months, and when she meets those same persons at public places of entertainment, how can they do otherwise than recognise her with beaming faces? The great result of Mrs Parvenue's auspicious career is, that poor Parvenue himself is detained in the country ten years longer than he anticipated, and, while he does not exactly know why, philosophically flatters himself that 'it's all right.'

In India, the income governs the rank in society. Glance at the big 'per-annum' salaries: lieutenant-governor, ten thousand pounds; ditto, members of council; half that sum to the secretaries to government in the financial, foreign and home departments.

A little less to mint-masters, chief-accountants, provincial secretaries, sub-treasurers, civil auditors, assay-masters, and to those high up in the public works departments. And then comes the judicial sphere, rich in its loaves and fishes. Judges of the Sudder Dewanny and Nizamut Adawlut five thousand a year each; even the 'remembrancer of legal affairs' receives three thousand. Is this for his prodigious memory? Are there not myriads of human beings who would give three thousand a year, if they possessed it, to be 'forgetters of legal affairs?' Additional sessions judges, civil judges, inspectors of jails, magistrates, collectors and salt agents, each and all receive their three thousand a year.

In the revenue department, we get up once more to five thousand per annum. Senior and junior secretaries, assistant-superintendent of the tributary Mehals, collector of government customs, surveyor-general, superintendents of survey, astronomical assistants—say to each, my patient reader, two thousand per annum. The pay in the salt department is truly attic; the agents, the superintendents of the salt golahs, and the controller of the salt chowkies, get each their two thousand five hundred. In the opium department, the agent has still more, and his assistants a little less.

We dare not enumerate the mighty host of big-salaried men in the political sphere, in the military, in the colleges, in the medical, and in the miscellaneous; suffice it, that these, wherever they may be in India, preside over society, and regulate its aspects.

To a young man wearied of his bachelorhood, society in India affords few temptations. There are risen men who resolve to become Benedicts, and rising men have no chance with them. In Calcutta, there is an acknowledged maxim that a young male aspirant to wedlock must have his buggy and his silver teapot before he can hope for success. Here and there, now and then, eligible opportunities for the investment of one's affections present themselves, but they demand so high a figure that few pockets can stand the purchase.

In no portion of the civilised globe did reckless expenditure ever reach such a height, in modern times, as it did a score of years ago in Calcutta and the other large cities of Bengal. The marvellous profits which then poured into the princely mercantile firms seemed to intoxicate the controllers of it, who straightway left their incomes to control themselves. It was no uncommon rule then to allow the khansamar, or chief table-servant, four pounds a day for 'fish, flesh, and fowl,' and the condiments and *et ceteras* necessary to fill up the vacancies of the table; beyond this, wines, sauces, and other things were of course extra. Dinner was followed by cards, and the play invariably ran high. On one occasion, an 'interloper,' who had lost his savings by a reverse of fortune, arrived in Calcutta on his way home with just two hundred pounds in his pocket. The night before he took his passage, he sat down to loo with his host and his host's friends. Luck frowned upon him, and he went to bed worth less than nothing. When he awoke, he found the money he had lost piled up in one large heap on his dressing-table; and he afterwards discovered that his fellow-players, knowing his improvident character, had merely won his money to test his good resolutions, had fleeced him, and then restored the rupees, with a hope of his reformation. These habits happily exist no longer, at least in respectable society. Men have learned to look beyond to-day in India, to that to-morrow when they may ensconce themselves in well-feathered nests at home, after the manner of Mr Parvenue. Occasionally still, like the unexpected flicker of an expiring light, we hear of a seven days' feast at some old indigo planter's, when sheep and oxen are roasted whole, and the land flows with Bass's exported beer and Exshaw's cognac. Beds are made up in the most alarming places, for frolic,

not for sleep. Dancing and feasting, games of every sort that mirth ever devised, polite riot; in short, such gatherings remind one of the time when on May-day the lady-mayoreess sat behind her lawful lord on a crimson pillion, while the cream-coloured charger bore the conspicuous couple to the towering May-pole on the green of St Mary Overies, amid a cheering crowd. For at the old planters here, English sports are not forgotten, and in winter-time a real and live yule-log casts forth its ruddy reflections, and the boar's head is brought in gaily decorated; and after the roast-beef of Old England appears the plump plum-pudding, in the centre of a cloud of brandy-fire. Then heigh for snapdragon, and the 'old soldier,' and forfeits, kissing the maid you love best, two inches off the poker, and a hundred other penalties vastly pleasant to defray; and at supper comes the toast in silence, '*To those at home.*' Yes, when the mirth halts for an instant, an intenser gloom than before rushes in, and a tear drops from the eyes at mention of that toast, which, five minutes before, were glistening with joy in an uproarious blindman's buff.

But the old race of indigo planters have passed, or are quickly passing, from the face of existing things. There will soon be left no sphere in domestic life in India where the shackles of form and ceremony, or the demands of etiquette and custom can be laid aside for a meeting of old English joviality. Visiting is all that a lady has to do, or can do, in India; unless we introduce the chickenwallah and boxwallah—two hawking tradesmen who pay daily visits to her between the hours of 9 and 12 A.M. Comprehensive and fluent as Ovid's description of Chaos is acknowledged to be, it might yet have been finer had that immortal bard ever entered an apartment and found Mrs Ovid in treaty with a boxwallah. To the reflective mind, however, every incident in life has a moral to point, every stone a sermon, every running brook a truth. To judge of a woman with whom, perhaps, you have had little experience, but of whose virtues you would anxiously know more, I would say, bribe your durwan to inform you at what hour her favourite boxwallah spreads his treasures around her, and by some preconceived accident break through the laws of decorum, and enter her presence unexpectedly. To accomplish this unseen, however, would be better, and, secreted behind the folds of a purdah, scrutinise the lady in question, in the proud position of queen of Chaos. How many superfluous articles suddenly leap into *immediate necessities*! how many rupees as quickly pass from her small white hands into the boxwallah's Milner's safe in the corner of his dirty white kupra!

You will readily discover that the Hindu tradesman has the lady entirely in his power; that, however strongly, at his first appearance, she put on the armour of resolution, that sable heathen yet knows too well how to 'sicken' it over with the pale cast of thought, till it loses the name of action. Towards every new specimen of goods he exposes to her, she hangs as undecided between heaven and earth as the coffin of the boxwallah's god. Eve had less doubts about the apple; yet the fruit was no more highly recommended than the wares of this man, who wears the tempter's livery without the tail.

It is selfish and wicked of husbands to cherish so much ill-feeling towards these men, who give more pure delight to the 'mem sahib' than all her other morning visitants, except one, namely, the invaluable 'chickenwallah.' How many prayers for divorce would be spared Sir C. Cresswell's ears, if husbands in India only granted a *carte blanche* for their spouses to revel in 'chicken-work.' How many aching hearts would find nepenthe in a single pair of cuffs! How many trials and sufferings could be folded up in a baby's robe! How many smiles and kindly words might that husband not procure by a single pointed collar! What troubled bosom could not find peace

beneath a chemisette! What jealousies, however well grounded, might not this chicken-work resist!

When one thinks of the extravagance of men; of that reckless nature which can give so very much a thousand for cheroots, and deny their wives 'chicken-work,' one blushes for one's sex.

There are a few instances of native gentlemen mixing in European society, but only a few. The late Dwarkanath Tagore, who visited England, and eventually died there, was one of these exceptions, and rather a conspicuous one. His villa near Calcutta, now the residence of another highly gifted native nobleman, was crowded with Europeans. Every art was fostered by him, and it was his pride to gather round him such men as could aid him with their talents. He was the only native we ever heard of who admired English music; but while he became a convert to our melody, he never lessened his appreciation of his own. The infamous Nana Sahib may be said to have been in society, though he preferred dispensing hospitality to receiving it; but no one who ever passed an evening at his palace will readily forget it. He was handsome, and not very dark, and his face lighted up at times with an expression excessively agreeable. The maharajah of Burdwan is also very fond of entertaining Europeans of distinction, but he never visits his guests in return.

It will be many years before a free and cordial interchange of civilities exists between the Europeans and the natives, for the latter must be differently educated before they can either aspire to, or be fit for, the proud distinction so valued by Mrs Parvenue, of 'being in society.'

THE WINTER ROBIN.

SWEET bird! stol'st thou the hue
On thy warm breast from some bright rose's cheek,
Ere summer waned, and thou didst dip thy beak
In chalices of dew?

Thy charming lay has called
Me from my book and cheerful fire to see
Thee on thy moss-throne by the alder-tree,
A blithe song-king installed.

List'ning to thee, O bird!
We well might deem the glowing summer here,
When earth's full chorus rings out sweet and clear,
And hearts to love are stirred.

Black-bird and thrush are mute,
Berry and leaf in chrysalis of snow,
And yet in this dark hour, to gloom a foe,
Thou tun'st thy little lute.

A universal love,
O faithful winter-minstrel, thou hast won!
We prize thee more because thou sing'st *alone*,
Sad hearts to joy to move.

I love to see thine eye
Dart a thank-glance towards my window-sill,
Where well thou know'st thou oft hast fed, and still
Shalt'st find a sweet supply.

It were a hateful part
To listen to thy music selfishly,
When e'en a crumb's a rich repeat for thee,
And merrier makes thy heart.

O Crimson-breast, until
Music seems discord, when I hear thy strain,
I'll spread thy banquet 'neath my window-pane,
And feel thy debtor still.

J. R.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH. Also sold by all Booksellers.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL OF POPULAR LITERATURE

Science and Arts.

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 424.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1862.

PRICE 1½d.

SERVITUDE.

SERVITUDE is very ancient. We may strain our eyes through the twilight of early myth and dubious history, yet never discover a time, since Job and Cecrops lived, when servants were not. It is so natural for the rich to buy, and for the strong and crafty to usurp, the services of those who are poorer, feebler, or more ignorant than themselves, that the problem has been worked out alike all the world over. Society divided itself into two great classes, the Bond and the Free, though each of these classes ramified and subdivided itself almost endlessly. Few of us have any adequate idea of the immense disproportion, in most countries, between those who have commanded obedience and those who have rendered it. Many well-meaning persons are in the habit of writing and speaking as if slavery had been invented for the especial purpose of cultivating American sugar and cotton by African labour, and as if the 'domestic institution' were a span-new abuse.

This is far from being the truth. A white skin has not always secured an immunity from bondage. Seventy-five years ago, it is no exaggeration to say that four-fifths of the population of Christian Europe were under thrall to some one or other. In this rough estimate must be reckoned the serfs of Russia, Poland, and Hungary, the slaves of Denmark, the vassals of the Church, the Crown boors, and the innumerable peasants who were bound to the soil, throughout the wide continent. Add to these the servile race who toiled in the mines of many countries, and even in Scotland, without the right to choose a healthier occupation; add also the vast multitude of slaves and soil-bound cultivators belonging to Asia, Africa, and Spanish America, and we might almost venture on the paradox that the normal state of man was not freedom, but its opposite.

The old system, however, was rotten to the core. It fell before the storm-blast of the French Revolution, and if some portions of the antique superstructure still exist, they drop singly and unpitied, like dead leaves in December.

For all that, in spite of all that we hear and read about the majesty of the popular will, the change is a recent one. It is not so very long since Gibbon, in computing the powers of resistance possessed by the civilised world against any future irruption of barbarians, mentioned 'the hardy soldiers of Russia, the

gallant nobles of France, and the intrepid freemen of England.' Few casual readers, now a days, would perceive that a compliment was conveyed in these words at all analogous to the boast in our fine old song, that 'Britons never will be slaves.' The word 'freeman' indeed is now in somewhat ill odour; it is associated with venal votes, drunkenness, obtuseness, and all the worst qualities of a bought-and-sold elector. It once had a more honoured significance, for it denoted an independent position at a time when independence was rare. How slavery began, we cannot tell; but, though direct proof be absent, it is not difficult to conjecture that the first workers under compulsion were captives taken in war. Insects may be as resolute slave-owners as any of President Davis's constituents, since Reaumur discovered how the ants of South America sally forth to kidnap hundreds of the black 'slave ants,' destined to do the work of the warlike colony. Early history, whether sacred or profane, gives us countless instances in which whole tribes and nations have been exposed to the sad alternative of chains or the sword. We need not go back to such trite examples as those which the Helots present; there were numerous slaves in Greece, before ever a Dorian spoon dipped in the black soup of Sparta. The brass-greaved heroes who beleaguered Troy looked on captives as the most legitimate part of the spoil they coveted. In the cruel old wars of the East, few obtained mercy except from motives of self-interest actuating the victor. Here, an Assyrian king would sweep off an entire race to hew wood and draw water; there, a Pharaoh would impose the yoke on the free necks of a neighbouring tribe. The great army of Xerxes comprised myriads of slaves; no Persian monarch moved without a like imposing train of subject beings—men whose hearts were not in the war, and who were scattered like sheep before the onset of a handful of Grecian freemen.

All slaves were not prisoners to bow and spear; some were criminals, or the offspring of criminals; some were debtors, or the descendants of debtors; others were poor, and had bartered liberty for bread. Kidnapping was very common. How readily did the company of merchants agree to buy Joseph from his envious brothers! It was not the first bargain in human flesh, be sure, that those worthy folks had driven. The pirates who haunted the Ægean were not a whit more scrupulous than

the Barbary corsairs of a later day. No man was so rich or highly placed as to be quite sure that some chapter of misfortunes might not one day bring him to the servile state. There were great distinctions among the slaves in old Hellas. Some were lettered and polished, rich in accomplishments and knowledge, and valued as the choicest possessions of a discerning master; such slaves as these were actors, pedagogues, singers, dancing-girls, or the like. Then there were the plain workers—smiths, carpenters, domestics, and so forth, who were not habitually treated with scorn or harshness. Beneath this was a lower class of live chattels—the stupid, the lazy, the ignorant or barbarous, and these were in all respects regarded as animals of an inferior kind, and dealt with as such. These observations apply to the slaves of Athens, Corinth, Thebes. Fierce Sparta maintained under her martial thumb two orders of toilers under compulsion; the lower, consisting of our old friends the Helots, did the rough work of Lacedæmon; the higher comprised the Perioecæans, who were serfs rather than slaves, and whose duty it was to till the farms of the Heracleids.

Rome, thoroughgoing in all things, adopted the 'peculiar institution' with the utmost avidity; it filled up a gap in her social system; for the poor *civis Romanus* was of a sturdy and stiff-necked disposition, and did not take kindly to work and wages. The patricians, the knights, the Upper Ten Thousand, had sore need of attendants more plastic, nimble, and obsequious than their sesterces could hire in the forum; so the haughty armies that bore S.P.Q.R. on shield and standard went about the world slave-catching. The plantation system is due originally to Roman invention; so is compulsory labour in the mines. One patrician kept swarms of captives toiling in the subterranean darkness, like gnomes, to produce copper or gold for the market; another tilled his estate in Campania by the unwilling hands of the old soldiers of Mithridates or Zenobia; a third 'went in' for gladiators, and invested largely in those *secutores* and spear-men whose blood was to fatten the dust of the arena. No wonder the Romans had to trample out a Servile War, with such elements of discontent and passionate sense of wrong scattered about their country. The marvel is rather that the luxurious slave-owners, fanned on their purple couches by slavish hands, anointed by slaves in the bath-room, robbed by slaves in the vestuary, fed, amused, instructed, cringed to by slaves, were not more frequently massacred by those whose liberty they had stolen. But it is probable that the humbler citizens, like the 'poor whites' of the South, were the true bucklers of the outnumbered nobility, and that the discontented slaves trembled at the prospect of finding themselves face to face with the armed democracy of Rome. The wealthy Quirites had another safeguard in the affection and loyalty of their freedmen. These enfranchised persons were of tried merit, and their fidelity to their late owners and present patrons was illustrated by many touching traits which history has recorded. Free-born servants, on the other hand, were exceedingly scarce: clients and parasites were to be had by any one who was lavish of good cheer and small coin, but the household work was done by slavish hands. So fully was man's property in man recognised by Roman law, that a man's children were his goods and chattels, and he could only emancipate his son by a mock-sale of the young man to somebody else.

The East maintained the doctrine and practice of slavery, but in a milder form than that which Europe witnessed. The Scripture narrative draws a sharp line of demarcation between the condition of the bondsman or bondswoman, and that of the hired servant; yet the former was not seldom in a more comfortable position than the latter.

There was no plantation-system known in Asia. The cultivator was often a serf incapable of quitting the spot where he toiled, and ground down by impost and tribute. But he was not a slave; the ground he ploughed was his own, and he had some rights which even despots respected. The Mohammedans treat slaves, so far as we know, in precisely the same way in which bondsmen were treated by the idolaters of Egypt and the star-worshippers of Mesopotamia. There are old pachas still alive who were once purchased in a public mart, and who, like the Joseph of Scripture, rose to great power and wealth by the favour of a princely master. The slave is dealt with as one of the family, shares in its prosperity, and probably earns promotion and freedom. Half the courtiers of an oriental monarch, his gholams and his pages, his treasurer and chamberlain, are emancipated slaves. The servile condition has no peculiar disgrace in Moslem eyes; colour is no brand of infamy; even the fetich-worshipping negro from Sennaar is adopted into the victorious religion, and hailed on the instant as a Mussulman and a brother. Hassan beats carpets to-day; to-morrow, he may wear silk and gold, may fill his master's pipe, and seriously aspire to marry his master's daughter. Morgiana, honest girl, has only need to keep a sharp eye on all suspicious strangers, whether oil-merchants with forty jars or not, and she may come to wed with young Hephæsus, with the full consent of Morgiana's proprietor.

Slavery did not, in European Christendom, take a form so paternal and indulgent as this. So long as some rags and relics of the Western Empire hung together, the rich were accustomed to treat their domestics with a lazy good-humour. It was no longer the fashion for ladies, as in the cruel old Seven-hilled City, to stick pins in the shrinking flesh of a tender female slave. It was out of date to fling tiresome servitors into the stone-walled fish-pond of the hall, to fatten the pampered lampreys that feasted there. The so-called citizens of Aquitaine and Lyon did not much misuse their animated property. Very different was the conduct of those fierce Franks, Visigoths, Vandals, and all the hardy robber races of the North; they parcelled out the lands among their chiefs, and the rural population went with the land, and suffered, during many a sad century, wrongs whose full weight and bitterness we are happily unable to appreciate. The Gauls and other subject races were ground to the dust. Tyranny never, perhaps, took a form so cruelly contemptuous, so hard, and so hopeless. The villains revolted now and then, as in the Jacquerie of France and the Peasants' War of Germany. But after a brief saturnalia of savage retaliation, the old chains were riveted on afresh. The unhappy people of Central Europe had good cause to envy the servile population of those lands over which the Crescent floated supreme. While the serfs of France groaned under that hard and insulting yoke which civilisation slowly mitigated, and which the troubles of '89 eventually overthrew, England, always peculiar, possessed a gentler system. Under the Saxon sway, the freemen were either simple freemen or 'sixhundredmen,' answering nearly to the freedmen of Rome, or franklins, thanes, earls, aldermen, and athelings. The great class of the bond was divided into the two sections of the churls and the theowes, otherwise *ensæ*. A wide gulf severed these sections. The churl was a serf, but not a slave; he was bound to the soil, but he could own property; he had legal privileges; and his dearest rights as man, husband, and father were not trampled under foot, as was the case abroad. If a farm were given to a monastery or willed to a kinsman, with that farm went smith and carpenter, hind and milkmaid. But emancipation was readily to be bought for money, or earned by good service against the Danes. The churl had but

to exercise industry and thrift, and the ladder of life was before him.

The theowes were not so well off. They ranked much lower. A stigma clung to them, whereas honest Sibbert, the churl, was held a respectable person. The theowes were sometimes sprung from conquered Britons; more often they were the descendants of convicted felons, or other offenders who had been doomed to wear that disgraceful collar that Gurth was so glad to get rid of. They were held in contempt, and perhaps roughly entreated, though inhumanity was peculiarly foreign to the Anglo-Saxon character. The Norman Conquest was a blessing to the theowes, if not to the churls. Both became villeins alike, though the proudest baron never pretended to possess such absolute authority over his vassals in England as was exercised by French nobles. Long before the Reformation, though much of feudal service remained legal, no serf trod the soil of England. In Scotland, the system lingered to a later day. Not only were the colliers and miners bound to toil in their pits, through successive generations, in the midst of depravity and enforced ignorance, but strange stories are told of the vassalage existing in remote districts; thus, in memoirs recently published, and widely read, we are surprised to see it gravely stated that, in Selkirkshire, within a hundred years, a man was 'niffered away' for a pony; and yet it would be a gross exaggeration to declare that the bulk of the Scottish peasantry, centuries ago, were otherwise than free.

In feudal times, the household domestics were very usually, in England most usually, free persons. The lady chataelaine presided over a bevy of maidens, who plied their spinning-wheels or distaffs, who carded wool, twisted flax, and bleached linen, under her superintendence. But the cook was almost always a man, the scullions were boys, and the turnspit was sometimes a four-footed creature, sometimes a shaggy urchin, mottled with perpetual roasting before a huge fire. The sewers, boteler, grooms of the chamber, pages, and so on, were of course of the male sex; indeed, medieval households consisted mainly of males. Tom, and Peter, and Stephen did a great many things which we now commit to housemaids and kitchen-maids, just as Giacomo and Carlo make the beds and sweep the floors in the palazzo of some Italian grandee. Even Master Slender, who was but a poor gentleman, kept, as we know, three men and a maid. The Lord Ogle, or his Grace of Northumberland, whose curious wills and year-books amuse the devotees of the British Museum, kept up a small army of masculine retainers. In our days, two at least of Master Slender's men would be replaced by feminine representatives, and the whole tenor of the arrangement shows how few channels were once open for industrial enterprise.

There was one especial reason for the maintenance of a host of men-servants; nobles and estates gentlemen went to fair and market, to church or assize, or even through London streets, at the head of their domestics. Their men followed them in a livery of the family colours, wearing their lord's badge in silver, and prepared with sword and dagger to ruffle it for the credit of the good house at home. Then Capulet and Montague, Neville and Clifford, would meet; and the blades flashed out, and blue coats were pitted against tawny coats, and the streets witnessed much backward play, with abundant bruises and some bloodshed, until the civic authorities came with clubs to beat the weapons down, and patch up a peace. When the country grew more orderly under Queen Elizabeth's firm sway, a new fashion came up; 'French thrift,' as Falstaff calls it, prevailed; the old swashbucklers were discarded, and gentlemen of the highest station appeared in public with but a single page. Presently, too, this very page was metamorphosed. A knight's or peer's page was once, as royal pages still are, scions of some ancient family. It

was thought no disgrace to gentle blood that its owner should learn to carve skilfully, to pour wine, to hand cup and platter, and to do fifty things which we now esteem as menial offices. Such accomplishments were then considered fitting parts of the education of even a king's son; they earned high praise, and secured promotion to the aspirant. The first step of the ladder of chivalry was the sideboard. Every great lady had her waiting-gentlewomen, her usher, pages, and so forth. The principal nobles were daily served at table and in the bath by the sons and nephews of the landed gentry; the monarch's personal attendants were members of titled families. With the lapse of time, this antique ceremonial decayed. In 1689, the Duke of Beaufort alone kept up the cumbrous splendour of the days of yore. He alone had pages and equerries of high degree, for whose instruction and advancement in life he had pledged himself. But long before this, the youths who bore the jewelled sword, or carried the embroidered mantle of a master, had ceased to be chosen for any other merits than their sprightliness and intelligence. The pupil had been converted into the Mercury. More women were employed in household affairs, with each succeeding generation, as men found more profitable occupations, and as commerce expanded. Still, a great mansion of the eighteenth century was not without a sufficient garrison of plush and powder. In addition to the many maids over whom the staid housekeeper ruled with her ivory staff, not always a mere symbol of authority, men still abounded. There were the running-footmen, clad in white, those human meteors that ran before my lord's coach-and-six, and whose gilt poles were useful in those days of miry roads and frequent floods. There were the bewigged coachmen and postillions; the 'running-master' of the race-horses, who answers to a modern trainer; the grooms, porter, and groom-porters; footmen, groom of the chambers, the butlers, deckers, and the 'rubber,' whose business it was to wax and polish the oaken floors in true Parisian style. There were still a few pages, though already the order had grown obsolete, as it remained until more recent times, when the page once more reappeared in a galaxy of buttons. Above all, there was what we call the valet, gravely styled, in the early Georgian epoch, a gentleman's gentleman.

It has often been alleged that in bygone days there was more of genuine sympathy and attachment between master and servant than is now the case. Of course, we must take this assertion, like all others which seek to shew us the past through a dim enchanted haze, with the addition of a few grains of salt; but it has probably some truth in it. People spoke more familiarly to their servants then than now; meddled with them more; asked their advice; praised them heartily when pleased, and not seldom cursed and cuffed them when things went wrong. We wonder at the flippant playfulness with which young Sir Harry, on the stage, jibes, rates, or applauds his booted domestic, 'Tom, you rascal.' We are surprised that the theatrical Lady Betty, or Lydia Languish, is so playfully communicative to her white-aproned Abigail. The tone is a traditional one. Lady Betty was once very nearly as ignorant and silly as her untaught *soubrette*; Sir Harry's common conversation was not much more intellectual than Tom's, so the gulf to be bridged over was a short one. But servitude was not all sunshine, even then. Lady Betty thought no more of emphasising a reproof with a sound box on the ear of the offender, than of correcting her lapdog; and the squire or my lord was not very measured in his wrath when John Thomas was deeply in fault. To be sure, master and man were equal in the eye of the law, but theory differed from practice. Out on the ungrateful mutineer, came him, horsewhipped him; strip his livery off the villain's shoulders; duck him in the horsepond,

some of you. And very likely Squire Western was obeyed to the letter. Let John Thomas take out a summons for the assault if he can. Any magistrate, until that terrible Sir Richard held his court at Bow Street, would have pooh-poohed the complaint. With all that, there is much that is pleasing in the past relations of master and servant, of waiting-woman and mistress, as we see them reflected in the mirror of bygone literature. That maid in Molière's *Tartuffe*, next to the grand hypocrite himself, is the life and soul of the piece. How she loves the family that she serves! Her whole heart belongs to them; she identifies herself with their fortunes in weal and woe; she is as anxious in their behalf as if they were her kith and kin. The books of the dead centuries, whether they deal with fact or fiction, are full of instances of the tenderest and staunchest fidelity on the part of servants. Sometimes occurs an episode of black treachery, or of a coarsely venal spirit; but it is evident that there then existed a class of domestics who were born in their master's house or on his land, who served father and son with unblemished faith, and whose last thought would have been to 'better themselves.'

At the present day, we find household service more strictly professional in England than in any other country. The rule holds good with us—once a servant, always a servant. Jeames wears the plush of many masters. Like a gigantic chameleon, he is crimson for Sir John, sky-blue when he polishes the banker's plate, claret-coloured as he ushers in the patients of Dr Pillem, and canary when he stands behind the carriage of the Dowager Countess of Broadacres. But, through all these changes of tint and shoulder-knot, he is Jeames still; Jeames, until the day when he shall proudly inscribe the name of 'James Plushley' over the door of his newly opened public-house. Nor do I think that Mary the parlour-maid, or Susan and Jemima, whose service takes a humbler range, will ever earn a living in any other station in life than their present one. They will never migrate to a counter, nor manipulate a sewing-machine, nor join Miss Faithfull's band of feminine printers. They may marry Jeames, or the policeman, or the green-grocer, but their profession while single is chosen for better for worse. In Germany, now, another practice prevails. Girls of very respectable families are sent to service as to a school. They are not attracted by wages, but by the ambition of acquiring housewifely lore. They scour and scrub to-day, that to-morrow they may be fit for the laborious post of a German matron. Many large *restaurants* in Deutschland are crowded with young women of the burgher class, who give their services in return for tuition in the mystery of cooking. They study this art, according to Teutonic principles, most intently, that they may find favour in the eyes of the future spouse. The kitchen of such an establishment is a curious sight. Yellow-haired Bertha is peering into the saucepan, where simmers some diabolical mess of pea-shells, brown sugar, pork, vinegar, and cabbage; blue-eyed Katrina is preparing to pour over the seething *kalbsbraten* that sweet sauce without which her betrothed Hans cannot dine. Veal and raspberry jam! Head of Lucullus! how strange are the tastes of man.

It is proverbial that foreign servants are much more familiar in demeanour, and expect to be talked to on much more equal terms, than our own. This remark is only true of that part of Central Europe commonly traversed by tourists. Russian servants are patient, obsequious creatures; Poles are respectful, and Austrians shew a formal deference to their employers. French, Swiss, and Belgian servants are certainly frank of speech. They venture on remarks, jokes, and queries, which from an English domestic would be justly deemed impertinent, but which are not impertinently meant. They will argue the point, too, in a manner that would have delighted Mr

Midshipman Easy and his philosophical parent. As a general rule, I should say that French masters and mistresses were a little afraid of their retainers. When a Gallic family moves from Paris to the country, or *vice versa*, there is no attempt at sending the servants by second-class train. White-capped *bonnes*, the cook with her grizzled head tied up in a gaudy handkerchief, the spruce *femme de chambre*, and sleek-haired Baptiste the footboy, occupy seats in the same first-class carriage which conveys Monsieur, Madame, and the few but noisy children. A practical equality is one of the most cherished of our neighbours' 'ideas.' It is not without difficulty that a Frenchman can be induced to wear livery; he calls it a badge of tyranny, a feudal abuse, and much more. I have seen an honest Norman lad tear the coroneted buttons from his new coat, and roll in the dust, howling as if the plush he had been coaxed into wearing had been the shirt of Nessus. It takes a high wage and much cajolery to reconcile a Gaul to such a costume. Italian servants also dislike livery. But a well-whiskered man, elaborately got up in glossy black, with rings, studs, chains, scented handkerchief, and embroidered shirt, will meekly do the whole work of housemaid, footman, and what not, and will work harder than the drudge of a London lodging-house, while outshining his employer in gorgeousness of raiment and polish of manner. Yet this invaluable satellite has one tender point: it is a sin against his caste to carry a parcel, however small, through the public streets; that is porter's work, peasant-girl's work, so hire a *faccino* at once, and leave Luigi to his dusters and his Turk's head brush.

Of the 'helps' of America, little need be said. The best of them—and even those are uncouth and unmanageable enough—are Irish or free blacks; the few native-born Americans who eat the bread of servitude contrive to give their hirers no cause to congratulate themselves upon that fact. The slaves of the South, however, are by no means so timid and deferential in manner as some of us suppose. They are familiar, jocosely, or argumentative by turns, and it is only the *ultima ratio* of the cowhide which reduces them to passive obedience. Implicit respectfulness is not, indeed, a plant of American growth. How much have I said of servants, and how little of employers! and yet there is much to be said on both sides. Virtues are plenty on earth, but so are faults. We have no right to expect people to be much more perfect than ourselves, even though board and lodging and a few pounds a year go to the bargain; and there is sterling truth in the old proverb which declares, that good masters make good servants.

A DUEL ON THE TIGHT-ROPE.

THE taste for rope-dancing which the celebrated Madame Violante brought into fashion in the early part of the last century, flourished nowhere so much and long as in Dublin, where the agile lady established herself, and opened a theatre, the attractions of which for a time superseded every other place of public amusement. Madame Violante was the Blondin of her day, but more of an artist, and less of an acrobat. She treated the public to scenic effects they had never witnessed before; she trained some notable actresses—among whom was Peg Woffington—and carried rope-dancing to so high a pitch, that the *beau monde* of Dublin talked of, and attended to, nothing else for some years. Long after the days of her management had gone by, and her theatre passed into other hands and uses (it is said to have become a Methodist chapel), the relish for this species of performance was strong enough in the public mind to produce a kind of civil war regarding the merits of two rival rope-dancers, who had established themselves and their ropes at opposite ends of the city. One astonished the natives of the then fashionable

Liberties, the other amazed the dwellers of the New Town, which had not then extended to Merrion Square. They had arrived in Dublin on the same day, set up their rival camps, and sent forth their manifestoes next morning; and henceforth there was nothing but contention at dinner-table and tea-party, in tavern, coffee-house, and billiard-room, concerning the moral, social, and acrobatic worth of Signor Sarfuico and Monsieur Perote.

As their names and titles indicate, the one was an Italian, and the other a Frenchman. Sarfuico was young, muscular, and tall for a gentleman whose business had to be conducted on the tight-rope. Perote's age could not be ascertained; his adversaries asserted that the blackness of his thin hair was owing to dye; he was small, slender, and wind-dried, professed to have been brought up on the rope, and considered it the grandest and most elevating of human pursuits. Signor Sarfuico was grave, silent, and even dignified. On the hump he danced the latest minuet, carried a hamper of glass on his back, and balanced his sword on his chin with a taciturn stateliness sufficient for a cardinal in full canonicals. His Gallic antagonist talked with immense volubility throughout his performance, generally in his own praise and that of his science, as he pleased to call it; related his experiences, delivered his opinions on men and manners, and exchanged repartees with his Dublin audience. Signor Sarfuico assured the public that he was the last scion of a noble Florentine family. Monsieur Perote boasted his descent from a line of rope-dancers, and took special pride in one of his ancestors who performed before Henri Quatre. Each gentleman professed to know nothing of the other, but their mutual hatred was said to exceed that of ordinary rivals; through their respective satellites a whisper oozed out that they had travelled and danced together for years on the continent—that their quarrels had latterly been such as to call for police interference—and that they had separated with vows of vengeance on each other; some intention of that kind was supposed to influence the Frenchman's movements in particular, for wherever the Italian went, there he followed him, and set up his opposing camp.

They were both excellent in, or rather on, their peculiar lines. As ropes were walked or danced in those days, Dublin had not seen their equals, and they divided the town between them. Dowagers fought their battles over the cards; young men quarrelled in coffee-houses, and met next morning in the Phoenix Park about them; family controversies arose—social circles split and fell away—people altered their wills—old friends passed each other without speaking—and engagements were broken off, on account of Signor Sarfuico and Monsieur Perote. They got mixed up with politics, as what in Dublin did not? The popular or Irish party were the chief supporters of Perote; he bowed to the carmen, and wanted justice for Ireland. The high Tories and friends of government, on the other hand, lent their strength to Sarfuico; he was a reduced gentleman, and no doubt of sound principles. The Irish party being the most numerous, gave Perote a considerable majority, and what was still more in the Frenchman's favour, the ladies threw their weight into the scale. In spite of the better looks and higher pretensions of his rival, Monsieur Perote's abundant compliments and general devotion to the fair sex carried the day; the ladies, young and old, espoused his cause as ladies only can; and their influence, great as it is, and has been in all times and places, had a power on the banks of the Liffey in those days sufficient to swamp any opposition. Monsieur Perote's fame and cash-box went up at a rate which threatened extinction to his rival, till the Italian's ingenuity found out a mode of making things more than even. Sarfuico raised his rope. The elevation was full twenty feet

above anything Perote had ever attempted. The bare advertisement drew a considerable house on the first evening of exhibition, and when it went abroad how he had carried the sack, balanced the sword, and drank a glass of wine to the health of the lord-lieutenant, Perote's popularity fell to freezing-point. In vain his most astonishing feats were put in requisition: he stood on one leg to no purpose, danced the minuet *De la Cour* with no effect; notwithstanding his bows, the carmen ran to see and shout for his daring antagonist; and though his compliments rose if possible to a higher key, the ladies deserted him and his rope.

At this epoch, it became public by their joint advertisement that Sarfuico and Perote had made friends. Why and how, their most confidential advisers could not declare, but it was generally believed that, as became his position, Perote had made the first overtures, and Sarfuico, remembering former days, and not unwilling to rule over his enemy, agreed to let bygones be bygones, and receive him into his service. They were henceforth to act together, and the surmises, speculations, and reports that went through Dublin, when that announcement was issued, were unexampled. Would the Italian bring down his rope? Would the Frenchman elevate his? Would the stage admit of two ropes? Would there be anything more than the old tricks? Heavy bets were taken on those important questions, and a full hour before its doors were opened, a crowd that might have filled a building twice the size, had collected in front of Sarfuico's theatre. The getting in and getting places was a considerable business; and when no more seats could be found for the ladies, and no more standing-room for the gentlemen, the curtain rose. Then what a surprise for the eager faces—what a disappointment of shrewd conjectures—what a losing of heavy bets appeared, for there was Sarfuico's rope alone, at its highest elevation, and there were the rivals both upon it. The Italian looked more than usually grave and grand; the Frenchman determined and unflinching, as if his courage had been screwed up for some desperate purpose. The one bowed solemnly to the boxes, the other to the whole house, but it was carelessly done, and Perote's hand was not even laid on his heart when he turned to the ladies.

As soon as the house recovered from its amazement, it made the roof ring and the rope tremble, not to speak of those who stood on it, with thunders of applause. Sarfuico's theatre, it must be premised, had been an ancient windmill of more than common height, which allowed room for his present elevation, and there he and his former rival stood some forty feet above the stage. Most people expected the Frenchman to fall, but he did not. The Italian had evidently no notion of the like; he received the ovation as his due; and the little dark man who acted as his crier—by the way, he called him *Manifestato*—came forward and announced that the ladies and gentlemen were that evening to witness a performance never before exhibited on any stage; it was called the dance of friendship, invented by Monsieur Perote, and immensely improved by Signor Sarfuico.

The two on the rope immediately began to put themselves in dancing position; they were both in the full dress of the period, with lace ruffles, bag-wigs, and swords. The eyes of the whole house were fixed on them. Signor Sarfuico was still grand, but in beginning the dance of friendship, he seemed to have some difficulty with his feet. Perote had perceived this, and made some remark, which nobody else could hear; but it aroused the Italian's anger. He raised his hand as if to strike him; the same instant, Perote's rapier was drawn, and before the audience could comprehend that they had actually quarrelled, Sarfuico's hanger was out also, and they thrusting at each other on the tight-rope. A pin might have been heard falling in the crowded house,

where everybody sat still in his place gazing up at the two fighting in the air. How they kept their footing, the genius of mischief only knows. The concentrated hatred and malice of their faces were fearful to see up there in the flickering lamplight. Pass after pass, lunge after lunge, they made at each other with the rapidity of lightning. Both were good swordsmen, but Perote was the best of the two; he warded off the Italian's thrusts with his small rapier, and positively seemed more certain of his footing than before the quarrel began; till Sarfuico, making one desperate lunge, received a back-stroke which threw him off his balance, and at the same moment attempted to grapple with his enemy. Down he went, and down went Perote. A cry of horror rose from the spectators; but some power had interfered on their behalf, for there was the Italian hanging to the rope by his feet, and the Frenchman holding on to it with both his hands. 'Look, ladies and gentlemen,' he cried with a face of triumph sufficient for having saved Christendom; 'behold how I have perilled my life, and, still more, my fame, to unmask deceit, and vindicate science! Look at the straps attached to his shoe-soles, and passed over the rope: there is how he made himself safe, and dared to surpass me, whose life was spent on the rope, whose great-grandfather performed before Henri Quatre. I guessed it—I knew it, through the inspiration of my science, and I die happy, since the villain is unmasked.'

Monsieur Perote did not die happy or otherwise on that occasion. Before his parting speech was done, the spectators had recovered their senses sufficiently to give the alarm, and rush to the rescue with ladders, fire-escapes, and feather-beds to be fallen upon. He was got safely down; so was Sarfuico, though it proved a more difficult business, and the doctors never could understand why he did not die of apoplexy. From that evening, however, his glory had departed—a fact of which the last scion of the noble Florentine family was so sensible, that he departed also without sound of trumpet, and to the great regret of several tradesmen. His now successful rival made a longer stay and a good deal of noise about the unmasking; but the whole scene cured the Dublin world of fashion of its fancy for such performances. One knows not what Blondin may effect, but the like have never been popular among the playgoers of the royal city since they happened to witness a Duel on the Tight-rope.

VITALITY VERSUS DISEASE.

THE term 'vitality,' or 'vital force,' is employed to designate that power which is exhibited in the production and growth of animals and vegetables. Dr Carpenter has shewn that it is nearly allied to the so-called physical forces, light, heat, electricity, &c., and appears different to them only on account of its peculiar relations to matter. Of all the forces observed in nature, it is perhaps the most wonderful, and possesses for us the greatest interest. To vital force, man owes not only his existence, but also his growth and nutrition, his power of resisting the invasion of disease, of repairing injuries, of recovery from disease, and of reproducing his species. Hypothetically, vital force may be regarded as intended to be equally powerful in all the individuals of a species; but as the force of gravity may be affected by various perturbations in matter, so the vital force by which animals are produced, grow, resist disease, and repair injuries, is subject to many variations from the normal standard, and is misdirected, enfeebled, or lost by various antagonistic agencies which interfere with its due development and ultimate purposes.

In a recently published medical work,* Dr Horace

* *Lectures on the Germs and Vestiges of Disease, &c. By Horace Dobell, M.D., 1861.*

Dobell has advanced some ingenious considerations regarding this vital force, and the relations it bears to the development of disease. Some of his deductions have a practical bearing on the public health, and on this account possess interest for general readers. We propose, therefore, in this article to give in brief outline some of the ideas gathered from a perusal of his book, divested of the somewhat obscure phraseology which the author has adopted, and with such illustration as may be understood by non-professional readers.

The study of vital force, as exhibited in the healthy human body, is surrounded by great difficulties, but still greater beset the investigation into the causes and consequences of those perturbations in vital action which are observed during disease. By careful study and observation, we may, however, learn something concerning the amount of vitality apportioned to the human frame, at different periods of life, when the body is in a normal state; and we have also the power of ascertaining by what agencies healthy vitality is opposed, and at last, it may be, overpowered.

Experience teaches, then, that if the human body be sound, it can, within reasonable limits, repair injuries, heal wounds, and emerge from accidental diseases, without any serious deterioration of health.

The physician can measure with great nicety the amount of resistance which healthy vitality will oppose to the destructive action of certain poisons. He knows, for example, within certain limits, the quantities of various potent poisons which may be taken into the system without producing disease or death, and how much is needed to produce a fatal result. A small quantity of arsenic is easily disposed of by a person in health, and no harm ensues; but arsenic, if given in large doses even to a healthy person, outweighs the resistance vitality can oppose to it, and death takes place. The physician knows further, that whenever health has been deteriorated from any cause, and vital force rendered feebler, the resistance the body can oppose to noxious agents is proportionately lessened, and a smaller dose of poison leads to a fatal result. These remarks are true, not only in reference to mineral poisons, but also to the subtle poisons of typhus and typhoid fevers, of small-pox, scarlet fever, cholera, and the like. These deleterious agents cannot be weighed in scales as we weigh arsenic and strychnine; but it is known equally of all, that a large dose is enough to kill even a vigorous person, and that he may recover from a smaller one. A feeble person, on the other hand, is borne down and overpowered even by a small quantity of one of these poisons, and life is soon extinguished. Men and women endowed with a large amount of vitality, may be able to resist an epidemic influence altogether, or at least have fair chances of perfect recovery from it. Those, on the contrary, who have been enfeebled by adverse sanitary influences, are the first to be attacked, and most certainly succumb.

Most people are familiar with the fact, that certain conditions of life are much more favourable to health than others. Impure air, improper food, intemperate habits, scanty clothing, and overhard work, enfeeble the health and undermine the constitution. In other words, they depress the vital force, and render it liable to extinction.

Unfavourable conditions of life, by lowering the standard of the general health, will not only predispose persons to take prevailing diseases, and render convalescence from them imperfect, but will produce maladies specially their own. Every physician's notebook contains evidence of the truth of this. Take the case of one of Dr Dobell's patients. This gentleman had had singular advantages throughout life. His physician on being summoned, learns that he is eighty-two years of age; that he was born in the country, of healthy parents; was during childhood appropriately clothed and fed, and encouraged during

boyhood in all sports and amusements conducive to health at his time of life. His education was carefully superintended, but the brain never overtaxed; and he was allowed to mix freely with young people of both sexes, whose example was likely to have no injurious effect upon him. As he grew up, he was constantly forewarned against indulging in any habit which might introduce disease into his pure blood, and had the good sense, when away from restraint, to avoid all excesses. He had the various ailments of children, broken bones, and dislocations from accident, colds, and fevers. He had passed through the duties and trials of adult life common to all; but vigour and strength, arising from healthy conditions of existence, brought him through all scarcely injured. Little more is to be elicited by medical examination than failure of power, and simple decay from old age. At eighty-two, he sinks gradually out of life in the ordinary course of nature.

In contrast to this, place the history of another patient, a woman aged forty; the mother of eight children. Her medical man finds her propped up in bed with a solitary pillow, the lack of others being compensated for by the assistance of a stool. Her face is pale, her lips livid, drops of perspiration stand on her brow, and she is unable to lie down, lest life should cease with the act of breathing. A distressing cough harasses the patient at uncertain intervals, and the anxiety of countenance after each paroxysm is past, shews how severe has been the struggle to set respiration once more going. The legs and body are swollen to twice their ordinary thickness, and the pain endured suggests to the patient's mind the hope that death may soon bring her deliverance from suffering. Her history is briefly this: She has all her life inhabited a stable-yard in the neighbourhood of Drury Lane. Born of healthy parents, who had emigrated from Ireland, and taken up their quarters in London, her youthful gambols were limited to the stable-yard just mentioned, with a gallery running round it, inhabited by a crowded colony of her fellow-countrymen. Beyond an occasional excursion into Holborn or Long Acre, she had, as a child, rarely strayed far from home, and a hop-picking excursion into Kent, of a fortnight's duration, was all she had ever seen of the country even as an adult. As a young woman she had been much exposed to inclemencies of season while hawking fruit. She had frequently been stinted of food, and been half clad during the winter. In addition to various common complaints of infancy, she had, as the result of living in impure air, and being supplied with insufficient or improper nutriment, been deformed by rickets. Repeated attacks of rheumatism had resulted in an aggravated form of heart disease. To these morbid conditions was added a liver complaint, probably induced by spirit-drinking. The sum-total of evils was made up by the supervention of dropsy, which, as the combined result of heart and liver disease, was beyond all medical skill to cure, the office of the physician being limited to the mitigation of suffering.

In these histories the influence of the attendant conditions of life is strongly exemplified. The first patient beginning life with a sound constitution, and being surrounded by favourable circumstances, acquired none of those diseases which arise from opposing conditions, and having shaken off the effects of all accidental ailments, goes through life with organs unimpaired, until at a ripe old age he dies; scarcely from disease, but from natural decay. The second patient, equally healthy at first, has been exposed to adverse conditions from birth, and the result is that she has become saturated with disease before middle age is passed, and bears the impress in each injured organ of the various disadvantages which she has encountered.

The case of the female patient is happily an extreme

one, and the attendant conditions are only to be found among the very poorest of the people. There are, however, a great number of our fellow-beings who, although not so far exposed to morbid influences that mortal diseases ensue, yet have their health so far deteriorated by various causes, that they become extremely susceptible to prevailing maladies, and have a considerably diminished chance of emerging from them successfully. The variations in the amount of healthy resistance to disease, and in recovery from it, are very great, and are perhaps in no two persons the same. These variations are mainly dependent on the state of the system as determined by the existence or absence of any hereditary taint; by the conditions of life to which the individual has been subjected; by the presence of other disease at the same time; and by the effects of diseases which have previously existed. Suppose, as instanced by Dr Dobell, a party of friends, all apparently in good health, meeting at a funeral, going together into a damp, unwarmed cemetery chapel on a cold winter's day, and returning together all to complain that they have taken a severe chill. They dine together, and go to their homes. As the result of the chill, one suffers an attack of rheumatic fever; one has swelling of the body and limbs; one jaundice; one bronchitis; while the rest get a restless night, a cold in the head, and think no more about it. The interpretation of these variations is difficult and intricate, but they may frequently be traced with great accuracy to the causes just alluded to.

The inter-dependence of one deviation from health upon another is constantly remarked; and the links of connection passing between various diseases, make the chain almost interminable. It is curious and instructive to trace out with our author how the germs and vestiges of disease, from whatever source they come, may not only invite other diseases, but actually be the causes of fatality in certain diseases, which, but for their presence, would not probably terminate in death. The term *Anæmia* is applied by physicians to a condition of the body characterised by a deficiency of the red globules of the blood. The skin grows waxy, the lips lose their colour, and all the tissues become pale. *Anæmia* may result from imperfect recovery after any disease, or it may be produced by bad feeding and clothing, or irregular habits. In young children its appearance is soon followed by rickety and deformed bones. The constitutional state which immediately precedes distortion of the bones, is evidenced by late dentition, and by the union of the bones in the skull being retarded. Then the ends of the long bones begin to enlarge, and their shafts to bend; the spine grows crooked, the chest becomes contracted, and the child pigeon-breasted. In proportion to the intensity of the rickets, so is the amount of deformity, and a certain arrest of development taking place at the same time, a figure may be produced, which even in adult age is dwarf-like, and stunted in all its proportions. The skeleton once deformed by rickets, the body is exposed to a host of dangers. The various functions of the body are performed imperfectly, and a liability to many diseases is acquired. Rickets can be traced as the distinct cause of death in numerous diseases, which, but for its effects, would not prove fatal. Bronchitis, inflammation of the lungs, whooping-cough, measles, are very dangerous affections in rickety patients. In these diseases, the respiratory organs are unusually taxed, and the deformity of the chest renders defective the mechanical power by which inspiration is performed. Thus a small amount of mucus blocks up the bronchial tubes, an impediment is offered to the entrance of air, and as this cannot be overcome, the patient dies.

Fatty degeneration bears a somewhat like relation as a cause of death. The arteries of the brain are liable to have their coats insidiously softened and made friable by fatty degeneration. When the strength

of the vessels is so impaired, their coats give way the moment any unusual pressure is put upon them; and the consequence is, that a man in the apparent enjoyment of good health is stricken down by apoplexy, and if he survives the stroke, he is probably hopelessly paralytic afterwards. A person having fatty degeneration of the heart, is perhaps not in such danger of sudden death as is commonly supposed; but if attacked by fever, bronchitis, or other lung disease—in which exaggerated action of the heart is needed to drive the blood current through the lungs—the weakened organ proves unequal to the task, and the patient dies.

These facts shew that, in addition to the various forms of pestilence, which stalk about obvious to all, there may be germs and vestiges of disease lurking in the constitution, and stealthily growing into serious ailments; or being present, and giving little evidence of their existence under ordinary circumstances, may yet be the cause of death, on the supervention of another disease, which, but for their aid, would not inflict mortal injury. So insidious are the effects of some of these germs of disease, that although daily recognised by physicians, they do not appear in the bills of mortality as causes of death, the deaths produced by them being registered under the super-added ailment. Anæmia and fatty degeneration are, undoubtedly, the indirect causes of death in many instances, and yet they have no place in the registrar-general's returns.

The germs and vestiges of disease, therefore, viewed in their remote consequences to individuals, have an importance not generally attributed to them; but they have also an importance in another and wider sense—in their remote consequences to the health of communities. Parents cannot suffer permanent deterioration of health without transmitting that deterioration to their subsequent offspring, and thus the feebleness of parents becomes multiplied by the number of their children. Seeing that crowds of our fellow-beings live habitually under conditions which must have the effect of undermining their strength and vigour, one may not without reason apprehend, that unless some advantageous change of circumstances occurs, their progeny must eventually die out, or at best become a feeble and degenerate race. In an article in *The Times*, four years ago, this subject is thus graphically noticed:

'To understand this, and be too sure of it, we have only to take a walk through any of our populous quarters—Shoreditch, Bethnal Green, the Borough, Lambeth, all the river-side, Clerkenwell, Gray's Inn Lane, and those numerous smaller districts of which the working-classes, for one reason or another, have obtained inalienable possession. Take them at the hours when they shew—going to their work or returning from it, or making their purchases, or cooling themselves in the open air; look at them, and please remember that when you have deducted half a million people rather better off, there remain two millions of the sort you see before you. Can it be possible that they boast the same blood, the same country, the same wholesome diet and generous nature, as the John Bull of story? Whither have fled his rosy hue, his cheerful smile, his round outline, his plump cheeks, and brisk gait? That is the myth; this is the fact. Divest the crowd of everything that may be considered peculiar and accidental; take the average, or rather the whole without exception, and reflect that *these are the children that are to be our future men and women—these before us are the men and women that are to give us more children—to breed them, to teach them, and train them, and make them men and women.* Shocking as it may seem, a plague once in twenty years seems but a light evil to so low a condition of humanity.'

These remarks refer particularly to the poor, who are exposed to all the evils entailed upon them by

penury, ignorance, and improvidence. But their more fortunate and richer brethren are not exempt from the causes of physical deterioration, and if not equally ignorant of the conditions necessary to insure healthy vitality, are often careless in observing them, and so self-indulgent, that seeds of disease are sown which are not easily eradicated. The sufferer from gout, proud it may be of his aristocratic malady, and accustomed to regard the pain he endures as specially his own affair, may probably be surprised to learn, that the more frequent his attacks, and the more he becomes imbued with the gouty poison, the larger crop of germs of disease he transmits to his children. The student by profession, who leads a sedentary life, and neglects physical exercise, undermines equally mental and bodily vigour. The voluptuary who eats, drinks, and sleeps beyond what nature requires; the libertine who wastes his strength in unlawful pleasures, all pay the forfeit in an impairment of vitality; in a shortening of their own term of life, and in producing feeble and degenerate successors.

The province of the true physician is obviously not limited to the cure of serious illnesses, and the relief of painful ones. He has an equally important duty to fulfil in tracing upwards to their source the feeders of the broad stream of disease and death; in checking the very beginnings of that death-tide, which, like the well-springs at the source of some great river, are small and imperceptible at first, but soon swell to become a great flood.

No reasonable doubt can exist that a large proportion of the first deviations from health are remediable when sufficiently early precautions are observed, and the vitiating conditions to which they owe their origin are detected and removed. Ignorance on all matters connected with the preservation of health is no doubt widespread and deep rooted, but the science of preventive medicine has in our days made great progress, and the efforts of various sanitary associations deserve all praise. To the ignorant and intelligent alike, it is to be recommended that they should not regard slight deviations from health as unworthy of regard. The inconvenience from impaired health, without actual sickness, may be slight and transient, but if of longer duration or frequent recurrence, it may not 'safely be trusted to time, or to an old wife's nostrum.'

SCALING THE EYRIE.

No man who is not a sportsman can appreciate the rights and wrongs of game-laws. He wonders at their harshness, and he also wonders at the foolhardiness of those who brave them for the sake of so little gain. The most lenient landowner becomes imperative, the most just county magistrate cruel and one-sided, upon this matter; and the otherwise respectful labourer, upon his part, determined and revengeful. The error of both parties is very great, and is not to be accounted for upon grounds of reason, but of instinct.

A certain large class of Englishmen are born poachers, just as a certain much smaller class are born 'gentlemen-sportsmen.' Both are commonly sound-hearted, thin-brained, and muscular, the main difference between them consisting in the fact, that one is in a position to legally gratify his favourite passion, and the other is not. Mr Charles Boner, the well-known chamouis-hunter of Bavaria, has given us ample testimony upon this point in his lately published *Forest Creatures*,* now before us. Speaking of a nobler game, indeed, than is now common in England, but one which is probably not more tempting and attractive to him than is the pheasant to the Wiltshire hind, he says: 'I have waited for the stag's coming at early morning; have

* *Forest Creatures.* By Charles Boner. Longmans.

followed him in the woods, and listened to and hastened after him in the mountains, when his roar has re-echoed from their slopes, and been answered again from afar. I know the excitement of pursuit, and the delight and the elate feeling when, still incredulous, we grasp the indented crown of the giant extended at our feet; and I can understand, therefore, how the lord of a domain should be jealous of any encroachment on his forests, and should fence them round with laws and penalties. Heaven forbid I should defend inhuman statutes or acts of savage barbarity! but it is, I assert, only he who knows all this, and has himself at moments been transported with an ecstasy of joy, can comprehend how it should be possible to grow into so insatiable, all-absorbing a passion as to make a man forget his humanity, and in all that relates to this one matter, become a very demon.

In 1537, the Archbishop Michael of Salzburg had a peasant, who took possession of a stag which he found dead in his own corn, sewed up in the animal's skin, and worried to death by his hounds, he himself looking on the while. In 1562, a poacher was taken in Hesse. The landgrave, 'in his great mercy,' remitted the sentence of death; but the man was tortured, his right eye put out, and a stag's antlers branded on his forehead. Preserving game was doubtless then, as now, an expensive business, but it was nothing to the sums expended in the pomp and circumstance attending the chase itself. That pursuit was not only 'caviare to the multitude,' but held in a sort of heraldic respect by the Great themselves. It was enacted, that whosoever took part in a stag-hunt, and employed any but the proper terms used in venery, should be laid over the body of the dead stag, and receive three blows with the broad blade of a hunting-knife from the hunter of highest rank, who accompanied the first with:

'This is for my sovereign prince and lord;'

the second with:

'This is for knights, yeomen, and squires;'

and the third with:

'And this what the Noble Art requires;'

and all this went on amidst a tra-la-la on the hunters' horns. Every German princeling had his hunting retinue, and a hunting-lodge in every wood. In Hesse Darmstadt, in 1725, the finances were in such a condition, in consequence of so much money having gone to the dogs—and the deer—that when L.100 was wanted for some household purposes during the rutting season, it absolutely could not be procured; all that was pawnable had been pledged; and his Serene Highness had to beg for a L.10 note of a Frankfort agent, that the board-wages of his underlings might be defrayed for at least some days.

Still, after reading Mr Boner's enthusiastic volume, we feel inclined to look more charitably than we should have thought it possible upon even such excess as this. He protests that upon finding himself confronted for the first time with the monarch of the forest, whose domain he has invaded (with the intention of regicide), that the young sportsman holds his breath; that his chest swells as though it would burst asunder; and that a tremor comes rippling on from limb to limb, till his whole body trembles with an irrepressible excitement. A majestic sight, indeed, must be a 'royal hart,' with each antler surmounted by a triple prong, and yet bearing that forest of branches with such ease that the head is turned on either side with a graceful motion, moves languidly backwards, or is tossed defiantly skywards, as though they were but a chaplet of flowers. The antlers of a certain stag killed in Dessau weighed two-and-thirty pounds. 'Many years ago,' says Mr Boner, 'I was walking through the woods of Nassau with a forester,

when he suddenly stopped, and looking on the ground, observed: "A stag has been here, and he was a stag of twelve." It seemed like second-sight to me then, thus to know, by the tracks in the sand, what sort of antlers the creature bore on his head.' And now, when our author himself possesses this knowledge, and much more, his enthusiasm as a sportsman does not seem to have diminished one whit.

There is fortunately no animal endowed with such tenacity of life as that object of favourite pursuit, the fallow buck, and indeed with such indifference as to wounds; one sometimes being found very comfortably grazing with almost as many bullet-holes in his body as spots. 'The strangest sight I remember to have witnessed occurred with a fallow deer, a buck. I came suddenly upon him while grazing in a glade, and fired. I looked to see the result of my shot, but he neither fell nor dashed away. In a moment, he began rocking to and fro where he stood. I went towards him, but he took no notice of my approach, and continued the rocking motion as before. I pushed him with my hand, and he rolled over, and was dead. The shot-hole was quite round, and shewed no redness; not the least sign of blood was visible, and the opening was filled up by the chewed grass on which the animal had been feeding.'

The wild boar also 'dies hard,' but, as may well be supposed, after a very underlike fashion. This gentleman, as well as his consort, is evidently a great favourite with our author. One feature in the character of the female boar he asserts to be not only praiseworthy, but lovable. 'Should a litter have been deprived of a mother's care, the little orphans are sure to be adopted by another, who leads them about, and protects them as though they were her own.' Nay, she sometimes devours them also, as though they were her own, so that in all respects each is treated as one of the family; but we must remember that even gentle-hearted Charles Lamb himself could not resist a sucking-pig, even though it belonged to somebody else. As for the male boar, who makes a meal of his offspring quite as often, his character has no sentimental side. He will not indeed stop to bite you (as his lady will), after he has once failed to rip you up in his headlong course, but he is an egotist and a glutton. Like the Stuart family, he only shews himself to advantage when he comes to die. 'He is a bully, in the full sense of the word, but without no coward notwithstanding. If you have an opportunity of witnessing how unflinchingly he faces his enemy, and how bravely he meets death, you will forget his bullying, and admire, nay, respect his courage. Peculiar circumstances once enabled me to share in such a contest. A large boar had been wounded, and retreated to a dense covert. We tracked, and at last came up with him, concealed amongst some thick bushes. How he was wounded, we did not know, if dangerously or but slightly only. Three strong dogs surrounded the bush, yelping furiously. They saw him as he sat within, but could not and dared not approach. The forest rang with their barkings. They at last got nearer, but could do little; and the boar, knowing the advantage of his position, was not to be forced from it. He was so hidden by the dense branches of the young firs, that even had the dogs not been near him, it was impossible to fire.

'Thinking there might be an opening sufficient to get a view of him, and so have a shot at a favourable moment when the dogs were on one side, I lay down at full length on the snow, and peered into the hollow of dark boughs. There sat the sturdy animal of formidable size. His jaws were covered with blood and foam, and he was snorting with rage and suffering. As now and then the almost frantic dogs closed upon him, he merely made a sweep with his head, and they again fell back. He was seated on his hind-quarters, like a dog, and did not move to pursue them or rush

at me. The bloody foam flew around with his snortings, and his eye glared at me as he saw mine so near, staring at him. I now perceived he had been shot in the lower jaw, which was broken and hanging down, and accounted for his remaining stationary instead of advancing to the attack. His most powerful weapon was useless; he was like a knight whose sword had snapped at the hilt. But he did not flee, and devoured with wrath at his inability to wreak vengeance on his aggressors, he sat there and kept them at bay. His watchful heart moved on every side, and each attack was repelled, come from what quarter it might. I could not but admire the noble animal keeping thus his foes, both brute and human, at bay; and I was so close to him that I could watch his expression, and follow every movement that he made. He fell at last, however, maintaining his gallant bearing to the close. A bullet ended the strife; and as he before had uttered no complaint, so he now met his doom without a cry.

Mr Boner is excessively angry that the poets who have never seen this admirable creature should have ventured to describe him. Thomson, he says, has given us a bit of painting quite satisfactory to those who know nothing of the matter, but which in reality is no picture, but only a daub. 'Speaking of the wild boar, the poet says—

Or, growling horrid, as the brindled boar
Grins fell destruction.

Here all the epithets, which are meant to be characteristic, and therefore effective, are powerless, because incorrect. The boar does not growl: he is generally not brindled, but black; and at no moment could the features of the boar warrant the expression "grin." Let us suggest 'a sad sweet smile' instead, and go on to the golden eagle, his description of which is beyond question the gem of the volume.

'Not one fowler in fifty thousand,' writes Christopher North, 'has in all his days shot an eagle.' Beside the difficulty of it, there is a certain daring impiety in such an act, which perhaps disturbs the aim. Above that glorious bird—between him and the sun—no living thing can soar.* From a region of unbroken solitude, he scans the movements of the minutest creatures here below with eyes of fire. Even when very young, they possess this marvellous power of vision. An eaglet was tethered to a rock on a mountain summit, where from a lurking-place built of loose stones the hunter hoped to get a shot at the parents when they came to bring it food. Long before he perceived anything, the young bird would utter its cry of welcome, and its screaming and fluttering would always warn him of the approach of those magnificent creatures, who were not as yet to him even a point in the sky. 'Great as are the distances which these birds sometimes fly, it becomes comprehensible when we know that an eagle, as he sweeps freely through the air, traverses a space of sixty feet in a second of time. To be able thus rapidly to move along is undoubtedly an attribute of power; but there is something far more imposing, far more majestic, in that calm, onward motion, when, with wings outspread, and quite still, the mighty bird floats buoyantly in the atmosphere, upheld and borne along by the mere act of volition. The length of time he can thus remain suspended without a single beat of his broad shadowy pinions is, to me, still an inexplicable fact. He will sail forward in a perfectly horizontal direction for a distance of more than a mile, without the slightest quiver of a feather giving sign that the wings are moved. Not less extraordinary is the power the bird possesses of arresting himself instantaneously at a certain spot in dropping through the air with folded wings from a height of

three or four thousand feet. When circling so high up that he shows but as a dot, he will suddenly close both wings, and, falling like an aërolite, pass through the intervening space in a few seconds of time. With a burst, his broad pinions are again unfolded; his downward progress is arrested, and he sweeps away horizontally, smoothly, and without effort. He has been seen to do this when carrying a sheep of twenty-six pounds' weight in his talons, and from so giddy a height, that both the eagle and his booty were not larger than a sparrow. It was directly over a wall of rock in which the eyrie was built; and while the speck in the clouds was being examined, and doubts entertained as to the possibility of its being the eagle, down he came headlong, every instant increasing in size, when, in passing the precipice, out flew his mighty wings, the sheep was flung into the nest, and on the magnificent creature moved, calmly and unflurried as a bark sails gently down the stream of a river.'

An eagle does not dart down upon his prey as a robin upon a worm. He will not descend to any spot of ground unless he can leave it again with the same bold curve with which he came. Through this many a lamb escapes, and the eagle fasts. 'The famished eagle screams and passes by,' earns for the poet Gray Mr Boner's warmest approbation. That bird can go for a week, or even a fortnight, without eating anything, but when he does eat, his voracity is proportionable to his enforced abstinence. In building his eyrie, he always chooses a spot inaccessible to his enemies—some ledge sheltered by the overhanging rock, whither man (apparently) cannot climb, and where his young will be safe from weasels and other vermin; a rock facing the south is the favourite locality, since the sun insures the egg being kept warm in the mother's absence. Such spots, of course, are rare, and therefore made use of for this purpose again and again. At Rohrmoos, in Allgau, thirty miles from the Lake of Constance, such an eyrie had been tenanted during the breeding season for time immemorial; and on July 13, 1860, one Count Max Arco, a hero who had shot ten eagles, and a friend of our author after his own heart, sat down before the place with the intention of rifling it of the eaglet it was known to contain. This feat was pronounced by the natives to be simply impossible. The wall of rock was five hundred feet high by six hundred paces broad, and above the recess where the eyrie was built projected at least five-and-twenty feet. Nearly half-way up this precipice was a path the chamois took, and along which a very good mountaineer and climber might make his way. To approach nearer than this to the eyrie was beyond all human possibility. Below it, and growing on the path, was one small fir-tree, and above grew a lonely red yew. From this yew as his hiding-place, the count contrived to shoot the female eagle on the very next day, but the killing of her mate was a far more difficult matter. For more than a week did the hunter pass his days in this ambush, and generally in fog or rain.

On the 19th, 'the weather being magnificent, I went away to my post at half-past one in the morning. There was such a hoar-frost that I was almost frozen, and by the time it was six o'clock, I did not think I could bear it any longer, when, towards eight, the arrival of the eagle gave me a little warmth. He wheeled round for a while, then perched on the very summit of the precipice, about two hundred yards off, on a dead tree, and never once ceased gazing at me in my concealment for full two hours. I watched him the whole time with my telescope through the small port-hole in my screen, and saw distinctly that he was occupied uninterruptedly and exclusively in discovering if I was inside or not. His countless various movements with the head, neck, and eyes were in a high degree interesting. Bitterly uncomfortable as it was to do so, I still resolved not to stir, as his

* The golden eagle has frequently been seen soaring above the summit of the Wetterhorn and the Eigers, mountains whose heights are 11,413 feet and 12,240 feet respectively.

cunning would assuredly have discovered the least movement on my part. Those were two painful hours! At last, he spread his large pinions, and with a single rush, shot away from the rock, and disappeared over the ridge. I thought, should he not have observed me, he will certainly think all is right, and will go to fetch provender for his young; if, on the contrary, he does not return, then he assuredly has seen me in spite of my concealment. An hour had scarcely passed, when I suddenly heard a rushing noise, and at the same moment he had already flown past the eyrie. In doing so, he had, with a dexterity equal to his cunning, flung sideways to his offspring a roe-kid which he held in his talons, and then, instantaneously folding his long wings close to his body, dropped like a stone through the air a distance of two hundred feet, when suddenly, as with a start, spreading out his pinions, he began to wheel about quietly as before. All this was the work of a moment, so that it never once entered my head to fire. The extreme cunning of the creature in letting himself fall in this way completely stupefied me. "If he does so always," then, I thought, "I do not know how I am to hit him."

Upon the next day, he shot him dead as he flung the food into his young.

The real difficulty of the matter—the taking the bird's nest—had now to be faced in earnest. The being let down over the cliff-top, and then pulling one's self sideways towards the eyrie, by means of a boat-hook, was found to be impracticable—the projection being so great that it was only possible to get above or below the eyrie, and not into it. After eight hours of fruitless endeavour, it was decided that a ladder must be employed of 100 feet long at least. During the night, therefore, the count had two old and crazy ladders repaired, and a new one constructed. These three were bound firmly together, and held by a rope from above the precipice, with the foot resting on the earth. They were then drawn up till the lowest part hung even with the spot where the young fir-tree was growing, and by means of a hook, were pulled in and planted there. The foot of the ladder was now in its right place; but the upper part, owing to the overhanging formation, bulged out with its own weight. The rope was now slackened twenty feet or so, and the ladder suffered to fall against the eyrie. After endless endeavours, it did so fall, and was then seen to be several feet too short. 'It nowhere rested against the rock, and being of very light construction, its own weight, light as it was, caused it to make a concave line, which was unpleasant to look at. The lower ladder, the craziest of the three, thirty-eight feet long, stood at an angle of sixty degrees; the second, which had been entirely constructed during the night, thirty-six feet long, and destined by me to occupy the central place, as having to support the greatest weight, stood perfectly perpendicular; the third, thirty-four feet in length, formed an angle like the first, only in the contrary direction—namely, backwards. At the top, it was full two feet from the eyrie, and leaned against the lower part of it, and on the branches and interwoven boughs of which it was built.'

Neither woodcutter nor forester would venture upon this, avowing that whoever got on the topmost ladder, no matter how light he might be, must needs fall backwards. If they were to get their prince's whole territory for their pains, they said they would not attempt such a thing.

'Then,' said the count, 'I must needs go up myself, for I will not let the eaglet starve after having shot the parent birds.'

Then he gave directions as to what should be done in case of accident; above all, enjoining silence upon the others whatsoever they might see occur to him. 'The foot-ladder was so slender that it rocked with my weight very considerably, and I was glad when it

was passed. When I now came to the perpendicular one, and saw the position of that at top, I cannot deny that, as I mounted, I commended my soul to my Maker; but I was calm, and as full of confidence in the strength of my arms, and in my bodily activity, as though there was not the least danger present. The perpendicular ladder was now ascended. Although I had not the least giddiness whatever, I could not but see, on looking upwards, and then down below, that to mount the third ladder was a feat for a rope-dancer, rather than for any one else; and thinking of my wife and thirteen children, I turned it over in my mind, whether it would not be better to go back. Meanwhile it occurred to me, that as long as the upper part of the ladder did not project more outwards, it would, by reason of its own perpendicular weight, bear the weight of my body hanging backwards without toppling over. Trusting therefore to this, I now began to mount, my body hanging down and away from the ladder, which, as the men afterwards told me, was a really fearful sight. I now was at that part of the ladder where it leaned against the straggling branches of the eyrie, and had ten or twelve rounds still above me. I discovered that the eyrie, instead of being two feet high, as we had supposed when viewing it from below, was composed of branches which had been accumulated by the eagles for years, and was nearly eight feet in height. The ladder was therefore about eight feet too short, in order to enable a person to step off it into the nest. What was to be done? To turn back was not at all to my taste, and the hope to be able at least to look into the eyrie carried the day. With all heed I mounted higher; putting my hands through the ladder, and holding on by the branches of the eyrie, and with my feet pressing the ladder as closely as possible against it. I had now the last round of the ladder in my hand, but there was still five feet to the nest; so that I was obliged to trust all my weight to the branches that composed it. Boring my hands and arms as far as I could into the immense fabric of boughs and branches, I carefully tested them all till I found one that I could neither snap in two nor drag out; grasping this firmly, I thus got on the topmost round of the ladder—one hundred and ten feet high—but even now I could only lean my chin firmly against a stick on the outermost edge of the nest, while with both arms I held fast on its surface. Just before me lay a half-putrid dead animal, alive with a million of worms, and there was a stench enough to knock one down from the ladder. However, in my unsafe position there was little time for giving due attention to all this abomination. When I had gained a firm hold, I allowed myself to stretch my back and knees somewhat; by doing so, I gained half a foot, which just enabled me to peep into the nest, where, to my despair, I made the discovery that the young bird was sitting in the very hindermost corner, four feet away from me. On gaining sight of him, I held doubly tight with my left hand, and saluted the young scion of a royal race with due respect, taking off my cap to him, and waving it with a shout to the men below. I now cast a look at the household arrangements of the eyrie, and discovered at least half-a-dozen roe and chamois kids, several hares, black-cock, a weasel, &c., all half devoured, besides a mass of bones, and skeletons spread out on the nest, which was alive with all sorts of vermin. It was a veritable carrion-pit, horrid and disgusting. The question, however, was to get possession of this future despoiler.'

The count could not clamber into the nest, for then he would not have been able to reach the topmost round of the ladder again, so he pulled a stick out and poked the young bird, who seized it with his talons, whereupon he dragged it towards him. But an eaglet is not to be taken like a callow hedge-sparrow. Our readers must procure Mr Boner's volume, and learn for themselves how this furious

young creature, at such a fearful disadvantage to its human foe, was made captive, which is by no means the least interesting part of this narrative. The count was for a moment 'without hold or support of any kind.'

No wonder that those beneath him were made giddy and sick through watching his movements; no wonder that he was himself in such a perspiration that the moisture ran down into his shoes, and that on coming below he was unable to hold his hand and arm quiet from the excessive exertion; and no wonder that he thought of his wife and *thirteen* children with some apprehension during the transit. Altogether, it may be pronounced a feat scarcely suitable for such a very family-man! In point of interest and excitement, however, to us who read of it, the enterprise is probably without a parallel, and we thank Mr Boner cordially not only for his own part of this excellent little volume, but for our introduction to Count Max Arco, who scaled the Rohrmoos Eyrie.

THE AUSTRALIAN EXPLORATION EXPEDITION.

At length the continent of Australia has been crossed, and the mystery of its vast interior has been solved; but with what a frightful sacrifice of human life has this feat been accomplished! Burke, the leader of the party; Wills, the second in command; Dr Becker, the health-officer of the expedition; and two subordinates, Gray and Patton, have all perished, three of them after achieving the enterprise upon which they set forth.

It may be remembered that, in November 1860, the Royal Society of Victoria, aided by the government, sent forth from Melbourne a party of picked men, well equipped with all needful stores, and provided with camels, procured from India specially for the purpose. This party was headed by Robert O'Hara Burke, a gentleman of Austrian military experiences, and in every way well qualified for the performance of the onerous task for which he was selected. His instructions were to make the Cooper's Creek of Stuart the basis of his operations, and thence to endeavour to cross the unknown country beyond in the direction of the Gulf of Carpentaria. Mr Landells, the purveyor of the camels, was originally the second officer of the expedition; Dr Becker was medical attendant; and Dr Beckler was the naturalist and geologist of the party. Becker died before they arrived at Cooper's Creek; and Beckler and Landells seem to have quailed before the dangers of the trackless desert, for they speedily returned to Melbourne and safety. A young man named Wills, attached to the party as astronomer, then succeeded to Mr Landells's place. Mr Brahe, a German, and Wright, an experienced bushman, were also officers of the expedition. We particularise these names in consequence of what follows.

Leaving Wright to bring up the stores from Menindie, on the Darling River, Burke pushed on to Cooper's Creek, where he formed a *dépôt*, of which Brahe and others of the party were placed in charge, with instructions to remain there four months, whilst Burke, Wills, King, and Gray set forth on their perilous mission. They started on the 16th December; and Brahe remained at his post until the 21st April 1861, when one of the men, Patton, being dangerously ill, their provisions running short, and Wright not having appeared with the remaining stores, Brahe resolved to return to Melbourne. Before doing so, however, he formed a *cache* in the earth, placing therein five days' provisions for the absent explorers, and a letter stating the circumstances of his departure. On a tree near the *cache*, Brahe carved with an axe the words

DIG. APRIL 21.

Patton died on the journey down. Two days afterwards, Brahe met Wright coming up with supplies of provisions. The united party then returned to Cooper's Creek. No trace of Burke was visible at the *dépôt*. The *cache* was covered with camels' dung as they had left it, and apparently it had not been disturbed, nor was there any mark on the trees to indicate that Burke had been there. This is the saddest part of this sad story. Burke, Wills, and King (for Gray died in the desert of exhaustion) reached the *dépôt* on their return-route—having succeeded in penetrating to the tidal flow of the Albert River on the north coast—only six hours after Brahe left it on the 21st April, but were too weak and worn-out to follow Brahe's party with any prospect of overtaking them. When Brahe and Wright returned, the unfortunate explorers were actually within a few miles of the spot. Had Brahe searched the *cache*, he would have found Burke's letter (since recovered) to this effect, and in all human probability the terrible catastrophe which we have now to relate would never have occurred.

But Brahe and Wright neglected to open the *cache*, and consequently returned to Melbourne in ignorance of Burke's proximity. The Royal Society, dissatisfied with this result, and seriously anxious for the safety of the absent men, equipped a new party, the command of which was intrusted to Mr Alfred Howitt, a son of William and Mary Howitt. At the same time, the *Victoria* armed steam-sloop was despatched to the Gulf of Carpentaria, to explore the shores in that direction for traces of Burke. From Adelaide and Moreton Bay, other expeditions were sent out with the same object. Howitt started from Melbourne in July, and reached the *dépôt* on Cooper's Creek on the 13th September. Two days afterwards, he fell in with a party of natives, who by signs and in broken English conveyed to him the intelligence that a white man was living with them. This was King, the only survivor of Burke's party. 'I found him,' says Howitt, 'sitting in a hut which the natives had made for him. He presented a melancholy appearance, wasted to a shadow, and hardly to be distinguished as a civilised being but by the remnants of clothes upon him. He seemed exceedingly weak, and I found it occasionally difficult to follow what he said. The natives were all gathered round, seated on the ground, looking on with a most gratified and delighted expression.'

From this wan and wasted relic of the expedition, Howitt extracted the following narrative, which for simple pathos has certainly never been excelled.

JOHN KING'S NARRATIVE.

Mr Burke, Mr Wills, and I reached the *dépôt* at Cooper's Creek on April 21, about half-past seven in the evening, with two camels—all that remained of the six Mr Burke took with him. All the provisions we then had consisted of a pound and a half of dried meat. We found the party had gone the same day, and looking about for any mark they might have left, found the tree with 'Dig, April 21.' Mr Wills said the party had left for the Darling. We dug, and found the plant of stores. Mr Burke took the papers out of the bottle, and then asked each of us whether we were able to proceed up the creek in pursuit of the party. We said not; and he then said that he thought it his duty to ask us, but that he himself was unable to do so, but that he had decided upon trying to make Mount Hopeless, as he had been assured by the committee in Melbourne that there was a cattle-station within 150 miles of Cooper's Creek. Mr Wills was not inclined to follow this plan, but wished to go down our old track, but at last gave in to Mr Burke's wishes. I also wished to go down by our old track. We remained four or five days to recruit, and make preparations to go down the creek by stages of four to five miles a day, and Mr Burke placed a paper

in the plant, stating what were our plans. Travelling down the creek, we got some fish from the natives; and, some distance down, one of the camels (Landa) got bogged, and although we remained there that day and part of the next trying to dig him out, we found our strength insufficient to do so. The evening of the second day we shot him as he lay, and having cut off as much meat as we could, we lived on it while we stayed to dry the remainder. Throwing all the least necessary things away, we made one load for the remaining camel (Rajah), and each of us carried a swag [burden] of about twenty-five pounds. We were then tracing down the branches of the creek running south, but found that they ran out into earthy plains. We had understood that the creek along Gregory's track was continuous; and finding that all these creeks ran out into plains, Mr Burke returned, our camel being completely knocked up. We then intended to give the camel a spell for a few days, and to make a new attempt to push on forty or fifty miles to the south, in the hope of striking the creek. During the time that the camel was being rested, Mr Burke and Mr Wills went in search of the natives, to endeavour to find out how the nardoo grew. Having found their camp, they obtained as much nardoo-cake and fish as they could eat, but could not explain that they wished to be shewn how to find the seed themselves. They returned on the third day, bringing some fish and nardoo-cake with them. On the following day, the camel Rajah seemed very ill, and I told Mr Burke I thought he could not linger out more than four days; and as on the same evening the poor brute was on the point of dying, Mr Burke ordered him to be shot. I did so, and we cut him up with two broken knives and a lancet. We cured the meat, and planted it; and Mr Burke then made another attempt to find the nardoo, taking me with him. We went down the creek, expecting to find the natives at the camp where they had been last seen, but found that they had left; and not knowing whether they had gone up or down the creek, we slept in their gunyahs that night, and on the following morning returned to Mr Wills. The next day, Mr Burke and I started up the creek, but could see nothing of them, and were three days away when we returned, and remained three days in our camp with Mr Wills. We then made a plant of (i.e., hid away in the earth) all the articles we could not carry with us, leaving five pounds of rice and a quantity of meat, and then followed up the creek, where there were some good native huts.

We remained at that place a few days, and finding our provisions were beginning to run short, Mr Burke said that we ought to do something, and that if we did not find the nardoo we should starve, and that he intended to save a little dried meat and rice to carry us to Mount Hopeless. The three of us then came to the conclusion that it would be better to make a second attempt to reach Mount Hopeless, as we were then as strong as we were likely to be, our daily allowance being then reduced. Mr Burke asked each of us whether we were willing to make another attempt to reach the South Australian settlements, and we decided on going. We took with us what remained of the provisions we had planted—two and a half pounds of oatmeal, a small quantity of flour, and the dried meat—this, with powder and shot, and other small articles, made up our swags to thirty pounds each, and Mr Burke carried one billy of water, and I another. We had not gone far before we came on a flat, where I saw a plant growing which I took to be clover, and, on looking closer, saw the seed, and called out that I had found the nardoo. They were very glad when I found it. We travelled three days, and struck a water-course coming south from Cooper's Creek. We traced this, as it branched out and re-formed on the plains, until we at last lost it in flat country. Sand-hills were in front of us, for which we made, and

travelled all day, but found no water. We were all greatly fatigued, as our rations now consisted of only one small johnny-cake [made of flour and water], and three sticks of dried meat daily. We camped that evening about four o'clock, intending to push next day until two o'clock P.M., and then, should we not find water, to return. We travelled, and found no water, and the three of us sat down and rested for an hour, and then turned back. We all felt satisfied that, had there been a few days' rain, we could have got through. We were then, according to Mr Wills's calculation, forty-five miles from the creek. We travelled on the day we turned back very late, and the following evening reached the nearest water at the creek. We gathered some nardoo, and boiled the seeds, as we were unable to pound them. The following day we reached the main creek; and knowing where there was a fine water-hole and native gunyahs [huts constructed of bark], we went there, intending to save what remained of our flour and dried meat, for the purpose of making another attempt to reach Mount Hopeless. On the following day, Mr Wills and I went out to gather nardoo, of which we obtained a supply sufficient for three days; and finding a pounding-stone at the gunyahs, Mr Wills and I pounded the seed, which was such slow work, that we were compelled to use half flour and half nardoo. Mr Burke and Mr Wills then went down the creek for the remainder of the dried meat which we had planted, and we had now all our things with us, gathering nardoo, and living the best way we could. Mr Burke requested Mr Wills to go up the creek as far as the dépôt, and to place a note in the plant there, stating that we were then living on the creek, the former note having stated that we were on our road to South Australia. He was also to bury there the field-books of the journey to the gulf. Before starting, he got three pounds of flour and three pounds of pounded nardoo, and about a pound of meat, as he expected to be absent about eight days. During his absence, I gathered nardoo and pounded it, as Mr Burke wished to lay in a supply in case of rain.

A few days after Mr Wills left, some natives came down to the creek to fish at some water-holes near our camp. They were civil to us at first, and offered us some fish; on the second day they came again to fish, and Mr Burke took down two bags, which they filled for him; on the third they gave us one bag of fish, and afterwards all came to our camp. We used to keep our ammunition and other articles in one gunyah, and all three of us lived together in another. One of the natives took an oil-cloth out of this gunyah, and Mr Burke seeing him run away with it, followed him with his revolver, and fired over his head, and upon this the native dropped the oil-cloth. While he was away, the other blacks invited me away to a water-hole to eat fish; but I declined to do so, as Mr Burke was away, and a number of natives were about who would have taken all our things. When I refused, one took his boomerang and laid it over my shoulder, and then told me by signs that if I called out for Mr Burke as I was doing, that he would strike me. Upon this I got them all in front of the gunyah, and fired a revolver over their heads; but they did not seem at all afraid, until I got out the gun, when they all ran away. Mr Burke, hearing the report, came back, and we saw no more of them until late that night, when they came with some cooked fish, and called out 'White fellow!' Mr Burke then went out with his revolver, and found a whole tribe coming down, all painted, and with fish in small nets carried by two men. Mr Burke went to meet them, and they wished to surround him, but he knocked as many of the nets of fish out of their hands as he could, and shouted out to me to fire. I did so, and they ran off. We collected five small nets of cooked fish. The reason he would not accept the fish from them was, that he was afraid of being too

friendly, lest they should be always at our camp. We then lived on fish until Mr Wills returned. He told us that he had met the natives soon after leaving us, and that they were very kind to him, and had given him plenty to eat both on going up and returning. He seemed to consider that he should have very little difficulty in living with them, and as their camp was close to ours, he returned to them the same day, and found them very hospitable and friendly, keeping him with them two days. They then made signs to him to be off. He came to us, and narrated what had happened, but went back to them the following day, when they gave him his breakfast, but made signs for him to go away. He pretended not to understand them, and would not go; upon which they made signs that they were going up the creek, and that he had better go down. They packed up and left the camp, giving Mr Wills a little nardoo to take to us.

During his absence, while Mr Burke was cooking some fish, during a strong wind, the flames caught the gunyah, and burned so rapidly, that we were unable, not only to put it out, but to save any of our things, excepting one revolver and a gun. Mr Wills being returned, it was decided to go up the creek and live with the natives, if possible, as Mr Wills thought we should have but little difficulty in obtaining provisions from them if we camped on the opposite side of the creek to them. He said he knew where they were gone, so we packed up and started. Coming to the gunyahs, where we expected to have found them, we were disappointed, and seeing a nardoo-field close by, halted, intending to make it our camp. For some time we were employed gathering nardoo, and laying up a supply. Mr Wills and I used to collect and carry home a bag each day, and Mr Burke generally pounded sufficient for our dinner during our absence; but Mr Wills found himself getting very weak, and was shortly unable to go out to gather nardoo as before, nor even strong enough to pound it, so that in a few days he became almost helpless. I still continued gathering; and Mr Burke now also began to feel very weak, and said he could be of very little use in pounding. I had now to gather and pound for all three of us. I continued to do this for a few days; but finding my strength rapidly failing, my legs being very weak and painful, I was unable to go out for several days, and we were compelled to consume six days' stock which we had laid by. Mr Burke now proposed that I should gather as much as possible in three days, and that with this supply we should go in search of the natives—a plan which had been urged upon us by Mr Wills as the only chance of saving him, and ourselves as well, as he clearly saw that I was no longer able to collect sufficient for our wants. Having collected the seed, as proposed, and having pounded sufficient to last Mr Wills for eight days, and two days for ourselves, we placed water and firewood within his reach, and started. Before leaving him, however, Mr Burke asked him whether he still wished it, as under no other circumstances would he leave him; and Mr Wills again said that he looked on it as our only chance. He then gave Mr Burke a letter and his watch for his father, and we buried the remainder of the field-books near the gunyah. Mr Wills said that, in case of my surviving Mr Burke, he hoped that I would carry out his last wishes in giving the watch and letter to his father.

In travelling the first day, Mr Burke seemed very weak, and complained of great pain in his legs and back. On the second day he seemed to be better, and said that he thought he was getting stronger, but on starting, did not go two miles before he said he could go no further. I persisted in his trying to go on, and managed to get him along several times, until I saw that he was almost knocked up, when he said he could not carry his swag, and threw all he had away.

I also reduced mine, taking nothing but a gun and some powder and shot, and a small pouch and some matches. On starting again, we did not go far before Mr Burke said we should halt for the night, but as the place was close to a large sheet of water, and exposed to the wind, I prevailed on him to go a little further, to the next reach of water, where we camped. We searched about, and found a few small patches of nardoo, which I collected and pounded, and, with a crow which I shot, made a good evening's meal. From the time we halted, Mr Burke seemed to be getting worse, although he ate his supper. He said he felt convinced he could not last many hours, and gave me his watch, which he said belonged to the committee, and a pocket-book, to give to Sir William Stawell, and in which he wrote some notes. He then said to me: 'I hope you will remain with me here till I am quite dead; it is a comfort to know that some one is by; but when I am dying, it is my wish that you should place the pistol in my right hand, and that you leave me unburied as I lie.' That night he spoke very little, and the following morning I found him speechless, or nearly so; and about eight o'clock he expired. I remained a few hours there, but as I saw there was no use in remaining longer, I went up the creek in search of the natives. I felt very lonely, and at night usually slept in deserted wurleys, belonging to the natives. Two days after leaving the spot where Mr Burke died, I found some gunyahs, where the natives had deposited a bag of nardoo, sufficient to last me a fortnight, and three bundles containing various articles. I also shot a crow that evening, but was in great dread that the natives would come and deprive me of the nardoo.

I remained there two days, to recover my strength, and then returned to Mr Wills. I took back three crows; but found him lying dead in his gunyah, and the natives had been there, and had taken away some of his clothes. I buried the corpse with sand, and remained there some days; but finding that my stock of nardoo was running short, and being unable to gather it, I tracked the natives who had been to the camp by their footprints in the sand, and went some distance down the creek, shooting crows and hawks on the road. The natives, hearing the report of the gun, came to meet me, and took me with them to their camp, giving me nardoo and fish. They took the birds I had shot and cooked them for me, and afterwards shewed me a gunyah, where I was to sleep with three of the single men. The following morning they commenced talking to me, and putting one finger on the ground, and covering it with sand, at the same time pointing up the creek, saying, 'White fellow,' which I understood to mean that one white man was dead. From this I knew that they were the tribe who had taken Mr Wills's clothes. They then asked me where the third white man was, and I also made the sign of putting two fingers on the ground, and covering them with sand, at the same time pointing up the creek. They appeared to feel great compassion for me when they understood that I was alone on the creek, and gave me plenty to eat. After being four days with them, I saw that they were becoming tired of me, and they made signs that they were going up the creek, and that I had better go downwards; but I pretended not to understand them. The same day they shifted camp, and I followed them, and on reaching their camp, I shot some crows, which pleased them so much that they made me a breakwind in the centre of their camp, and came and sat round me until such time as the crows were cooked, when they assisted me to eat them. The same day, one of the women, to whom I had given part of a crow, came and gave me a ball of nardoo, saying that she would give me more, only she had such a sore arm that she was unable to pound. She shewed me a sore on her arm, and the thought struck me that I would boil some water in the billy, and wash her arm with a sponge. During

the operation, the whole tribe sat round, and were muttering one to another. Her husband sat down by her side, and she was crying all the time. After I had washed it, I touched it with some nitrate of silver, when she began to yell, and ran off crying out 'Mokow! mokow!' (Fire! fire!) From this time, she and her husband used to give me a small quantity of nardoo both night and morning, and whenever the tribe were about going on a fishing excursion, he used to give me notice to go with them. They used also to assist me in making a gourd, or breakwind, whenever they shifted camp. I generally shot a crow or a hawk, and gave it to them in return for these little services. Every four or five days the tribe would surround me, and ask whether I intended going up or down the creek; at last I made them understand, that if they went up I should go up the creek, and if they went down I should also go down, and from this time they seemed to look upon me as one of themselves, and supplied me with fish and nardoo regularly. They were very anxious, however, to know where Mr Burke lay; and one day when we were fishing in the water-holes close by, I took them to the spot. On seeing his remains, the whole party wept bitterly, and covered them with bushes. After this, they were much kinder to me than before; and I always told them that the white men would be here before two moons; and in the evenings, when they came with nardoo and fish, they used to talk about the 'white fellows' coming, at the same time pointing to the moon. I also told them they would receive many presents, and they constantly asked me for tomahawks, called by them 'Bumayko.' From this time to when the relief-party arrived—a period of about a month—they treated me with uniform kindness, and looked upon me as one of themselves. The day on which I was released, one of the tribe who had been fishing came and told me that the white fellows were coming, and the whole of the tribe who were then in camp sallied out in every direction to meet the party, while the man who had brought the news took me across the creek, where I shortly saw the party coming down.

On the 18th September, Mr Howitt proceeded to enter the remains of poor Wills. 'I left camp this morning with Messrs Brahe, Welsh, Wheeler, and King, to perform a melancholy duty, which has weighed on my mind ever since we have camped here, and which I have only put off until King should be well enough to accompany us. We proceeded down the creek for seven miles, crossing a branch running to the southward, and followed a native track leading to that part of the creek where Mr Burke, Mr Wills, and King camped after their unsuccessful attempt to reach Mount Hopeless and the northern settlements of South Australia, and where poor Wills died. We found the two gunyahs pretty much as King had described them, situated on a sandbank between two water-holes, and about a mile from the flat where they procured the nardoo-seed, on which they managed to exist so long. Poor Wills's remains we found lying in the wurley in which he died, and where King, after his return from seeking for the natives, had buried him with sand and rushes. We carefully collected the remains, and interred them where they lay; and, not having a prayer-book, I read chap. v. of 1 Cor., that we might at least feel a melancholy satisfaction in having shewn the last respect to his remains. We heaped sand over the grave, and laid branches upon it, that the natives might understand by their own tokens not to disturb the last repose of a fellow-being. I cut the following inscription on a tree close by, to mark the spot:

W. J. WILLS,
XLV. Yrs.
W.N.W.
A.H.

The field-books, a note-book belonging to Mr Burke, various small articles lying about, of no value in themselves, but now invested with a deep interest from the circumstances connected with them, and some of the nardoo-seed on which they had subsisted, with the small wooden trough in which it had been cleaned, I have now in my possession. We returned home with saddened feelings; but I must confess that I felt a sense of relief that this painful ordeal had been gone through. King was very tired when we returned; and I must, most unwillingly, defer my visit to the spot where Mr Burke's remains are lying until he is better able to bear the fatigue.' Three days later, he performed the same mournful office for Burke.

'Sept. 21.—Finding that it would not be prudent for King to go out for two or three days, I could no longer defer making a search for the spot where Mr Burke died, and with such directions as King could give, I went up the creek this morning with Messrs Brahe, Welsh, Wheeler, and Aitkin. We searched the creek upwards for eight miles, and at length, strange to say, found the remains of Mr Burke lying among tall plants under a clump of box-trees, within 200 yards of our last camp, and not thirty paces from our track. It was still more extraordinary that three or four of the party and the two black boys had been close to the spot without noticing it. The bones were entire, with the exception of the hands and feet; and the body had been removed from the spot where it first lay, and where the natives had placed branches over it, to about five paces' distance. I found the revolver which Mr Burke held in his hand when he expired partly covered with leaves and earth, and corroded with rust. It was loaded and capped. We dug a grave close to the spot, and interred the remains wrapped in the union-jack—the most fitting covering in which the bones of a brave but unfortunate man could take their last rest. On a box-tree, at the head of the grave, the following inscription is cut:

R. O'H. B.
21 | 9 | 61.
A. H.'

The legislature of Victoria have determined that these martyrs to science, and to the spirit of discovery, shall not be buried in the wilderness, and instructions have been sent to Mr Howitt to collect their bones, and bring them to Melbourne, where they will receive the honours of a public funeral. Monuments are being erected to their memory in various parts of the colony, and handsome provision is to be made by the government for the surviving relatives of these brave men. King, the survivor, will receive a pension for life, and Burke's foster-mother—who arrived in Melbourne three days after he started on his fatal journey—will be cared for by the legislature.

We subjoin the last letters of Burke and Wills, both of which were found by Howitt in the cache at Cooper's Creek.

BURKE'S LAST LETTER.

The following is the dispatch of Mr Burke left at the dépôt at Cooper's Creek:

'Dépôt No. 2, Cooper's Creek.
Camp No. 65.

'The return-party from Carpentaria, consisting of myself, Mr Wills, and King (Gray dead), arrived here last night, and found that the dépôt-party had only started on the same day. We proceed on tomorrow slowly down the creek towards Adelaide, by Mount Hopeless, and shall endeavour to follow Gregory's track, but we are very weak. The two camels are done up, and we shall not be able to travel further than four or five miles a day. Gray died on the road from exhaustion and fatigue. We have all suffered much from hunger. The provisions left here will, I think, restore our strength. We have discovered a practicable route to Carpentaria, the

chief portion of which lies on the 140th meridian of east longitude. There is some good country between this and the stony desert. From there to the tropic the country is dry and stony. Between the tropic and Carpentaria a considerable portion is rangy, but it is well watered and richly grassed.

'We reached the shores of Carpentaria on the 11th February 1861. Greatly disappointed at finding the party here gone.

April 22, 1861. R. O'HARA BURKE, *Leader*.

P. S.—The camels cannot travel, and we cannot walk, or we should follow the other party. We shall move very slowly down the creek.'

WILLS'S LAST LETTER.

The following is Mr Wills's letter, which he buried in the cache at Cooper's Creek, after finding it impossible to get through to South Australia :

'Dépôt Camp, May 30.

'We have been unable to leave the creek. Both camels are dead, and our provisions are done. Mr Burke and King are down the lower part of the creek. I am about to return to them, when we shall probably come up this way. We are trying to live the best way we can like the blacks, but find it hard work. Our clothes are going to pieces fast. Send provisions and clothes as soon as possible.

W. J. WILLS.

'The dépôt-party having left, contrary to instructions, has put us in this fix. I have deposited some of my journals here, for fear of accidents.

(Signed) W. J. W.'

Already the Australian colonists are bestirring themselves to turn to account the vast tract opened up by the labours of Burke and Wills. Companies with large capital are in process of formation; private enterprise is also at work; and the government of Victoria has applied to the imperial government for the annexation of the new country to their own territory.

We may add, that Mr Stuart has also returned to Adelaide, having again penetrated to within 150 miles of the northern coast. The desert supposed to exist in the interior has been discovered to be a fertile and habitable region, and will speedily be occupied by the flocks and herds of the Shepherd Kings of Australia.

MY LITTLE SWEETHEART.

Ah! sad are they of whom no poet writes,
Nor ever any story-teller hears—
The childless mothers who on lonesome nights
Sit by their fires and weep, having the chores *
Done for the day, and time enough to see

All the wide floors
Swept clean of playthings; they, as needs must be,
Have time enough for tears.

But there are griefs more sad
Than ever any childless mother had—
You know them, who do smother Nature's cries
Under poor masks
Of smiling, slow despair—

Who put your white and unadorned hair
Out of your way, and keep at homely tasks
Unblest with any praises of men's eyes,
Till Death comes to you with his piteous care,
And to unmarriageable beds you go,
Saying: 'It is not much—'tis well, if so
We only be made fair,
And looks of love await us as we rise.'

* An American term for household work; equivalent to the English 'chore.'

My cross is not as hard as theirs to bear,
And yet alike to me are storms or calms;
My life's young joy,

The brown-cheeked farmer-boy,
Who led the daisies with him like his lambs—
Carved his sweet pictures on my milking-pail,
And cut my name upon his thrashing-flail,
One day stopped singing at his plough—alas!
Before that summer-time was gone, the grass
Had choked the path which to the sheep-field led
Where I had watched him tread
So soft on evening's trail—
A shining cat-sheaf balanced on his head,
And nodding to the gale.

Rough wintry weather came, and when it sped,
The emerald wave
Swelling above my little sweetheart's grave,
With such bright bubbly flowers was set about,
I thought he blew them out,
And so took comfort that he was not dead.

For I was of a rude and ignorant crew,
And hence believed whatever things I saw
Were the expression of a hidden law;
And with a wisdom higher than I knew,
Evoked the simple meanings out of thi
By childlike questionings.

And he they named with shudderings of fear
Had never, in his life, been half so near
As when I sat all day with cheeks unknissed,
And listened to the whisper, very low,
That said our love, above Death's wave of woe,
Was joined together like the seamless mist.

God's yea and nay
Are not so far away,
I said, but I can hear them when I please;
Nor could I understand
Their doubting faith who only touch his hand
Across the blind, bewildering centuries.
And often yet, upon the shining track

Of the old faith, come back
My childish fancies, never quite subdued,
And when the sunset shuts up in the wood
The whispery sweetness of uncertainty,
And Night, with misty locks that loosely drop
About his ears, brings rest, a welcome boon,
Playing his pipe with many a starry stop
That makes a golden snarling in his tune;

I see my little lad
Under the leafy shelter of the boughs,
Driving his noiseless, visionary cows,
Clad in a beauty I alone can see.
Laugh, you who never had
Your dead come back; but do not take from me
The harmless comfort of my foolish dream,
That these, our mortal eyes,
Which outwardly reflect the earth and skies,
Do introvert upon eternity;

And that the shapes you deem
Imaginations, just as clearly fall
Each from its own divine original,
And through some subtle element of light,
Upon the inward, spiritual eye,
As do the things which round about them lie,
Gross and material on the external sight.

ALICE CARE

The Editor of *Chambers's Journal* has to request all communications be addressed to 47 Paternoster 1 London, and that they further be accompanied by post stamps, as the return of rejected Contributions can otherwise be guaranteed. All MSS. for publication sh be written on one side of the page only.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, 47 P noster Row, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBU Also sold by all Booksellers.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL OF POPULAR LITERATURE

Science and Arts.

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 425.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 1862.

PRICE 1½d.

HOW I GOT IT STAMPED AT LAST.

'WELL, I am going down the Strand, so I will just run in and get it done at once.'

So said I innocently of a small square of parchment which came some weeks ago by the Yorkshire post, with a request from my friend C—— that I would get it stamped for him at Somerset House, and leave it with Messrs Stickfast and Grabfee, the clerical lawyers in Bishop Street. It was the nomination to the incumbency of a poor district in the north, miscalled a 'living' by some, but well known to others, with apt reference to the permanent labour and poverty of the place, as a 'perpetual curacy.' I folded it up in an envelope, and took it at three o'clock that afternoon to Somerset House. Having inquired of an omniscient policeman where stamps were to be obtained, I was guided to a doorway with 'Inland Revenue' over it. Passing through this, and turning sharp to the left, I found myself in a street of offices, prepared, as was set forth in large letters outside, to deal with every phase of the deed-stamping process. I had expected a hole in a wall like the ticket-counter at a railway station, a fee of course, a dab with a sort of ink-seal, or a hard pinch under a die with a lever handle, and the speedy completion of my business. But there was no stamping, except up and down the passages. So I made fresh inquiry, and was at last directed to the introductory office. I found counters like a bank, and screened desks with nobody at them. The clerks, or whatever they were, were chatting over an inner fire.

'No use to-day,' was the response I got; 'no money taken after three o'clock.'

'Ah,' I replied, 'indeed. I have been asked by a clergyman in the country to get this nomination stamped. Will you tell me how to proceed when it may be done?'

'Let us look at it,' said the clerk testily. So I shewed it.

'Oh, this must be endorsed by the Ecclesiastical Commissioners; then you must bring it here; then you must take it to the paying-office; then you must claim it at the ——; then you will'——

Seeing in my face that the head of the directions had slipped out of my mind while the tail was going in, he handed me a printed scrap of paper with rules how to get the thing done. I folded it up with the nomination, and went my way, it being too late—three

o'clock—to get any step in the process taken then. Next day I sought Messrs Stickfast and Grabfee, who, on looking over the nomination, told me it was unnecessary to go to the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, as a thirty-shilling stamp alone was required for all perpetual curacies. On repairing to Somerset House, and presenting my parchment in the room where I received the printed directions, the clerk discovered that it was irregular. My friend had resided and done the duty of his parish for two months and *three days*, and the date of the nomination was three days too old.

'Ha!' said the clerk, 'he must make an affidavit.'

This involved Heaven knows what delay in Yorkshire, so I put in a letter from C——, intended for Messrs Stickfast and Grabfee, stating that he had been resident, and explaining why he had not been able to send the nomination before.

'Ah, well,' replied the clerk, 'it's all right,' and signed it.

So I went to another office some way off to pay the thirty shillings. Handing the parchment across the counter with L.1, 10s. upon it, the clerk looked at me with a compassionate smile, and said: 'Fill in No. 1,' and pointed to a number of printed forms hung against the wall.

Pulling one of these down, I dipped a pen, and found I had first to state the name of 'applicant.' Thought I, I don't want the stamp; I suppose the applicant is my friend. So I asked whether it were not so. Leaning back for a moment, to get a steady look at me, the clerk replied with the air of a counsel who had a witness in a corner: 'You apply, don't you? You are applying now?'

'Yes,' said I, 'for information.'

'Tt, Tt,' he responded peevishly; 'you have come here'——

'I'm here, certainly,' said I, 'and was here yesterday.'

'And apply for a stamp?'

'Yes,' said I, but added that I applied for a friend, for it was no business of mine.

'You are the applicant, however, at this moment,' decided the fop, 'and will please fill in the form No. 1.'

Then I made a small entry on a foolscap sheet, wrote down my address and name—*surname* only, the paper said—and tried my young swell again with the thirty shillings. I held it towards his right hand. 'The other side, if you please, sir,' he replied.

'Confound the puppy,' thought I; 'I shall have to climb over the counter, and cram it down his throat before I go;' but I did as I was bid, when he graciously accepted the thirty shillings, and told me to deliver my document in the room below. Having discovered this, I found a man behind a counter patiently watching a machine like a large mouse-trap, with a glass end to it. This was the mouth of a spout which came down from the upper room, and was emptied as soon as it had caught some half-a-dozen papers. There were about twenty people waiting, like myself, till their papers should be taken out of the trap. Presently, my application descended.

'Blank!' cried the watcher—'No. 500 Queen Street.'

'Here you are,' said I, and he took my document. Judge of my surprise when he folded it up with the application, pitched it away down a hole in the wall, and began paring his nails. 'Hollo!' said I; 'I want it stamped.'

'It'll be done in an hour and a half,' he replied, as if it were a joint, and folded his knife up, first wiping the blade between his finger and thumb. Now, an hour and a half is nothing to a government clerk; but as I could not wait so long, I called again in three hours, and found my way down into the delivery-room. A broad, endless band of canvas, or something of the sort, led into this from some other place in the department, and borne upon it came an irregular fleet of documents, some like barges across the stream, but all, big and small, moving at equal rate, as if with the tide. The canvas river tipped them slowly into a tank, whence a man picked them out, and read aloud the names on the outside. Directly I got up to the barrier which fenced the crowd off him, I asked if 'Blank, 500 Queen Street, thirty shillings,' had come in.

'No,' says he, as a matter of course; so I listened in vain for half an hour—no 'Blank.'

'I've a cab waiting,' I remonstrated, 'and was told to be here in an hour and a half more than three hours ago. I wish you would look for *Blank, 500 Queen Street, thirty shillings, a parchment.*' Pretending to feel in one or two pigeon-holes, he replied: 'Not come,' and went on wearily calling out the names of the fresh ships come down with the tide. By this time I had got my elbows over the barrier, and had been trying to catch the fellow's eye for some five or ten minutes. At last he looked up. 'What name did you say?'

'Blank, 500 Queen Street, thirty shillings, small parchment,' I repeated.

'Ah, yes,' said he, and actually looked for it. 'Here it is; it's irregular, though. You must take it back to the first office. The date is wrong.' Now, as I had already got over this hitch, it was hard to begin the whole thing again. However, I ran back with it in haste, for the stream of exhausted clerks was already pouring out fast into the Strand, and found two or three exquisites just going away.

'Well,' said one testily, 'and pray *what* do you want?' I forget exactly what I said, but I know that I was very slow, cool, lucid, and, I trust, politely sarcastic. 'Waal,' replied he, 'certainly it's a baw.'

'Yaas,' said I, 'it's a doose of a baw;' for, don't you see, I thought if I spoke the language of the natives I might get redress.

'Ah, you shewed it to one of the gentlemen here?'

'Yaas,' said I, pointing out his signature, 'and he signed it, and said it was all right.'

'Ah!' he replied, 'I suppose he was very much engaged?'

'Yaas,' said I, 'he was doing *nothing*; and,' I added, 'there were two other gentlemen helping him.' Mind you, we were quite unmoved throughout the dialogue.

'Waal,' said he, 'you must take it back.' Having said this, and scrawled over it with a pencil an assertion that it was all right, he finished buttoning his gloves,

and walked off. Then I found out my weary friend at the mouth of the canvas river again, and depositing the unlucky nomination in his hand, received directions to *call the next day.* 'It's too late now,' was the answer—'come here to-morrow.'

'That I can't,' I replied; 'I'm going out of town, and shall not be able to come for a week. Will it be ready in a week?'

'Yes,' said he, sticking it into a pigeon-hole, where I firmly believe it is now untouched, while I am sitting in a friend's library a hundred and fifty miles away from town; but when I go back, I intend to take lodgings somewhere near the Strand, and, if possible, see the end of the matter.

Prodigious! as Dominie Sampson said; the deed has been stamped at last. Probably, it took less than a quarter of a minute to do; but it was done, and my attitude of expectancy and complaint is no longer justifiable. Messrs Stickfast and Grabfee laughed, through their clerk, when I told them the history of the process, and said that even *they* never got a deed stamped without having to send twice. But why, we ask, are not stamps sold? Why could not I have bought a thirty-shilling one, and, sticking it on the thing with a lick and a pat, have relieved the expectation of my friend C—— at once, though it would have lost me three days' sport in the preserves of Somerset House?

THE GREAT EXHIBITION OF 1862.

THE PICTURES.

In the first number for the present year, the readers of this *Journal* were supplied with the means of forming an idea of the forthcoming Great Exhibition at Brompton, in relation chiefly to the building, and its features in comparison with those of the Crystal Palace in Hyde Park in 1851. We will now furnish a few details concerning the proposed department of *Pictures*—or, more comprehensively, *Fine Arts*.

But first, let us venture to assert that the progress of operations will not be stopped by the great national loss we have lately suffered. Years and years will pass before we shall know the full value of the services rendered to Art, Industry, Education, and Civilisation generally, by the late Prince Consort. International exhibitions, at any rate, may be traced up to him as their real effective originator; and never will his name be dissociated from the brilliant event of 1851. With all this drawback, however, the intention of proceeding with the grand enterprise of 1862 has not been shaken. England, and nearly all the world besides, are busily preparing to shew what advance has been made in art and industry during the last eleven years; and although the widowed Queen may not perhaps grace the opening ceremony on the 1st of May with her presence, enough is known to warrant the belief that she earnestly desires the full carrying out of a scheme in which the deceased Prince took so deep an interest.

Most persons are aware that pictures were not included in the programme for 1851. There was, it is true, a division called 'Fine Arts,' which took cognizance of sculpture and architectural ornaments; but pictures, drawings, engravings, and photographs were inadmissible, except in a few cases, as examples of peculiar or novel processes. It was a wise limitation. The difficulties were quite formidable enough, without adding those connected with art as distinguished from industry. Six years later, however, Manchester produced an Art Treasures Exhibition, eminently creditable to the townsmen generally, and especially to a committee of active persons, headed by Mr Fairbairn. There were collected, from every corner of this land, a larger number of fine pictures than were

ever before seen in one place in our country; nay, it is doubtful whether more than one or two displays of equal value were ever known in the world. It was not national, in the sense of being the production of British artists, but in being the property of British residents. The Queen sent some of her best pictures; then came the lordly owners of picture-galleries—the Cowpers and the Wards, the Ellesmeres and the Marlboroughs, the Hertfords and the Devonshires, the Darnleys, the Overstones, the Richmonds; and then the wealthy men who have no particular ornaments to their names, but have taste and wealth enough to collect fine pictures, proffered *their* art treasures. Of the eleven hundred ancient pictures, the seven hundred modern, the nine hundred water-colour drawings, the fourteen hundred engravings, the six hundred photographs, and the seventeen thousand articles in ornamental art, all the papers of the day discoursed at length, while the delight of seeing the pictures was personally enjoyed by an immense number of people. The Exhibition in London in 1851 suggested that at Paris in 1855, which, in its turn, suggested that at Manchester in 1857; and if the last named, far more artistic in its character than either of the other two, were successful, it would augur well for Fine Arts exhibitions in future. Now, the Manchester display attracted, in the space of a few months, no less than one and one-third million visitors, who paid more than eighty thousand pounds sterling as admission money!

When, therefore, preliminary arrangements were being made for the Exhibition to which all are now looking forward, it was determined that art as well as industry should take part in it. Foreign nations were to be invited to send us their pictures as well as their manufactures. But a difficulty arose—where to pack all the treasures? Nineteen acres were covered with useful or beautiful things at Hyde Park in 1851; and if the pictorial creations of genius in past ages were likewise placed at our disposal, where on earth (or rather, where at Brompton) should we put them all? When the commissioners had got through all the puzzlements relating to site, size, style, architect, contractors, and cost, they were able to announce that they had at their disposal so many thousand square feet of wall-space for pictures, to be appropriated to the artists of all nations. Should they allow each country to send *any* pictures, of *any* age, within the limit of a certain total quantity; or should there be other restrictions? They sought the advice of competent men on the subject. There was formed a committee of the fine arts (not to settle anything, but to advise the commissioners), comprising six or seven noble lords, several wealthy commoners and patrons of art, and a select body of artists. This committee made recommendations to the following effect—that the works of art admitted, although modern, should not be exclusively confined to the productions of artists *now living*; that in the English department any painting, drawing, engraving, sculpture, &c., of later date than 1762, should be admissible, so as to make the whole collection range over one century; and that foreign nations should be permitted to name their own limitations as to date, in such way as best to shew, in reference to each particular country, 'the progress and present condition of modern art.' These recommendations were accepted by the royal commissioners, and were by them communicated to intending exhibitors all over the world. Then, to let our English artists have a fair chance of shewing what they have done, and can do, the commissioners appointed special committees of advice and assistance for each of the chief branches of fine arts. Such well-known names as Tite, Donaldson, Gilbert Scott, Berensford Hope, Digby Wyatt, Sydney Smirke, and Ferguson were found in a committee relating to architecture; Eastlake, Watson Gordon, Hurlstone, Warren, and Redgrave, in that relating to painting;

Foley, Layard, and Westmacott in the sculpture committee; Carpenter, Colnaghi, Doo, and Lane in the committee which took cognizance of engraving and etching; while the committee on art designs included MacIise and Cole.

It will here be seen that engravings, as well as paintings and sculpture, enter into the plans of the commissioners; indeed, the value of engravings is becoming more appreciated than ever, as a means of diffusing among the general public a feeling for, if not exactly a knowledge of, art. The reason is obvious. A painting is like a manuscript; an engraving is like a book. A real picture by Raffaele is a thing complete in itself; it can belong only to one individual, or one community; and when destroyed, can never be replaced, however cleverly it might be imitated. So an old manuscript of the tenth or twelfth century, or an autograph of Wolsey or of Shakspeare, derives its value, not wholly from the interest of the thing itself, or the celebrity of the person who wrote it, but in part also from the *oneness* of the production—the feeling that, if I possess it, my next-door neighbour cannot; my pride is flattered. Books and engravings have a different mission; they enable all the world to share the pleasure which was before enjoyable only by the wealthy. Good engravings from good pictures have, besides their fine arts value, an educational one depending on their power of diffusion. Some months ago, the veteran George Cruikshank presided at a meeting of the Society of Arts, on an occasion when Mr Collins described his curious process for enlarging and diminishing engravings by simple mechanical means. The particulars of the process, and the discussions to which the reading of the paper led, need not be adverted to here; but we may mention that Mr Cruikshank took advantage of the opportunity to express his warm sympathy with any project for rendering good engravings purchasable by persons of humble means. 'A fine work of art is always an expensive affair, and it requires persons of property to become the purchasers. But as the taste and intelligence of the people increase, they will desire to possess these works of art themselves. Their means will not allow them to obtain the first impressions from the plate itself; but when the plate is done with, as far as the more wealthy class of people are concerned, we can bring them within the means of the second and third classes of society by the aid of this process. I think a good work of art, once produced, should never be destroyed. I disapprove of the course of enhancing the value of an engraving by destroying the plate after a given number of impressions have been worked off.' Whatever may thus be said in favour of making good engravings available to the bulk of the population by cheap but effective processes, may also be said in favour of collecting, on the rare occasions when such a course is possible, the veritable products of the genius of all nations in this particular line of art.

The Exhibition building, as we explained in the former article, is of a permanent character so far as concerns the picture-galleries. Nobody expects to live to see those substantial brick structures pulled down; and, architectural critics notwithstanding, we doubt whether there are many persons who will wish for such a result. If we (the people) give a sufficient number of shillings between May and October next (in 1851, we gave *ten million* shillings for permission to visit the Hyde Park Exhibition), the building will be paid for; and then John Bull will be a very silly fellow if he does not get both advantage and pleasure from it in future years. The galleries, the reader will remember, are fifty feet high, but pictures will be hung only to about a height of thirty feet. How many pictures can be hung on a hundred thousand square feet of wall, will, of course, depend on their average size; but whatever the number, Captain Fowke is earnest in assuring us that they will all be

well seen, whether the day be bright or dull, and that they will not be exposed to the action of an ill-ventilated atmosphere. It may sound oddly to talk of two acres of pictures, but there will be more than this if all the space provided be occupied.

According to the plans laid down, British art will be illustrated by specimens produced within the last hundred years; while foreign art will be placed within such limits as foreigners may determine. No prizes or medals are to be awarded in the fine arts section; thereby getting rid of a difficulty that would be found almost insuperable; for artists are a sensitive race, who would be sure to dispute the justice of awards which might happen to be unfavourable to themselves. No prices are to be marked on the articles in this section; though it is believed such will be allowed in the sections relating to manufactures. Exactly one-half of all the wall-space will be allotted for foreign pictures, the other half being for British and colonial. The quantity of space allowed to each foreign country will depend partly on the actual demand, and partly on the relative importance of the various foreign countries in connection with fine arts generally; but when the award has once been made, each foreign country will settle for itself how many exhibitors to admit, and what proportion shall be observed between the number of paintings, drawings, sculptures, architectural models and designs, cameos, dies, intaglios, engravings, and etchings. There is to be a central authority in each foreign country to manage all the arrangements in reference to it; our commissioners will not recognise any foreign exhibitor otherwise than through the medium of such a centre or focus. In the English section, a committee of artists and fine art connoisseurs will be appointed, to whom will be intrusted the delicate duty of weeding the pictorial garden, so as to retain as many of the beauties and as few of the deformities as possible; at the same time giving a systematic completeness to the whole. A question has arisen, whether a living artist loses all power over a picture which he has sold and been paid for? Without going particularly into the artistic copyright question, the commissioners decided that an artist's feelings, at any rate, should meet with attention; and they therefore ordered that no picture by a living British artist should be admitted, if the artist should send a written protest against such a step.

There will be a court devoted to high-class decorative art, where the Ecclesiological Society, the Architectural Museum, and others, will display choice specimens of modern church furniture and fittings, stained glass, ecclesiastical plate and embroidery, carvings, and so forth. There will be photographs, too, in abundance. The paintings, however, will be the glories of the place; and when we remember whom we have had amongst us since Hogarth's days—Reynolds, Gainsborough, Wilson, Romney, West, Barry, Fuseli, Opie, Northcote, Copley, Lawrence, Stothard, Wilkie, Eddy, Turner, Constable, Callcott, Haydon, Collins, Lealie, Clennell, Prout, Landseer, Stanfield, Roberts, and a phalanx of others, it will be strange indeed if we do not hold our own in pictures against all comers at the forthcoming Exhibition. As sculpture, too, is invited equally with painting, we may call with pleasurable anticipations such names as Banks, Flaxman, Chantrey, Westmacott, Bell, Baily, Lough, Gibson, Behnes, and Marshall.

Foreign nations have availed themselves of the permission awarded to them, to name such limits as seemed best to correspond with their ideas of what constitutes *modern art*. Austria proposes to go no further back than 1784; Russia prefers 1764; Spain begins with 1682, in order to include her great Murillo; France would like to go back to the days of Poussin, Bourdon, and Le Brun. Italy, considering the decadence of art in that country in recent times, would fondly revert to her grand days of painting.

All this is very liberal, on the part of the royal commissioners; but doubts are entertained in many quarters whether, after all, it would not have been really more illustrative of modern art to apply the same limits to all countries. France did this in 1855, when works of art were limited to the productions of artists living on a certain day in 1853. If such a plan were acted upon next May, the Exhibition would really shew the state and progress of modern art in all countries. However, it is easy to find fault, especially when the enterprise criticised is surrounded with difficulties. Let us be thankful for what is promised, and be prepared to enjoy it when it comes.

THE BLOOD-HOUND'S REVENGE.

As many doubts have been cast upon the truth of the following story, I shall merely say, by way of preface, that I tell it as I heard it told, and that I believe it.

How I came to hear it was thus: As my father, my mother, my sister, and I were sitting round the fire one evening after dinner, we were suddenly surprised by hearing four distinct and deliberate raps on the street-door. So deliberate were they, that they sounded like four single knocks given by an importunate beggar.

'That,' said my father, who was the only one who seemed to take no notice of them at the time—'that is Skinny Grimmer.'

'Skinny Grimmer!' ejaculated my mother; 'and pray, who is he?'

'Thirty years ago,' said my father, composedly sipping his third cup of tea, 'he was an old friend and school-fellow of mine, famous for his long face and his queer stories. What he is now?—'

Whatever my father was going to say was said for him, by the entrance, unannounced, of a tall figure, clothed in a long cloak, such as they wear in the West Indies, whose hood, in the shape of an extinguisher, supplied the place of a hat, and who, without a word, advanced, took a vacant chair by the fireside, and warmed his hands—long, slim, sawallow hands, that must have been very cold; for first he held the palms to the fire, and then the backs, and then he chafed them gently, and then he toasted them again, and then he rubbed them again, till I thought those long, slim, sawallow hands would never be done. My father watched him with a smile, until, as he was beginning to toast the backs of his hands for the fifth time, the smile broke into a laugh, and he cried out: 'Grimmer all over, by Jove!'

Scarcely had the words passed from his lips, when the owner of the sawallow hands rose slowly from his seat, threw his cloak on the back of his chair, and thus addressed his astonished hearers: 'Having proved my identity, allow me to make amends for my rude behaviour. Williams, old boy, how are you? Mrs. Master, and Miss Williams, I presume, and I salute you.'

Solemn and slow was his voice, and monotonous. His face, now that we could see it, was long, slim and sawallow as his hands, without expression, except that at the corners of his mouth and eyes there slept the embers of a dry smile, that occasionally broke out in a flicker, as though his whole life was a good joke that he kept to himself.

'And where have you been, and what have you been doing these thirty years, Grimmer?' said my father, after his guest had been silently imbibing tea for a quarter of an hour.

'West Indies—sugar-plantation,' said Grimmer.

'And what has brought you back again?' said my father.

'Liver,' said the stranger.

'Have you found that other half of your soul that you used to talk about—eh?' said my father humorously.

'What?' he said slowly.

'Are you married, then?'

'No-o.'

'Of course,' persisted my father, 'you have added greatly to your famous stock of stories?'

'No-o.'

My father laughed in spite of himself, and relapsed into silence; my mother, after several vain attempts to go on with her work, gave it up, and yawned; my sister and I tried to intercommunicate, in the dumb language, in the shade of the table-cloth, our opinions of the strange guest, but he found us out, and told us so with his eye; and so we took to yawning too. I don't know how long it was that we remained in this condition, but it must have been a long while. The candles had burned, unperceived, to the sockets, and the fire was nearly out, when we were recalled to a sense of the present by a most provoking and impertinent remark from Mr Grimber. 'You seem dull,' he said.

It was too bad; but I controlled my feelings, and contented myself with saying sarcastically: 'Perhaps you will enliven us, then, sir.'

'With the greatest pleasure,' he answered blandly, 'if you will have the kindness to blow out those candles, and make up the fire, I'll tell you a story that will make you afraid to go to bed.'

'That's right, Grimber,' said my father; 'let's have it. A Jamaican ghost-story, I'll be bound.'

'Nothing of the sort, Williams; English, and not the shadow of a ghost in it.'

'Never mind. Put the lights out, Charles, and make up the fire. That's right. Now for it.'

But he was not the man to be humoured in this way, but kept us waiting for at least five minutes.

'My story,' he began at length in a cavernous voice, 'I shall call "The Blood-hound's Revenge."

It is now six-and-twenty years ago last November, on the 18th day of the month, that the events occurred which I am about to relate. Twenty-six years ago; yes! on the 18th day of November one thousand eight hundred and twenty. I shall remember that date till my dying day.

My brother and I had gone to spend our vacation, at the invitation of an old friend, in a scantily populated district of Herefordshire, for the purpose of recruiting our health and shooting over his extensive estates. He himself was away, so we preferred taking up our quarters in a snug lodge in the park, to living in the cheerless magnificence of an unoccupied mansion.

With us we brought a dog: it had been sent over from Spain a few months previously as a present to my brother. He was a blood-hound, and thoroughbred, standing full forty inches high, with tapering muscular limbs, and with a countenance so intellectual and human in its expression, that, when at rest, it appeared as though it were working out some vast problem for the future benefit of his race. For myself, I shall never believe but that that dog was a deep thinker. It was curious to watch his eye, now turned upwards thoughtfully, as if it were seeking for some calculated result—now slowly dilating and brightening as that result became plainer and plainer—now shooting out a bright ray of light, as though the long-expected illumination had burst upon him, and then slowly sinking down again, to brood upon and amplify his newly acquired theory.

Rudolph, for that was his name, was a grand dog, and of immense strength; but his slender legs, his finely-cut head, and, let me add, his sensitive nose, gave him somewhat the appearance of an effeminate giant. Even we did not fully appreciate his enormous power till one day, on coming home, we found the iron chain that bound him snapped, and a large mastiff, that had dared to question his right to a bone, stretched dead at his feet.

Upon questioning our servant, he said he saw the

mastiff jump over the low wall of the yard, and try to take possession of the bone; that Rudolph did little at first, but with a stroke of his paw, just struck the bone from the mastiff as soon as he laid hold of it; that at last the mastiff by a jerk tossed it out of the reach of Rudolph's chain, and was following it, when, with a yell, he sprang to his feet, took a huge leap, snapped his chain, seized the mastiff by the throat, and before he (the servant) could come up, the big brute was dead.

The farmer to whom the mastiff had belonged called next day. Though greatly grieved at the loss of his dog, which had been a great favourite, he nevertheless refused all offers on our part to make restitution, and declared that his only motive for calling was to make the acquaintance of a dog powerful enough to kill such an animal as his mastiff.

Rudolph was produced, and behaved so well, and looked so handsome, that the farmer declared he had never seen such a dog; and requested, "if it wasn't making too bold," that we should come and lunch with him some day that week, to see his farm, and bring Rudolph with us. Knowing that we could depend on him as long as he was within sight, and loath to refuse so kind a return for an injury, not the less real because unintentional, we heartily accepted the invitation for all three.

A few days afterwards, then, in accordance with this invitation, we presented ourselves at the farmer's door. The house was a long, rambling structure, nowhere more than one story high, and stretched its shapeless length round three sides of a large farm-yard, containing the usual medley of pigs, ducks, manure, chickens, cows, and straw. Our host received us very kindly, introduced us to his wife, a comfortable-looking body with six small children, two in her arms, and the others peeping timidly out of different folds of her gown like little chickens. They were nice, clean-looking Saxon children, with white hair and blue eyes. The youngest, a pretty-looking girl of about two years old, was so dreadfully frightened at the sight of our big dog, that the mother was obliged to carry her off to bed, weeping piteously with terror, aggravated, perhaps, by the pain caused by the advent of sharp little teeth.

We were ushered into a large low room, with a great fagot lazily smouldering on the hearth, and a long table spread with a snowy homespun cloth, and covered with substantial fare—cold sucking-pig, roast-beef, and fowls. Presently the good wife came back, saying that her pretty darling had gone to sleep. The farmer produced a jug of sound old home-brewed, with an extra streak of malt in it, and what with that and the rest of the good cheer, and the good-humour and pressing hospitality of our host and hostess, the first part of the day passed as pleasantly and merrily as could be. Presently, however, we were startled by hearing loud screams issuing from a distant part of the house; then they were hushed for a moment, and then they arose again louder than before. "The child! the child!" cried the mother, and rushed out of the room.

"Where's Rudolph?" said my brother.

"Oh, don't worrit yourselves," said the farmer, with his mouth full; "the dawg's found its way to the child's room, and she's squealing. That's all."

And so it proved, for presently Master Rudolph made his appearance, walking, or crawling rather, with his belly close to the ground, and his tail between his legs, closely followed by the mother, who was scolding him sharply, and beating him with a stick. "I'll teach you to go frightening our poor little Mary, that I will—yes; and you killed poor Towser, too!" Now, whether it was at this reminiscence, or with anger brought to a pitch, as woman's anger often is, by the uninterrupted sound of her own voice, it matters little, but certainly the stick came down with greater violence than ever, and, as fate would have it,

on the dog's head. He turned as if to leap at her, but seeing that I was looking at him, he retreated, but with his eye glaring with a passion which I could not believe a dog could feel or express. There was no mistaking it; it was a look of unmitigated hate.

I looked round at the faces at the table, to see if any one had taken notice of this extraordinary look; but apparently no one had. Thinking that they would only laugh at me, I resolved to say nothing about it, determined, however, never again to let the dog escape from my eye. I tried to reason with myself, and to prove how absurd it was—that I must be mistaken—that if I was not, the circumstance could still be of no moment. But do what I would, I could not shake off a vague apprehension that weighed on my mind like lead. The words of Shylock occurred again and again to me: "Hates any man the thing he would not kill?" Yes, "any man," 'twas true enough of a man; but it was absurd to apply it to a dog, reasoned I with myself. "Fish! Nonsense! Absurd!" But still that dog's face haunted me.

I was aroused from my morbid reveries by the voice of our host asking us to come for a stroll over the farm. I immediately jumped up, called Rudolph to follow, and out we went. Nothing occurred in our walk which is worth mentioning now. We saw some gigantic turnips, and Broddingnagian mangel-wurzel, and were much edified by a long lecture at each gate, upon what such and such a field had produced last year, the quantity of wheat that such another yielded to the acre, and statistics of the partridges he had once killed in one day among "them turnups."

When we came back again, the farmer gave us over to his wife, to be shewn the farm-yard. From the peculiar structure of the house before mentioned, every room in it overlooked this yard. "That room," began our show-woman, "over there, is me and my good man's room; just above the shed with the strawberry calf. Oh, you must come and look at my calf—he's such a pet of mine! There! isn't he a beauty? And to think he's got to be killed! Why weren't you a cow, you silly? And that window there, gentlemen—that little window—just above the pigsty, next to ours, that's my sweet darling baby's little room. Oh, you must come and see our pigsty, with our poor dear sow, with her last little white piggy—you've just eaten its eldest brother, sir; that is, we called it the eldest, but, of course, sir, you know, sir (here the poor woman blushed up to her merry eyes), that they weren't none of 'em older than the other. And there's the hen-house, and just above's where Mary sleeps; and there's the stables; and that's poor old Smiler, sir, thirty years old, and as sound as a roach; and—What's that?"

It was the baby crying again, and the mother, begging us to excuse her, rushed off to comfort her poor little darling. When the cries ceased, I became aware of a growling noise, like low thunder, that seemed to proceed from something behind me. I turned and saw Rudolph shewing his teeth, with his eyes fixed intently, with the same awful expression, on the little window above the pigsty.

I had never during the whole of the day forgotten that look, and when I saw it again, unable to conquer my fears, I determined I would not rest till I had seen the dog safely chained up in his kennel at home; and so, hurriedly saying that I did not feel well, and asking the farmer to make our excuses to his wife, I walked away with my brother, calling Rudolph after me. When we reached home, I felt tired, and telling the servant to chain up the dog, I went in and threw myself on the sofa.

I suppose it must have been about three hours after this that I was startled from a sleep that had forced itself upon me, by my brother's voice: "Hollo!" he said, "wake up! what nonsense you're talking; something about—'easy leap for a dog like him'—

'over the pigsty'—'open window.' I declare you quite frightened me when you cried out in an awful voice: 'The child, the child!'—You've eaten too much sucking-pig."

I had had a most dreadful dream. I dreamed that I was in the farm-yard that we had lately quitted, and that I saw Rudolph in the distance, carrying off something white, and the ground was covered with snow. Then I heard a shriek, and turning towards the place whence it seemed to proceed, I saw the farmer's wife at the little window, pointed out as that of the baby's room, and which was open, gesticulating wildly. Then I remembered calculating what an easy leap it would be, for a dog like Rudolph, on to the window-sill, and then I heard a voice crying out "Save it! save it!" and then I was awaked.

The first thing I said was, "Is Rudolph safe?" "I suppose so," said my brother, leaving the room. Presently he cried: "Come here!" I ran down stairs, and saw—an empty kennel. The servant had chained the dog carelessly, and he had slipped his collar, and made off.

A strange thing is mental electricity,' resumed Mr Grimmer, after a short pause, during which he seemed greatly agitated with the recollections he had recited, and as if he found some difficulty in gathering up his strength to proceed—'a very, very strange thing electricity. We both gazed for a moment at the empty collar; then we both started, as if by a mutual and sudden impulse, and looked face to face; and then, without a word, I knew that he had observed the expression of the dog's eye, that he had as carefully concealed his fears as I had, and that he felt with myself, that to the farmhouse, and nowhere else, had the dog gone. He was the first to speak.

"There is no time to be lost; we must set off immediately."

In two minutes we were on our way to the farmhouse, he taking the lead.

The house was about two miles distant, and we set off running. So engrossed were our thoughts, that we had gone for some distance before we found out something that made us both suddenly stop.

It was snowing, and the ground was half changed from black to white. "Dream coming true," we both muttered.

When we had got within a stone-throw of our destination, we saw a large animal bounding away to our right, and I thought I saw something white in its mouth. "Rudolph," we both said in a breath. "Did you not see something white in its mouth?" I asked.

"No," said he; "it must have been the snow." This seemed so reasonable an explanation, that I assented to it at once, and hastened onwards.

We agreed to go to the farm-yard first, not wishing to disturb the house needlessly. All seemed still enough, till, looking up to the often-mentioned window, we saw the farmer's wife in her night-dress, standing just as I had seen her in my dream, gesticulating wildly. We heard her ejaculate, "Save it, save it!" and without waiting a moment, rushed back to the road.

It had left off snowing. The footsteps of the dog, thanks to the snow that had fallen, were plainly perceptible, and they turned off through a gap in the hedge. We followed. Straight across the field shewed the track, now lighted for a minute by the moon peeping out from a cloud, now lost again in the darkness. Over three fields we passed thus, when I saw, with terror hardly possible to describe, that the track became dotted, occasionally at first, and afterwards thicker and thicker, with small black dots. I stooped, and my worst fears were realised—it was blood. How that discovery spurred us on! Over field, and hedge, and ditch we went, following that dreadful trail, which became more hideously apparent at every step. Over fences, through dykes, tearing,

leaping, jumping, we went, caring not how, so that we only sped on: with our heads pressed forward, our tongues hot in our mouths, and our hearts beating audibly. At last, to our surprise, we caught sight of Rudolph tearing away before us; then he leaped a low wall, and was lost. How could we possibly have caught him up? We, forced continually to deviate from the straight path, now in order to find a gap in some hedge through which we could crawl, now to discover a narrower part of some ditch over which to jump, now, on account of the darkness, losing the track altogether. How could we have caught him up? We soon came to the cause, a pool of blood. Here, then, he must have stopped to make an end to the struggles of his poor victim; here, then, he must have stayed to regale his brutal appetite! Revenge, however, would not wait for tears, and without stopping a moment we hurried to the wall over which the beast had disappeared.

To our surprise, we found it was the wall of our own yard, and leaping over it, we discovered, alas! that we were too, too late; for there, with a lamp in his hand, shedding a dim light over the dreadful scene, stood our servant James, and there, in a corner, crouching like a guilty thing, lay Rudolph, and by his side the mangled remains of the poor little—*sucking-pig!*

CAPTIVE IN CHINA.

UPON the 8th of March 1842, while the Chinese opium-war was still in progress, the English brig *Anne*, Captain Denham, left Chusan for Macao with a crew of fifty-four Europeans and lascars, and carrying two passengers, one of the latter being Mr Gully, a young mercantile man who had done some service on board the *Nemesis* in her famous operations in the Chinese waters. The vessel encountered rough weather as soon as she was fairly started on her voyage, and on the night of the 10th was driven out of her course, and went on shore, as the captain thought, inside one of the Ocksen Islands. When daylight dawned, however, it was found that the ship lay broadside on the shingly beach of Formosa. All the boats, save one, being stove in, the only chance of saving life and property seemed to lie in seizing some junks whose masts were descried about two miles from the scene of their misfortune. Accordingly, about seven o'clock in the morning, the whole of the party landed. They were but ill provided with arms and ammunition; but taking what guns they had, a few nautical instruments, and two suits of clothes apiece, they started across a level sandy plain, intersected with numerous streams, which they crossed as best they could, and, after an hour and a half's marching, came upon the rice-junks, moored in a small creek, and boarded them without any opposition.

Abstaining from any hostile demonstration as likely to frustrate his object, Captain Denham offered the junkman three thousand dollars for a passage to Chin-chow; the latter said he must consult his 'headman,' and left the junk for that purpose. While he was absent, the rain came down in torrents, and wet every man to the skin, spite of his extra clothing; and to add danger to discomfort, the shore became crowded with men armed with spears, matchlocks, and long knives. These unwelcome visitors were evidently soldiers, although they sought to disguise their real character by turning their uniforms inside out, and at first contented themselves with using threatening gestures; waxing warmer, they proceeded to fling stones at the junk, and finally, when the tide receded, boarded the junks. As they numbered some three or four thousand, resistance was useless. Having first disarmed the unfortunate seamen, the Chinese stripped them of nearly every rag they had upon them, many being left entirely naked, and the captain thinking himself lucky in being able to retain part of a Guernsey frock and a

very limited portion of his drawers. In this miserable plight they were all taken out of the junk, and each man placed under the guardianship of two or three soldiers. Without clothing, and with their feet undefended, they were driven at a kind of trot over a beach of old shells, which cut their feet at every step, the cold north wind piercing to their bones, and driving the rain and sleet into their faces. They had the mortification of passing by their ship, and seeing the Chinese busy at the work of plunder. After a long and wearying march, during which two of their number died from the cold, and several dropped from sheer weakness, they arrived at a small town, and were placed in a sort of barn for the night. Here some of the lascars who had contrived to escape being stripped supplied the captain, mate, and Mr Gully with some welcome addition to their attire. Salt-fish, greens, rice, and tea were now served out to the famished prisoners, who were pestered by the natives crowding to see the barbarians who had fallen into their hands. After staying at this place a few days, they were taken before three mandarins, a label tied round each man's neck, and marched off to a small walled town some three miles inland, their escort enlivening the way by assuring them they were going to be killed, and sharpening their swords, as if for the occasion. At this town they were separated into two parties, and placed in two small cells, with a sprinkling of straw between their tired limbs and the damp brick flooring. Next day, the gunner and some of the missing men rejoined them; they had fallen into more merciful hands, and been clothed by charitable women; the gunner, who had been taken for a distinguished personage on account of a mermaid and other tattooed figures with which his skin was ornamented, had been especially well treated, and made his appearance in a fine petticoat and child's cap.

In a day or two, the prisoners were all re-ticketed, handcuffed, and placed in bamboo chairs, and so carried out of the town, each one being attended by a runner, who kept the key of his handcuffs, and laid out his daily allowance of a mace (one-twelfth of a dollar) at the wayside public-houses; the procession was headed and brought up by a small body of cavalry. In this way, a barren uncultivated tract, with nothing but boulders to attract the eye, was traversed at the rate of from twenty to twenty-five miles per day. As they passed through the villages on their route, the people turned out, and behaved with great brutality, spitting upon them, pulling them by the hair, and casting filth at them; the women alone took no part in these cruelties, but seemed to look upon them with pity and commiseration. The captives were glad enough when they reached another walled town, and found themselves under a roof, though it was the roof of a prison. When they were safely housed, provisions were distributed; that is, each man received about a quarter of an inch of fish, taken from the head, tail, or fins, with a scanty mess of greens and rice. Captain Denham was taken before the officials of the place, and interrogated as to the character of his vessel; he tried to make them believe the *Anne* was an American merchantman, but they laughed in his face; and upon his persisting that she was not a war-vessel, as they wanted to make out, the mandarins questioned the carpenter and shroff or agent, and receiving the same reply, caused those two unfortunates to be unmercifully beaten on the face and back with leathern flappers.

The last stage of the compulsory journey was rendered still less endurable by the addition of shackles to the legs of the unwilling travellers, while their minds were not made more easy by the knowledge, that if any accident happened to the frail bamboo-rafts on which they were carried across the many streams that lay between them and their destination, death was inevitable. Their fears on this score were, however, set at rest by their arrival in the capital of

Formosa, just a fortnight after their capture. The authorities of Ty-wan-foo ordered them to be confined in three separate cells, or rather dens, a view of which caused them to regret the change in their quarters. Mr Gully and nine others shared an apartment measuring eleven and a half feet by seven and a half feet, on the floor of which they were obliged to coil themselves up like dogs. The outside of this cell was only seen by its occupants at washing-time, and, from the scanty allowance of water, only two men could indulge in that luxury the same day; and here, without exercise, books, or any occupation to occupy either body or mind, the days dragged wearily and hopelessly on.

Captain Denham was rather more fortunate, although he and his party were not much, if any, better off in the matters of space and cleanliness. The room in which he, the mate, six Europeans, and one lascar, were confined, was only eight feet long and seven broad; and their keeper thought he was doing an enormous kindness by dipping a dirty piece of cloth into a little warm water, which had done duty upon himself and his assistant, and handing it through the bars for the use of his prisoners! After routing out the vermin that had been long harboured in the cell, and giving the place a thorough cleaning—an operation it had never undergone since its erection—the captain's party had some means of whiling away the time. Two pipes and a small quantity of tobacco were no little solace and comfort, and luckily for the captain himself, the mandarins conceived the notion that he was an artist, and were never tired of putting his capabilities to the proof. Many of the daily visitors to the prison, too, became patrons of art; and the captain, astonished at his own skill, turned out innumerable fancy sketches of towns, forts, coaches, and ships. Steamers, however, were in the greatest demand, and the production of a large picture of a three-decker produced quite an excitement as to who should become the envied possessor. Some of his employers paid him in money, others in bread, while some rascally fellows would run off with their prize, and forget the artist altogether.

While the captain and mate occupied themselves thus, the rest relied for amusement upon the chance of something turning up to excuse a row with their attendants; indeed, the prisoners had quickly discovered, that to take things quietly was a sure way to be cheated out of their rations, and victimised in every possible manner, while the display of a little physical force went a long way with the Chinese soldiery. One day, Captain Denham insisted upon himself and his companions being allowed to stand near the outer door of the prison for a breath of fresh air, and, when the guards objected, remonstrated so strongly, that one of them fetched the head-jailer and his gang to bring him to reason. Denham gave the informer a sound thrashing, and, that done, seizing hold of the astonished head-jailer and his chief assistant, threatened to knock their heads together till they promised to allow the prisoners more breathing-room. To these terms the officials acceded, and not only kept their promise by permitting the outer jailer's room to be used as a sleeping-apartment, but brought them pieces of sugar-cane and pine-apple, while the captain himself was accommodated with a bamboo trestle bedstead for his own particular use.

Anxious as Captain Denham was to communicate with his countrymen, it was some time before he could find any means of doing so. One day, a Chinese junkman offered to take a letter to Amoy; his offer was eagerly accepted, the bargain struck, and the letter given to him. The next morning, he reappeared, and thrust a paper into the captain's hand. Upon looking at it, the latter saw a rough representation of a fort, with an Englishman standing over the gate in the act of discharging a cannon at a Chinaman, who held a letter in his hand. The fear of the junk-

man was easily interpreted, and as easily removed by Denham scratching on the paper a picture of an Englishman loading a Chinaman with money. Perfectly satisfied, the messenger set off, and, six weeks afterwards, a brief note was conveyed to the captain from Captain Forbes at Amoy; so that the captives had the satisfaction of knowing that their friends knew their whereabouts.

While Mr Gully was left unmolested in his cell—possibly because he held no official position on board the *Anne*—his fellow-prisoners, Mr Partridge, Mr Roope, and Captain Denham, were continually undergoing long examinations before the head-mandarin or governor of the island. Had the questions proposed emanated from a board of civil-service examiners, they could not have embraced a wider range of subjects—geography, navigation, politics, history, science, art, and things in general, by turns supplied matter for interrogatories: whether Sir H. Pottinger was a white or black man? how tall he was, and what strength he had? Whether America had ever been in England? How long it would take to walk from one country to the other? These are fair specimens of the questions propounded by the Chinese officials; but upon one subject their curiosity was insatiable; they were never weary of acquiring information respecting the queen of England, for they seemed as if the idea of a woman reigning was almost beyond their comprehension, and eagerly asked how many husbands she had, and how many children. Satisfied on these points, they wanted to know if her Majesty ever went out of her palace; and if so, whether the people were permitted to look at her. The assertion, on the part of the captain, that Queen Victoria rode on horseback, created vast amusement among the incredulous mandarins, and he was obliged to sketch a lady's side-saddle for their edification; but even this was to little purpose, for after the captain had taken great trouble to explain the use of the pommel, he was politely told that he was a liar! This uncivil epithet might have been more justly used when Denham translated some of his own letters taken from the wreck; and getting suspicious as to his good faith in the matter, it was not long before they gave Mr Partridge the task. This was by no means an unacceptable one, for while so occupied, the translator was well fed, while, from the difficulty of making the Chinese comprehend the supposed contents, not more than three letters could be got through in a day; so Mr Partridge was for some time an envied man.

Captain Denham tried again and again to obtain some amelioration of their treatment, but was always met with the reply: 'It is the custom of China, and by the emperor's order.' Equally vain proved all efforts to see Mr Gully, with whom he carried on an irregular correspondence, with the assistance of a good-natured native. At last, by declaring he could not complete a drawing of a railway train without Gully's help, he enjoyed the society of his passenger for a fortnight or so, after which the latter was removed to his old quarters. These, however, were somewhat improved; the food was of much better quality, the supply of water for ablution unlimited, and the executioner's room was given up to himself, the gunner, and Mr Partridge. Having put the place in order, they surveyed their new domicile with comparative satisfaction; the windows were only single-barred, and the holes in the roof afforded some ventilation. On the floor of broken bricks were placed five hard two-inch planks, eight feet long by fourteen inches wide, upon which they slept as best they might; their pillows, pieces of bamboo; their covering, some narrow mats. Round the room were arranged all their worldly possessions; a small looking-glass, a washing-tub, broom, and basket, an earthenware kettle, a cooking-pot, firepan, and charcoal burner, a clay lamp, and two towels—one made from an old pair

of drawers, the other of grass-cloth. In one corner stood some cups and saucers, and the stock of tea; in another hung their joint-stock bank, a string of eighty or ninety cash. This magnificent abode they shared with a thriving colony of centipedes, ants, lice, and bugs. A small outer yard served as an exercise-ground; but in this respect they had reason to envy the lascars, who had great liberty of locomotion allowed them, in consequence of Captain Denham's representation to the authorities that, unless they were let out into the sun, they would certainly die. Mr Gully, for a time, busied himself in the production of bear-hunts, elephants, railways, battles, and tiger-hunts, till his artistic labours were brought to an end by illness. To relieve his suffering, he tried opium, the effect of which he thus describes: 'In a quarter of an hour, it began to make me feel quite happy, in an hour, quite sick, and laid me on my back the whole day;' so he resolved not to repeat the experiment. Spite of everything, he continued to keep up his spirits, and hoped for a speedy release, although Mr Roope, with whom he corresponded, had 'always got some churchyard yarn or other about cutting off heads,' wherewith to comfort him.

On the 10th of August, little dreaming of the terrible tragedy to be enacted in their absence, Captain Denham, Mr Partridge, the gunner, and some others, were carried nearly a mile outside the capital, and taken before a 'No. 1, large soldier mandarin,' as the Chinese ship's carpenter called him. The great man was sitting at a table, surrounded by mandarins and military officers in full dress. After saluting him, Captain Denham sat down; the red-buttoned official shouted out lustily at this breach of etiquette, and the offender was quickly forced on his knees, and compelled to 'knock head' with a very bad grace; the rest of the prisoners following suit. Red-button next discovered that they were no leg-irons, and waxed wroth at the discovery—a batch of irons was brought in at once, and put to their use. After being plied with the usual lot of questions, they were sent back to confinement, not to their old prison, but to a joss-house, where they were quartered in a large and lofty room, and provided with trestle bedsteads, and with divers additions to their comfort. Still, this comparative improvement in affairs was marred by a feeling of anxiety about Mr Gully, about whom nothing but evasive answers were to be got from the jailers. No sooner, however, had they fairly settled down in their new domicile, than they were removed to a fort adjoining their former abode, and treated worse than ever. One morning, the captain, Partridge, and Roope were told they were to go before the governor again, and having been ironed, set out, as they thought, for that functionary's house. Turning off before they reached that place, however, the captain was carried into a yard where Mandarin Quan had assembled a body of friends, clerks, and soldiers. Before Denham could make the customary salute, he was seized by the hair of his head, and thrown upon the ground, his leg-irons pulled off, and heavier ones substituted. Thus hampered, the surprised captain was dragged along the ground by his hair and legs to the end of the yard; his fellow-captives were then treated in the same way, their persecutors spitting upon them during the operation. Quan then began abusing them for disorderly conduct in prison, and declared that if anything was broken again, even by accident, he would hold the captain responsible, and flog him for it, concluding his abusive harangue by saying he would shew him how he should be punished. Seven soldiers immediately laid hold of the captain, and dragged him backwards on to his knees; two then stood on the calves of his legs, a third fixed his knees into his back, another grasped him by the shoulder, and the others seized him by the hair and beard. Fixed thus, without any power to resist, the captain received fifty blows on the bare thighs, the instrument used being

a stick, two-and-a-half inches thick, a fresh man being employed for every ten blows. Pride and pluck prevented the sufferer giving vent to his feelings, at which the mandarin became still more exasperated, and ordered thirty blows to be administered upon the elbow with the knobbed end of the stick. This done, Denham was thrown upon his back, and left in the greatest agony for nearly two hours, his entreaties for a drop of water being answered with jeers and laughter. When Quan thought he had been tortured sufficiently, all the prisoners were ordered back to their confinement, and as they were proceeding prisonwards, the carpenter horrified Mr Roope by telling him that Mr Gully and all those left at Ty-wan-foo had been beheaded.

It was but too true—a hundred and ninety-seven British subjects had been judicially murdered in the capital on the 11th of August—a bitter truth Captain Denham learned from the lips of the sole survivor, a seaman who had saved his life in a most singular manner. This man, Newman by name, was struck by the clerks of the mandarins distributing money among the prisoners at Ty-wan-foo, at a very early hour on the morning in question. Having previously heard that Mr Gully had been beheaded, he suspected the worst, and sent for a pot of shamshu, and drank till he was intoxicated. Presently a body of soldiers appeared at the prison, ironed all the prisoners, placed them in chairs, and set out in procession, headed by soldiers carrying bloody cloths before them. Newman contrived on the way to break his irons, and when his guards endeavoured to replace them, resisted in so desperate a manner, that they gave up the idea, and allowed him to proceed unshackled. As the melancholy *cortège* passed the place where the great military mandarin sat in state, Newman began to chin-chin most vigorously, and finished up by standing on his head, and shouting 'Ty-wan-foo! Ty-wan-foo!' This extraordinary act of defiance so affected the mandarin, that he rose, saying Newman was 'a good man,' and ordered him to be taken back to his prison; the rest passed on to their death. Believing that he was the only Englishman left alive, the lucky seaman did nothing but drink shamshu for five days. The heads of his unfortunate countrymen were placed upon posts along the sea-shore, as a warning to wrecked barbarians of what they might expect from the tender mercies of the natives of Formosa; and all this was done by special orders from the emperor himself.

Of poor Gully's fate there could be no doubt. A small scrap of paper was brought to Captain Denham, on which he had commenced a fresh diary, the only entry being: 'August 10.—Attempted to boil water without fire, but curiously enough failed!' The unhappy gentleman had also left behind him a calendar of his own making, the figures being written in from the 13th of May to the 10th of November, and each day as it passed being blotted out—the last day so erased was the 9th of August.

Before the captain and his companions had recovered the shock of this awful intelligence, their hearts were gladdened with rumours of peace and information of their own coming release. This happy news was soon corroborated by the governor, who desired Denham to write to Amoy, to let their friends know they were coming; and on the 29th of October the high-despairing prisoners found themselves on board the junk which was to bear them to freedom. Five days afterwards, they were off the Pescadores, and spoke two Chinese war-junks. Learning from these that some English men-of-war were about to attack Ty-wan-foo, the mandarins who had charge of the prisoners grew anxious to return to that place. Denham declared that he and his fellows would not go back to captivity. Yielding apparently to his threats and entreaties, the junk proceeded on its voyage, but the captain was warned by a friendly junkman that the mandarins intended to land at

Quemoy, and send them on to Foo-choo, where they would certainly be killed. Upon this Denham went among the crew of the junk, and exhorted them to insist upon going to Amoy, promising them a hundred dollars if they would stand by him. These men were friendly disposed enough, and supplied the English with billets of wood, which would have proved no despicable weapons in the hands of desperate men against the sea-sick soldiery. However, any resort to force was rendered unnecessary by the junk-crew refusing to take the boat to any other port but that of Amoy, a determination which the captain—having been bribed—but weakly resisted. As they neared Amoy, a Chinese boat came alongside, into which all except the captain sprang, and made for the nearest ship. When the junk had anchored, Denham declared he must go on board one of the vessels lying near; and spite of the opposition of the mandarins, who wished to carry him on shore, he boarded an English ship, and was soon receiving the warm congratulations of his friends, who had given him up for lost. He and his fellow-sufferers received every attention from Sir H. Pottinger and the government agents; berths were secured in a homeward-bound ship, and they arrived in due time in Old England.

MELIBŒUS ON THE CLUBS.

MELIBŒUS, as may well be imagined, is, as Doctor Johnson observed of a very inferior personage, an essentially 'clubbable' man; and although he chances not to belong to any of those establishments in Town, almost every one of which would receive him with open arms, he is a frequent and welcome guest at many. He dines with dyspeptic friends at the *Curry and Rice* establishment, which keeps such very late hours, that, but for it, he says he would never enjoy the beautiful and romantic sight of the rising sun. He dines with decorous and prelatio members of the *Shovel-hat and Apron*, and, thanks to it, occasionally enjoys the aristocratic privilege of shooting-pains in his great-toe; for it is only the clergy who can imbibe the port-wine of that most respectable house with impunity. The excuse of Melibœus for undermining his constitution in this determined manner is, that he dines so much at the *Cat-o'-nine-tails* among the wicked. He considers that an entertainment at the latter club is condoned by one at the former—is wiped out, as red-wine stains are by sherry.

'Melibœus,' observed I, upon a recent occasion, 'there is a report which I think you would not like to go down to Bullock Smithy, that you were seen in the pool-room of the *Cat* between the hours of one and two A.M. on Wednesday last. Have I your permission to contradict it?'

'Most certainly,' replied Melibœus airily; 'you have more than my permission. I shall be sincerely glad if you will.'

'You were not there, then! I am indeed delighted to hear it. You have taken quite a load off my mind, I do assure you.'

'Then I am afraid you must put it on again,' returned Melibœus with levity. 'I was there, and enjoyed myself very much. Of course, I did not play myself; I never took a cue in my hand.'

'It does not signify twopence,' exclaimed I with indignation, 'whether you played, or whether you did not.'

'Nay, pardon me,' interrupted he, 'but it would have signified many tuppences. Colonel Windam Hasard, Major Spot, and Captain Plain were of the party, not to mention that aged warrior General Pottem, who, trembling in every limb upon ordinary occasions, becomes, for the moment that he makes his stroke, as rigid as ever he was under fire. They were playing half-crown 'lives.' What chance, think you, against such players would there have been of it

only signifying tuppence? It would have signified five pounds.'

'My dear Melibœus,' said I gravely, 'this lightness (forgive my taking the privilege of a friend) is unbecoming in a man of your position. Was it commendable, was it respectable, to have been even a spectator at such an hour of such a game? Was it right to exhibit, even by your presence, approval of those worse than midnight revellers, and especially of that hoary but remarkably skilful reprobate, old Pottem?'

'Enough, enough!' cried Melibœus suppliantly; 'I felt all that myself, I do assure you. I knew I was doing wrong, but I also reflected that there was a large sum to be scored up on the morrow to the credit of my moral account. I was in a position similar to that of the *bon-vivant*, who did not mind overeating himself at dinner, because he had made arrangements for taking physic at night. I was going to dine on the ensuing day with Dr Meek at the *Shovel-hat and Apron*. There would be no pool there—no lively jests, I knew. A cigar is an abomination unto the reverend man. Did you ever hear him preach?'

'I have,' said I; 'he is a little long: some persons might almost go so far as to call him tedious.'

'Ah, but you never heard him preach at dinner. His verbosity in his hands is nothing to his verbosity in a napkin. And I knew that our third man would be Dr Bland, whose mission is to draw his eloquent friend out, to elongate that which is by nature endless. The infliction was even worse than that for which I had made up my mind. If I had known beforehand the full extent of the coming woe, perhaps I should have stayed at the *Cat-o'-nine-tails* later still.'

This dining with Dr Meek and other oppressively respectable personages at the *Shovel-hat and Apron*, is the result of Melibœus's country connection. They are rural deans in his district, honorary canons of the neighbouring cathedral town, and others, filling certain places of ecclesiastical dignity and emolument, the very use and intention of which are unknown to the metropolitan mind. This, of course, affords our bucolic friend another argument in favour of Town-life, which has no 'connections' to keep up, unless, indeed, one should be feeble enough to stand for Finsbury, and subject one's self to constituents. All other clubs are pleasant to Melibœus, and excite his admiration and applause, with the exception of that which I have last mentioned, and the *True Blue*. The opinions of the *True Blue* are in consonance with those of Melibœus, and its members are mostly 'acred' like himself: its outward appearance is elegant, or at least expensive, in an extreme degree; and its smooth and shining pillars give one the idea of 'something to suck.' But all these things (and especially the last attribute) our friend pronounces to be delusive and ineffectual. No stranger can dine at the *True Blue*.

'I protest,' exclaimed Melibœus upon one occasion, 'that I had rather belong to any club in London than that inhospitable palace. Selfish indeed must be the wretch who can inhabit, with tranquil mind, that gilded pile, with the consciousness that he cannot ask a friend to dinner. I declare I would rather belong to its neighbour the *Mobcap*, although it shocks my political feelings to set foot on its revolutionary threshold. That sombre and forbidding establishment, dedicated to anarchy, and founded especially for the destruction of the British constitution, yet exhibits some social virtues. One can dine at the *Mobcap* without belonging to it. Hospitality still remains in its Pandora's box. The revolutionists and regicides, whose haunt it is, have at least the courtesy to place their splendid dining-room, looking out upon pleasant gardens, at the service of visitors; and as for the dinners themselves, they are so insinuating that I have sometimes almost forgotten the character of the company by the end of the sixth or seventh course: it has got a certain winning way of treating lobsters about that period of the

entertainment which almost reconciles one to Whiggery; although I need not say one repents the weakness the next morning. There is a smoking-room, too, to which guests can retire after dinner, although they are not permitted to cut in at the whist-table—a precaution (adds Melibœus smiling) which, considering what the radical constituents of its M. Ps. must be, it is only reasonable the *Mobcap* should adopt. Now, the *True Blue*, which is hospitable in nothing, looks down with contempt upon its feeder, the *Sky Blue*, which is always glad to see one.

'Yes,' said I, 'in a room like a haircutter's saloon, looking out on a brick-wall; and when you have dined, you must go, turned into the streets, without a hand at whist, without a game at billiards, without even a cigar: the haircutting apartment and the umbrella-stand are all the advantages which the stranger need expect.'

'That,' said Melibœus with a chuckle, 'is very proper, and only consistent with the conservative character of the institution.'

Our light-hearted friend indeed cares little about the nature of the accommodation which the clubs afford him, providing that they afford him dinner. If he arrive too early for his entertainer, he is content to await his coming in the lofty entrance-hall (if a better place be denied,) where one cricks one's neck in the vain effort to make out the cornices of the pillars, or the classical illustrations of the domed ceiling. He will even remain without impatience in that fearful chamber belonging to some clubs which is denominated 'the Strangers' Waiting-room.' It is in reality either the committee-room of the club, or else the second dining-room, where the overflow of members is accommodated on the Derby Day, or the first week of the May meetings (according to the character of the institution), and on other occasions of unusual influx. It has the appearance of being an apartment appropriated for the use of Eminent Personages lying in state. The gloom and desolation of it can only be expressed by weird music, or the late Mr Edgar Poe; certainly not by any description I can write. There are a number of trestles disposed about the place, some of which have a square piece of mahogany upon them called a luncheon-table. Nobody, however, does lunch there, although there are crumbs about, here and there, hard, angular, and of a great age. It is expressly forbidden by a card upon the mantel-piece that strangers should take refreshment here, which is an unnecessary inhospitality, since any man, not being a ghoul, would as soon think of taking it in the Thames Tunnel. Upon the mantel-piece is also the wine-list, a bundle of toothpicks, and a funeral clock which is only wound up in the Spring. These are all the articles of *vertu* to be found in the Strangers' Waiting-room. If once a stranger could be got to commit suicide in this apartment—and the temptation is tremendous—it would be indeed a great public boom. Club committees would then be brought to reason and humanity, and the place would be abolished, or a newspaper or two be laid on one of the trestles to beguile the time. It is recorded of Captain Spot, that calling upon his uncle the dean at the *Shovel-hat*, and being shewn into a den of this description, he quietly lit a cigar, his mind not being stored with a sufficient amount of reflective matter to carry him, under such circumstances, through the time which elapsed before his relative's appearance. Previous to this extreme measure, the gallant captain had used up all the toothpicks.

At my own club—the *Surplus*—I am proud to say that our Melibœus is never subjected to any such indignities. We do not condemn our visitors to solitary confinement in a mausoleum; they are introduced to a cheerful and well-lighted apartment, adapted for the requirements of civilised persons. They are not detained in a gigantic lobby, as though for the purpose of shewing off the magnificence of its

proportions by comparison with those of the human form. They are not obliged, in case of the only two benches being occupied, to sit down upon the stairs, as I have seen to happen at the *Plesiosaurus*; and they are permitted to wash their hands before dinner, in case they should not have come direct from home, which is a privilege denied to them at more than one semi-savage establishment.

When they dine with us, they are not shewn to the table at once, as though it were the 'ordinary' of a country inn, but they ascend to our common drawing-room, where all the literature of the day and week awaits them, causing what few minutes may intervene to pass more pleasantly than in the contemplation of folding of napkins—a monotonous duty, performed precisely in the same manner, if not from China to Peru, from the *Clerical* to the *Song-and-Supper* Club, at both of which I have watched it with some impatience. When our guest has dined, we are not in haste to see him off the premises; there is a smoking-room, not in the cellar, as in the *Squaretoes*, nor (as is more usually the case in clubs) up a shaft; but at a moderate elevation, attained by easy gradients, such as a man who has dined well may ascend without inconvenience. The happiness of all classes is consulted: for the young and thoughtless, there is a private billiard-table; for the more matured and the reflective, there is the quiet rubber; for those of advanced age and corresponding digestive powers, there are sofas for reclination in an apartment where nobody is permitted to make a noise.

It is true that these advantages offered to guests are objected to by many of the Club, who assert that the *Surplus* was founded for the convenience of its own members, and not of its members' friends; but with complaints of this kind Melibœus has nothing to do. He does us the honour of asserting that the *Surplus* is excelled by no other similar institution. We were entering its ever-open portals the other afternoon, for the purpose of ordering dinner for that evening, when he was good enough to thus express himself:

'Country gentleman though I be,' said he, 'and immured far away in Bullock Smithy all the year round (as you well know), except for an occasional day or two, I protest I would join your club myself, but that there is really no occasion for it; its arrangements are so admirable that I am just as well off in accompanying you thither as your friend.'

'Hush!' replied I; 'such feelings do you honour, but this is not quite the place for the expression of them: they would only strengthen the cause of the malcontents—those who wish to see our rules made more exclusive.'

'Malcontents!' echoed Melibœus; 'is it possible that there can be malcontents at the *Surplus*, serpents in this garden of Eden! Why, indeed, with such a dinner *carte* as this before me, do I say Eden, where there could have been only fruit and vegetables! Nay, my friend, you must choose our fare yourself, for I do not understand one half of these French dishes: like the uneducated alderman at feast, I stick by the city motto in such cases—*Domine dirige nos*. I only stipulate that we do begin with oysters and Saulterne or Chablis: they seem to me preliminaries as indispensable to these repasts as the plates and table-cloth. There is a charm about the appearance of the molluscs, with their upper shell so lightly replaced upon them, such as no drawing-room *vivarium* can impart, and after which all *Delights of the Sea-shore*, however admirably illustrated, are insipid. Thus we could not do better than have that same white soup we had on the last occasion— But there; I am like Mr Alfred Jingle with his, "I do not presume to dictate, but broiled fowl and mushrooms are uncommonly good." Order the dinner yourself, while I turn my head away, lest you should be led into extravagance, and choose the most expensive dishes because I was looking over your shoulder.'

Excellent Melibœus! Perish the wretch who would

stint thee in thy food. There are a thousand men in this town who would be glad to feed thee daily better than I, only to hear thy tongue wag. Such talk as thine, however, is no more to be hired out, like one who waits at table, than is Love.

And yet there are creatures in human form, or nearly so (for the two men I am thinking of are not modelled after the Apollo Belvedere), who absolutely dislike the company of Melibœus, just as some morbid folks loathe sunshine or strawberries. Grindrod, who heads the malcontent minority in the committee, shudders at his laugh, and glowers at him whenever he enters the drawing-room. Shrinkweed, who regards even the members of the club as though each were Commander Wilkes, darts glances of fury at him from behind his weekly *Satirist*. Our friend, who means no man wrong, is entirely unconscious of these attentions. He believes Grindrod to be rather an estimable person, 'a man, I should think, of considerable firmness and decision of character,' and he regrets (for he has sympathy for all whom his eye lights upon) that Shrinkweed should look so bilious.

'What a magnificent room! what wonderful spring sofas! In such a chair as this, the Wandering Jew himself might have found repose.'

Shrinkweed, who happens to belong to the oppressed race of Israel, and is sitting upon a precisely similar chair, overhears this sentiment, and gnashes his teeth.

I escort Melibœus through our splendid library.

'What luxury of learning, what a royal road to wisdom have you here!' says he, surveying that unfrequented apartment. 'You have even a real Rapin's *History of England*, which is so seldom seen, although I do not know why that respectable author should be selected above all others to entitle the backs of backgammon-boards. Who is that solitary student yonder, and what recondite work, I wonder, is he compiling?'

This refers to Bilkins, whom I believe to be an advertising graphiologist, for he writes more letters at the club than any man (fully taking out his annual subscription in that way, I am certain), and instead of letting the porter post them, puts them into his own pocket—in addition, as it is alleged by some, to whole reams of the club note-paper.

After dinner, we generally adjourn to the card-room, where Melibœus will perhaps cut in at the shilling-table; but he generally prefers to watch the players, in whose misfortune or success he takes as great an interest as though he were a partner. Jack Hardyce, who never plays under crowns, and abuses his luck if he wins at those contemptible points, considers our Melibœus to be a lunatic.

'That friend of yours,' says he, 'must have a nature worse than morbid, since he can see men playing his own stakes at whist, and yet not wish to join them.' Life with Hardyce is not, as the American philosopher has it, 'all Beer and Skittles,' because Jack was born in a social position not subject to those particular temptations; with him, it is all wine and whist; nor would he dine at Lambeth Palace itself unless his Grace guaranteed that there would be a rubber afterwards. Never shall I forget a certain incident which happened in that card-room on an occasion when Dr Bland had been dining at the *Surplus* with Melibœus and myself. The reverend gentleman had expressed a wish to explore this abandoned haunt, and there he was—silk waistcoat, double-gold eye-glass, double-chin, and all—as much out of place as would be the president of the Peace Society at a war-dance of the Cherokees. Hardyce had lost the first game of his rubber, and was taking the odds in pounds wherever he could get them; and not being satisfied with the amount of capital thus invested, he turned round suddenly upon the doctor with: 'Shall I have the pleasure of taking the five to two from you, my lord?' for it seems he took him for

a bishop. The horror which took the place of that benevolent-episcopal expression usually manifest in my guest's countenance, will be present with me while memory holds her seat; and as for Melibœus, he laughed to that extent that I trembled for his blood-vessels.

Our bucolic friend is delighted with Mr Jack Hardyce, who realises his idea of a genius in that rather narrow walk of life (bounded by the four honours) to which he has chosen to confine himself. He even admires Colonel Grampus, as having been intended by nature for Gold Stick in Waiting, or other eminent post for which deportment is indispensable. The majestic manner in which he draws himself up previous to the delivery of a card—a device, as his adversaries assert, for looking over their hands—Melibœus conceives would secure his accession to the throne in any country where the sovereignty was elective.

I confess that I deemed these persons stupid, or worse, before Melibœus taught me otherwise. They amuse me now even when he is not present; he has touched, and therefore has adorned them. The *Surplus* itself is a pleasanter lounge to me than it used to be, now that the association of our friend and his sallies clings to it; the loose trellis-work, so to speak, of that convenient house of call, is garlanded all over now with blossoming and odorous memories. If those low-ceilinged greasy taverns in which the great Lexicographer intellectually entertained his friends—for I do not remember that he ever paid for them—were therefore hallowed in their reverent eyes, I may surely be excused for regarding this club of mine with some approach to pride.

As for Melibœus, he asserts that the great three-hundred-a-year matrimonial question has been in reality settled by the *Surplus* and its congeners. 'It is not to be expected,' says he, 'that selfish young men will exchange the comforts they may enjoy from morn to midnight in a palace, for the doubtful bliss of love in a semi-detached villa. True, it is the great principle of union that has put it in their power thus to live the life of princes at a comparatively insignificant cost; but it is not the union of one and one, but of hundreds and hundreds. Alas, my Materfamilias (I do not say of Belgravia, but of Brompton), you can scarcely hope to secure for your daughters young gentlemen of moderate means, at whose command are a score of liveried servants, and whose dinners are served on an admirable imitation of silver-plate—who belong, in short, to a society for the suppression of middle-class marriages. There is only one piece of advice which can avail you, unhappy woman: Burn the clubs; for you, madam, are the last person who should acknowledge that "*Surplusage* is no error."

'But, Melibœus, would you not have married Mrs M. upon three hundred a year, even though you had been a member of a club?'

'Sir,' returned he, while a noble glow illumined his expressive countenance, 'you should know me better than to have asked such a question. I would have married her—she willing—upon a pound a week; and it is my opinion that a girl who loses a lover because he will not give up certain social elegances, has a very fortunate escape.'

PAINTING THE LILY.

A STROLL down any street where the ministers of fashion congregate, gives one a melancholy idea of the fugitive nature of feminine beauty. If the susceptible bachelor, indulging in a lounge in a fashionable promenade, has his peace of mind endangered by the contemplation of silken hair, bright eyes, fair complexions, blooming cheeks, and rosy lips, he may find the antidote to the sweet insidious passion in the first perfumer's window he comes to. There, amongst luxuriant tresses of glossy black, bright brown, rich auburn, and brilliant chestnut,

rified from the peasantry of France and Germany, to be the dowry of a second head, he will be startled by a multiplicity of preparations designed for the deception of mankind, and turn away a sadder and a wiser man, panoplied against the assaults of beauty by the impenetrable armour of scepticism. Who can blame him if, henceforth, the ebon eyebrow suggests Henné of Sennaar and mysterious pencils, and the lightning glance is eloquent only of belladonna? The alabaster complexion that dazzled, and the rosy bloom that charmed him once, will be coldly regarded as the products of Blanc de fleurs de lis, pearl-powder, Rouge de Carthame Hespéridé, and Bloom of Ninon. He will not care to pree the sweets of coral lips, for fear of soiling his own with carmine pomade, and will value the 'Network' of veins at the price set upon it by the retailer. Beauty to him will no longer be even skin deep.

This hypocrisy of woman is, alas! an old, old story. The ladies of ancient Persia, like the Jewess Jezebel before them, painted their faces and tinted their eyebrows; the women of Scythia never even washed themselves, but spread a perfumed paste over their skins. The beauties of Greece were famous for their skill in colouring their faces, and Galen himself did not disdain to instruct them in the art. A Roman lady of fashion kept one female attendant, whose special duty it was to take charge of her paints, pastes, and cosmetics. Nero's wife, Poppæa, used a paste that became so hard that it could only be removed by a warm bath of asses' milk. Then, as now, the example of an empress was law to the sex; every woman adopted the fashion, and wore what was called 'the domestic face,' so that the Roman husband was said to be a stranger to the face of his wife.

Our aboriginal ancestors had a decided predilection for women of colour, provided the colouring was the work of art, not nature; and the ladies themselves were so proud of their painted skins, that for a long time after the Romans settled in the island, they declined to cover their charms with clothes after the manner of their masters. The Saxons, so far as we know, were content with themselves as nature made them, and the earliest mention of the use of cosmetics in England occurs in a manuscript of the fourteenth century, in which receipts are given for preparations to make the skin white and red. Towards the end of the sixteenth century, the use of paint prevailed to such an extent as to call down the special wrath of the master-vituperator and anatomiser of abuses, Philip Stubbs, who takes his countrywomen to task for colouring their faces with oils, liquors, and unguents, made of cunningly mingled simples, far-fetched and dear-bought, and pertinently asks: 'Do they think thus to adulterate the Lord's workmanship, and be without blame?' while he stigmatises the means employed as 'the devil's inventions to entangle poor souls in the nets of perdition.' The eloquence of plain-spoken Philip seems to have been entirely thrown away. Biron, in *Love's Labour's Lost*, says, in excuse of his mistress's dark complexion:

If in black my lady's brow be decked,
It mourns that painting and usurping hair
Should ravish doters with a false aspect,
And therefore is she born to make black fair.
Her favour turns the fashion of the days;
For native blood is counted painting now;
And therefore red, that would avoid dispraise,
Paints itself black to imitate her brow.

Hermia abuses her once bosom-friend, the tall Helena, as a painted maypole; and Hamlet tells poor Ophelia: 'I have heard of your paintings, too, well enough. God hath given you one face, and you make yourselves another.' Sir John Harrington, addressing a lady who offered her cheek for a salute instead of her lips, declares he would gladly leave

both lip and cheeks for her gloves, ungallantly justifying his choice in a couplet:

If with my reason you would be acquainted,
Your glove's perfumed, your lip and cheek are painted;

and a little later we have that ill-fated gentleman, Sir Thomas Overbury, describing a chamber-maid as her lady's she-secretary, who keeps the boxes containing her teeth, hair, and paint, very private, while the lady herself is said to read over her face every morning, sometimes blotting out 'pale,' and writing 'red,' as her taste dictated. When Charles I. was king, the custom still was common. Chapman, likening women to the temples of Egypt, says:

With alabaster pillars were those temples
Upheld and beautified, and so are women;
Most curiously glazed—and so are women;
Cunningly painted too—and so are women.

When sceptre and crown were struck down by the swords of the Ironsides, painting went out with other courtly fashions, and it was not till the Restoration loomed in the future that cosmetics and washes began to return to the toilet-tables of English ladies. Just twelve months after the re-establishment of the monarchy, Evelyn writes: 'I now observed how the women began to paint themselves, formerly a most ignominious thing.' Pepys equally disapproved the revival of a custom which made him loathe pretty Nelly and Mistress Knipp, even when they followed it professionally. The secretary's relative, Mrs Pierce, offended him in like manner: 'Mrs Pierce is still very pretty, but puts red on her face, which makes me hate her.' Waller was indignant at a report that the divine Sacharissa owed her bloom to the skill of her maid, but afterwards confessed—

Pygmalion's fate reversed is mine;
His marble love took flesh and blood;
All that I worshipped as divine,
That beauty—now 'tis understood
Appears to have no more of life
Than that whereof he framed his wife.

The author of *The Artificial Changeling* complains that the Spanish women of his time deformed their faces with washes of vermilion and ceruse, because they had less natural colour than the beauties of France; that the Italians took a pride in besmearing their features with paint, and that his own countrywomen were too ready to imitate the evil example; and not having sufficient beauty in themselves, borrowed it from paints and varnishes, to the great detriment of both their health and their purse.

The cosmeticians, however, did not want admirers. Lord Sandwich commended Catharine of Braganza for painting well. The compiler of *The Ladies' Dictionary* recommends oil of talc to make a swarthy face smooth and white as alabaster; and overwhelms his fair clients with compounds of rose-water, myrrh, camphor, sulphur, brimstone, cuttlebone, and lemon-juice, as excellent whiteners; he instructs ladies who would have 'a curious blushing colour' in the art of producing artificial roses, while he traitorously advises lovers to take their mistresses unawares, before the paint-box has played its part. Not that he thinks the lords of creation have any reason to complain of the deceiving practices of the other sex; on the contrary, he sneers at those 'who would make people believe that every touch of colour added to the cheeks is a semblance of hell-fire, and their curled hair, dangling never so little, an emblem of the never-dying worm.' Nay, more, he gallantly defends the use of such arts as may repair or add lustre to feminine beauty, and waxes quite eloquent in the cause. 'The earth is most pleasant and delicious when painted with flowers of various colours, many of them having in themselves a tincture or paint, which they communicate to us, as if they would have us use it.

The eastern skies never look so gay as when the sun paints them with morning blushes, and Iris decks the clouds with her bow of various colours, when she sprinkles the ground with fertile showers. The fruit on the laden boughs, blush with crimson and vermilion. Though Nature is the elder, Art is the younger sister, and may very well assist where she is wanting and deficient.' To which the admirers of beauty unadorned might have replied by asking, as Penn asked from his prison: 'Did Eve, Sarah, Susannah, and Elizabeth, use to curl, powder, pomatum, patch, paint, and wear false locks of strange colours?'

In 1706, we are told

Famous pearl cosmetics found a place
With powder for the teeth, and plasters for the face.

Pope describes how his heroine of the *Rape of the Lock*

Repairs her smiles, awakens every grace,
And calls forth all the wonders of her face;
Sees by degrees a purer blush arise;

while he declares—

To patch, nay ogle, might become a saint,
Nor could it sure be such a sin to paint.

The bitter Dean of St Patrick deals in rougher fashion with the ointments, daubs, paints, and creams which helped to make up a fine lady, and blesses his ravished eyes to see

Such order from confusion sprung,
Such gaudy tulips raised from dung!

A correspondent of the *Spectator* declares the women have attained such exquisite skill, that give them but a tolerable pair of eyes to set up with, and they will make bosom, lips, cheeks, and eyebrows by their own industry. Having married one of these clever damsels, he complains that in the morning she looked hardly young enough to be the mother of the beauty of the previous evening; and while he threatens to return his bride upon her father's hands unless her portion is increased sufficiently to compensate for her personal deficiency, inquires if a man may not obtain a divorce when he finds his wife is not the woman he intended to marry. The *Spectator* dubbed the painted ladies 'Picts,' and beauties without paint, 'British,' and thus pleasantly compares them together. 'The British have a lively animated aspect; the Picts, though never so beautiful, have dead, uninformed countenances. The muscles of a real face sometimes work with soft passions, sudden surprises, and are flushed with agreeable confusions, according as the object before them, or the ideas presented to them, affect their imaginations. But the Picts behold all things with the same air, whether they are joyful or sad; the same fixed insensibility appears on all occasions. A Pict, though she takes all that pains to invite the approach of lovers, is obliged to keep them at a certain distance; a sigh in a languishing lover if fetched too near would dissolve a feature; and a kiss snatched by a forward one might transform the complexion of the mistress to the admirer. It is hard to speak of these false fair ones without saying something uncomplaisant, but I would only recommend them to consider how they like coming into a room newly painted; they may assure themselves the near approach of a lady who uses this practice is much more offensive.'

Letter-writing Lady Mary was as careless in her painting as she was slatternly in her dress; for economy's sake, she used white paint so coarse that Walpole declared it was not good enough for plastering a chimney: this used to remain on till her ladyship had a hot bath, and scraped it off. Lady Coventry, the belle of the day, not satisfied with the charms that won her a coronet, persisted in painting herself, to the intense

disgust of her husband, who one day, at a dinner-party, actually chased her round the table, and scrubbed the roses from her cheeks with a napkin. Chesterfield wrote to Dayrolles: 'Lady Coventry adorns herself too much, for I was near her enough to see manifest that she had laid on a great deal of white which she did not want, and which will soon destroy both her natural complexion and her teeth.' It soon destroyed something more, for she died at the age of twenty-seven, from the use of paint; and such an alteration took place in her looks during her illness that, vain to the last, for a fortnight before her death she would not allow a lamp in her room, and as the end drew near, refused to permit the curtains of her bed to be undrawn. She was not, by many, the only victim to the infatuation for attempting to improve on nature's perfection. Ladies whose complexions time had sicklied over, would

With curious arts dim charms revive,
And triumph in the bloom of fifty-five.
You in the morning a fair nymph invite,
To keep her word, a brown one comes at night;

and so, when George III. was king,

Old dowagers, dressed, painted, patched, and curled, were to be seen making night hideous at concerts, balls, and routs.

We remember in our younger days strange stories that were current of the means employed by a pet of the theatrical public, by which she contrived to preserve an ever-blooming countenance, but we always looked upon the tale as a weak invention of envious rivals; but it seems there are more things in the mysteries of the toilet than we dreamed of in our philosophy. Late disclosures in the Bankruptcy Court prove that enamelled faces are common to women as well as watches, and that the ladies of the present day are quite as ready as their great-grand-mothers to sail under false colours, and more cunning in laying them on. Nor is it surprising that these living lies should fail to keep faith with the instrument of deception, while we own we have no sympathy to spare for the bankrupt mistress of such an art, for we would have such debts considered as debts contracted for an immoral purpose.

When we come to consider the chemical composition of the preparations used to impart fictitious beauty, we are almost inclined to dispute the truth of Bacon's apothegm, that 'rouged cheeks and curled hair are better than rouged and curled manners.' Violet powder, a composition of orris-root and wheat-starch, is comparatively innocuous; but even this must act perniciously by stopping up the pores of the skin to some extent; but not even this negative praise can be accorded to any of the other myriad preparations familiar to the equipage of the toilet-table. Dr Reveil says, speaking of the danger arising from the unchecked sale of deleterious compounds by perfumers: 'I need not state that arsenic, the acid nitrate of mercury, tartar-emetic, cantharides, colchicum, and potassa caustica, form part of their ingredients. Soaps are coloured green by sesqui-oxide of chromium, and rose by bi-sulphuret of mercury. The varieties of toilet vinegars are so far noxious that, being applied to the skin, still impregnated with soap and water, they give rise to a decomposition, in consequence of which, the fatty acids of soaps, being insoluble in water, are not removed by washing, become rancid, and cause a chronic inflammation of the skin. Hair-dyes contain noxious substances, as nitrate of silver, sulphur, oxide and acetate of lead, and sulphur of copper; and depilatories for removing hairs, and cosmetics for taking away freckles, are all dangerous.'

Pearl powder is made of French chalk, oxide of zinc, and oxide of bismuth; *blanc de perle* of pure oxide of bismuth alone, which, being insoluble in

alkalies, can only be removed from the skin with difficulty; indeed, it is doubtful if, after a continued use, it can be thoroughly removed by any means. It is liable to become black by exposure to the influence of sulphuretted hydrogen, present wherever gas or sewers exist, and has a tendency to produce a twitching of the facial muscles, likely to end in paralysis. Under the name of *steatite*, the hydrated silicate of magnesia enters largely into the composition of face-powder, while scarcely two species of rouge are alike. 'Bloom of Roses' is made of carmine and liquid ammonia; 'rouge,' mostly of talc-powder and carmine—the common sort, called 'theatre rouge,' having Brazil-wood substituted for the more costly carmine. Such are the dangerous assistants called in by women who,

Seeking to better their features,
And their beauty supposing to mend,
Make apes of reasonable creatures.

Our English manufacturers cannot compete with their transchannel rivals in artificial flowers or artificial gems, and it is just as much in vain for Englishwomen to dream of competing with the belles of France in artificial charms. Why should they enter into the futile contest? Women who know not what exercise is, who shudder at soap, and have an instinctive horror of cold water, may well get their white and red from the shop. But Englishwomen, to whom such health-giving agents are familiar friends, need have no recourse to less legitimate means of improving that beauty with which they are so liberally endowed by nature herself. Let the enamellers of faces seek customers elsewhere for their dishonest wares, which the wisest of mankind has emphatically condemned, as 'neither handsome enough to please, nor wholesome enough to use!'

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

As the year advances, the great International Exhibition grows more and more into the proportions of a great fact. In clear weather, strollers in Hyde Park can see the domes of the vast building rising in the southern sky, and hear a multitudinous noise of hammers; and vehicles may be seen on the way to Brompton laden with elements of the forthcoming display. France, it is said, will outdo her former effort, and present such a spectacle of art and manufacture, taste and design, as will astonish all beholders. Among the contributions from our Australian colony of Victoria will be an obelisk, dead gilt, 42 feet in height, and 10 feet square at the base, intended to represent the 800 tons of gold raised within that colony in the ten years 1851—1861; a quantity worth L.104,000,000 sterling. Among the objects of art there will appear the bronze statue of Wedgwood, which has been recently cast to be set up as a memorial of the eminent potter at Etruria in the Potteries, after the close of the Exhibition.

The Horticultural Society are striving to improve their opportunity, and have announced eight shows to be held during the season, at which two thousand guineas will be given away in prizes. The shows are to comprise not flowers merely, but useful things, cereals and edible roots, whereby it is hoped alimentary resources may be increased. There is talk of a further attraction in the shape of a visitation by foreign bands of military music, among whom, by permission of the Emperor of Austria, will appear the famous Wellington band from Vienna. The last part of the *Proceedings* of the Horticultural Society contains a report on 118 varieties of cucumbers grown in the

garden at Chiswick in 1861. This large number will probably surprise most readers: it was, however, resolved by experiment into thirty-four sorts only which are fit for cultivation. The best of the non-glaucous sorts is Carter's Champion; and the best of the glaucous bears the name of Dr Livingstone.

Dissatisfaction has been often expressed at the length of time which elapses between the reception of American news at Queenstown and the arrival of the telegrams in London, especially as the news is current in Liverpool before it is known in the metropolis; and the consequence is, that a new telegraph line is to be established from Queenstown to London direct, crossing Ireland to Wexford, and thence by submarine cable to Milford Haven. The cable is to be of the kind manufactured by Messrs Silver, coated with india-rubber, which, as experience proves, is a better insulator than gutta-percha. By the completion of this line, as we hear, American news will be known in London five hours earlier than at present.

The *Warrior* is now going to sea in earnest, and ere long it will be known how she has behaved in a voyage from England to the Mediterranean. Some such test as this was required before a conclusive opinion could be given as to her seaworthiness, or her steaming or sailing qualities. It is said that a change in the method of steering is essential for ships of such great length and weight, and that it will be found needful to place a rudder at the head as well as the stern. This method answers well in the long transport-vessels recently introduced on the Indus and other rivers in India. There is some talk of doing the steering by one of Armstrong's hydraulic machines, which is perfectly under control, and being worked by cold water, involves no risk of explosion. Another proposition is to light the inside of the great ship with gas, and to make the electric light available for signals. The suggestion of these improvements shews that progress will be made in the building and fitting of what some future poet will describe as our iron walls. Papers on the subject have been read at the United Service Institution; and Mr Samuda has brought a paper before the Institution of Civil Engineers, 'On the Form and Materials for Iron-plated Ships.'

As regards the materials for ship-building, there is something fresh to be said. We hear from the other side of the Atlantic of iron containing an alloy of manganese and zinc, which is so hard that no file will touch it; while here, at Sheffield, results have been arrived at in the manufacture of iron and steel, which a few years ago would have been thought incredible. Mr Bessemer now casts an ingot of steel, which when hammered and rolled to the required length, is converted into a railway bar, weighing eighty-four pounds to the yard, superior in quality to case-hardened or steel-faced bars. These latter are liable to crack and laminate, but the homogeneous steel, as Mr Bessemer's metal is called, is tough and ductile, and has a tensile strength of forty tons to the square inch. It is the opinion of practical men, that all the railways in the kingdom will, in course of years, be relaid with steel rails. A beginning has been made on some lines at stations and places where the wear is greatest; and the steel rails, after nearly a year of service, are found to be scarcely inferior to new. Ordinary rails and points, in similar circumstances, require renewing four times a year. The places referred to are the Pimlico station, some parts of the London and North-western, and of the Caledonian Railway. This exceedingly durable metal will no doubt be properly considered in the new course of experiments on the strongest material for ships' sides about to be instituted; and it ought not to be lost sight of in discussions on the means of lessening the risk of railway travelling. The Society of Arts have given an evening to the consideration of railway management, as looked at from the passengers' point of

view; and *The Quarterly*, in a long article, has helped to keep the question afloat.

Among the operations carried on at Sheffield, Mr Bessemer has shewn that the manufacture of great guns is a comparatively quick process. He filled his 'converting vessel' with melted pig-iron at 11.20 in the forenoon; in thirty minutes, it was converted into fluid steel, and cast in an iron mould four feet long, and sixteen inches square, from which it was taken and forged while still hot; and at 7 o'clock in the evening the gun was shaped, and ready for the boring-mill.

It appears that cast-steel bells are growing more and more into use. In Russia and Canada, where the winters are intensely cold, cast-steel bells are preferred for churches and public buildings, as they do not crack when struck, even with the temperature below zero; a degree of cold which is often fatal to ordinary bells.

What Mr Bessemer has done for iron, Mr Ransome of Ipswich has done for stone. His experiments and method of preserving building-stone have been for some time before the public; he has now gone a step further, and has succeeded in manufacturing an indestructible stone from a mixture of sand, chalk, and other substances moistened with silicate of potash. The clay-like substance thus produced is formed into bricks or slabs; these are washed over with a solution of chloride of calcium, and the operation is complete. No baking or drying is necessary; the bricks and slabs harden to the utmost degree, and without warping or twisting. So, if a thin coat be spread on any exposed surface with a trowel, and similarly treated, it hardens in the same way. Dr Frankland, F.R.S., a first-rate authority, states that Mr Ransome's stone is harder and more durable than any building-stone now used, except some of the granites and primary rocks.

Dr M'Vicar has written a paper to shew that geometrical laws may be applied to biological science as well as to astronomy; and to illustrate his argument he brings forward the various forms assumed by animals during hybernation, the forms in which animal and vegetable organisms are developed and matured, and shews how widely the spherical form prevails. The sphere exposes the smallest number of its parts to external influences, and secludes and protects within itself the largest number. Animals, during sleep and hybernation, assume an approximation to a spherical form; hence, from these and other phenomena, the doctor considers that he demonstrates his argument, and the value and applicability of geometry in the science of life.

The important palæontological question which has been much discussed of late by naturalists is now attracting attention in the far north. Professor Karl von Baer, member of the Academy of Sciences at St Petersburg, has laid a paper before that learned body, on the extinction of animal species from the physiological and non-physiological point of view, and particularly on the disappearance of species contemporary with man. Those who have paid attention to this important subject will be able to form some notion of the significance of the professor's proposition. —Another paper by the same hand is on a new project for the establishment of oyster-beds on the Russian shores of the Baltic, from which we gather that Russia is about to imitate the good work which has been so successfully begun in England and France in the acclimatisation and multiplication of fish.

M. Struve, the Russian astronomer-royal, declares that the great arc of the meridian measured in Russia will have to be remeasured before its exactitude will satisfy the requirements of modern science, because, during the measuring, no allowance was made for the disturbing effects of mountain masses on the instruments employed. This disturbing effect was hardly considered until a few years ago, when Archedeson

Pratt of Calcutta investigated it, and communicated the results to the Royal Society in elaborate papers which have been published in the *Philosophical Transactions*. We also hear that the Indian arc, surveyed by Colonel Lambton, will have to be remeasured, with instruments of the present day, which are better fitted for the work than were those manufactured half a century ago. Sir Andrew Waugh's Report on the latest operations in India has just been published as a blue-book; in looking through it, we notice a particular concerning cost which is worth attention. The surveying of the mountain regions of the Himalaya was accomplished at a cost of eight shillings a square mile; a sum remarkably insignificant when the danger and difficulty of the work are taken into consideration. Astronomy will ere long make a further advance in India, for the parliamentary grant of £1000 to the Astronomical Society, is to be expended in establishing a hill-observatory near Poonah.

The Swedish exploring expedition to Spitzbergen has confirmed the observations of Sir John Ross and Sir Leopold M'Clintock, that animal life is to be found in the polar sea at a depth of 1250 fathoms. The old maps and charts of the latitudes explored, which proved very erroneous, have been rectified; and proofs were found that the Gulf-stream actually touches upon that far northern island. —At last Australia has been crossed from south to north; after the sacrifice of many daring adventurers, a small party of four, led by Mr Burke, travelled all the way from Melbourne to the sea in the Gulf of Carpentaria. But the tale of their enterprise ends sadly. They found a country of grass, wood, and water, and proved that the interior desert or swamp so long assigned to the unexplored inner regions of Australia, has no existence; they shewed a practicable way from sea to sea, and returned to the rendezvous to perish of starvation. The mismanagement or neglect which led to the catastrophe remind us painfully of the terrible disappointment that awaited Captain Franklin and his few miserable companions on their arrival at Fort Confidence from their dreary walk across the Barrens from the Coppermine river.

With reference to a statement made in the *Month* of December last, a correspondent has informed us that we were mistaken in applying the term 'dishonest' to manufacturers who mix barytes with white lead. He explains that it is the practice of the trade generally to adulterate white lead with barytes, in order that purchasers who want a cheap article may be accommodated. If a bad practice becomes good by becoming general, we readily acknowledge our mistake.

EVENING.

ONE star is trembling into sight,
And soft as sleep the darkness falls,
The wood-dove from the forest calls,
The bat begins his wayward flight.
Streams, murmuring in the ear of Night,
Within the woody hollows wind,
Whose dusky boughs are intertwined
Above their music and their light.
The woodland range is dimly blue,
With smoke, that creeps from cots unseen,
And briery hedge and meadow green
Put on their white night-robe of dew.
And every sound that breaks the calm
Is like a lullaby to rest;
All is at peace—except the breast
That needs the most its soothing balm.

W. M.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH. Also sold by all Booksellers.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL OF POPULAR LITERATURE

Science and Arts.

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 426.

SATURDAY, MARCH 1, 1862.

PRICE 14d.

BLONDIN v. THE MONKEY.

I HAVE lately witnessed and studied Blondin's wonderful feats of agility when acting at the Crystal Palace in the character of 'The Ape,' in the pantomimic drama of *The Child of the Wreck*. The activity and courage he displays are really something marvellous; but yet he partially defeats his own object, for his face, mischievous tricks, and the skin he wears, render him so like a real monkey, that people do not expect anything but excessive activity from the creature before their eyes. Were he to perform the same tricks in his ordinary exercising-dress, the effect would be much heightened.

There have, as we know, of late been great disputes relative to the difference between the man and the monkey. Here, then, was a man acting the part of a monkey; and I was most curious to see how human anatomy would disport itself in the performance of feats peculiar to an animal whose habitat is in trees. On the whole, I felt some complacency as a *homo* at the marked difference between the two animals—human and non-human. Imprimis—a monkey being quadrumanous, or four-handed, always prefers to make progress (whether he be going slowly or swiftly) upon all-four members, and he never stands erect except on special occasions, and those rare ones: walking on two legs is not his natural mode of going. Blondin, on the contrary, being bimanous or two-handed, naturally elects the upright mode of walking; anything else is difficult to him; and when he has to advance or run away, he has to do it rather more like a man than a monkey.

When Blondin *does* walk upon 'all-fours,' his gait is very different from that of a monkey; he is obliged to walk upon the *toes* of his feet, the heels being erect in the air, and upon the palms of his hands, the thumbs being stretched well away from the fingers. The real monkey walks with the whole of the sole of the foot, heel and all, flat upon the ground, the great toe (or thumb) being separated from the toes. The four digits of the hand are *parallel to one another*; the very converse of Blondin's case. In fact, one of the great distinctions between a man and a monkey is, that the man has a thumb opposable to the top of each of the other digits; and upon this apparently insignificant fact is founded much of his superiority over all other animals. The monkey's thumb is *not* opposable to the other digits; but, as if to compensate for this, his

great toe takes the office of a thumb, and is of the greatest use to him in holding on to branches during the act of climbing. If a gorilla were to walk over Blondin's tight-rope, it would be seen by the spectators below that he would grasp the rope with his great toe. Blondin's anatomical construction will not allow him to do this; he walks, therefore, upon the sole of his foot, sustaining himself by the comparatively feeble grasp of the curve of the foot, and by a nice management of his centre of gravity, which gives him the appearance of walking so much from the hips. The human great toes can, however, be trained to grasp; and there is a poor man in London streets who gains his living by writing with his toes; still, no living man or woman will ever be able to vie with the monkey, as far as grasping with the great toe is concerned. Barefooted sailors come nearest to the animal in this respect. Watch a monkey go up a pole; you will see he places his hind-feet on the surface of the pole at a considerable angle to his body (which his anatomy enables him to do), and thus he ascends. Watch Blondin. His feet cannot be turned inwards like the monkey's. The complicated ligaments of the ankle, made to support an erect frame, will not allow it; he has therefore caused small wooden steps to be nailed on to his pole, which exactly resembles the bear's pole at the Zoological Gardens. In fact, Blondin goes up his pole much like our friend Ursa Major, to whom, as regards the structure of the foot, Blondin approaches more nearly than he does to the monkey. The bear is a genuine plantigrade, so called because he possesses a great facility, from the structure of the sole of his five-toed foot, of rearing himself up on the hind-feet. Blondin, therefore—unwittingly, no doubt—has arranged his climbing-pole to suit his plantigrade structure.

A merry little child just in front of me at the Crystal Palace, at first was half-frightened at Blondin, thinking, in her infant mind, he was a real monkey; and when assured by her father that this was not the case, she wisely questioned his answer by the observation: 'Why, papa, he has not a mite of a tail.' True, Blondin has no tail; and I would venture to ask the directors of the Crystal Palace what species of monkey Mr Blondin represents—whether a monkey of the Old World, or a monkey of the New World. The monkeys of the New World have prehensile tails, a species of fifth hand; and,

what is very extraordinary, the non-prehensile tailed monkeys when feeling unwell gnaw and devour the tips of their tails; whereas those of the New World, knowing the disadvantage that would thence accrue to them, do not gnaw their tails. Blondin would find it difficult to make an artificial prehensile tail, worked by human mechanism; he has therefore wisely dropped the subject, and we must assume that he performs in the character of an Old-world monkey.

His pluck and courage in performing his jump of 120 feet are really marvellous. Ascending to a high platform on one side of the transept of the Crystal Palace, in front of the stage, he holds on to a rope fastened securely above, and letting himself go with a spring, swings right across the transept to the opposite side. It is as though you hauled up the great brass chandelier of Westminster Abbey into the organ-loft, and let it swing bodily up towards the reading eagle, under the centre of the great tower. I was curious to see how Blondin would land from his aerial journey, as his impetus would be too great to allow him to lodge on a platform. An eagle or other large bird, stopping suddenly in his flight, has his wings to help in bringing him up on a given point; not so Blondin: for the moment, he converts his body into a pendulum, a dead heavy weight, and his physical force, therefore, is greatly inferior to the dead weight of his body acting under the laws of gravitation. A monkey, in a natural state, free and wild in the forest, is no fool; he won't go and jump bang on to the trunk of a tree, a hard, firm, and inelastic substance—he is much too clever for that. He jumps on to a bough, which is elastic, bending, and pliant, and gives time for muscular force to overcome gravitating force. We don't often see monkeys wild in the English woods, but we do see a very monkey-like animal in every respect. The pretty little squirrel jumps not from trunk to trunk, but from bough to bough. Blondin has instinctively arrived at the same conclusion as nature did when she made the monkey and the squirrel, and he has therefore arranged a thick rope, which would represent a bough, in front of the platform, where he arrives at the end of his swing; in fact, the arrival-platform looks like a large cage with one thick bar. When about to start, he fixes his eye on the bar, and then away he goes with a most magnificent eagle-like swoop, as near flying as it is possible for human flesh and blood to arrive at; and when he feels himself near the end of his tether on the opposite side of the arch he has described, he stretches out his legs, and grasps in an instant the single bar of his cage.

This rope-bar being loosely fixed, 'gives' to his force more or less: once having a hold with his legs, the rest is easy; he poises himself a moment, holds on by one hand, and lets go the swinging rope which has carried him safely across with the other. This seems all very easy on paper, but I do not think it is very easy in practice, for the day I saw him, the long swing-rope became entangled in his foot, and it was with difficulty he got it out again. I heard subsequently that a few days ago he missed the rope on to which he swings: he was not quite quick enough to catch it with his feet, and away he went right back again into open space; for if human beings will convert themselves for the time into pendulums, they must submit to the laws which govern pendulums, and not human beings. Missing his hold, therefore, away he swung back again, but not with sufficient force to reach the place whence he started; he swung short of it, and back and back again, oscillating to and fro in mid-air for some minutes. It was impossible for him to recover sufficient force to reach either side; he was physically in the horns of a dilemma. There were only two ways of escape—one downwards, one upwards. Downwards he could not go; the drop on to the ground was too great; upwards he

might go, as he still held on to the rope. There was no question that this was the only road open for him, so, therefore, up he went; up, up, till he should meet with a friendly cross-road which would conduct him home. On to one of the side-ropes he therefore transferred himself, and arrived in safety, amid the cheers of the visitors, at the platform whence he had started. The cool courage, determined pluck, and ready reasoning of the wonderful man, never desert him. A slip of the foot, an unexpected movement of a rope, the fracture or semi-fracture of any part of his apparatus, may at any moment send him headlong and lifeless on to the earth beneath. We cannot, therefore, but admire him as a marvellous example of moral courage and gigantic, yet elegant strength. A person fond of observing cannot fail to have arrived at the conclusion, that the occupation of the individual moulds the features of that individual. Place a soldier, a sailor, a bookseller, and a watchmaker side by side, and the difference in physiognomy will be remarked in a moment. We find that Blondin's features are moulded in a most peculiar cast; the very ideal of cool courage, iron determination, and pluck. May he live to a good old age, and escape the fate of so many of his predecessors, who attempt feats which the human frame is not by nature constructed to perform!

AUSTRIAN RULE IN TUSCANY UNDER THE GRAND DUKE LEOPOLD II., 1849.

In the little town of Pistoia, a few miles distant from Florence, there lived, a few years ago, a respectable couple in humble life. Agostino Frosini was a servant in a gentleman's family, and his wife, Annunziata Sapoli, a washerwoman. They had five children, one of whom, Attilio, was noted for his mild and amiable disposition. A favourite with all who knew him, he retained, at the age of sixteen, a purity, and almost childlike simplicity of heart and mind, which was the more striking among a people whose character and intellect are usually developed at an earlier age than in races inhabiting northern countries.

In 1849, all Italy, from the Alps to Sicily, rejoiced in the hope of establishing constitutional governments throughout the land, of forcing their separate rulers to obey the existing laws, which they had arbitrarily set aside, and of driving out the Austrian, who not only had forfeited all claim to Lombardy, by breaking the conditions upon which it had been bestowed by the arbiters of Europe in 1815, but had likewise supported tyranny, political and religious, throughout the whole peninsula. The Grand Duke of Tuscany, Leopold II., who at first appeared to yield to the wishes of his people by granting them a constitution, fled, terrified at his own work, to seek aid from the very government which was most hated by his Tuscan subjects. He left Florence in March 1849, but returned in June of that same year, under the escort of an Austrian army. The German soldiers entered Florence in triumph, wearing boughs of laurel on their caps, and having once established themselves in the country as the protectors of the sovereign, they were allowed full licence to insult the Italians they had conquered by arms. If two or three Florentines were seen in the street conversing together, they were ordered to separate; if they sang, they were silenced, whilst the Austrian soldiery paraded the streets in bands, singing their national songs. One day, an unfortunate peasant happened to jostle an Austrian officer in Via Porta Rossa, one of the most frequented streets of Florence: he was knocked up against a wall, and forced to remain there, whilst the officer and the soldiers following him successively, spat in his face.

But worse instances than these contributed to deepen the hatred of the Italian against the Austrian,

and against that sovereign who had returned to the country and office he had abandoned with unmanly cowardice, through Austrian means. News had arrived of the victories gained over the Austrians in Hungary, which were hailed with joy in Italy; and a rumour having got abroad that the Austrian regiment in Pistoia was Hungarian, the people there hoped to find in the soldiers not only friends, but the enemies of their enemies. One afternoon, Attilio Frosini was passing the bishop's palace, where the Austrian commander, Lieutenant-colonel Francesco de Mayer, was quartered. The guard, who were partly Croats, wore the Hungarian uniform, and the lad saluted them as he passed with the words: 'Long live Kossuth!' The sentinel replied, 'Viva!' and Attilio, encouraged by this, repeated, 'Viva Kossuth!' Three more of the soldiers had now joined the sentinel, and shouting 'Viva, bravo!' beckoned to him to come nearer. No sooner was he within reach, than they surrounded and seized him, carrying him into the guard-house, where they informed him he was under arrest. Attilio at first remonstrated against his seizure, but finding his words vain, he lost all self-command, and broke out in invectives against the Austrian soldiers, their officers and generals, declaring he would tear down their flag, which was hanging in the guard-house. Upon this, the soldiers put him in chains, giving him repeated blows with their guns.

Shortly afterwards, Lieutenant-colonel de Mayer, with the officers of the regiment, returned to the palace, from which they had been absent when the boy was arrested. After listening to the corporal's report of the affair, the lieutenant-colonel ordered the soldiers to be drawn out, and Attilio Frosini to be beaten a second time by blows from the butt-end of their guns. His cries were heard at a considerable distance; but, not satisfied with this, the Austrian officer ordered him to be conveyed to the fortress, to which he was driven with blows and insults by thirty Croats, and kept there all night. On the morning of the 29th June, an express was sent to the commander-in-chief resident at Prato, informing him of what had occurred the previous evening; but an officer of the garrison, half of whom were Tuscan, had likewise sent word to the prefect of Pistoia, Cavaliere Rossellini Gualandi, warning him that Attilio's case would be tried by a military tribunal, and was one of life or death. The prefect accordingly started early for Florence, to lay the affair before the minister of the grand duke, and entreat for his interference. Before leaving Pistoia, however, he addressed the following letter to Lieutenant-colonel de Mayer:

'**MOST ILLUSTRIOUS SIR**—I have been informed that a youth of this city, the son of a servant of the family Marchetti, was arrested yesterday evening, accused of using means to induce some soldiers of the troop commanded by your Excellency to desert, and that he is at this present moment under trial by a council of war, and, in case of being found guilty, that he will be subjected to the extreme rigour of martial law. I consider it my duty, in the interest of the authority I represent, formally to signify to you, that without prejudging any other question which may arise as to what are the cases amenable to martial law, it is not possible in any way to apply it in a case which has not been formally declared punishable according to martial law and by the forms of an extraordinary tribunal; but this case can only be tried in the terms and in the established forms of Tuscan laws.

'I cannot doubt that, while I am engaged in acquainting the superior government with this urgent case, and await my instructions from thence, that whatever may be the sentence pronounced, the execution will be suspended until the required instructions arrive.—I have the honour, &c.,

CAV. ALESSANDRO ROSELLINI GUALANDI,
Prefect.

That the minister could not or would not interfere, may be inferred from what followed; but the story may now be told in the words of the priest, Doctor Vincenzo Marraccini of Pistoia, who attended the poor lad from this time to his last moment.

Two o'clock was striking in the afternoon of the 29th June 1849, when an Austrian soldier, guided by a man of the name of Valente Chiappini, knocked at the door of my house, situated in the Via del Corso, near the church of Santa Maria Nuova. Going to the window, I saw Chiappini, who, pointing to the Austrian soldier, said: 'This gentleman wants your attendance on a sick man in the fortress.' I immediately hastened down to the street, where I found the Austrian soldier alone, as Chiappini had departed.

On my way to the fortress, I asked the soldier who the sick man might be, and what was his complaint; but his only reply was, that *he did not know—he was told there was a sick man*. 'Tell me, at least,' I added, 'if this sick man is one of your comrades, or one of our soldiers, for I suppose you know so much.' But he only repeated what he had said before: 'I was told there was a sick man, and that I was to fetch a priest.' We had by this time reached the external gate of the fortress, and passing through, he led me to the interior, bidding me turn to the left.

Here I found all the Austrians drawn up under arms, but hardly noticing them, I turned to my guide, believing him still beside me, to desire him to lead me at once to the sick man; but he, like Chiappini, had disappeared, without telling me he was leaving me.

Whilst I was looking round in search of him, one of the Austrian soldiers present advanced, and requested me to wait. I bowed my consent, and approaching a Tuscan, of the name of Antonio Sarto, and who, with several other Tuscan soldiers, was quartered in the fortress, I asked him what all these Austrians were about, and why they were under arms.

He replied with much agitation: 'Reverend sir, they are about to commit a very brutal act, and, it appears, you are required to be present.' As I was totally ignorant of what had occurred, I could not at the moment comprehend the import of his words, and I again inquired: 'But have I not been called here to attend a sick man?' 'Exactly so,' he replied. 'I tell you it is a very brutal act; and the supposed sick man is, I believe, there in the midst of them.'

That instant, I heard the sound of the drum; and the Austrian soldiers fling off in two lines, I perceived a young lad walking between them, chained hand and foot, and followed by twelve Austrians, who were conducting him towards the inner gate of the fortress. As soon as they had passed, an officer, either a major or captain, advanced towards me, and without further preface said: 'I consign him to you.'

At the sight of that miserable-looking boy, and the sound of these brief but alarming words, I felt my blood freeze in my veins, and a secret presentiment suggesting the idea of death rise up in my mind. I could have thrown myself at the feet of the Austrian officer, but I only said: 'I will not fail in performing the duties of my sacred office; but for the love of Jesus, I entreat you to spare the life of that boy.' 'Who knows!' he replied; 'the matter has been referred to the colonel, who is at Prato. All depends on him.'

So saying, he took me by the arm, and accompanied me to the gate of the fortress, when, making me a sign to enter the guard-house, he left me.

In the centre of the room, a corporal sat astride on a chair, leaning the elbow of his right arm on the back, and his head on his hand. Three soldiers mounted guard, two at the door of the room, and one near the window. All this armed force was placed there to watch that poor boy, as if he had been a wild beast. The prisoner had thrown himself on his face upon a bench, sobbing violently. As I have said

before, I was ignorant of what had occurred; I did not even know who he was, and I was therefore uncertain how I should approach him, so as to alarm him as little as possible.

I blew my nose, and starting at the noise, he turned round trembling and looked at me; but he no sooner perceived who I was, than he threw himself weeping upon my neck. At this eloquent appeal, I could do no less than embrace him in return, and clasping him in my arms, without uttering a syllable, we both sank down upon the bench. The poor lad was bathed in perspiration and tears, whilst his face was hot with fever; but after a few moments he disengaged himself from my embrace, and, half suspicious, half terrified, he asked me: 'But are you the priest Marraccini?'

'Yes,' I replied, stroking his cheeks, 'I am the priest Marraccini; you need not be afraid, my son.'

'Bravo! you have done a good act in coming to me.'

'I came solely on your account; therefore, tell me all you want. But first, your name; for I do not think I ever saw you before.'

His lips relaxed into an ingenuous smile, as he answered: 'My name is Attilio. I am the son of Agostino Frosini. You know him; he is a servant in the house of the Marchetti family. My mother is the washerwoman. Do you not know her—down there, on the way to the theatre? I was at school at Master Tozzelli's. But yesterday,' and he lowered his voice, 'I was seized down there by the bishop's palace, and they brought me here.' And he burst into a fresh flood of tears.

Hardly knowing what to say, I exhorted him to have courage, and trust in Jesus, assuring him there must be some mistake; and I then asked him if he was in want of anything.

'I am so thirsty,' he said.

I beckoned to the corporal, who had never moved from his position; he went out, soon returning with a flask of water. Attilio carried it so hastily to his mouth, that I was only aware of the neck of the flask being broken, when I perceived the blood from his lips mingling with the water. I asked for a cup, but was refused; and poor Attilio, whilst quenching his burning thirst, had frequently to pause to take breath, swallowing drop by drop, till it went to my heart to see him.

Soon afterwards, he said he was hungry; adding, 'I have not tasted anything since yesterday evening.' I told the corporal, who went out, and returned with a loaf of bread, but which was more black than white. 'For the sake of charity,' I asked, 'allow him a few mouthfuls of soup or a little broth.' The corporal again left the room, and returned with the answer that it was not allowed. I myself then went to the captain, who all this while was standing outside the fortress with the other officers, and asked him the favour, telling him I would go and fetch the broth; but my entreaties were vain, and I was obliged to return disappointed, and with nothing but that miserable loaf. If drinking had been difficult, eating was still more so. The bread was so hard that I asked for a knife to cut it, but this was likewise denied, and I was obliged to use both hands to break it against the bench.

Whilst Attilio was swallowing a few crumbs, I endeavoured to console him; his answers, which proved the innocent and ingenuous nature of this boy, who had hardly passed sixteen years of age, touched me so deeply that I could scarcely restrain my tears, and in order to conceal them from him, I looked round the room until my eyes accidentally fell on an image of the Virgin which hung against the wall. Attilio, who watched my every movement, instantly perceived my eyes were fixed on something, and asked me what it was.

'I am looking at that image,' I answered; and thinking it might be of use in keeping his thoughts on sacred subjects, I climbed on the bench, took it

down, and bade him look at it, and tell me who it represented. He gazed at it for a moment, and then exclaimed: 'Do I know it? It is the holy mother of Jesus.' Then covering it with kisses and tears, he laid it on his knees. After a few moments he spoke again: 'I too am under the protection of the Virgin. Do you ask if I remember her image? It was only uncovered a few days ago when I made my general confession.'*

'Well done, Attilio,' I answered; 'you give me comfort. You have already told me you wish to do right, but as you also tell me you have made your general confession, perhaps you would like now to confess again. If you would like to do so, tell me where your confessor lives, and I will at once go and fetch him.'

'My confessor is Bartolini, the sacristan of the church della Madonna; but I do not wish him to come here now, because—in this state'—and he raised his hand to shew me his chain—'I am ashamed! I would rather confess to you. I should like to have my crucifix, which is at home, but it is a long way off.'

'I am quite ready to hear you confess,' I said, 'and to fetch your crucifix; but your house is so far off, that I should have to leave you too long alone. Let me rather go to mine, and fetch my own.' Attilio acquiesced, and assuring him I should soon return, I left him.

As I left the fortress, I found the Austrian captain, and begged he would inform me how I was to regulate my behaviour towards the prisoner.

'I cannot tell you,' he replied; 'we are waiting the arrival of the sentence from Prato.'

'For charity's sake, tell me,' I continued, 'is there any danger of a capital sentence, that I may prepare him for the great change? for, should you not believe the affair so serious, I would not unnecessarily alarm him.'

'But it is precisely because the chances are such that we sent for you. All, however, depends on the general. Act as you think best.'

My sad suspicion that the cup would be bitter, and that Attilio would have to drain it to the dregs, was thus confirmed, and in a painful state of agitation I hastened home in search of my crucifix, and returned to the fortress. Five was striking as I re-entered the guard-room. I found Attilio where I had left him, seated on the bench, with the image of the Virgin laid upon his knees. The corporal and the three Tuscan privates who had mounted guard before, had been removed, and exchanged for the same number of Austrians. As soon as he saw me, he exclaimed: 'Come here; it seems an age since you went. The soldiers who were here before' (and he lowered his voice) 'whispered to these, and went away. I have had such a fright! When they let me out, I will go to your house. Have you brought me the crucifix?' He took it from my hand, and after examining it, said with a smile: 'It is just like my own; and then kissing it, and unbuttoning his waistcoat, laid it on his breast, crossed his arms, and remained silent.

After about a quarter of an hour, he raised his face, and glancing round the room, fixed his eyes on mine without speaking, upon which I said: 'I did not wish to distract your thoughts, and have therefore kept silence, as I concluded you were meditating upon the confession you intend making to me.'

'True,' he replied; 'and you will do me a kindness by allowing me now to confess.'

I rose, and requested the corporal and his three soldiers to leave us alone for a short time, but received no answer. I then asked them to retire to the further

* A ceremony of the Roman Catholic Church, which had been performed by the people on the 9th and 10th June 1849, on an occasion when an image of the Virgin, supposed by them to be peculiarly holy, had been uncovered.

end of the room, as they had heard the prisoner express his wish to confess; but none of them moved. Attilio, who had borne with meekness the brutality with which they had denied him every bodily comfort, could not resist a moment of despair at this denial of that consolation he needed for his soul, and let his head drop between his knees. But raising his face again, he took my hand, and led me between the bench and the wall into a corner of the room.

Gentle and resigned to ill-usage, he was about to kneel, when I raised him up, and placing him beside me on the bench, drew my arm round his waist, and laid his head on my shoulder, so as to enable me to hear him without the danger of being overheard by these four inexorable soldiers; and, with the crucifix in his hand, the poor boy began his confession.

Six had struck when he finished, saying to me: 'I do not remember anything more; but before giving me absolution, let me think awhile, lest I should have forgotten something, for I seem hardly to know where my head stands.' Saying this, he pressed his forehead and temples with his hands. As he uttered these words, I felt a cold sweat break out over all my limbs, and an agonising sensation, in the thought that I could neither say nor do anything to relieve him. I could only add: 'My poor son, how thou dost suffer!' And whilst his head sank on my shoulder to find ease from pain, he gradually fell into a quiet slumber.

The bell striking seven woke him from this angelic sleep. Attilio opened his eyes wide, and raising himself, recognised the place he was in, and recollected his miserable condition; he then gave way to a fresh burst of tears.

When he became calm, I left him for a little while, assuring him I would soon return. Again presenting myself to the captain, I asked him if the sentence had arrived. His answer was the same as before, and therefore with my sad presentiment stronger than ever, I returned to Attilio.

I spoke to him of the instability of human affairs, how short and fleeting is this miserable life, and how happy and blessed eternity. I exhorted him, if it ever should be required of him, to resign his life, to die for the love of Jesus, and to pardon his enemies.

'Then,' he exclaimed, 'they intend to murder me; they will put me to death! O my father! O my mother and brothers!'

'Attilio, they may not still condemn you to die; but if Jesus wills it, to lead you to heaven—you have promised to do your duty—you will bear even this with resignation, will you not?'

'Yes,' he replied, bursting into a fit of sobbing.

As it struck eight, we recited together the *Angelus Domini*; he requested to confess again, and I again gave him absolution. After this, I asked him to allow me to go home, to which he quietly consented, but begged me soon to return.

I hastened to the captain, and for the third time asked if he had nothing positive to tell me, informing him that I was on my way home, but would soon return and remain all night, if necessary. He told me I might go, that the sentence might not arrive for some little time, and that if I was wanted, he would let me know.

At a little after nine, Antonio Sarti, sergeant of the Tuscan division of veterans, arrived at my house to summon me to the prisoner. He led me at once into the interior of the fortress. The Austrian captain and the officers were no longer standing at the gate. I found poor Attilio in an open space below, leaning against the wall, his arms crossed on his breast, and his eyes raised to heaven. He looked like an angel, by the silvery light of the moon. His chain had been removed. Ten or twelve Austrian soldiers, ready armed, formed a half-circle round him; the rest, as in the daytime, were drawn up along the sides of the square.

As soon as I approached him, Attilio asked: 'Is it the priest Marraccini?'

'Yes, it is I.'

'Oh, come and stand beside me; do not leave me again. Look where they have brought me.'

'Courage,' I answered, 'my dear son—courage;' and in order better to support him, I took his hand, and passing my arm round his waist, pressed him to my side.

At beat of drum, the soldiers filed off in two lines, and we were ordered to advance between them; the twelve soldiers who had formed a half-circle before us now falling in behind. When we reached the centre of the square, we were ordered to halt. The line of soldiers drawn up on the left then opened, and we discovered all the officers with their captain standing round a little table. One of them advancing a few steps towards us said: 'Attilio Frosini, your sentence has arrived. I will first read it in German, and then translate it to you in Italian.'

He retired to the table, took up a paper, and holding a lantern in one hand, read its contents aloud—first in German, and then in Italian. It was as follows: 'Attilio Frosini, you have been found guilty of having attempted to induce two of our men to desert, and you are condemned to die by hanging.'—

'God's will be done,' interrupted Attilio.

'But,' continued the officer, 'this being impossible to execute, your sentence is commuted, and you are to be shot. Do you understand?'

'May the will of God be done,' repeated Attilio.

His straw hat, which they had ordered him to take off, now fell from his hand. I stooped to pick it up, and as if he feared to lose me again, he laid hold of the collar of my coat. As I rose, I put his hat on his head for him, took his hand, and assured him I would remain with him to the last.

We again heard the sound of the drum—those preceding us moved forward in a march, and we two, always between two lines of soldiers, and with twelve more following us, proceeded as ordered, towards the little gate which opened on the platform leading to the outer walls of the fortress.

The drums again beat. The two lines of soldiers stood still, the officers with the captain advanced, ordering Attilio and myself to follow. We were immediately surrounded by the escort of ten or twelve soldiers. As we passed beneath the gate, I remembered the crucifix, and I took it from Attilio's breast, where he had replaced it after he had confessed. As I gave it into his hand, one of the soldiers of the escort asked me what I was about.

'You need not be afraid,' I said. 'Look at it; it is the image of the Saviour, whose eyes can pierce even this darkness.'

As soon as we reached the platform, Attilio was ordered to advance a few steps, and turn his face towards the little gate by which we had entered. The soldiers of the escort were drawn up there, with the captain and officers beside them.

One of them now approached Attilio, and offered to take off his waistcoat; but Attilio would not allow the soldier to touch him, and turning to me, gently asked me to help him. He was next ordered to take off his hat and cravat. I took them off, and threw them, with the waistcoat, at the feet of the Austrians. They told him to kneel down, and approached to bind his eyes. But here I interfered, and turning to the captain, said: 'I desire to be left a moment alone with this unhappy boy, for the duties of my sacred office.' I did not wish to detain them above a minute, for I should only have prolonged his agony. The captain accordingly ordered the soldiers to fall back, saying that the sentence should not be executed until I had moved from beside the prisoner.

I knelt down, and with a few words which Jesus alone could have placed upon my lips in that moment of anguish, I exhorted him to be resigned, and to lay

down his life in the sure hope of immediately being with Jesus in Paradise; I urged him to forgive his murderers; and Attilio pronounced their forgiveness aloud. We repeated together the words Jesus, Joseph, and Mary, and then embraced. He pressed my hand whilst uttering these holy words: 'God reward thee—I recommend my soul to God.' They were his last.

I rose, and then, O God! what a moment! I stepped on one side, and with one hand pointing to heaven, I raised the other in the act of blessing, saying: 'In the name of Divine Omnipotence and Justice, I absolve thee of thy sins.' The Austrians' reply to these words was an explosion like thunder. We both fell to the ground—Attilio dead, and I in a faint, from whence a false report arose that I had been wounded.

When I recovered, I found myself outside the fortress, and I heard ten o'clock striking. The Austrian captain and the officers insisted on accompanying me home. When I reached my door, my crucifix was restored to me. The silver setting and the lower part of the cross were blackened where the powder had struck it. I preserve it as a precious relic, with the last words of Attilio, 'God reward thee—I recommend my soul to God.'

With these words, the account of the priest Marraccini ends. The following day, he visited the mother of the poor boy, and found her in a state bordering on distraction. She, however, survived her son six years; but his father went raving mad, and died in the lunatic asylum of Florence in 1857.

The formal notification of Attilio Frosini's crime and its punishment was published in the following words by Lieutenant-colonel Francesco de Mayer. 'Attilio Frosini, native of Pistoia, aged seventeen years, having been convicted by eye-witnesses, and by his own confession, of having been guilty of the crime of illegal attempt at enlistment [he was only sixteen years of age, and had just seventeen quattrini* in his pocket], has been condemned to be shot by the sentence of a court-martial. The execution took place that same day at 9 P.M. The crime of illegal attempt at enlistment was committed upon the Austrian troops, who were therefore under the necessity of executing the sentence.

PISTOIA, 1st July 1849.

FRANCESCO DE MAYER,
Lieutenant-colonel.'

Notification of the sentence of death placarded on the walls of the city of Pistoia:

'Attilio Frosini, a Pistoian, convicted of, and having confessed himself guilty of, the attempt to induce two Austrian soldiers to desert, and to fight for the so-called cause of Rome, besides uttering repeated insults during his examination against the imperial and royal troops; against their commander-in-chief, Field-marshal Radetzky; and against the colours of the regiment of the Archduke Francis Charles, thus exhibiting a depravity which deprived him of all claims to consideration, has been, by the sentence of a court-martial, condemned for the crime of illegal attempt at enlistment, to be hung. All are aware of the gravity of such a crime, as few are ignorant of the spirit of anarchy and hatred of the legitimate government cherished by a large number of the inhabitants of the city of Pistoia; a spirit of anarchy and a hatred which has recently led to the assassination of the notary Vincenzo Piccioli† [who never was assassinated]. As

* A quattrino is about half a farthing.

† Vincenzo Piccioli was a spy, who had received, as a reward for his services, the office of Protocolli Notariati for Tuscany. He continued his office of spy until the police were disbanded, and his house was the nocturnal haunt and focus of men of his class and occupation. During the absence of the grand duke, the liberal party in power let him alone; but as soon as the grand duke returned, he hastened to offer his services to the Austrian general, with a list of the inhabitants of Pistoia accused

a salutary means to intimidate the wicked, and as a warning to all, be it publicly known that the said sentence was executed on the 29th day of the past month at Pistoia, and that in the absence of the hangman, the prisoner was shot.—Imperial and Royal Colonel in command of the Regiment of the Archduke Francis Charles.

WEILER.

PRATO, 2d July 1849.'

To the honour of the inhabitants of Pistoia, be it told that neither menaces nor bribes could induce one of them to placard this iniquitous sentence on the walls of the town, and finally the Austrian commander had to resort to an agent of the lowest description.

The body of Attilio Frosini was so carelessly buried, that a few days later, one of the elbows was seen protruding from the earth. A man of the name of Angiolo Cottino, employed within the fortress, had some lime thrown on the spot, to prevent the body being devoured by dogs, which was the more probable, as almost every Austrian had his dog with him. Cottino twice attempted to set up a wooden cross to mark the spot, but it was each time removed by the Austrians. He finally painted a red cross on the adjoining wall.

On the 12th June 1860, when Leopold II. had been again obliged to leave Florence, after his attempt to fire upon the city, and when liberty was restored, with the hope of a new era under a new sovereign, and with a united Italy, Baron Bettino Ricasoli, then governor-general of Tuscany, gave permission for the mortal remains of the youth Attilio Frosini, who had been shot by the sentence of an Austrian court-martial, to be disinterred, that they might receive Christian burial. Accordingly, in the presence of the priest Marraccini, and of eleven of the magistrates and principal persons of Pistoia, on the evening of the 28th June 1860, search was made in the ground near the spot indicated by the red cross painted on the wall; and the bones having been found, they were wrapped in a linen cloth, and placed in a wooden coffin. Conveyed to the chapel of the fortress, the remains were next consigned to the care of the commander, until the funeral rites were prepared. On the 2d July, the coffin, covered by a rich pall, and surmounted by the crucifix he had held to his lips at his death, and which was now covered with wreaths of flowers, was borne by the members of the Confraternity of Mercy, and followed by an immense concourse of people, to the church of Santa Maria Nuova, in Pistoia. A funeral oration was pronounced over the grave by the priest Marraccini, whilst the inhabitants of Prato, from whence the sentence of Attilio Frosini's death had been sent, now sent their token of sympathy, in a crown of flowers, to be laid on the grave, and a letter in the following words, addressed to their fellow-countrymen at Pistoia:

PRATO, 2d July 1860.

'INHABITANTS OF PISTOIA—On this day, when you gather to the sepulchre the sacred mortal remains of Attilio Frosini, who, eleven years ago, fell an innocent victim, in the flower of his age and hopes, to German vengeance, we, the undersigned, offer you, in the name of the entire city of Prato, a crown of flowers, begging you to place it on the sepulchre of this Italian martyr. It is the intention of the city of Prato, upon the sad anniversary of the cruel death of Attilio Frosini, annually to renew this humble offering, which, whilst it attests our remembrance of this sacrifice of the life of your fellow-citizen, will likewise be a solemn protest against the many and unheard-of cruelties committed against this sacred

of republican opinions. He went about publicly with the Austrian officers, and even openly pointed out to them such of his countrymen who might be put on the list of suspected persons. One night, returning home, he was slightly wounded by an unknown hand. Far from having been killed, he asked and obtained leave to quit the country, and eight years afterwards, repassed the Alps, and returned home.

land of Italy by the iniquitous and expiring House of Hapsburg, &c.

Inscription on the tomb of Attilio Frosini: 'At the age of sixteen, this gentle and innocent youth could not escape the ferocity of the Austrian. ATTILIO FROSINI, contrary to all law and justice, and to the horror of this city, was shot on the 29th June 1849. God, who vindicates the oppressed, laid low the atrocious foreigner at Solferino.—The people of Pistoia, to perpetuate the shame of his murderers, removed the ashes of the martyr, on the 2d day of July 1860, from unconsecrated earth, to this sacred spot. We confide this victim of the insulting destroyers of our independence to the pious and patriotic love which has, through blood and suffering, reconquered the national flag.'

Over the doors of the church are inscribed these words: 'To the ashes of ATTILIO FROSINI, sixteen years of age, who, though without arms, and obedient to the laws, was, by an Austrian council of war, with inhuman ferocity, thirsting for Italian blood, sentenced to death. The bullets of the barbarians pierced his young breast on the 29th June 1849. Pistoia was then panic-struck at the enormity of the crime, but now, having reconquered her liberty, she raises this memorial of the wicked assassination; and as some reparation to the insult offered to her laws, she here bestows on him this solemn and sacred sepulture.'

2d July 1860.'

THE LONGEST MONTH IN MY LIFE.

I AM a married man, and one who, in that capacity, has seen many moons beside the honeymoon; but the longest month in my life by far took place when I was a bachelor. It is true that I was in love during the period in question, but it was not the frantic expectation of coming bliss which clogged the wheels of time. My beautiful and accomplished Eliza had nothing to do with it. We are not so wrapped up in one another as we used to be, and there are even vulgar persons in the village who assert that I sometimes 'hide' Eliza (which is ridiculously false); but at that time no man could idolise her more: however, I repeat, it was not she, nor the anticipation of her, which put the break upon the train of life so sharp and strong. The passion which for thirty days protracted my existence so painfully, was one more potent even than that of love—it was that of Abject Terror.

Some males are absurdly proud and boastful of their physical courage, always imagining that somebody has called it in question, breathing forth fire and slaughter against persons of more diminutive stature than themselves on the slightest provocation; lustful for combat; for ever sharpening their teeth. For my part, any assumption of this kind would be as misplaced as though a gentleman without a nose should plume himself upon his personal charms. The delicacy of my organisation is so extreme, that the snapping of a percussion-cap in my neighbourhood—let alone powder and ball—has been sufficient, from my youth up, to cast me into a profuse perspiration, while the excessive refinement of my mind has still further increased this peculiarity. I am like a magnificent race-horse which has been overtrained (although, indeed, if it comes to speed, I could hold my own with the bravest); but I am no *hors de combat*—no battle-charger. If I were a man-of-war, I should make as good a *running-light* as any ship in her Majesty's service; but for any other species of combat, let me climb a tree, and look on.

The satisfaction which my known disinclination for battle has diffused among my male acquaintance, is universal. If I had designedly consulted the greatest happiness of the greatest number, I could not have conferred that boon more universally.

Man is a bully, who is never so pleased as when he is flapping his wings over some other cock of the walk who has succumbed to him; and at my approach there was not one in our village circle who did not begin to crow.

Major Blazer, late of the Plungers, but now retired to this pastoral solitude of Tinyton Parva, inflated himself as I drew near, as if he were an aeronaut about to ascend, who carried his balloon inside him. It did not displease me to feel morally certain that I was indirectly hastening the major on to his natural doom of apoplexy. He hectored, he domineered, he turned all sorts of colours, in his tremendous superiority, and, in fact, behaved himself in all respects after the manner of a farm-yard turkey-cock; nay, he was inferior to that foolish bird, inasmuch as the major would never have been good eating, although you might have easily 'devilled' his legs with the expressions he made use of. He had some, more or less, Satanic expletive for his each particular limb and feature; and when he had consigned them all to perdition, he used to begin with mine. If, in short, the major was a specimen of them, our troops had not degenerated in the accomplishment of bad language since the days in which they swore so terribly in Flanders. My unassuming presence incited this warrior, I felt convinced, to coin anathemas, and therefore, for his own sake, as well as my own, I kept out of his way as much as possible.

Dr Carvem, who hated the major because he habitually designated the medical portion of his late profession as Sawboneses, and who will, I know, defer the opening of his vein, when that apoplexy does come, as long as he decently can, yet joined with the dismounted Plunger in trampling upon my moral carcass. After having been walked over (in spurs) at Powderham Cottage, the doctor would come on to No. 1 Pigeon Villas, and take it out on me.

Our rector, the Rev. Dubble Fyst, was as combative as either of these, and derived an equal pleasure from my company. The circle of society for which that divine was intended by nature is, I feel convinced, the prize-ring; and although he is always talking about his 'cloth,' I have never seen one rag of it about him, except, indeed, he means the table-cloth—for he is the best trencher-man in Tinyton Parva.

'If it were not for my cloth, sir,' he would say, swinging his colossal right arm, or exhibiting to me the muscles thereof, as though he were my hired model, 'I would astonish that man. He should not poach twice in my spinney, sir.' And if Mr F. were to publish his 'Short Way with Dissenters,' it would be a very striking performance indeed.

When these three gentlemen met to play at cards, and I was the fourth, it may be conjectured that the evening did not pass rapidly; but long as that long whist often was, the longest month in my life was not passed in that amusement, as many an evening was, amid the contempt of my adversaries, and the unnatural detestation of my partner. My four weeks' misery lies at the door of no human being.

'Ghosts!' murmurs the fair reader beneath her breath, as she edges nearer to the bell-handle; 'it is going to be a ghost-story, after all.'

'No, madam; your exquisite intuition has failed you for this once. Ghosts have given me many a long night, which, added together, would doubtless make up a month, and more. I have dreamed of them; I have awakened, and sat up in bed to think of them, to listen for them; I have met them (or something very like them) both indoors and out of doors after nightfall, to the great disturbance of my equanimity, but, nevertheless, it was not a ghost which made that month so long.

It was neither man, nor woman,
It was neither ghost nor human,

nor was it a ghoul. It was a dog, madam, a great black dog, which went raving mad in the month appointed by the calendar for dogs to do so, and *bit me in the leg*.

Some persons are fond of dogs, or, at least, are gifted with a natural indifference to them. Their bark does not cause any thrill of terror; their objectionable habit of sniffing about one's ankles excites no apprehension; but it is quite otherwise with me. Many a picturesque ruin have I omitted to explore in my artist rambles, deterred by the presence of a dog; and many a country inn have I passed by fasting for the same reason. It is true that there were often 'people about' (as the saying is) in these cases, who would have doubtless called off the rapacious animal, had he attacked me; but called him off from *what*? From my mangled remains, which he would very likely not be permitted to devour, but not from my unscathed and original form. Many a guinea—he condescends in reality to take 10s. 6d., but both doctor and patients prefer to speak of the fee as though it were two fees—many a guinea of mine, I say, has Dr Carvem missed through keeping that horrid terrier pup which used to sit and snarl at his garden gate, until it was one day devoured at a gulp by the rector's Newfoundland dog. Rather than encounter the small but ferocious creature in question, I have often taken a long country walk instead of his master's advice, and cured my indigestion without a dinner-pill from his dispensary. If he had kept a cat instead, it would have been a clear ten pound a year in his pocket, not to mention the absence of dog-tax—the wisest impost, by the by, in my opinion, that was ever laid by a patriotic parliament upon a country that does not know what is good for it.

What was far worse, however, than the doctor's keeping a dog, was that Jonathan Oatlands of the Home Farm, the father of my then beautiful Eliza, kept a couple. They used to sit on either side of his garden gate, like the lions in the *Pilgrim's Progress*, and I was Mr Faintheart, who never dared pass between them to ring the bell. I daresay Eliza thought me very remiss on the days when I didn't call; but although I would readily have gone through fire and water (in moderation) to oblige her, I could not face the terrible creatures, Jock and Jumbo. These huge black beasts delighted in contest, for, as Dr Watts observes (who, of all poets, understands dogs best), 'it was their nature to;' and when they had no one else to growl at, they absolutely growled at one another; this I *know*, for I have heard them scores of times, when they doubtless believed themselves to be alone, as I stood behind the angle of the wall waiting for somebody to bear me company through the perilous pass they guarded. I never knew the creatures apart—which was Jock and which was Jumbo—nor, indeed, was it necessary that I should do so, since they were always together. My Eliza pretended to be very fond of them, but from the first I gave her to understand that she must choose between me and them—'Love me, love my two black dogs,' being too great an expansion of the proverbial demand to be tolerated for a moment.

It was August, and the weather was more than usually 'seasonable,' which is the expression, I believe, used by all well-regulated persons, when it is either too cold in winter, or too hot in summer. The tiles of No. 1 Pigeon Villas were like those of a Dutch oven; the white road threw back the heat into our first-floor windows like a meat-screen. All Tinyton Parva was baked; its thin folks were dried up like mummies, its fat folks simmered and shone. Major Blazer's purple countenance glistened as he moved, like one of his own cucumber glasses. A public meeting was convened, to consider the propriety of muzzling all dogs whatsoever, and I need not say upon which side my vote, my interest, and my eloquence were enlisted; but the major (out of mere bravado, for he kept no

dog) was dead against us; so was the master of the terrier pup, of course; and so was the Rev. Dubble Fyst. This last gentleman pooh-poohed every precaution with a contempt that was positively indecent. 'He was afraid,' he said, 'of no dog living, either mad or sane. If people would only understand how to treat these animals, the smallest child might subdue the most dangerous of mastiffs. A little switch of hazel or willow was all that was required. He was imagining an extreme case; but when the dog made its leap at your throat (sensation), all you had to do was to strike its fore-feet sharply with the switch, and the creature would instantly turn tail and flee.'

The parson was known to be an eminently practical man, and his speech was conclusive; the dogs went about unmuzzled, and the men with hazel switches and directions for use. Even I carried a little switch about myself, although with the same belief in its efficacy as in that of a divining-rod. In the middle of August 18—, I was returning from a country walk with my portfolio under my arm: the day had been deliciously passed in a certain beech-wood, where I had been making a 'study' of a tree for dear Eliza's album. I was not aware how intensely warm it had been (for copper beeches do not get red hot), until I left the wood and reached the blinding road, which had been receiving the rays of the sun for so many hours: the ground almost scorched my feet: in five minutes I became as 'dusty and deliquescent' as any of Sydney Smith's stout female clergy, for there was not shade enough on either side the way to accommodate a thermometer; and I was at least a mile and a half from Pigeon Villas. Suddenly I heard distant shouts, and that sort of tumult which is called in old stage directions 'an excursion.' There was certainly something of an exciting nature occurring in the village. It could not be the mummers, because they only appear at Christmas; nor could it be Jack-in-the-Green, who belongs only to May; and unless for these excitements, Tinyton Parva was sunk in torpor all the year round. Presently, I heard a gun go off, which caused me to regret that I had left the shelter of the beech-wood so far behind me. What *could* have happened? I did not believe the French had landed, for they would scarcely have dared to do so during Major Blazer's lifetime; but I did think that there possibly might be a general rising of the peasantry. For all that I knew, Tinyton Parva, and what was worse, Miss Eliza Oatlands of the Home Farm, might be in the very arms of revolution. A horseman at full speed comes fleeing from the scene of disorder. 'The yeomanry then,' said I to myself, 'are routed, and the poaching portion of the community are probably roasting the Rev. Dubble Fyst and my future brother-in-law before a slow fire.' I had always warned them that their game-preserving would lead to something of this sort. As the man drew near, I recognised in him a farmer in the neighbourhood, and called out to know what was the matter. 'Oh! nothing,' answered he, as he fled by; 'only a mad dog. One of Mr Jonathan Oatland's black uns is running a muck.'

I sat down in the dry ditch by the roadside, and mopped my forehead. *Only a mad dog!* Good Heavens, had it already bitten Eliza! Had it bitten that little cur at the doctor's door *which lay between home and me!* These horrible apprehensions were absorbed by a danger so terrible, so real, that the hair of my head arose, and swayed tremulously from side to side, as a field of corn is agitated by contrary winds. I beheld upon the horizon of the road a speck, a dot, a comma (alas, it was far from being a full stop), which approaching with hideous velocity, expanded, and disclosed a black dog running with his tongue out—the always abominable Jumbo, and now MAD.

When I recovered my senses, I found myself in my own bed at No. 1 Pigeon Villas. I saw this very

literally 'with half an eye,' for I felt too exhausted to thoroughly arouse myself, and as soon as I had become aware of my position, I shut the lid again, and gave myself up to reflection. A dull aching pain in my left calf materially assisted my memory in recalling what had happened, and there was a suppressed hum of conversation about me, which supplied the rest.

'He was first seen by my dashed gardener,' exclaimed a pompous voice familiar to me, 'running like the devil's own, and ejaculating: "That dashed Jumbo has bitten me; run for a dashed Sawbones."'

'Mr Palette has his faults, sir, but he does not swear,' returned Mr Dubble Fyst sternly. 'No man shall swear in my company, major, mind that; no matter who he is.'

'Right, sir,' assented a third voice, tremulous with passion; 'nor is Mr Palette accustomed to apply scandalous and ignominious terms to a profession which in all ages has obtained the respect and'—

'Come, come,' interrupted a fourth person, who was no other than Mr Jonathan Oatlands himself; 'do not wrangle, gentlemen, over what may be a dead man before the day is out. It is your place to advise, Dr Carvem, and ours to assist you to the best of our power. Now, what is to be done?'

'The only effectual remedy in cases of this kind,' observed the doctor, 'is excision of the wounded part, and that, I am afraid, has been already deferred too long: that twitching of the leg you see affords presumptive evidence of the virus having entered into the system. Still—I have not my instruments with me, but if the poker is in the kitchen-fire, something may yet be done by cauterisation.'

'Stop!' cried I, with vehemence, starting up in bed, and addressing the company; 'listen to me, and desist from your fiendish purpose, for I am not mad at present, and what I say I mean. If you venture so much as to lay a finger on me, you, sir, or you, or you, I'll bite!' and I opened my jaws, to illustrate this threat, to the uttermost.

In an instant, the room was cleared, and I had sprung out of bed and locked the door. They had fled from me, those braggarts, like chaff before the wind. The brutal and licentious warrior, the fighting parson, the cold-blooded disciple of science, the stubborn and hard-handed agriculturist—ha, ha, ha, ha! Gracious goodness, why did I laugh like that? Was I then already lunatic? Was Jumbo even now permeating my system? Yes; I could not conceal from myself that I felt a sort of longing to go upon all-fours; to smell things; to throw back my head, and howl at the shades of evening, as was the nightly habit of that abominable animal. Panic-stricken, I crept between the sheets again, and tried to think that I was only retiring to rest a little earlier than usual, and that there was nothing the matter.

There came a knock at the door.

'Mr Palette,' said the doctor through the keyhole, 'we mean you no harm: the time is gone by for the operation you seem so much to dread. Open the door, and, for Heaven's sake, compose yourself; your reason and your life alike depend upon your keeping mind and body tranquil. Pray, open the door.'

To this request, with the proviso, that his myrmidons should take their departure forthwith, I consented, and Dr Carvem examined the wound. It was a perfectly visible dog-bite, but inconsiderable in extent, and unattended with much inflammation.

'Is it not possible that the cloth of the trousers may have wiped the virus from his teeth?' inquired I with anxiety. 'He merely made a snap in passing, as I lifted up that ridiculous switch to keep him off.'

'A snap!' sighed the doctor despondingly; 'ah, that's an almost certain sign of *rabies*. No, Mr Palette, it would only be cruel to deceive you. I knew a case which occurred to a lady of the first fashion—a patient of my own, sir—whose clothes

were torn by a dog in a similar condition; he never so much as touched her skin at all. The lady sewed up the rent with impunity, but unfortunately bit off the thread with her teeth, and the mischief was done. She refused hock and soda-water—her favourite drink, sir—upon the thirteenth day, and I had the honour of forming part of the funeral *cortège*, which was upon a style— But you must compose yourself, Mr Palette—you must, indeed. Now, what I was about to suggest is this: do you think you could bear a kettleful of boiling water poured slowly on this little abrasion? for, indeed, it is nothing more. This is the very best remedy, with the exception of the actual cautery which science has suggested; but it requires a little firmness on the part of the patient. If you will permit me to confine your arms and legs with this bell-rope— Lem-me-go, Mr Palalalate—lemmegosir—my did-di-dear friend, let me go.'

I had very nearly suffocated the man. I had leaped from my couch, and pinned him by the neck to the wall. His cravat was always tight, and I had almost made an end of him. Boiling water, indeed!

'Beware,' cried I—'beware lest you taste of my despair, and learn by proof in some wild hour how much the wretched dare!'

I saw the doctor's cold eye quail before me as I executed a sort of war-dance of defiance in my day-shirt. This hectoring fellow was but a coward, then, after all. 'Now,' cried I, 'tell me the worst, or perish, Dr Carvem. Mention the very earliest time at which, if I am to die, the madness will make itself apparent.'

'No man has ever exhibited the disease *as yet*,' murmured the doctor tremulously, 'before the eleventh day.'

I retreated once more to my pillow, prostrated and unnerved. Ten days of agonising indecision! It would be enough to drive a man mad, even if he had not been bitten at all!

'And what is the earliest period at which you will be able to certify me out of danger?'

'Not till this day month,' returned the doctor solemnly: 'a month is the very earliest at which I could risk my reputation by a decision.'

It was *this*, as may well be imagined, which was the Longest Month in my Life. I was perpetually feeling my jaw, to discover whether it was getting locked or no. Whenever I took the least chill, I imagined it to be that rigor which is one of the worst features of hydrophobia. When I had the slightest disinclination to take my usual quantity of sherry, the misfortune of that lady of fashion who had omitted to use scissors was brought to my remembrance, as it were, by a hearse and six. If there was the slightest itching where the mark of the bite had been (for it soon disappeared), I gave myself up for lost. The only satisfaction I enjoyed during this awful period, was that of imposing terror on those who had once played the bully over me.

I walked into the parish church one afternoon, while the Rev. Dubble Fyst was christening an infant, and he could scarcely get through the service for sheer fright. He shook so that I thought he would have dropped the babe; and all because I looked a little wild, and asked whether there was much *water in the font*.

The doctor passed his daily visits to me in a state of abject trepidation.

I had been forbidden by Mr Oatlands to come near the Home Farm, 'until my malady had declared itself, or I was safe' (a most ridiculous alternative); but I walked into his oak parlour, and demanded to see my Eliza, like some feudal baron addressing his meanest vassal, and Eliza came. I explained to her that I should abstain from kissing her, for fear of the possible consequences of contagion, and the dear girl assented to that prudential resolution without a murmur.

It was the evening of the last day of this long, long month that I sat with the Beloved Object in the yew-tree arbour of the garden of the Home Farm. With the morrow's sun I should welcome, as it were, a new existence: safe and sane, I might then venture to look forward to live a life like other men. I was on the threshold of happiness, and felt almost as secure as though I had passed it. I could even converse upon the calamity which had so deeply darkened the last few weeks of my life with comparative calmness. I was describing how full of the thought of my Eliza I had been, how elastic my step, how joyous my whole being, when the black dog Jumbo, like some wicked magician, had appeared on the horizon, and blasted all things.

'The village clock,' said I, with dramatic emphasis, 'had tolled the solemn hour of five'—

'Nay, love, it must have been long before five,' interposed Eliza.

'Excuse me, dearest,' rejoined I; 'I not only heard the clock strike, but compared it with my own watch at the time. My last feeling of consciousness in connection with Jumbo was that he appeared in sight exactly at five o'clock. Although I was at some distance, I heard the chimes distinctly, and they reminded me, dearest, of marriage-bells.'

'Our Jumbo was shot before five o'clock, I *know*,' asserted Eliza, with greater positiveness than, at that time, I could have imagined her capable of exhibiting.

'Then he bit me after death,' returned I with calmness.

A terrible suspicion flitted across the beautiful countenance of my Eliza.

'The Ides of March, or at least of September, are come,' thought she; 'but they are not yet gone. My Augustus is losing his senses after all.'

I perceived her suspicions, but thought it better to make no observation.

'And what is become of Jock?' asked I, with indifference.

'Alas,' said she, with a little tremor in her tone, 'nothing has been heard of that poor dog from that day to this. He took the Beechwood road at full speed the instant that his unhappy brother was despatched, and mortal eye has not since lit upon him.'

'Yes, it has,' cried I, with a jubilant shout, and leaping a foot or two into the air—'yes, it has, my Eliza. Don't be afraid. This eye has lit upon him. I see it all now. There has never been the slightest chance of my going mad. It was Jock that I met, and not Jumbo. The shot I heard in the village was the latter animal's death-knell. I shall now proceed to kiss you, my Eliza. Don't be afraid.'

The next half hour in that yew-tree arbour was by very far the shortest thirty minutes in that month. I subsequently walked home on air, upborne by Cupid's wings. As I passed Powderham Cottage, I saw Major Blazer walking in his garden, and a sudden yearning for revenge took possession of me. In an instant, I had vaulted over the little gate, and was by his side. To say he started would be to give but a feeble idea of the jump he gave.

'Ha, ha!' cried I maniacally, 'a beautiful morning, is it not? (It being then about 9 o'clock P.M.) How nice the sun shines, don't it?'

'Ye-ye-yes,' stammered the major, looking towards his door. 'It shines dashed nicely.'

'Major Blazer,' returned I, with fiendish malignity, 'you lie, and you know it. It is evening, sir; nay, it is night. Boo!'

'Ye-ye-yes, sir; it is night.'

I saw he was looking for a weapon, and got between him and a spade that was sticking in the flower-bed.

'I am come to tea with you,' exclaimed I with enthusiasm. 'I cannot touch wine or even water to-day, somehow, but I fancy I could touch tea. I don't think it would give me those strange spasmodic twitchings that other liquids do. Ha, Ha, HA!'

The major's purple countenance had changed to a livid whiteness. He could scarcely keep his legs, they trembled so as he edged backwards.

His fingers were, however, upon the door-handle as I made my grand *coup*.

'Do you observe anything in my cough, major, besides its being musical?' And I coughed as much as possible in imitation of the canine species. 'Do you know, Dr Carvem says'—

In another instant, the door was slammed with the utmost violence in my face, and I heard the major putting up the chain, and calling for his pistols.

'Ha, ha!' shrieked I, 'you're nothing but a fat coward.' And finishing with three decided barks through the keyhole, I hurried home.

The Longest Month in my Life was thus satisfactorily ended, and it has since borne fruits of the most agreeable character; I do not so much refer to my marriage with Eliza, as to the increased respect with which I am treated by the three magnificoes of Tinton Parva. Before I was bitten by Jumbo (as was supposed), I was at a disadvantage in their company. They had found out my weak point, and I was not aware that such doughty individuals as they possessed such a thing. But now, on the slightest approach to hectoring on the part of any one of them, I have merely to cough in a certain significant and dog-like manner, and they change colour, and are civil upon the instant. They remember that I have seen them all with their white feathers on in that Longest Month of my Life.

A GLANCE AT THE MALAYS.

ONE of the oldest philosophers on record observes that men always speculate most confidently on the subjects which they understand least; and we may refer, by way of illustration, to the opinions from time to time put forward on the origin, character, customs, and manners of the Malays. From an examination of much that has been written in connection with this question, we are inclined to adopt the theory that the race originated in Sumatra, probably when it formed part of a continent, since in a great measure submerged, and thence flowed eastwards and southwards, mingling as it went with indigenous populations, or in some cases, perhaps, exterminating them, and taking possession of their lands. From the chaos of views and notions prevailing among ethnologists, it seems impossible to extract materials for coming to a decision respecting the race from which they sprang. Judging from features and structure, we might be tempted to refer them to the Mongol family of nations, while their languages and superstitions, bearing a closer resemblance to those of India, are with difficulty reconcilable to such a conclusion. The inquiry may be said to be perplexed by the introduction of Mohammedanism into the Archipelago, because, wherever the religion of Arabia takes root, it either extinguishes the original superstitions of the people, or imparts to them features so entirely new, that they are scarcely to be recognised by those who were acquainted with them in their old forms.

Of all Malays, however, it may be confidently affirmed, that they are by nature addicted to piracy, which, like our own ancestors, both Saxon and Danish, as well as the Greeks of the heroic ages, they regard as an honourable calling. None of the races of mankind can perhaps be said, upon the whole, to have had their lot cast in more pleasant places. What the old continent of Southern Asia may have been, it is now impossible for us to conjecture; but since its lowlands have

been submerged, and its mountains only remain above water, it may truly be said to surpass all other regions of the globe in picturesque beauty, and the splendour of its vegetation. In the heart of the torrid zone, it has mountains whose peaks rise almost to the level of perpetual snow, while among the islands, which, according to the Arabs, amount in number to twelve thousand, there are many which appear to float like baskets of flowers and verdure on the tranquil bosom of the sea. Over these shining expanses, and between these isles of emerald, the Malays, in remote times, steered their exploring prahus, settling where they found no aborigines, or exterminating them where they existed. This process took place long before the advent of Mohammed, while all the East lay enveloped in the folds of paganism. When the Isles of the Gentiles, stretching eastwards from the golden Chersonese, had been thus peopled, men from Arabia appeared in great ships, bearing with them the civilisation of Western Asia, and the religion of that great reformer, whose tenets are still maintained by more than a fourth of the human race, and are actually, while we write, diffusing themselves over nearly the whole continent of Africa, where they are destined, probably, to accomplish an immense revolution.

The Moslems of the Archipelago were from the first elevated by their religion above the other natives, whom they immediately reduced to subjection, though probably at the outset they belonged to the same stock, and consequently shared the same superstitions. In Sumatra, in Java, in Borneo, in Celebes, and the Moluccas, they constitute the dominant caste; and in the midst of barbarism, preserve some tincture of civilisation, by sending pilgrim representatives to the holy land of their faith, Arabia, that great workshop of religions, which has fabricated the creeds of more than half the world. Yet the Malays are everywhere in a state of decadence; their empires have sunk to kingdoms; their kingdoms have dwindled into provinces; and a handful of Europeans would suffice to snatch the sceptre from the hands of the most powerful of their princes. In the traditional history of the Arabs, we find mention of maritime adventurers who, while exploring the unknown seas of the East, found superb cities and populous kingdoms where there now exists but one vast expanse of jungle, dotted here and there with mouldering but mighty ruins, which attest the magnificence of former times. Even when the Portuguese began their first navigations, they found in the great island of Borneo a sultan of extraordinary power and opulence, who held under his sway innumerable petty princes, and lived in a style of grandeur which the Malays of the present day would, if it were described to them, regard as fabulous.

People engaged in public transactions are sometimes said to be making history, because they occasionally perform actions to which history condescends to impart perpetuity; but unless through the influence of this magic power, their lives would be as unimportant and uninteresting as those of so many baboons. Of all that the Malays did and suffered in the Twelve Thousand Islands before the arrival of Europeans, scarcely anything is known. When they issued from the highlands of Menangkabau—when they received the truths of El Islam—when they commenced their subjugating career—what empires they established, what capital cities they founded, what battles they fought, what scientific processes they invented, what loves they loved, what poems they composed to celebrate them—are all buried in oblivion, save, as we

have said, a few mighty ruins, and the sweet echoes of rich poetry, which sweep like the music of a broken harp in deep wild gushes over the popular mind, and recall to the degenerate Malays of these times the passion and power of their ancestors. Races, like the political states in which they embody their greatness, degenerate and fade away. In spite, therefore, of the ugliness of the females whom we now behold in the Archipelago, we may very well believe that there existed in former times beautiful Malay princesses, who inspired all who beheld them with love. That such changes in races do actually take place, is evident from the physiological phenomena witnessed in the eastern portion of the Mediterranean, where, in Crete, in Cyprus, and in the Cyclades, the women we meet no more resemble those of ancient times, than the Malays of Brunei do those of fourteen centuries ago. Ethnologists, however, in spite of the experience of travellers, persist in circulating through Europe extremely erroneous opinions of these people, whom they represent as weak, thin, and emaciated. In reality, the Malays are a short, square-built, stout, and large-limbed race, and often even inclined to obesity. One of the writers, for example, of the English rajah of Sarawak weighs twenty-two stone, while many of the opulent Nacodahs of Brunei are as fat as so many aldermen.

From the nature of the Malay diet, such a result might hardly, perhaps, have been expected, since they are remarkable for their moderation in food. In the choice, too, of their provisions, they display extreme delicacy, subsisting much on rice and other vegetable substances, which, with whatever else they eat, are so skilfully prepared and so well adapted to their constitutions and the climate, that they are ignorant of the meaning of indigestion. In consequence, also, of the nature of their food and of their excessive cleanliness, their persons and their breath smell like a nosegay. This may, in part perhaps, be owing to the chewing of the leaves of the betel vine, mixed with the areka-nut, gambice, and chunam, or lime prepared from sea-shells, which, though it spoils their teeth, and gives their mouths the appearance of running over with blood, has so cleansing and purifying a property, that, while it gently stimulates, it imparts a delicate aroma to the breath. Its effect upon the teeth is to blacken them, which, in the case of women, it does the more easily, inasmuch as immediately before marriage they file them down almost to the gums, and, by destroying the enamel, facilitate the entrance of the colouring fluid. A distinguished naturalist has observed that the tongue, the gums, and the palate are in all individuals of the Malay race of a dark-violet colour, like those of the small spaniels of King Charles's breed. Assuming this to be a natural characteristic, he contends that the Mexicans and Peruvians, in whom the same appearance is observable, must have been of Malay origin, and adduces, by way of confirmation, a very doubtful circumstance, namely, that Spanish ladies of Andalusia and Granada with American blood in them, present the same violet colour. Again, in the Isle of France, ladies of noble birth betray their spurious origin by this dark token of Asiatic intermixture. Such a theory would be extremely interesting if it were based on fact; but unluckily the whole structure falls to the ground, since the violet tinge arises, not from anything in race or blood, but from the practice of chewing betel, for children and young persons do not exhibit it till they have taken to the prevailing custom.

Another error respecting these people is, that they subsist chiefly on sago. They no doubt prepare and export it in immense quantities, but never make use of it as an article of food till they fail to obtain rice, for which it forms a tolerable substitute. Still more unfounded is the notion that they are addicted to intoxication. Mohammedans all over the world

abhor inebriating liquors, and make it a point of honour, as well as of religion, to quench their thirst with water, so that no follower of the Arabian prophet is ever beheld disgracing his nature by imitating a hog. The unconverted Malays, who, in Borneo, are denominated Dyaks, manufacture various spirituous liquors, and, like our Saxon forefathers, consider it permissible, during certain great festivals, to drink to excess. One of these jovial seasons is harvest-time, when they exhibit their piety and satisfaction at the prospect of plenty by getting furiously drunk. In Batavia, Surabaya, and other great ports of Java, where Dutch manners prevail, fondness for the bottle may be noticed among the scum of the native population; but it is highly erroneous to attribute to drunkenness, as some writers do, the practice of running *amuk*. The motive which impels to this act of frenzy is nearly always the occurrence of some dishonour in a man's family. A husband, for example, enraged at the conduct of his wife, kills her if she be within reach; if not, he seizes his *kris*, rushes forth into the streets, and stabs every one he meets till he is himself slain. *Meng amok* means to charge furiously, and consequently, in a Malay battle, the word *Amok! amok!* (Charge! charge!) resounds on all sides.

It must be remembered that the Malay race, being very widely diffused, includes numerous varieties, some Mohammedan, others pagan, speaking different languages, leading different lives, and environed by circumstances altogether dissimilar. What therefore may be true of one section of the race, may not be true of others; thus, the Malays of Borneo are with truth described as indolent, and addicted to live as far as possible by the labour of others; while the Bugis of the Macassar Straits are active, industrious, enterprising, and full of energy. The very languages in which they express their thoughts exhibit these characteristics—that of the Malays being the softest and most musical in the world; while the Bugis dialect is harsh, deep-toned, wide, abrupt, and rapid, like the people who speak it. Up to this time, no historical records throwing any light on the early movements of the race have been discovered, and probably no such records exist; but like most other rude nations, the Malays are fond of poetry and stories conceived in the manner of the *Arabian Nights*. Most persons, whether men or women, know some of these, and when they meet together, relate them to each other; though, in large cities, contemporary scandal is believed to possess much greater piquancy, especially among the ladies. Not unfrequently the elder dames entertain their juniors with narrations of their own adventures, which in most cases, perhaps, are anything but creditable to them; though, through the laxity of public opinion, no discredit is reflected on them for their habitual contempt of morality. It may nevertheless be observed, that Europeans often generalise too hastily, and will not be at the pains to institute those investigations and comparisons which can alone enable writers to speak with authority. Marsden, one of the ablest authors who have written on the further East, attributes to the whole Malay race the defects and vices discoverable in a majority of the individuals with whom circumstances brought him into contact in Sumatra; and the French naturalist, Bory de St Vincent, partly misled by Marsden, partly by his own hasty method of observation, draws a still blacker picture of these people, whom he maintains to be ferocious, vindictive, faithless, inconstant, and lazy, except when engaged in brigandage.

More recent experience compels us greatly to modify these opinions. English gentlemen engaged in exploring expeditions, accompanied exclusively by Malays or Dyaks, have found them to be attached, affectionate, and of unimpeachable fidelity; ready to expose themselves to any danger for the sake of their

leaders; cheerfully supporting great fatigue, and submitting without a murmur to extraordinary privations. If they are often deficient in industry, the fact may be easily accounted for. Their rulers, for the most part, behave in so tyrannical a way to their subjects, that the latter may be said to dread the accumulation of property, as an additional incentive to oppression. When the harvest has been gathered in, the rajah proceeds to the district for the purpose, as he pretends, of trade, but by way of preventing competition, throws a bamboo across the mouth of the river, as a signal to all whom it may concern that his dealings are not to be interfered with by any audacious merchant of inferior degree; and, accordingly, no native prahu will dare to ascend the stream till the bamboo has been removed. An Englishman who cared nothing for this regal prohibition, having sailed up to the place of traffic, crowds of officials, who imagined the intruder might be a native, immediately rushed down to the beach to chastise his insolence; but when they beheld the English flag flapping lazily about the mast, they effected their retreat with great rapidity. The rajah's mode of trading on such occasions is peculiar: he takes, for example, two or three yards of coarse cloth, and informs the peasants that they are to buy it at the price perhaps of a thousand measures of rice. No reclamations against extortion are permitted; what they are told they want they must purchase, and at the price set upon the article by the seller. A similar method of doing business was formerly practised both in France and India. A certain quantity of salt having been carted to the environs of a village, was there unladen, and piled up on the earth, when the inhabitants, whether they needed it or not, were under the necessity of paying the price fixed upon the commodity by the government. It might be melted by the next shower, or removed at the pleasure of the villagers—the rulers got their money, and troubled themselves no further about the matter. Precisely the same principle regulates the transactions of petty princes among the Malays; and in many parts of Europe, the result to the poor is the same, though the machinery by which revenues are collected is enveloped in obscurity, and gives accordingly less offence.

The remark that the valour of the Malays is sudden and fitful, only means, when properly examined, that they are neither trained nor disciplined for war. When the Dutch, in 1848, invaded the island of Bali, with a considerable army, the natives drew together in great force to oppose them. Tactics and strategy were of course on the side of the Europeans, but the Balinese manœuvred so skilfully, and assailed the invaders with so much resolution, that after several severe engagements, they forced them back towards the coast, and would have driven them into the sea, but for the bravery of a black regiment, recruited in Mozambique, which, throwing itself between the pursuers and pursued, charged the Balinese with immense impetuosity, and being joined by the Dutch artillerymen, turned the tide of battle, and saved the army. In Sumbas, Banjermassin, and Pontianak, the Dutch have encountered steady and constant opposition from the natives, all of Malay race, who have checked their advance into the interior, and in spite of all the advantages of European organisation, have made them pay dearly for their conquests. The writers who describe these proceedings for the benefit of Europeans, generally convey very false ideas of what takes place, talking loosely of armies of eight or ten thousand men defeated by a single regiment. When inquired into, the armies resolve themselves into a gathering of peasants, armed with selighis or javelins of hard wood, whose points are sometimes tempered in the fire, or with spears from seven to twelve feet in length; obviously a poor defence against muskets, bayonets, and artillery. The number of the combatants is of no consequence,

because, when their ranks are once broken, they know not how to form again, and through their ignorance, are dispersed like chaff. In the Malay countries, as well as elsewhere in the world, courage and success have often shifted their ground, now displaying themselves in Sumatra, now in Borneo, now in Java or Celebes, and now in the Sulu islands. The inhabitants of this group, though comparatively few in number, once made themselves masters of all Northern Borneo, which, in the decadence of their power, about the middle of the eighteenth century, they ceded to Great Britain.

In manners and social habits, the Malays are, if possible, even more polite than the Hindus. Accustomed to associate much together, they improve upon their natural urbanity, visiting frequently, conversing on public affairs, hearing and repeating news, or discussing, perchance, the affairs of their families. When an opulent man gives an entertainment, the guests meet in the verandah, seat themselves cross-legged on mats, and when a large white cloth has been spread before them, trays are brought in, in the proportion of one to about five persons. The dishes, consisting of rice and cooked meats, are generally numerous; and after the *bismillah*, or grace, and the washing of hands, the repast begins. On these occasions, nothing is drunk but water, which always stands near at hand in large jars. When ladies are invited, they assemble with the mistress of the house in an inner apartment, where much the same customs are observed as among the men, except that the dishes are more numerous and delicate, and served up almost invariably by the females of the family, no slaves or servants being permitted to be present. When the dinner-party is large, the guests retire in about a quarter of an hour after the meal; but should it consist exclusively of the host's personal friends, they sometimes remain chatting together till bedtime. The dinner-hour is between seven and eight. Since the settling of Europeans in their country, the Malays have their prejudices frequently shocked by seeing pork eaten by gentlemen; though their love of chat and gossip is so great that even this circumstance does not suffice to restrain them from visiting the houses of the pig-eaters, where they distribute themselves in little knots about the carpet, or sometimes seat themselves upon the chairs which are offered them, though they seem to find the position exceedingly uncomfortable. When the women sit, either for conversation or eating, they tuck up their legs under them, their ankles crossed, and the feet on the right side, while they lean on their left hands. Descriptions of dress, unless when very technical, are at once unintelligible and uninteresting, because it is nearly impossible to convey by words the effect of costume. From the accounts of some travellers, we might infer that the Malays make a ludicrous figure in their petticoats, chemises, and jackets, but in reality they appear thoroughly elegant, with their party-coloured head-dresses surmounting a profusion of jet-black hair, and their buttons, bracelets, agrafes, and waist-buckles of gold filigree studded with jewels. In features, they are at first sight pronounced to be ugly, though the sweetness of their expression speedily does away with the effect of their material physiognomy. Their luxuriant hair, though extremely coarse, and, to say truth, generally populous, is rendered flexible by the use of oils perfumed with fresh flowers. Superstition is the cause of the disagreeable circumstance just alluded to, for in all other respects they are the cleanest women in the world; and, indeed, the ladies of Europe are believed to have derived from them that attention to cleanliness, which, first rendered fashionable by the Dutch, has since become happily general. When Malay women are connected with Europeans, they abandon those little creatures which, according to Sir Hugh Evans, 'do become an old coat well,' though

evidently not without considerable reluctance. Still, the superstition is given up, and when it is gone, the woman ceases to belong to the East, and becomes a proselyte of European civilisation.

EPITAPHS, ANCIENT AND MODERN.

A CHURCHYARD! How many remembrances are called forth by that word. To no one is it a strange or forbidden place. Most persons have visited it in sable garments, to pay the last sad duties to departed friends; some, with bleeding, breaking hearts, have gone there to weep among the silent graves, longing that they too might die; while others have been drawn thither to wander among the tombstones, and amidst 'that testimony of the rocks,' those silent witnesses of man's frailty, to meditate on their own destiny.

At present, however, our object is not to moralise, but to take an author's privilege, and forgetting time and space, to visit many known and unknown graves.

The greatest of English poets has said:

The evil that men do lives after them,

The good is oft interrèd with their bones;

or, we may well add, only heard of from the inscriptions on their imposing monuments. The English are particularly addicted to long epitaphs, relating the whole life, and ending with a voluminous catalogue of the merits and virtues of the deceased; while, on the contrary, the German estimation of them may be gathered from one of their national proverbs: 'He lies like a tombstone, and is as impudent as a newspaper.' There is more force in brevity and simplicity than in the longest flow of words. Lengthy panegyric and reflections are out of place when applied to men who have left their memories 'graven on a thousand hearts,' or who have written their names as with a pen of iron on nature and the elements. 'Who would not prefer, on a monument erected to the liberator of America,' says a modern writer, 'the single name Washington, to any wordy attempt to point out his virtues?'

Epitaphs may be divided into two great classes—the one containing those which, for beauty of expression, simplicity of design, and felicitous allusion, are worthy of consideration; the other, those which must excite a smile, and which, while not so elegant in expression as those of the first class, contain much quaint meaning.

I will ask you, reader, to visit with me in fancy the ancient city of Rome, and to penetrate those subterranean excavations known as the Catacombs. In these dreary vaults, far from 'day's rosy light,' the first persecuted Christians found a refuge; here the converts were baptised, here they died, and were buried, and on these dark, damp walls, now defaced by time, and the hand of the spoiler, sorrowing friends carved their epitaphs. Among these, you may read the following inscription; it is of course in Latin, and is bounded on the one side by a monograph of the name of Christ, and on the other by a leafy spray: 'In Christ, ALEXANDER is not dead, but lives beyond the stars, and his body rests in this tomb. He lived under the Emperor Antoninus, who, foreseeing that great benefit would result from his services, returned evil for good; for while on his knees, and about to sacrifice to the true God, he was led away to execution. O sad times! in which sacred rites and prayers, even in caverns, afford no protection to us. What can be more wretched than such a life, and what than such a death? When they could not be buried by their friends and relations, at length they sparkle in heaven. He has scarcely lived who has lived in Christian times.' In another place may be found the following epitaph: 'AURELIA, our sweetest daughter, who departed from the world—Severus and Rindinus being consuls. She lived fifteen years and four months.'

Now, let us gladly leave these vaults, and ascend once more to the world of living men. How pure the air feels, how brightly the sun shines, how cheerily the birds sing! An hour ago, we did not think the day remarkably fine; now, we fancy it could not be more beautiful. Truly, everything in this world goes by contrast. If we leave the imperial city, and walk along the road to Naples, which is lined by tombs, we shall come to one erected by a master baker to his wife. We shall be certain not to pass it unnoticed, for it is built entirely of representations, carved in stone, of the kneading-troughs and other implements employed in making bread. On it, we find the following inscription: 'To the memory of my wife, *ATRISTA*; when living, the best of women. All that remains of her body is deposited in this bread-basket.'

Upon Pope Adrian VI.'s tomb is an epitaph, composed by himself, in which we have his estimate of that imperial power which so many men have coveted: 'POPE ADRIAN lies here, who experienced nothing more unhappy in life than that he governed.'

In the north of Europe, on the bloody field at Nördlingen, there is a column erected to Mercy, bearing this concise record of military prowess: 'Stop, traveller!—'tis a hero thou treadest on.'

Count Tessin, governor of Gustavus III. of Sweden, ordered the words 'Happy at last' to be carved on his tomb.

But perhaps the most beautiful, simple, and expressive epitaph is one in St Anne's Church, Cracow, to Copernicus: 'He commanded the sun to stand still.' The very words of Scripture which were derisively applied to his important discovery, the very words which were employed as a pretext to persecute the great truth he advanced, are here engraved as his epitaph. There is a majesty, a power in the selection which every one must acknowledge.

The inscription on Sir Isaac Newton's tomb is remarkable: 'This marble acknowledges Isaac Newton mortal, whom time, nature, and heaven prove immortal.' The following couplet by Pope was also designed for this great man's monument:

Nature and nature's laws lay hid in night,
God said: 'Let Newton be!' and all was light.

Proceeding to epitaphs of less eminent, though perhaps not less estimable, characters, there is a white marble monument in a country church in Yorkshire, which, in most touching language, records the death of two young women, teachers in a Sunday school: 'Here lie the remains of — and —, who departed this life, July —, 185—. Fellow-workers on earth, fellow-worshippers in heaven.' A graphic picture, truly, of the here and the hereafter of two young spirits!

In Melrose Church, there is an epitaph full of quaint, homely truth:

Earth builds on earth castles and towers;
Earth says to earth, all shall be ours;
Earth walks on earth all clad in gold;
Earth goes to earth sooner than earth wold.

The stone over the remains of Mr Burbridge the tragedian has the two words, 'EXIT BURBRIDGE'; and on the tomb of a certain miser named Sparges we read:

Here lieth FATHER SPARGES,
Who died to save charges.

The quaint humour of Dr Franklin is characteristically expressed in the following epitaph: 'The body of BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, printer (like the cover of an old book, its contents torn out, and stripped of its lettering and gilding), lies here, food for worms; yet the work itself will not be lost, for it will (as he believed) appear once more in a new and more beautiful edition, corrected and amended by the Author.'

Similar to this, but much inferior, is the following on a watchmaker in Abercromley Church: 'Here lies, in a horizontal position, the outside case of —, watchmaker, whose abilities in that line were an honour to his profession. Integrity was the mainspring, and prudence the regulator of his actions; humane, generous, and liberal, his hands never stopped till he had relieved distress. So nicely regulated were all his motions, that he never went wrong, except when set agoing by people who did not know his key; even then, he was easily set right again. He had the art of disposing of his time so well, that his hours glided away in one continued round of delight, till an unlucky minute put a period to his existence. He departed this life wound up, in hope of being taken in hand by his Maker, and of being thoroughly cleansed, repaired, and set agoing in the world to come, where he will never want winding up again, but will keep time for ever.'

There is a capital French epitaph on Montmaur, a man who, although possessing a remarkable memory, was very deficient in judgment:

Sous cette casque noire
Repose bien doucement
Montmaur d'heureuse mémoire
Attendant son jugement.

In Greyfriars' churchyard in Edinburgh may be found the following:

Here snug in grave my wife doth lie;
Now she's at rest, and so am I.

On the wall of a chapel in Edinburgh, which is built over an old wine and spirit vault, are carved these lines, which almost rise to the dignity of an epitaph:

There is spirit above, and spirit below;
The one is of joy, the other of woe:
The spirit above is the Spirit divine;
The spirit below is the spirit of wine.

In a country churchyard in the south of England, there is this miserable attempt at epigram:

Here lies a certain Ann Mann;
She lived an old maid, and she died an old Mann.

There is a peculiar class of epitaphs which, while commemorating the dead, serve also as an advertisement for the living. One of these two-sided inscriptions may still be seen in the churchyard of Upton-on-Severn:

Beneath this stone, in hopes of Zion,
Doth lie the landlord of the Lion;
His son keeps on the business still,
Resigned unto the heavenly will.

This is certainly 'killing two birds with one stone.' But this style of epitaph is not confined to England. In the French cemetery of Père la Chaise, near Paris, a very similar one exists, only it is even more explicit. After stating the name and age of the deceased, it ends with the following sentence: 'His inconsolable widow continues his business at 324 Rue St Honoré.'

The next epitaph and its answer I find in an old family volume, but whether it really exists on any tombstone, I know not.

Oh, do not weep, my husband dear;
I am not dead, but sleeping here:
So mend your ways; prepare to die,
For you are soon to come to I.

Then follows the reply:

I do not weep, my dearest life,
For I have got another wife;
Therefore, I cannot come to thee,
For I must go to cherish she.

Political epitaphs are but occasionally met with; such as—

Here lies NED HYDE,
Because he died.
If it had been his sister,
We should have missed her.
But we would rather
It had been his father;
Or, for the good of the nation,
The whole generation.

Perhaps the most witty and satirical of all epitaphs is that one in Bath Cathedral, which must be almost sufficient to frighten some nervous invalids from the city:

These walls, adorned with monumental bust,
Shew how Bath waters serve to lay the dust.

A KING FOR SIX WEEKS.

THE brief and cursory notice that writers on Iceland have given to King Jorgen Jorgensen has led me to think that a more detailed account of his extraordinary and unparalleled usurpation might be interesting. The proclamations and other documents I have translated from official sources nearly *verbatim*.

In the beginning of the present century, the Icelanders had lost every trace of the old warlike spirit for which their ancestors had been celebrated. Under the encroachments of the king of Denmark, every spark of independence seems to have become extinguished amongst them, and without power or energy to resist, they sank into a state of apathy and servile submission. Forbidden to trade with foreign nations, they were compelled to draw all their supplies from the mother-country. In the year 1809, consequently, when England and Denmark were at war, the poor Icelanders were very badly off, and in want of even the necessities of life, as the vigilance of the English cruisers prevented any supplies being sent over the North Sea. The approach, therefore, of a merchantman under American colours was hailed with delight; but unfortunately the law was plain, and an application to trade with the inhabitants was refused, upon which the vessel changed her nationality, and hoisted the union jack. Amongst those on board was Jorgen Jorgensen, the future king of Iceland. By extraction, he was the son of a watchmaker in Copenhagen, and had travelled in the ship in question in the capacity of interpreter. By dint of threats, Jackson—such was the captain's name—extorted permission to trade from the authorities. The cargo was unloaded, and left under the charge of a subordinate, while the vessel sailed away, bearing with it Jorgen Jorgensen.

On June 21st following, however, an armed merchantship, of ten to twelve guns, arrived at Reikiavik. The ship's name was the *Margaret and Ann*, from London, having on board a man named Phelps, Jorgen Jorgensen, and others.

On Sunday, June 25, after the conclusion of divine service, the governor's (Count Trampe) house was suddenly surrounded by about a dozen armed sailors, and the governor himself, notwithstanding his protestations, taken prisoner.

Jorgensen seems now to have played the most prominent part amongst his confederates, for we find him informing the towns-people that he should hold Iceland in possession for England, 'until such time as an English fleet should relieve him, when a bank would be established, with a capital of a hundred thousand rix-dollars, that would speedily set the island in a flourishing condition.' The following day, two proclamations were issued, signed 'Jorgen Jorgensen,' who, like other monarchs, styled himself 'We.' The following is a brief summary of their contents.

'That allegiance to Denmark was at an end, and that Iceland was from henceforth free; that the Danes residing in the island should not be permitted to leave

their houses, or hold intercourse with each other; that all weapons should be surrendered; that all keys to all public offices should be delivered up; that all moneys or bank-notes belonging to the Danish king should also be given up; that the inhabitants of Reikiavik should have two-and-a-half hours, and those of Havnefjord twelve hours, given them to carry out these orders; that from every district a trustworthy person should be chosen by the magistrates as a representative, and that these should draw up a constitution; that all debts, due to Denmark, or to Danish factors, should be null and void; that all Icelanders should be exempt from paying half their taxes till July 1, 1810; that until the representatives should assemble, all public officials should refer to Jorgensen; that criminals should be judged by a jury of twelve; that Iceland should have a national flag, and be at peace with all the world; that relations with Great Britain should be set on a firm footing, and Iceland be placed under her protection; and that the defences of the island should be properly organised.'

These orders were obeyed without opposition. Jorgensen took possession of the governor's house, broke open his office, seized the archives and other public documents, and established a 'government office for Iceland.'

To commemorate his reign, Jorgensen set at liberty the prisoners that were in the town jail. He made the merchants sell their goods at fixed prices, confiscating everything he could lay hands on 'to the state chest.' On June 26, he issued a proclamation, giving notice that the goods of some merchants who had displeased him were to be confiscated. The proclamation ran as follows: 'We, R. J. Jorgensen, protector and chief commander of Iceland by land and sea, hereby make known,' &c.

The word 'R.' seems to inuinate that Jorgensen was about to assume all the titles and privileges of a crowned head, for he at this time appointed a body-guard, consisting of the prisoners he had released from jail, in all eight men. Under his orders, Einardsen, judge of the supreme court, was arrested, and imprisoned in Reikiavik for ten days, because he had omitted to follow out some of Jorgensen's orders.

The following day, another proclamation was issued, containing seventeen paragraphs of a very original character.

'According to our proclamation of June 26, 1809, ordering the representatives of the nation to assemble, in order to take into their consideration matters relating to the public weal, and as we find that such orders have not been followed out, we, no longer able to set ourselves against the wishes of the community—after their frequent solicitations that I would take on myself the administration of affairs, and who have flocked in hundreds without the least compulsion, and have offered to enlist themselves in their country's service—do hereby declare that we, Jorgen Jorgensen, have taken on ourselves the government of the country as its protector, until a regular constitution be formed, with full powers to declare war and make peace with foreign potentates.

'The Icelandic flag shall be blue, with three white stock-fish, and we take upon ourselves to maintain its honour with our body and our blood.

'The governor's seal is no longer valid. All public documents must be sealed with my seal (J. J.).

'The country shall be put in a complete state of defence without the imposition of further taxes. All English subjects shall have liberty to reside on, and trade with, the island, and all persons insulting the above shall be punished. All Danish property shall be confiscated, and any one found concealing such shall be punished.

'For our own dignity's sake, we are compelled not to permit the least want of respect towards ourselves, nor that any one should transgress the least article in

our proclamation, which only has in view the interests of the country; wherefore we do solemnly declare that the first who endeavours to disturb the general peace, shall be straightway capitally punished, without trial by the civil law.

'Given under our hand and seal,

J. J.,

'Protector of all Iceland, and Commander-in-chief by Sea and Land.'

Thus were the Icelanders forced to submit to a state of things representing all the miseries of the most unlimited despotism.

In the meantime, Jorgensen and his myrmidons went about confiscating property to the *state chest*, and placing the town in a state of defence. Accordingly, a battery was built close to the town, named Phelps' Fort, after one of Jorgensen's companions, and manned with some old cannon which had been sent to the island one hundred and fifty years before.

Jorgensen continued his depredations, at one time making excursions into the interior with his body-guard, in order to overawe the refractory officials, and seizing all documents and public moneys in their possession; at another, imprisoning different merchants who incurred his displeasure. Even trading vessels, provided with English letters of marque, were not safe from his clutches, but were seized by the crew of the *Margaret and Ann*, and their cargoes confiscated for the use of the insatiable 'public chest.' There is little doubt (for England was at war, and Denmark was in a crippled state, and without a fleet) that Jorgensen would have lived and died king of Iceland, and the unfortunate governor have ended his days in prison, but that one fine morning an English man-of-war, the *Talbot*, arrived at Reikiavik, to the great joy of the poor Icelanders, and intense dismay of the usurper. They felt convinced that Englishmen would never countenance such enormities, and so they repaired forthwith on board, and laid the case in the hands of the commander, who at once set the governor at liberty, pulled down the Icelandic flag, demolished the battery, and restored to every one his lawful office and rights. It is needless to add that Jorgen Jorgensen was taken prisoner.

Count Trampe did not again take the office of governor. He felt it incumbent on him to lay the case before the British government, and seek compensation for the depredations that had been committed on public and private property. After meeting with some reverses on the voyage to England, the vessel conveying the governor and Jorgensen and others at length arrived safely; but it does not appear that Jorgensen received any punishment for his piratical invasion of Iceland, or that Count Trampe succeeded in obtaining the slightest compensation. The hero of our tale passed a miserable life in London, and at length we find him, in 1824 or 1825, convicted for robbery, and sentenced to transportation in Botany Bay. Count Trampe was subsequently appointed amtmand in Trondhjem, where he ended his days in 1832, retaining to the last a lively and painful recollection of his governorship in Iceland.

Thus ended the Jorgensian usurpation, having lasted one and a half months, from June 25 to August 9. It may perhaps appear almost incredible, that a whole island should be taken possession of by such a handful of men—that the governor should be seized in broad daylight, and imprisoned, without the inhabitants of the capital offering any resistance. It is, however, true, and does not, perhaps, speak very highly for the courage of the Icelanders. But the fact was, they were completely awe-struck; and the threat of the town being bombarded by the *Margaret and Ann* seems to have made them think that it was more prudent to submit, and bide their time. There is little doubt, indeed, that the town could very speedily have been

demolished, for it was built entirely of wood, with the exception of the church and the house of correction. Count Trampe seems also to have feared this, and to have dreaded the effusion of any blood for his sake, and therefore used all the means in his power to persuade the towns-people to submit quietly, and even whilst in prison, wrote to Bishop Vidalin, praying him 'to beg the people to make no disturbance, neither to risk their lives for him.' Moreover, it could scarcely be expected that people who had not been accustomed to the use of weapons for many ages could make any resistance against the armed and comparatively disciplined crew of the invader; and one should bear also in mind that at that period, with the exception of Reikiavik and some few trading places, every family lived isolated, so that no organised plan of attack could have been well devised.

THE CHILD AND THE DEW-DROPS.

'Oh, dearest mother, tell me, pray,
Why are the dew-drops gone so soon?
Could they not stay till close of day,
To sparkle on the flowery spray,
Or on the fields till noon?'

The mother gazed upon her boy,
Earnest with thought beyond his years;
She felt a sharp and sad annoy,
Which meddled with her deepest joy,
But she restrained her tears.

'My child, 'tis said such beauteous things,
Too often loved with vain excess,
Are swept away by angel wings,
Before contamination clings
To their frail loveliness.

'Behold yon rainbow, brightening yet,
To which all mingled hues are given!
There are thy dew-drops, grandly set
In a resplendent coronet
Upon the brow of Heaven.

'No stain of earth can reach them there;
Woven with sunbeams, there they shine,
A transient vision of the air,
But yet a symbol, pure and fair,
Of love and peace divine.'

The boy gazed upward into space
With eager and inquiring eyes,
While o'er his fair and thoughtful face
Came a faint glory, and a grace
Transmitted from the skies.

Ere the last odorous sigh of May,
That child lay down beneath the sod;
Like dew, his young soul passed away,
To mingle with the brighter day
That veils the throne of God.

Mother, thy fond foreboding heart
Truly foretold thy grief and pain,
But thou didst choose the Christian part
Of resignation to the smart,
And owned thy loss his gain.

J. C. P.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH.
Also sold by all Booksellers.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL OF POPULAR LITERATURE

Science and Arts.

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 427.

SATURDAY, MARCH 8, 1862.

PRICE 1½d.

THE PLAGUES OF INDIA.

'I PROTEST,' says Mr Arthur Pendennis, 'the great ills of life are nothing: the loss of your fortune is a mere fleabite; the loss of your wife—how many men have supported it, and married comfortably afterwards? It is not what you lose, but what you have daily to bear that is hard.' And the editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette* is right. Toothache, tight boots, a bluebottle buzzing about one's study on a melting day in June, a hurdy-gurdy played before one's window at eleven o'clock at night, and the rest of the everyday vexations that fall to the lot of mortals to endure, cause more misery in the aggregate than the two or three overwhelming calamities that mark the grand epochs of human existence; and for this reason: those great and crushing griefs that prematurely streak a man's hair with silver, and his face with wrinkles, are gradually obliterated by succeeding years; but raging teeth, shooting corns, distracting bluebottles, and execrable organ-grinders, follow each other in such rapid succession, that the irritation produced by them has no time to subside, and assumes a decidedly chronic and alarming character.

In India, the small ills of life are more particularly harassing. It is not so much the intense heat or the unhealthy climate that renders a residence there so trying to the European, as the constant series of petty persecutions which keep the unfortunate exotic in a perpetual simmer of fever and excitement. He may get over a *coup de soleil*, or an attack of cholera, and feel almost as well as ever again till the next one; but he has no escape from the small woes and infinitesimal vexations that unceasingly afflict a native of the temperate zone transplanted to the tropics.

In this country, according to Mr Henry Mayhew, the greatest plagues of one's life are servants. In India, they are mosquitoes. The peninsula of Hindustan would be positively uninhabitable by our gallant countrymen, if the terrible plentifulness of mosquitoes was not in some measure counterbalanced by a corresponding abundance of rupees. It is some consolation to the tingling soldier or the smarting civilian, when, on rising from his sleepless couch, he ruefully contemplates his inflamed cuticle, to reflect that on the first of every month he will receive from a sympathising government a bag of silver coin, presenting an equally swollen appearance.

Those fortunate persons who live at home at ease

can form no idea of the inveterate malignity of these little 'black beasts' of our eastern empire. Their own experience can, happily for them, furnish no parallel infliction. Even the dweller in a London lodging-house, who, I fancy, runs the whole gantlet of British carnivora, suffers less during an entire season, than the inhabitant of a Bengal bungalow has to endure in one night. Let the Cockney, therefore, abuse his landlady, but be thankful.

In the incessant warfare waged between man and the mosquitoes, it is melancholy to reflect how unequal is the contest. No amount of clothing permitted by the climate is sufficient to repel their attacks. White trousers of the stoutest duck seem only to sharpen their appetites; and leather, notwithstanding its proverbial efficacy, is, if manufactured by native tanners, powerless to withstand such determined assailants. Even in the improbable case of a man's outer works being sufficiently strong to resist their regular assaults, there are undefended spots in his intrenchments which these skilful little sappers and miners discover with unerring sagacity and success. With a gallantry worthy of a better cause, they insinuate themselves between his neck and his shirt-collar, they reconnoitre the interior of his coat-sleeves, they make foraging excursions up the legs of his pantaloons, and otherwise take advantage generally of those weak points which must exist in every system of fortification.

The only consolation under these distressing circumstances is, that such assaults are usually forlorn-hopes. The enemy is in a *cul de sac* from which there is no retreat. Directly the breach is made, a sharp blow with the palm of the hand on the spot attacked places the assailant *hors de combat*; the consequence of this manœuvre is, that the sufferer, on disrobing at night, has the melancholy satisfaction of seeing the carpet strewn with the flattened corpses of adventurous mosquitoes, weltering, alas, in *his* blood!

To the prostrate and panting martyr melting away on a fervid night, there are two means of protection from his pitiless foes: one is the *punkah*. The mosquito, though so formidable an assailant, is physically a trifle, light as air. He can only enjoy his meal in a perfect calm. Carrying so little ballast, the slightest breeze upsets him; consequently, a well-worked punkah creates a small tempest against which he can make no headway, and at the same time fans the weary frame of the gasping mortal into a

soothing slumber. Unfortunately, the machine is not self-acting; and the gentle exertion necessary to keep it in motion has an equally soothing effect upon the frame of the punkah-puller. The result is obvious. The tempest-tost mosquitoes who have been beating to and fro in expectation of a lull settle down upon their prey as thickly as crows upon a dead camel.

Protection number two is a gauze safe that fits on to the victim's bedstead. Here he lies secure from annoyance, while his baffled antagonists buzz furiously outside his muslin fortress, and dash themselves hopelessly against its flimsy walls. This at least is the theory of mosquito curtains. In practice, it is almost impossible to exclude such airy nothings as mosquitoes, and one inside the safe is as bad as a hundred. The knowledge of his presence is so irritating, and his confounded hum is such an intense nuisance, that no peace can be hoped for till a candle be lit, and the intruder annihilated. By that time, the annihilator has worked himself into a state of fever that nothing but a punkah can abate. But supposing he is fortunate enough to close his safe so hermetically as to find himself the sole occupant, to enjoy such immunity from perforation, he must give up all hopes of sleep. Not a breath of air can get through his enclosure, and punkahs and curtains are incompatible. The complicated arrangement of ropes and hooks necessary to swing the one is impracticable in the limited space enclosed by the other. I once knew a voluptuous little lady who combined the two luxuries, but she was the wife of a commissioner, and her dormitory arrangements were on the same extensive scale as her husband's income. Only a Burra Mem Sahib, or very great lady, could afford or find room for such a gigantic sleeping apparatus.

Individually, I prefer the punkah. Sleep at the expense of an ounce or two of blood, is preferable to a whole skin and suffocation. Besides, instances have been known of a coolly taking only two or three short naps during his tour of duty. Even then, if he be an old hand, he will continue to give mechanical tugs at his rope as regularly as if he were wide awake. Indeed, I have generally found that a boot or other light article occasionally thrown at the offender's head, has served to keep the punkah in a very satisfactory state of oscillation till gunfire.

Never shall I forget the agonies I endured on the first night of my sojourn in India. Mosquitoes, it is well known, prefer the rich oily flavour of the imported Briton, to the insipid farinaceous taste of the home-fed Hindu. But it is upon the plump and juicy cadet that the dainty little epicures love most to feast. Young and tender as a spring chicken, I arrived at Madras in the very height and fury of the hot season. I was lodged, in company with half-a-dozen of my fellow-passengers, in a tumble-down old bungalow used by government as a store for spare cadets. Here unfledged ensigns and callow cornets were packed indiscriminately together, ready for use, and the mosquitoes *knew* it. We could hear them humming all about us, as if they were congratulating each other on the delicious feast prepared for them. As vultures may be seen circling round and round an expiring buffalo, waiting for the final kick of the poor brute to announce that dinner is served, so did those ravenous little imps, swarming in thousands over our heads, take any attempt on our part to go to sleep as a signal to fall to. Curtains we had none, punkahs we had none, and the maximum, or rather minimum of clothing which the awful heat permitted us to wear, was no more defence against their keen-edged carving implements, than is a sheep's wool from the knife of the butcher. All night long resounded through that steaming bungalow loud slaps and deep groans, telling of cruel tortures and futile attempts at retribution. The result may be imagined. At daylight next morning, we who had lain down with skins white and

smooth as ivory, rose up fiery red masses of volcanic eruptions. Our own mothers would not have known us. The exquisite irritation consequent upon a first night with the mosquitoes is beyond description, and the irresistible desire to seek digital relief, is intensified by the knowledge that such treatment will inevitably prolong the inflammation. In our case, our suffering was aggravated by the profuse application of lime-juice, which some monster in human form had recommended as a balm for our sorrows. As the insidious acid penetrated into our already inflamed tissues, tears of agony streamed from our eyes, we writhed, we howled, we danced involuntary war-dances, and eventually we lay down on the matting, and rolled with anguish. At this crisis, some good Samaritan, pitying our condition, told us that, instead of acid, we ought to have poured oil into our wounds. Luckily, one of our number had a dozen of Rowland in his trunk, and when our aching bodies had been plentifully lubricated with that 'incomparable oil Macassar!' we experienced some slight mitigation of our excruciating torments.

Such is the plain unvarnished tale of the manner in which I was treated by the Indian mosquitoes on my arrival in their inhospitable country. Nor is my case a singular one. For years and years do the unconscionable little gluttons take a shameful advantage of the flimsy nature of tropical costume, and drink deep of the lifeblood of their defenceless victim. When they have sucked him as dry as a squeezed orange, then and then only do they leave him for a later and more juicy arrival. By that time, the skin of the wretched man has assumed the colour and consistency of parchment, and he has attained that happy indifference to the process of scarification which eels are said to exhibit under somewhat similar circumstances.

From mosquitoes to flies is an easy transition. Though free from the stain of blood-guiltiness, the latter, as a means of annoyance, are scarcely less effective than their more malignant accomplices. Equal, if not superior in point of numbers, their persecution differs only in intensity. To a sensitive man, it is as disagreeable to be tickled with a feather as to be pricked with a pin. Ugo Foscolo was not far wrong when he classed flies among the three great miseries of human life. In England, at the end of a hot summer, they are sufficiently troublesome; but in India, by their numbers, their ubiquity, and their pertinacity, they become a serious and intolerable nuisance. At meal-times, they congregate in thousands, and levy a kind of black-mail upon everything that is placed upon the table. An Indian sugar-basin is a perfect mine of flies. Extract a lump in the usual way, and a black cloud rises with a fierce hum, as if to resent the intrusion. A pat of butter becomes an unintentional fly-trap, upon which dozens are caught alive O in an exceedingly disagreeable manner. The Anglo-Indian is particularly partial to home-made preserves, but he cannot indulge his partiality without a fierce battle with legions of flies, who are equally fond of jam. Others, in their indiscriminate voracity, drown themselves by scores in his soup, in his tea, in his wine, in his bitter beer. Everything eatable, unless it be continually covered up, is literally black with flies, and any crumb or drop of gravy that may fall from a dish is immediately rendered inviable by a swarm of hungry combatants. Disabled insects who have escaped from the butter or jam-pot, or have been ejected from the teacup or soup-plate, stagger helplessly about the table-cloth, while their greedy brethren surround and hustle them, for the sake of the substance, oleaginous or sticky, that may adhere to their clogged wings.

When the meal is finished, and the viands have been removed, the flies transfer their attention to the owner of the feast. In him they possess a never-failing source of entertainment. If, in the figurative language

of Hindustan, he be destitute of 'choppa,' or thatch, their enjoyment is redoubled; a bald head seems to possess attractions which no ordinarily constituted house-fly can resist. The proprietor of such a shiny disc is continually kept at bay, as it were, by a pack of buzzing, prying insects, who wade across his humid brow, make phrenological examinations of his bumps, get entangled in any little hair he may have left, and struggle violently in his whiskers, as if they were cobwebs. If he tries to read, a dozen flies settle on the very paragraph he is reading; if he attempts to write, they crawl over the ink before it is dry; and if he endeavours to forget their persecution in sleep, they do their best to prevent him, by tickling his hands, holding consultations on his nose, and wandering over the most sensitive parts of his face.

That ingenious but disgusting invention, the fly-paper, has not yet found its way to India, but several contrivances are used to mitigate the plague of flies which constitutes one of the ordinary conditions of Anglo-Indian existence. Silver covers are placed over wine-glasses and tea-cups, to prevent that reckless suicide I have before mentioned. Cold meat, when placed on the sideboard, is protected by wire-gauze covers, constructed on the principle of Sir Humphry Davy's safety-lamp. During meals, native servants continually wave napkins and chowrees about their master's head, to disperse the swarm of flies that hover, like hawks, over his plate. Some people establish a flapper. This is a piece of leather tied to the end of a stick, by which flies are flattened as they wander in happy ignorance across the table-cloth. The unerring precision that may be attained in the use of this instrument, and the fatal rapidity with which it can be made to descend upon a doomed insect, is very remarkable. On social grounds, however, this mode of executing flies is objectionable. The victims of its operations, in their *post-mortem* condition, are not pleasant to look on, and its constant use degenerates into a habit, which grows upon the executioner, until it exercises a horrible fascination which he cannot resist. If he once gives in to this malignant influence, he becomes as great a nuisance as the one he is labouring to remove. The sole purpose of his life is the wholesale extermination of flies. With his weapon over his shoulder, the infatuated man wanders about the house in search of sport; when he views his game, he stalks it as cautiously as a Highlander works up to leeward of a red deer, and presently a sounding flap announces to his distracted comrades that he has added another fly to his bag.

I once joined a breakfast mess, the president of which was an enthusiastic fly-stalker. Directly we sat down, his *battue* commenced. Whenever a fly settled on a loaf or other convenient spot, down came the inevitable leather upon the offender's body, like a flash of lightning. The carcasses of the killed and wounded flew about like hail, and the table-cloth was strewn with their mutilated corpses. Two or three grewsome bodies dropped into my plate, others disappeared into my teacup. Presently, the mangled remains of a fly were transfixed on my marmalade. This was too horrible. I rushed from the room, and determined in future to share a solitary meal with whole armies of flies, rather than purchase immunity from their persecutions by breakfasting with a gentleman who habitually made use of a flapper.

One mode of clearing a room of flies is to exclude all light from it except a small ray, which is allowed to enter through an aperture of about the size of a pea. The flies, who hate darkness, crowd to the only outlet left, and pass through in single file, as sheep rush through a gap in a hedge. This plan, though capital in theory, fails entirely when reduced to practice. The difficulty consists in procuring the total darkness necessary for the success of the operation. The ingenious reader may here suggest that the shutters might be closed, and a hole bored through

them with a gimlet. That is another plan theoretically excellent, but practically impossible; in India, there are no shutters.

The only really effectual method is to summon the household, and actually turn the flies out of the house. In India, a room has at least half-a-dozen doors; all of these are carefully closed, except one, which leads to the verandah. A brigade of servants, armed with towels, is marshalled in line opposite the open door. At a given signal, they charge steadily down the room, waving their weapons in every direction. The enemy, alarmed by this unusual demonstration, retreats gradually before the advancing phalanx, and is eventually driven ignominiously out of the bungalow. The door is then closed, and peace reigns in the dwelling.

Next on the list of tropical evils come the ants. India is the ant's paradise. It is literally alive with them; of all colours, sorts, and sizes, black ants and red, brown ants and white; some less than the British emmet, and others larger than the British earwig. They are the lords of the soil, and the owners of the houses. They undermine the ground; they inhabit the walls; they people the roofs. In the bungalow of the Anglo-Indian they are omnipresent. He walks upon ants, he eats ants, he drinks ants, he wears ants in his clothes, and but for a very simple contrivance, he would sleep with ants. They can run, and in certain stages of their existence, some of them can fly, but fortunately for the long-suffering Briton, they are unable to swim. Water being a non-conductor of ants, as well as other crawling and venomous insects, he isolates himself by placing each leg of his bedstead in an earthenware footbath, and thus places an impassable gulf between himself and his otherwise inseparable companions.

It is difficult to give the English reader a fair idea of the myriads of ants that exist in every part of India. They swarm so thickly over the cracked and blistered ground, that it is impossible for the most humane man to walk without crushing dozens of them. Long lines of great black fellows, more like spiders than ants, may be seen traversing walls and roofs; no individual of the thousands that pass and repass during the day, wandering a hairbreadth from the beaten track. Single in cts, with large nippers, prowl leisurely over floor-cloths in search of plunder, unnoticed and unmolested. Round everything eatable, they collect as eagerly as street-boys round an empty sugar-cask. Should an open jam-pot be incautiously left on a sideboard that has not its legs defended by the *pediluvia* I have described, the consequences are fatal. In an incredibly short space of time, that precious English preserve, sent out by Crosse and Blackwell, six rupees a pot, will be populous with little red ants, although not a sign of one had been visible half an hour before. Where they come from, and how they discover their prize, is as extraordinary as the manner in which the death of an animal is followed by the appearance of vultures from every part of the horizon. The sweet-toothed little buccaners must have marvellous powers of scent for such small creatures, or must possess an equally marvellous system of telegraphic communication, by means of which the original discoverer is enabled to inform his comrades of the treasure he has stumbled on.

The ravages committed by white ants on every description of property are matters of natural history. They are systematic burglars, with the appetites of aldermen, and the stomachs of ostriches. Nothing comes amiss to them: wood, plaster, paper, carpets, gentleman's boots, lady's dresses, all disappear before the devastating maw of the white ant. He is a real and undeniable nuisance, the worse because his destructive operations are so skillfully concealed; but his red, black, and brown brethren, notwithstanding their countless numbers, are comparatively harmless. They do not buzz like the fly, or bear malice like the

mosquito. Even in their winged state, they are noiseless, and they only sting in self-defence. By keeping everything constantly covered, by the general use of the earthenware footbath for the legs of furniture, and by a few other necessary precautions, the depredations of ants, always excepting the white miscreants, are little felt; people get accustomed to their domiciliary visits, and nothing is thought of a whole tribe of little blackamoors, half an inch long, scrambling about a drawing-room carpet.

Cockroaches in India appear to be more nautical in their tastes than their British relatives the black beetles. Those horrors of the housemaids affect, as we all know, the cupboards and interior recesses of dwelling-houses. As far as my experience goes, the favourite haunts of the tropical scarabæi are sugar-ships and river steam-boats. In a sugar-ship, they grow bloated and apoplectic, and may be picked up at the end of the voyage in a semi-candied state, that excites as much pity as the helpless condition of a prize pig at the Christmas cattle-show. But in a river steam-boat, they not only attain an enormous size, but they possess an activity that is positively startling. My first experience of the lively qualities of the *Blatta Orientalis*—to give him his scientific name—was in this manner. I had just arrived at Calcutta from England, and my regiment being at Peshawur, I made arrangements to perform the first instalment of my journey up the country in a steamer bound for Allahabad. The passenger flat was full to overflowing, and though it was the middle of June, I thought myself lucky to secure in the tug a small den, lit by a bull's-eye, and separated from the engine-room by a thin bulk-head. In all the verdancy of griffinhood, I paid two hundred and seventy rupees for the accommodation, but I might just as well have thrown them into the Hooghly. I little thought that my cabin was already occupied by a numerous family, who would fiercely resent any disturbance of that possession, which in all parts of the world, afloat or ashore, constitutes nine points of the law. It was a perfect hotbed of cockroaches, who, under the genial influence of the engine-fires, had attained dimensions actually gigantic. They were prize insects that would have won the gold medal at any entomological exhibition. Compared to other cockroaches, the cockroaches of that cabin were as black Hamburg grapes forced in a hothouse, and as plums, are to the miserable little berries grown in the open air, and against a wall with a northern aspect. In point of speed, they were as the winners of the Derby to a Shetland pony, or as an express train to a city omnibus. To sleep was impossible. I had not been in bed five minutes before the whole population of the cabin rose as one cockroach to assert their rights, and expel the intruder. They scaled the camel-trunks that formed my temporary bedstead, or dropped upon me from the deck overhead, till I was covered as thickly with aborigines as Gulliver was with Liliputians. By handfuls I swept them from my bed, and I felt a savage pleasure in hearing them rattle in showers on the hard floor; but they were not hurt, and returned to the charge more lively than before. My only defence was a candle, for the *Blattæ* have weak eyes, and, like other midnight marauders, love darkness. Directly I struck a light, the scaly monsters hopped off the bed, and scuttled away like magic into the most gloomy recesses of the cabin. To my horror-stricken imagination, they seemed like enormous crabs with the horns of antelopes and the legs of ostriches. I need not say they gained eventually a complete victory. I could not keep a candle burning all night, and if I did, I could not close my eyes in the midst of an army of monster black beetles. Discretion is the better part of valour, and I am not ashamed to own that I made a hasty and undignified retreat, and left the original proprietors in undisturbed possession of my cabin. On deck I found a dining-table, which for six

weeks formed my nightly couch. It was hard, but cool, and I had not to share it with such lively bed-fellows as I had found below.

In justice to the eastern *Blatta*, I am bound to say that on no occasion have I suffered any personal injury from his companionship. Till I got accustomed to his society, his visits were apt to cause disgust and irritation; but as our acquaintanceship ripened into intimacy—which during my tropical sojourn it had many opportunities of doing—I learned to regard him almost with feelings of interest and good-fellowship. Familiarity breeds not only contempt but indifference, especially in India, where a boa constrictor causes less sensation than an earwig would produce in England. In attributing hostile motives to the inmates of my cabin, I may have done them an injustice; it would perhaps have been more correct to ascribe their unremitting attentions to curiosity or thirst. In the latter case, they must have been amply satisfied at my expense, for the vicinity of that engine-room was as effectual as a Turkish bath. Less creditable motives, however, are attributed to the cockroach; tradition asserts that the object of his nocturnal visit is to gratify a passion for human hair and nails. I can safely say that I never lost through his means a scrap of either. He is also credited with the vampire-like habit of nibbling the toes of sleeping mortals, till the tips are as rosy as the fingers of Aurora. I never met with any one whose feet had been so prettily ornamented. But though from my own knowledge I am able to acquit the *Blatta* of any felonious intentions, I confess that the impracticable nature of his diet generally, and the peculiar conformation of his digestive apparatus, give a colour to the accusations brought against him. It is well known that silk, cotton, ink, and stuffed birds, are favourite articles of his bill of fare, and that he is provided with an additional set of teeth in his gizzard.

Before I enumerate another class of Indian plagues, a few of the more insignificant entomological evils may be briefly noticed. Fleas are not more plentiful in the plains than in England; but in the hills, during the rainy season, they swarm on the ground in such numbers, that I have seen the edge of a lady's dress covered as if with black embroidery. Luckily, they do not affect human companionship like their European brethren, but are rustic unsophisticated insects, who live on vegetarian principles, and may be got rid of by a clothes-brush. Another kind of little animal, which infests houses at Simla and other hill-stations, is distinguished, like the bookworm, by a devouring passion for literature. They attack miscellaneous property indiscriminately, but paper and books are their especial weaknesses. In a library, they make sad havoc, and the more expensive a drawing-room paper is, the better they seem to like it. I do not know their scientific appellation, but they are like young shrimps; they travel in shoals, and, for want of a better name, are called fish. Spiders, in India, are very different from the nimble little cobweb-spinners so formidable to British flies, and so hated by British housemaids. They are ugly, bloated individuals, who live in holes and corners, and have no ostensible means of livelihood. No cobweb, unless it were made of whipcord, would sustain their plethoric proportions. Occasionally, the householder is startled by the apparition of a frightful object, with fuzzy legs, and a body like a pickled walnut, standing out in dark relief from his whitewashed wall: it is the Hindu spider. He is perfectly harmless—a really mild Hindu, and is the victim of an unprepossessing personal appearance.

The sand-fly must by no means be omitted from this catalogue. Though a fly by name, he is a mosquito by nature; he is, in fact, a mosquito in miniature, with all the detestable features of the original strongly intensified. It is difficult to believe that a filmy atom so contemptible in appearance should be so formidable in reality; but the present writer, as

he has before intimated, speaks from sad experience. Many a time and oft has he been the victim of an unfortuitous concourse of such atoms; in the torrid and dusty regions of the Punjab, he has feasted millions of invisible sand-flies.

But I can afford no more space to register the exploits of such small deer. The aggravation caused by an irruption of winged ants, who on a steamy evening will swarm into drawing-rooms, and immolate themselves by hundreds in the lamps and candles—the disgusting aroma diffused through a house by a flock of flying bugs, and a dozen other inflictions equally exasperating, must be left to the imagination of the sympathising reader.

The noxious insects and reptiles which are popularly supposed in England to be the greatest plagues the Anglo-Indian has to encounter, give him in reality the least annoyance. It is a mistake to imagine that he is daily in the habit of finding scorpions in his boots, and snakes curled up under his pillow. Such things have occurred, for venomous creatures exist in India, as rats and mice exist in England, but like vermin in this country, they give little trouble in a clean and well-kept house. I was five years in India, and only saw two scorpions and one centipede in my bungalow during that time. There are plenty of them, however, in sheds and outhouses, or wherever dirt and rubbish are collected. The two scorpions I have mentioned were contemptible little things, like very young lobsters, but the centipede was a magnificent fellow about six inches long. He was going at a tremendous pace round the edge of a chair in my bath-room, and a more evil-looking creature I never saw. Luckily for me, I caught sight of him just as I was about to sit down, or in my defenceless condition I should have been punished severely for my precipitation. As it happened, instead of his taking an unfair advantage of me, I had him in a few minutes safely corked up in a bottle of spirits of wine.

The most deadly reptiles in India are the whip-snake and the cobra, and when either gets into a house, he is by no means a pleasant lodger. In nine cases out of ten, however, he is destroyed before he can do any mischief. Directly the cry of 'Cobra' is raised, the whole household assemble, armed with bamboos, swords, spits, and other formidable weapons. A cautious search is made, and the interloper is generally found snugly curled up and fast asleep in the warmest corner he can find. His love of comfort generally leads him to choose a bed as the most cozy place for a siesta, and he falls a victim to the indulgence of his luxurious habits. A single tap on the head renders him perfectly harmless, and prodigies of valour are then performed over his lifeless body. Natives always exaggerate danger, and the cobra of their fears turns out, in many cases, to be an innocent reptile, guiltless of fangs, and without a particle of venom in his composition. Even the dreaded capella only raises his hood in self-defence, and when he has no time to escape.

Every one has read or heard of men calling themselves snake-charmers, who profess to draw snakes from places infested by them, by means of a vocal and instrumental concert. That serpents, like other savage beasts, are amenable to the charms of music, there is no reason to doubt; but the performance on these occasions, consisting of a monotonous chant drawled through the nose, and accompanied by a tomtom and a bagpipe, can hardly be called 'soothing.' If a reptile be induced to leave his hole by such means, it must be for the same reason that draws Paterfamilias to his door-step on the approach of a hurdy-gurdy. A love of dulcet sounds is not so much the cause of his appearance as indignation, or curiosity to know the meaning of such a dreadful din outside his residence. But the whole process of snake-charming is an imposition, as regularly provided for beforehand as Herr Frikell's trick of drawing ostrich-plumes and

bouquets and bonbons from an empty hat. The charmers are professional mountebanks, who manage to introduce a tame or fangless snake into the suspected locality; when, after a great deal of piping and drumming, they have retaken him, they claim their reward, and decamp with speed. The original reptile of course remains in undisturbed possession of his premises. The best way of exposing the deception is to insist upon the captured animal being killed on the spot, when the detected charlatans, rather than lose part of their stock in trade, will depart without their much-loved 'bucksheesh.'

Lizards abound in India, and one species may be said to be half domesticated. In England, a lizard in a drawing-room would cause as much excitement as a crocodile; but in an Anglo-Indian bungalow he is tolerated, on condition that he makes himself generally useful by killing flies and mosquitoes. In my room in the fort at Allahabad, a lizard, that had by some accident lost a piece of his tail, established a regular insect preserve. Houses in India are lit by oil-lamps, which are fixed at intervals on the walls, and protected by glass shades. Near one of these lamps, my tail-less friend used to lie in wait every evening. Directly a mosquito, or other species of game, was attracted by the glare, and settled on the wall, the body of the lizard became perfectly rigid. He then crept stealthily up as a cat approaches a bird, and when within an inch or two of his prey, he made a sudden dart upon it, swallowed it at one gulp, and returned to his lookout station. He never watched near any other lamp, and though only about two inches long, minus his tail, he would allow no rival lizard, however large, to poach upon his manor.

A much more objectionable animal in a house is the musk-rat. Everything he touches is impregnated with the odour from which he derives his name. In a wine-cellar, he is worse than a dishonest butler; in a larder, he is as destructive as a dozen cats. From pure wantonness, he taints and renders uneatable everything within his reach. His perfume is so powerful, and at the same time so penetrating, that whole dozens of beer have been ruined by his merely running over the bottles, and 'corked' wine is perfect nectar compared to wine that has been flavoured with musk-rat. Its bouquet is unmistakable, and its taste disgusting. The author of all this misfortune is a squeaking little beast, who commits his enormities at night, and adds insult to injury by disturbing the rest of the victims of his depredations. When beer costs a rupee (2s.) a bottle, it is impossible to sleep with the knowledge that a couple of musk-rats are gambolling round a six-dozen case of Allsopp, lately arrived from Calcutta. It is needless to say that no mercy is shewn to such ill-conditioned offenders whenever they can be caught. Similar justice awaits the bandicoot, a gigantic marauder, also of the rat species, and almost as large as a rabbit.

Another animal that may be justly classed among the minor pests of India is the pariah-dog. Weird and wolfish in appearance, gaunt and mangy in condition, with bloodshot eyes and dragged tail, he prowls hungrily about a station in search of filth and carrion. Without a home, repulsive to the eye, and anything but agreeable to the nose, he is only tolerated in the capacity of public scavenger. He is quite aware of this fact, and he sneaks about with the expression and bearing of a thorough outcast. From his length of limb, and odoriferous properties, he sometimes affords good sport to a miscellaneous collection of domestic dogs called a Bobbery Pack. Sometimes he is speared in the same manner as the wild pig, and when no more noble object presents itself, the sportsman tries the range of his rifle on the pariah-dog. In that senseless and aggravating proceeding of baying the moon, which distinguishes the whole canine race, the pariah surpasses his civilised brother both in the mournfulness and length of his

melody. I have gone to sleep in England in spite of the monotonous yowling of a lunatic pointer; but a man must be a heavy sleeper indeed, who can, even for the short space of forty winks, remain insensible to the unearthly wail of a moon-stricken pariah.

A more systematic disturber of human rest is the jackal. The canine performance is generally a solo, or at most a duet, but the jackal can only join in a chorus. The first night I slept at Calcutta I assisted, in the French sense of the term, at a serenade of this description. I was at Spence's Hotel, and my bedroom window overlooked the enclosure that surrounds Government House. As I lay tossing and twisting in an atmosphere that would have oppressed a stoker, my English nerves were suddenly startled from their propriety by a yell which, in the stillness of the night, sounded absolutely terrific. This yell—which has been phonetically interpreted into 'dead Hindu,' with the 'du' indefinitely prolonged, was still awakening the echoes about Government House, when an equally startling cry of 'Where? where? whe-e-e-e-re?' was raised, in apparently an entirely opposite direction. 'Here, here, he-e-e-e-re,' screamed a third voice before the second had died away, and then, in one loud discord, rose a chorus of 'dead Hindu,' 'Where, where?' 'Here, here,' with an obligato accompaniment of laughing, crying, shrieking, swearing, and howling which, to my unaccustomed ears, seemed nothing short of diabolical. Bewildered and alarmed, I sprang to the window, and by the brilliant light of a tropical moon, I beheld, in the very heart of the City of Palaces, not twenty yards from the vice-regal residence, a troop of some three dozen jackals racing, gamboling, fighting, snarling, and taking part in the horrible concert I have vainly attempted to describe. It was some time before I got accustomed to such nightly caterwauling; but before I left India, I had learned to sleep soundly in a tent surrounded by jackals, and with 'dead Hindus' here, there, and everywhere.

Before I conclude my list of plagues, I must just glance at one more class of ills which Anglo-Indian flesh is more particularly heir to; I allude to mango boils and prickly heat. To suit sensitive ears, the former evils are, by a flowery periphrasis, spoken of as mango blossoms. They are—still to speak horticulturally—a kind of efflorescence which ornaments the back of the Anglo-Indian during the mango season. To realise the annoyance of such an annual visitation, it is only necessary to suppose a parallel case. Let any man about town imagine how it would detract from the enjoyment of his little dinners at Greenwich, if he knew that the close of the whitebait season would be chronicled on his own particular person by an unbecoming cutaneous eruption; or let an alderman picture to himself his feelings if a series of civic banquets produced, as a matter of course, a retributive turtle fever. The simple headache which has been known occasionally to follow an overdose of 'salmon' at the Trafalgar or at Guildhall, is a mere trifle compared to the awful penalty exacted by the most delicious of Indian fruits, from too ardent admirers of its luscious beauties. Matter-of-fact persons, like Mr Timbs, who delight in explaining popular errors, and whose mission is to banish romance from the world, declare that the mango has nothing to do with the blossom, except to give it a name. One thing is certain; they come together, and when one falls from the tree, the other disappears from the body.

Prickly heat, as its name implies, is a kind of rash which the skin of the Englishman throws out as a tribute to the climate in which he is exotic. The sensation connected with it is as if the body were being roasted before a slow fire, and basted with stinging nettles. When the victim is in a state of repose, the rash is passive and dormant; but the slightest physical exertion, mental excitement, or increase of

temperature, causes it to break out indiscriminately all over the body like the figures of a dissolving view. Its favourite strongholds are the forehead, the small of the back, and about the roots of the hair. During a crisis of the disorder, the patient assumes an angry aspect both as regards appearance and temper; his manner is snappish, and his complexion mottled. Like most Indian abominations, prickly heat is coeval only with the hot season; at the approach of cold weather, the stinging nettles die away, and the fire goes out; a corresponding improvement taking place in the Anglo-Indian's domestic behaviour.

In conclusion, and positively for the last time, what an atrocious and irritating infliction is a dust-storm. The European, whose only idea of such a visitation is formed from the handful of road-grit blown up by an east wind on some blustering day in March, can hardly imagine a huge cloud of fine sand extending over a whole district, and crossing thousands of miles of country in its resistless course. Slight warning is given of its approach. The sky is clear as crystal, the sun is blazing as only an Indian sun can blaze, and the air is as free from tumult as a bishop's breast; suddenly, a dark line on the horizon, a distant roar, a rising bank of whirling brown clouds, a flock of storm-driven birds, a mighty rush, and the sky becomes dark as pitch, the sun suffers a total eclipse, and the air is laden for hours with millions of tons of sand, brought from some distant desert, on the wings of a blast swifter than an express train. Cultivation and traffic are brought to a stand-still, and the blinded traveller patiently waits till the fury of the storm be spent, to recover the path which he has lost. In the house, every crevice that can admit a particle of dust is hastily stopped, and candles are lit, to enable the household to pursue their ordinary duties. But in vain are doors and windows hermetically closed; in spite of every precaution, the impalpable enemy gains admittance, and tables, chairs, carpets, delicate ornaments, and cherished knick-knacks are covered with a thick coating of the finest dust. The human form divine undergoes a complete and uncomfortable metamorphosis; heads look like door-mats, teeth become gritty, eyes, nose, mouth, and ears are converted into temporary dust-holes, and inner garments feel as if they were made of sand-paper. Summon a domestic, and instead of appearing in his customary snow-white garments, he will present himself in a complete suit of dusty drab: you might almost imagine that the truculent Mussulman before you had been suddenly turned into a peace-loving Quaker; his skin, which on ordinary occasions can hardly be distinguished from rich mahogany, is like decayed deal. Eatables and drinkables do not escape the general pollution, and the prevailing element enters largely into the composition of the day's dinner. The peck of dust which it is the lot of every mortal to consume, is on this occasion taken at one meal. To leave the house is madness, but I remember I did so once at Ferozepore, when a dust-storm came on just as I had dressed for mess. I did not keep a buggy, and the messhouse was more than a mile off, but what will not an Englishman brave for his dinner! I determined not to lose mine without a struggle. To wear an overcoat would produce a distracting accession of prickly heat; to go without one would bring ruin on my shell jacket, and sully the purity of my white waistcoat. By a happy stroke of ingenuity, I improvised a special anti-dust costume for the occasion. Loose Turkish trousers, made of native silk, protected my regimental pantaloons; a shirt worn as a gabardine formed a light and airy paletot; and my head was enveloped in an old butterfly net. Thus accoutred, I mounted my horse, who, piloted by his syce, carried me safely to my destination. There, I had the satisfaction of sitting down to an exceedingly gritty dinner, with a tolerably clean shirt-front, to the envy of some of my less ingenious

brother-officers, who presented the appearance of dustmen.

But it is not only the level country of Hindustan that is thus visited; the steep heights of the Himalaya form no barrier to these sandy hurricanes. In 1853, one of them mounted to Kussowlee, a hill-station 7000 feet above the level of the sea, and raged for several hours. I was standing with some friends on a point overlooking a vast district through which the Sutlej wound like a silver thread; we were watching the course of a dust-storm which was rolling in a prodigious volume towards us, and while pitying our friends in the plains, were congratulating ourselves upon being far above its suffocating influence. To our surprise and dismay, however, the storm, on arriving at the foot of the hills, rapidly mounted the intervening ranges, and in a few minutes we were enveloped in dust thicker than the densest and yellowest London fog. Not content with darkening Kussowlee, it swept fiercely over a succession of mountain-ranges to Simla, which is a thousand feet higher, and forty miles further in the interior. What became of the ambitious monster afterwards, I am unable to say; for aught I know, it crossed the snowy range, passed the jealously guarded frontier of China, half-choked several millions of its celestial inhabitants, and set the Brother of the Sun sneezing in his palace at Peking.

To give the dust-storm its due, it is not without its advantages; it is usually followed by a refreshing shower, which lowers the temperature, and acts as a water-cart to lay the dust which has been left behind.

OLD ROADS AND SLOW COACHES.

On Lincoln Heath, which is heath no longer now, but a district of good roads and thriving farms, there is a curious memorial of the past in the shape of Dunstan Pillar, a light-house seventy feet high, erected in the middle of the last century, as a point to steer by for the wayfarer by day or night. When the Lady Robert Manners of that time had occasion to visit Lincoln from her residence at Bloxholm, she always sent a groom to investigate this waste beforehand, and to report upon some practicable track. Her ladyship was not the only person thus inconvenienced. Such roads as there then were in districts remote from the metropolis, were often nothing more than paths worn deep by the feet of men and pack-horses; one of these, near Manchester, still retains the name of Holloway Head; while even in London itself there was a Hollow Way, which gives its name to a now populous district. Hagbush Lane, the principal bridle-path between London and the north, was so narrow, that two horsemen could scarcely pass one another, and so deep, that the riders' heads were beneath the level of the ground. The roads of Sussex were proverbially infamous. Fuller beheld an old lady of that county being dragged to church by six oxen; and a contemporary of his asserts that the reason why the Sussex girls are so long limbed arises from the necessity of pulling the feet out of the mud, which strengthens the muscle and lengthens the bone.

Perhaps the best examples still left to us of what roads used to be, are to be found in the Devonshire lanes. Through that rich and beautiful county, one may yet travel for miles without getting a glimpse of it, save that which is afforded where a gate, and consequently a breach in the bank, occurs. The lanes, indeed, in summer-time, are picturesque of themselves, with their steep red sides enamelled with wild-flowers, and with archways of foliage over all; but the mind is too much pre-occupied to appreciate the beauties of Nature. One is always on the look-out for meeting some other conveyance, and apprehensive of the consequences. Gin a body (wheeled) meet a body (wheeled) in a Devonshire lane, 'it is all over but

shouting,' of which last there is generally an overabundance. The party that is ascending the hill—and these lanes are all hill—has to back to one of the gates aforesaid, and wait in the field while the other goes by; and the miry way makes this retrogression very difficult. The Rev. John Marriott, vicar of Broadclist, Devon, has most admirably described these Devonshire lanes in song:

In a Devonshire lane, as I trotted along
T'other day, much in want of a subject for song,
Thinks I to myself, I have hit on a strain—
Sure marriage is much like a Devonshire lane.

In the first place, 'tis long; and when once you are in it,
It holds you as fast as a cage does a linnet;
But howe'er rough and dirty the road may be found,
Drive forward you must—there is no turning round.

But though 'tis so long, it is not very wide,
For two are the most that together can ride;
And e'en then, 'tis a chance but they get in a pother,
And jostle, and cross, and run foul of each other.

Oft Poverty meets them with mendicant looks;
And Care pushes by them, o'erladen with crooks;
And Strife's grazing wheels try between them to pass;
And Stubbornness blocks up the way on her ass.

Then the banks are so high, to the left hand and right,
That they shut up the beauties around them from sight;
And hence you'll allow, 'tis an inference plain,
That marriage is just like a Devonshire lane.

But thinks I, too, these banks, within which we are pent,
With bud, blossom, and berry are richly besprent;
And the conjugal fence, which forbids us to roam,
Looks lovely, when decked with the comforts of home.

In the rock's gloomy crevice, the bright holly grows;
The ivy waves fresh o'er the withering rose;
And the ever-green love of a virtuous wife,
Soothes the roughness of care, cheers the winter of life.

Then long be the journey, and narrow the way;
I'll rejoice that I've seldom a turnpike to pay;
And whate'er others say, be the last to complain,
Though marriage is just like a Devonshire lane.

For this charming ballad, as well as for much other interesting matter in this paper, we are indebted to Mr Samuel Smiles, whose volumes we have previously referred to in this *Journal*. He has gathered his honey with amazing assiduity from many an old-fashioned flower in antique gardens trim, and we are now squeezing his bag. From *Britannia Depicta* (the Bradshaw of our great-grandfathers) and *Iler Sussexiense* he has pressed all sorts of old-world perfumes; and to read his chapters upon roads and early modes of conveyance, is like coming upon dried lavender. In the good old times, everybody rode, except the very poor, who were obliged to ride 'Shanks his mare.' Kings rode, nay, queens rode; judges of assize rode, and so did the highwaymen who robbed them. A 'lady's horse' of those days carried double, for his mistress rode him upon a pillion behind some relative or man-servant. When Queen Elizabeth went into the city, she rode thus behind her lord-chancellor. Conceive the embarrassment of that high officer now a days in such a position as this!

The first coaches were wagons, and made no pretensions even by name to anything better. It is related of 'that valyant knyght, Sir Harry Sidney,' that on a certain day in 1583 he entered Shrewsbury in his wagon 'with his trompeter blowynge, verry joyfull to behold and see.' These wagons went pitching over the stones and into the ruts with the pole dipping and rising like a ship in a rolling sea. Juries were kept waiting, while the judge was being drawn out of a slough by plough-horses. The first stage-coaches in the middle of the 17th century, which only traversed the better highways about London, travelled at the rate of four miles an hour. In winter, they

did not run at all, but were laid up for the season like ships in arctic frosts. The coach between York and Leeds performed its twenty-four miles in eight hours, but the roads were so bad and dangerous that the passengers walked most of the way. When the waters were out, as the saying went, the roads became impassable, and the country was closed. When much rain fell, pedestrians, horsemen, and coaches alike came to a stand-still (as they now do sometimes in very heavy snow-falls) until the roads were dry again.* Still, stage-coaches gained ground both literally and in popular estimation, so that they even began to have pamphlets written against them. They were alleged to make men careless of good horsemanship, and to unfit them to endure frost, snow, or rain, or to lodge in the fields. The formidable nature of this increasing evil was set forth in the statement that between London and the three principal towns of York, Chester, and Exeter, not fewer than eighteen (!) persons, making the journey in five days, travel by coach weekly (the coaches running thrice a week), and a like number back, *which come in the whole to eighteen hundred and seventy-two a year.* 'Travelling by coach was in early times a very deliberate affair. Time was of less consequence than safety, and coaches were advertised to start "God willing," and about "such and such an hour as shall seem good" to the majority of the passengers. The difference of a day in the journey from London to York was a small matter; and Thoresby was even accustomed to leave the coach, and go in search of fossil shells in the fields on either side the road while making the journey between the two places. The long coach put up at "sundown, and slept on the road." Whether the coach was to proceed or stop short at some favourite inn, was determined by the vote of the passengers, who usually appointed a chairman at the beginning of the journey. In 1700, York was a week distant from London; and Tunbridge Wells, now reached in an hour, was two days. Salisbury and Oxford were also two days' journeys, and Exeter five. The fly-coach from London to Exeter slept at the latter place the fifth night from town; the coach proceeded next morning to Uxminster, where it breakfasted, and there a woman-barber "shaved the coach." Between London and Edinburgh, so late as 1763, a fortnight was consumed, the coach only starting once a month. The risks of breakdowns in driving over the execrable roads may be inferred from the circumstance, that every coach carried with it a box of carpenters' tools, and the hatchets were occasionally used in lopping off the branches of trees overhanging the road and obstructing the traveller's progress.' The adventures of Roderick Random by coach are supposed to have been drawn from Smollett's own experience of the journey from Newcastle to London.

The amount of intercourse, under these circumstances, between north and south was small indeed. Lancashire was thought to be almost impenetrable, and inhabited by a half-savage race. Camden vaguely described it, previously to his visit in 1607, as that part of the country 'lying beyond the mountains towards the Western Ocean.' He acknowledged that he approached the Lancashire people 'with a kind of dread,' but determined at length 'to run the hazard of the attempt,' trusting in the Divine assistance. Provisions, wares, and even stones for building houses were still carried in horse-panniers. London was fed with salt meats during the whole winter, and the market-gardeners petitioned against the extension of turnpike-roads, so lately as a century ago, upon the ground that their trade would be destroyed by country-grown cabbages. How strange reads all this now, when the express meat-train, drawn by two engines, runs from Aberdeen to London in the twenty-

four hours, and fish-trains arrive from Dunbar every morning.

The Manchester Flying Coach was started in 1754, with the following prospectus: 'However incredible it may appear, this coach will actually (barring accidents) arrive in London in four days and a half after leaving Manchester.' It is no wonder that about this time a Fly received its name on account of its supposed rapid travelling. The road across Hounslow Heath was even then reported before a parliamentary committee to be often two feet deep in mud. 'Glasgow was still a fortnight's distance from the metropolis; and the arrival of the mail there was so important an event that a gun was fired to announce its coming in. Sheffield set up a "flying machine on steel springs" to London in 1760: it slept "the first night at the Black Man's Head Inn, Nottingham; the second at the Angel, Northampton; and arrived at the Swan with Two Necks, Lad Lane, on the evening of the third day. The fare was L.1, 17s., and fourteen pounds of luggage was allowed. But the heaviest part of the charge was for living and lodging on the road, not to mention the fees to guards and drivers. The style in which the journey was performed may be inferred from the circumstance, that on one occasion when a quarrel took place between the guard and a passenger, the coach stopped to see them fight it out on the road.' Arthur Young travelling in 1769 between Preston and Wigan, finds ruts in the road four feet deep by measure, and passes three carts broken down 'in these eighteen miles of execrable memory.'

But the best description of a ride by coach in those days is that of a certain Rev. Charles Moritz, a Prussian clergyman, who travelled from Leicester to Northampton, and thence to London, in 1782. 'The coach drove from the yard through a part of the house. The inside passengers got in from the yard, but we on the outside were obliged to clamber up in the street, because we should have had no room for our heads to pass under the gateway. My companions on the top of the coach were a farmer, a young man very decently dressed, and a blackamoor. The getting up alone was at the risk of one's life; and when I was up, I was obliged to sit just at the corner of the coach, with nothing to hold by but a sort of white handle fastened on the side. I sat nearest the wheel, and the moment that we set off, I fancied that I saw certain death before me. All I could do was to take still tighter hold of the handle, and to be strictly careful to preserve my balance. The machine rolled along with prodigious rapidity over the stones through the town, and every moment we seemed to fly into the air; so much so, that it appeared to me a complete miracle that we stuck to the coach at all; but we were completely on the wing as often as we passed through a village, or went down a hill. This continued fear of death at last became insupportable to me; and, therefore, no sooner were we crawling up a rather steep hill, and consequently proceeding slower than usual, than I carefully crept from the top of the coach, and was lucky enough to get myself snugly ensconced in the basket behind. "O sir, you will be shaken to death!" said the blackamoor; but I heeded him not, trusting that he was exaggerating the unpleasantness of my new situation. And truly, as long as we went slowly up the hill, it was easy and pleasant enough; and I was just upon the point of falling asleep among the surrounding trunks and packages, having had no rest the night before, when, on a sudden, the coach proceeded at a rapid rate down the hill. Then all the boxes, iron-nailed and copper-fastened, began, as it were, to dance around me; everything in the basket appeared to be alive, and every moment I received such violent blows, that I thought my last hour had come. The blackamoor had been right, I now saw clearly; but repentance was useless, and I was obliged to suffer

* Eight hundred horse were taken prisoners during the Civil War, says Waylen, while sticking in the mud.

horrible torture for nearly an hour, which seemed to me an eternity. At last we came to another hill, when, quite shaken to pieces, bleeding and sore, I ruefully crept back to the top of the coach to my former seat. "Ah, did I not tell you that you would be shaken to death?" inquired the blackamoor, when I was creeping along on my stomach; but I gave him no reply; indeed, I was ashamed; and I now write this as a warning to all strangers who are inclined to ride in English stage-coaches, and take an outside seat, or, worse still—horrors of horrors!—a seat in the basket. From Harborough to Northampton, I had a most dreadful journey. It rained incessantly, and as before we had been covered with dust, we now were soaked with rain. My neighbour the young man who sat next me in the middle, every now and then fell asleep, and when in this state, he perpetually bolted, and rolled against me with the whole weight of his body, more than once nearly pushing me from my seat, to which I clung with the last strength of despair. My forces were nearly giving way, when at last, happily, we reached Northampton on the evening of the 14th of July 1782—an ever-memorable day to me.

On the next morning, I took an inside place for London. We started early in the morning. This journey from Northampton to the metropolis, however, I can scarcely call a ride, for it was a perpetual motion or endless jolt from one place to another in a close wooden box over what appeared to be a heap of unhewn stones and trunks of trees scattered by a hurricane. To make my happiness complete, I had three travelling companions, all farmers, who slept so soundly, that even the hearty knocks with which they hammered their heads against each other, and against mine, did not awake them. Their faces, bloated and discoloured by ale and brandy, and the knocks aforesaid, looked, as they lay before me, like so many lumps of dead flesh. I looked, and certainly felt, like a crazy fool when we arrived at London in the afternoon.

Let us, who travel in express-trains upon railways, and write to the *Times* if they are twenty minutes late in five hundred miles, here pause, and be thankful.

THE PRESSED MAN.

MANY years ago, when I was a young clergyman, I became incumbent of a parish on the coast. The living was but a petty affair, when looked at from a pecuniary point of view, and the duties were arduous enough. There was no residence for the vicar's use; the lesser tithes were small in amount, and not very regularly paid; and the parish consisted of a large noisy seaport, full of dirt and vice. Under such circumstances, it is not surprising that few could be found who were willing to accept so uninviting a post, and that the benefice for some months 'went a begging.'

My friends shook their heads when I, the Rev. Joseph Hawley, was gazetted to the vicarage of St Peter's, Sallyport. I was mad to take such preferment, they said. Within the memory of man, the living of St Peter's had never been held by a resident parson. Old Dr Stall, that comfortable prebendary and pluralist, had pocketed the lesser tithes for forty years, far away in his comfortable residence under the shadow of Mossminster Cathedral, and a starved curate had done the work. In those days, zealous clergymen were much more rare than at present. I was no better than my compeers, nor do I wish to advance any pretension to superior merit; but I was one of those young members of the church militant who were piqued at the success of Wesley and Whitfield, and grieved at the practical heathenism of masses of our countrymen.

That was why I became vicar of St Peter's. They

had sore need of a spiritual guide, those poor inhabitants of Sallyport, and no less need of a word of sound advice at critical moments in their reckless lives. It was the war-time, the time of the great old war against France and the formidable ruler of France, and Britain was straining every nerve to cope with an antagonist who leagued against her almost all the might of Europe. We were fighting too hard abroad to have leisure for reforming at home. The morality of the seaports, in especial, was lamentably low; there was a frightful amount of drunkenness, and there was not much more religion than among some benighted tribes of savages. During the first few months of my incumbency, I had an uphill fight to wage, but I persevered, and was thankful for the results of my persistency. The people, who first stared at me, or jeered me, learned to respect their vicar, and, in some cases at least, to listen to and to like him. Sallyport was a town which depended partly on its merchant shipping, partly on that immoral trade of privateering which the long struggle against Napoleon had fostered into a regular profession. Accordingly, there were times when the whole place rang with revelry, when the fiddles played all night at the sign of the Valiant Sailor or the King George, and when the exulting privateersmen would fling gold and silver out of the public-house windows, to be scrambled for by the mob without.

There were also times when bad luck prevailed, when all were poor and dejected, and when my parishioners were in despair. I am glad to think that I did them some good. The good they did me was probably in teaching me to entertain more hope and trust in human nature, however debased, than I had previously felt. They were a kindly, generous race, that amphibious population, in spite of all their faults.

I had been a twelvemonth among them, and was tolerably popular, when the old woman in whose house I lodged came one evening to announce that 'Mary Wade wished to speak to me, if I pleased.'

Mary Wade was shewn into my little angular parlour, where, amid conch-shells, stuffed parrots, ostrich-eggs, and dried cuttle-fish, I was busy with my immature sermon. 'Good-evening, Mary; what can I do for—Gracious, what is the matter?'

For Mary Wade, the instant Mrs Simmons the landlady had closed the door, put the corner of her shawl to her eyes, and began to weep and sob most bitterly, but in a silent and suppressed fashion, as if she feared to call attention to her grief. 'Dear me!' said I, rising from my arm-chair, 'I am sorry to see you in such affliction, poor girl. I hope your father is not taken ill?'

For I knew that the retired naval quartermaster, Mary's only surviving parent, was very frail and old, and I could not conjecture any more probable cause for her agitation than the snapping of the slight thread which bound that aged man to life. Mary herself was a very pretty dark-eyed girl of modest demeanour, the most regular church-goer in the parish, and the quickest and neatest needlewoman in Sallyport. The wildest youngster in the town would step respectfully aside, as Mary Wade passed along the pavement with her work-basket and her calm, honest eyes; and fierce termagants, whose tongues mauled their neighbours cruelly, were forced to own that old Wade had a pattern daughter, and the best of nurses in his dotage.

'O no, sir; Heaven be thanked, father's well; but I'm in great trouble, and indeed, sir, you alone can help me.'

'Be sure that if it be in my power to serve you, the will shall not be lacking,' said I soothingly; though I had not the slightest idea what could have happened. But I induced the girl to sit down and compose herself a little, before continuing her appeal for aid. Mary Wade sat down, wiped away the tears that stained her rosy cheeks, and burst out with a gasp: 'O sir, it's about Henry.'

I knew perfectly well who 'Henry' was, and in what relation he stood to the pretty weeping petitioner. Henry Mills was one of the finest young seamen on all the coast; he was as brave as a lion, and his character was unblemished. I had heard with pleasure that he had been promised a place as fourth officer on board an Indiaman, and that on his return from his first voyage I was to publish the bans of marriage between Mary Wade, spinster, and himself. The young lover I had seen but twice; he had been chiefly absent on coasting voyages; for although the privateer captains were eager to secure so first-rate a hand for their vessels, young Mills had always declined their offers. 'Mary and her father didn't like it,' the lad had had the moral courage to reply to more than one oily-tongued tempter, who told of French and Spanish prizes, of rich ships embayed among the sandy islets of the West Indies, and of sailors who had won a sackful of dollars by the flash of a cutlass, or the snapping of a pistol. Henry Mills was naturally of an adventurous disposition, and I can well imagine that he often looked with a sort of envy at the departure of a gallant ship's company, flushed with hope and confidence, on the then favourite errand of plundering the enemy. But old Wade, a very sober and religious man, had scruples regarding this rough and wanton trade, scruples which his daughter shared, and which his intended son-in-law respected.

So, when poor Mary Wade sobbed out the words, 'Oh, sir, it's about Henry,' I was fairly puzzled.

'Henry!' said I; 'surely he is at sea and out of the Downs by this time; and in a few months we shall hope to see him come back from Calcutta to claim his wife. The *Clive* was to have sailed a week since.'

'Ah, your reverence, but the *Clive* didn't sail,' sobbed Mary; 'and now my poor dear Henry will be taken by the pressgang, and sent off to the fleet and sea, as so many of our poor lads have been, and he will be killed in these horrid wars. I shall never, never see him more!'

And the girl wept more piteously than ever, struggling the while to repress her sobs, lest Mrs Simmons should hear them, and grow inquisitive; for my landlady, though a good sort of woman, was an inveterate gossip, and publicity would be fatal to the plan which Mary had already formed in her head. A plan there was, and no bad one, to be the device of a young woman of nineteen, whose life had hitherto been spent in the simplest domestic duties. But before coming to this notable scheme, which will develop itself in due time, I must point out what was the danger against which it was directed. Men were in great request at that time for the royal navy. The bounty was high, but the service, in those days of flogging and discomfort, was by no means so attractive as at present. It was on the pressgang that the Admiralty chiefly relied for manning the fleet, and at this particular period the man-of-war tender *Grasper*, commanded by Lieutenant Barnes, lay in Sallyport harbour, and her crew were busy on shore. As yet, the *Grasper's* men had made but few captures, of able seamen at least, for the few sailors whom the town still contained were hidden away most carefully in artful places of concealment, and did not venture to stir abroad until the pressgang should be gone. But Mary Wade had just learned the fact, that Lieutenant Barnes had discovered the hiding-place of a number of seamen, who were stowed away in an obscure public-house, in one of the waterside suburbs, and that this preserve of human beings was to be pounded upon that very night.

'And Henry's there, sir,' said the poor girl, in a timid whisper—'he is there along with the rest, and will be taken with them. O sir, it was so unfortunate, the delay about his going up to London to join his ship. But the *Clive* proved to be in want of some repairs in her rigging or masts, or something, and is still in dock; and the captain wrote word Henry

need not come up yet; and he was here when the *Grasper* came into port, and was obliged to hide like the other sailors, because Lieutenant Barnes—that cruel man—had sent a party by land from Tidemouth to intercept any poor fellows trying to escape by the road. And now they are all snared, like birds in a net, and in a few hours they'll all be in irons on board the king's ship.'

I was myself much alarmed by this announcement. I had long taken a good deal of interest in this humble pair of lovers; though I had but a slight acquaintance, personally, with the young mariner, I still regretted much to hear that his prospects of happiness should be thus nipped in the bud, and Mary's distress would have moved a more callous observer than myself. I tried to comfort her, by suggesting that Henry Mills would be released on exhibiting his written proofs that he filled the post of fourth officer in an Indiaman; but Mary replied that this chance was denied him; he had no written appointment to shew, nothing but the captain's letter, and Lieutenant Barnes—a hard, overbearing man, detested by all the seafaring population of that coast—would laugh his expostulations to scorn.

'I heard, sir,' said the girl, 'that the lieutenant was specially anxious to get my Henry into his clutches. He has got a list, somehow, of most of the Sallyport men, and he knows there's no sailor among them all, except perhaps Minns and Datchet, who are away to South America, to compare with my dear Henry, and they do so want men to fight the dreadful battles, and'—Here she broke down altogether.

'But what can I do to assist in this matter?' asked I, in great perplexity, for Mary kept sobbing out incoherent asseverations that 'I alone—I alone, could save them both, if I pleased.'

'Of course I will do all I can,' said I, as I paced the room; 'but I own I can see no way out of this distressing affair. I fear it would be of little use to speak to the officer: he is a severe man, and not very scrupulous, or report does him great injustice. If I were to go to the place, and give warning to the men concealed'—

'Ah! no, sir; it's too late for that,' said the girl, shaking her head. 'Before I heard of what was to be done, which came about through a neighbour's child overhearing the talk of the men-of-war's men, every way was beset and guarded. I dared not go there. I don't even think the poor lads know their danger, and, dear sir, they don't know they are sold.'

'Sold!' I exclaimed.

'Yes, sir,' answered Mary. 'The child I spoke of heard the tender's crew boasting among themselves how they had trapped the wariest of the merchant seamen at last, and how the landlady of the Blue Dolphin—to think any one should be so base—had betrayed the poor men that were in hiding, to get fifteen guineas from the lieutenant.'

This treachery did not much surprise me, for I knew that the crimps, at whose houses sailors were hidden until they could safely go on board their ships, not unfrequently gave secret information to the pressgang, when bribed sufficiently. However, I again declared my readiness to do all in my power, while avowing that I could suggest no resource in the dilemma. Mary, however, was prepared with a scheme, which at first seemed crude and rash to me, but which I willingly agreed to essay, in default of any other plan.

'Thank you, sir, a thousand, thousand times, whether you succeed or not in saving my poor Henry. I will pray to God for you to my dying day, dear Mr Hawley.'

So saying, Mary Wade dried her eyes, wiped away the glistening stains of teardrops from her face, and tripped demurely from the room and down the passage, wishing Mrs Simmons a good-night as she went by, in a quiet, cheerful tone, as if her heart were not full to bursting of an agony of hope and fear.

She was gone, and I had my work to do. I felt rather nervous about it; it was so foreign to my usual mode of life; it was an errand of mercy, no doubt, but it hardly seemed of a clerical nature. I was putting away my unfinished sermon, and had my hat on, and my greatcoat, ready to sally forth, when Mrs Simmons came, true to the usual hour, jingling with the tea-tray.

'Lawks, Mr Hawley, sir, I'd no idea you was agoing out any more,' said my landlady, with just a shade of tartness in her tone; 'and without your tea, too; what a pity you let me toast the crumpets.'

Bachelors of mild dispositions are not uncommonly a little henpecked by their landladies, housekeepers, or indeed any middle-aged female with whom they have anything to do, and I was a very punctual man in general, and given to early hours. So I daresay I winced somewhat at Mrs Simmons's remark; but briefly excusing my apparent caprice on the ground of a visit to a parishioner who was in some danger, I hurried out.

It was a dark night in foggy December, not very cold, but damp and raw. The streets of Sallyport, unclean and ill-paved, presented a most gloomy appearance as I groped my way along them by such feeble light as the wretched oil-lamps, sparsely hung in the main thoroughfares, afforded. I knew the Blue Dolphin, a house of resort for merchant seamen, in rather an out-of-the-way nook, but I had never visited the neighbourhood save in broad daylight; and it cost me some trouble to find it on the night in question. After twice losing my way among narrow alleys, paved with sharp pebbles, and where the crazy wooden dwellings, caked and pitched like so many fishing-smacks, were tapestried with nets and perfumed with herrings, I at last found myself within sight of the creaking signboard, on whose ground of faded pink the Blue Dolphin displayed his cerulean scales, and courted custom.

As I approached, two men, wrapped in those rough blue coats which sailors call 'gregos,' and with glazed hats slouched over their faces, sprang forward from under an archway on the right; while two more, who might have been twin-brothers to the first couple, emerged from a blind alley on the left. I heard their cutlasses clink as they moved, and I saw the brass-bound stock of a pistol peeping out of the breast-pocket of the man, who caught me rudely by the wrist. The pressgang!

'What cheer, brother?' growled my captor, holding me fast. 'Whither so fast, at this time o' night?'

'What sort of fish have you netted, Bill?' said another deep voice. 'Is he worth picking up to nibble his majesty's biscuit, eh?'

'He's only a land-lubber; don't ye twig his shore-going toga?' grumbled the redoubted Bill, whose grip was like the pressure of a vice. 'Still he might do for a waister, if not for one of the after-guard.'

I now recovered from the first shock of surprise. I proclaimed my name and my sacred calling, demanded my instant release, and warned them that they would be punished if they molested a clergyman.

The men grumbled between their teeth some allusions to 'gammon,' and 'a cock that wouldnt fight,' when, luckily for me, a little sunburned imp of a midshipman came on the scene, followed by three seamen, one of whom had a lantern. The moment I saw the light glinting on the boy's gold-laced cap, I knew that deliverance was at hand. I renewed my appeal.

'Avast, you fools!' exclaimed the youngster. 'Lift the lantern, Smithers; throw the glim on the chap's face—so. Bill Jeffreys, you dunderheaded son of a sea-cook, let the gentleman go.—I beg your pardon, sir, for these fellows' blunder, but generally, in the dark, all's fish that comes to our net. Hope they haven't hurt you?'

I hastily assured the little officer that I was none the worse for the rough handling of his followers,

took my departure at once, and in two seconds more was tapping at the door of the Blue Dolphin.

No notice was taken of the knocking, until I ventured to rattle the latch up and down, and to rap smartly with my foot against the panels. Then, indeed, there was a great stamping and shuffling to be heard inside; a light appeared at a lattice overhead, and the window was cautiously opened, while a female voice said: 'Who's there? You can't come in, for we're all just gone to bed.'

'To bed at nine o'clock, Mrs Smart! Your usual hours must have been strangely altered, I should say,' answered I. 'Be so kind as to admit me at once. I must speak to some of the men who are here.'

'Men!' exclaimed the voice from the upper window. 'You're talking of what you don't understand. There's no men here but my husband and the lame hostler.'

'I must see the persons I seek,' I replied with energy, but still in a cautious tone. 'You ought to know my voice. I am Mr Hawley, the vicar, and I will and must be let in.'

A good deal of consultation took place, in alternate whispers and growls, between Mrs Smart and some one whom I guessed to be her husband, the landlord; and then the light was withdrawn, and the treacherous landlady came down to admit me, fawning and apologising for the delay in a manner that sickened me, cognizant as I was of her having sold the liberties of her guests for a bribe.

I was at once ushered into the long low room, opening on the stable-yard, where the concealed sailors were assembled. Through a cloud of tobacco-smoke—the room itself being dimly lighted by a sea-coal fire and a couple of iron lamps fed with coarse whale-oil—I could make out that about thirty men were present. These were, for the most part, strong, able-bodied sailors—some mere lads, others with grizzled hair and weather-beaten faces; but the nautical garb and bearing of all was plain enough.

They were gathered in knots of four or five, conversing, drinking their grog from tumblers and pan-nikins, or moodily puffing at their clay-pipes. My appearance at first created some stir, but several of the men knew me, and told the others they need not fear—it was only Mr Hawley, the good parson of Sallyport. Poor fellows! as they respectfully made way for me to pass them, I loathed the treachery which had betrayed them to the kidnappers, and I would have warned them to flee, had flight been possible; but I well knew that every avenue was guarded, and that although the merchant sailors were well provided with bludgeons and knobbed sticks, they had little chance against the trained attack of the pressgang. I therefore turned to the corner of the room, where a fine-looking young sailor, taller by the head than any there, and with a very pleasing expression in his handsome honest face, sat alone, lost in melancholy thoughts. I approached. 'Henry Mills,' said I, in a subdued tone, 'I wish to speak with you, apart from the rest. You may remember me—Mr Hawley, the vicar of Sallyport. I was asked to come by some one who takes an interest in you.'

'By Mary, sir, was it?' asked the young man, springing up. 'Have you a message for me, sir, from the dear girl?'

'Hush!' said I, coming nearer—'hush! I cannot tell you what I have to tell, until you have promised to obey my instructions in all this business. I cannot save you, unless you will do so—unless you will promise not to be rash. And it was to ask that I would render you a service that your sweetheart, Mary Wade, came to me this night.'

'Bless her kind little heart!' said Mills warmly; 'but, indeed, sir, there's no special danger; we're safe here, and the *Grasper's* crew can't find us; and to-morrow'—

'To-morrow will be too late,' whispered I. 'I cannot explain matters here. A hasty word would ruin all. Let us have a few minutes' talk in some quieter room than this.'

'Well, sir, if you wish it, the tap's quite empty, and we can talk there all by ourselves. There's a lantern in the passage, and I can unhook it as we go by.'

The conversation lasted about ten minutes, for every moment was precious. At the end of that time young Mills, his oilskin-covered hat slouched over his face, and the collar of his monkey-jacket turned up so as almost to conceal his mouth and chin, returned to the long low room, and sat down in the same secluded corner, apparently lost in thought.

And at almost the same moment the Rev. Joseph Hawley, incumbent of the parish of Sallyport, quitted the public-house, acknowledging, in the curtest and most laconic fashion, the profuse civilities and verbose good-wishes of the landlady of the Blue Dolphin.

The men-of-war's men were hanging about the archway and the blind alley thick as bees, and humming forth a note of preparation; but as the gleam of their lantern fell on the long greatcoat, the white neck-cloth, umbrella, and beaver hat of their late captive, they opened their ranks and let him pass.

'Good-night, your reverence! pleasant dreams, old boy!' said the young midshipman, with a giggle at his own wit, and the seamen gave a smothered laugh, which ceased as an important-looking personage in a cloak, with cocked-hat and clinking sword, came up—Lieutenant Barnes himself. But even the lieutenant had no power to stay a minister of religion, and Mr Hawley went on his way unmolested. The proceedings of the vicar of Sallyport that night were very singular; he did not go home to his lodgings, his tea and crumpets, but hung about the dark streets till the hour of ten, when the royal mail, with horn and clash of hoofs and wheels, redcoated guard and bluff coachman, came dashing through Sallyport; and then who should appear at the coach-door, just before it drove off from the office, but the Rev. Joseph Hawley.

He modestly announced that he was going to London. An inside place was vacant; he occupied it. 'No luggage, sir? All right, Thomas.' Up jumped the redcoated guard, crack went the whip, twang went the horn, and off rolled the coach towards London. The pressgang examined the royal mail two miles out of Sallyport, but found no runaway seamen. What, to them, was the name of the Rev. Joseph Hawley in the waybill, or the presence of the Rev. Joseph Hawley in the interior of the vehicle! At exactly ten minutes to ten, the men-of-war's men and marines, with clubs, cutlasses, and crowbars, broke into the Blue Dolphin public-house, and captured every man there. This was not effected without a dreadful fight. Bones were broken, many wounds and bruises exchanged, and more than one pressed man was taken senseless on board the *Grasper*.

But Henry Mills made no resistance; he was taken as easily as a lamb is secured by the butcher, and his captors were half disappointed that so gallant and powerfully built a young man should have shewn the white feather.

However, when Lieutenant Barnes, at half-past eleven o'clock, reviewed his prisoners on the deck of the *Grasper*, by the light of a ship's lantern, he found out with dismay that the prisoner in the pea-jacket and glazed hat was not Henry Mills at all, but the Rev. Joseph Hawley, M.A., vicar of Sallyport; and he made the further discovery, that Henry Mills, having changed clothes with his friend, the clergyman in question, was already far beyond danger, speeding as fast towards London as four active horses could convey him.

I pass over the oaths and lamentations, both loud and deep, of the crestfallen Lieutenant Barnes. But the laugh was against him, and he was glad to go to sea in the *Grasper* before nightfall on the following

day. Half a year later, I had the pleasure of uniting in holy matrimony the hands of Henry Mills, third officer in the *Clive* Indianman, and pretty Mary Wade.

MATCHES AND MATCH-MAKERS.

THE Matches we speak of are not matrimonial, but luminiferous—not to catch sparks, but to make them. We are about to compare the matches of the old days with the lucifers of the present.

The old tinder-box routine was unquestionably a very tiresome one. Mary, the housemaid, if a careful body, arranged that the tinder should be made beforehand. She took a piece of linen rag, or perhaps the last remains of a well-darned cotton stocking, and burned it to that particular degree which should bring it to the state of vegetable charcoal; she drove off the hydrogen and other gases, leaving the carbon behind. Good soul! she knew nothing about this; hydrogen and carbon were much the same to her; but what she *did* know was, that a certain definite amount of burning, and no more, was necessary to make good tinder. The steel and the tinder-box were made in some one of the hardware towns near Birmingham. The steel was not really steel; hard iron did duty instead. The flint was an odd fragment among the heaps that accumulated around the men who made gun-flints for the army, before the days of percussion-caps. The matches were thin splints of soft wood, sharpened at both ends, and tipped with sulphur. The street-dealers were the chief match-sellers. Several matches were spread out, fan-like, into bunches; and according as trade was bad or good, so were we invited to buy three, four, or more bunches for a penny. There was really a pretty little bit of philosophy in the strike-a-light system. A sharp diagonal blow with the flint against the steel struck off minute particles, which were rendered red-hot, nay, white-hot, by the concussion, and ignited the tinder on which they fell. Poor Mary: many a time did she rob her knuckles of bits of skin by an unskilful use of the flint; and many a suffocating fume did she raise, to the discomfort of her eyes and lungs, when blowing upon the tinder to render it hot enough to kindle the sulphur-match.

It took almost as many trials to advance from the tinder-box to the lucifer-match, as from the Ptolemaic system of astronomy to that of Newton. Phosphorus was for a long time the favourite agent. That substance takes fire very readily; and the problem was, how best to make use of this property? A morsel of phosphorus rubbed between the folds of a bit of paper took fire, and afforded the means of kindling a sulphur-match. True; but the phosphorus was very expensive; and many a burn was produced by want of caution in its use. Some one then hit upon the expedient of phosphoric tapers; small wax tapers had their wicks slightly coated with phosphorus; little glass tubes were made, into each of which a taper was secured; and when a light was wanted, one end of the tube was cut off with a file, enabling the air to gain access to the phosphorised wick, and enkindle it—a scientific method, perhaps, but undoubtedly a troublesome and costly one. A happier idea was that of the phosphorus bottle. A bit of phosphorus was put into a bottle, and slightly burned by inserting a red-hot wire; on being closed with a cork, the bottle retained a kind of phosphoric oxide; and when a light was wanted, the cork was removed for an instant, a sulphur match thrust in, and flame resulted from the chemical action of the two bodies. These bottles really had a tolerable reign for some years. As improvement went on, one Honiberg thought he saw certain advantages in a substitute for the phosphorus. This consisted of a mixture of alum, flour, and sugar, calcined in a peculiar way; it had the power of taking fire when exposed

to the air, and by a careful mode of taking minute bits from a bottle, light could at any time be obtained. But a 'careful' mode of doing such things is just what cannot at all times be insured; and Honiberg's invention gave rise to many burned fingers. There then arose an apparatus of a still more scientific character, but still less fitted for popular use. There was all the parade of a glass reservoir, a small supply of hydrogen gas, a column of water supported by a valve, and an electrophorus; and by a little hocus-pocus, an electric spark was made to ignite a jet of hydrogen. Pneumatics next took the place of electricity. A syringe, or what school-boys would call a large squirt, was provided at one end with a bit of German tinder, and a forcible pressing down of the piston or rammer made the air in the tube so hot by condensation as to ignite the tinder.

But, after all, the old system of the match came back again. Chemists told the match-makers that a substance called chlorate of potash, if mixed with sugar and gum, will burst into flame if a drop of sulphuric acid be let fall upon it. Thereupon, smart little boxes were made, containing a bit of asbestos steeped in sulphuric acid, and several matches tipped with a paste containing the chlorate; the end of a match, pressed upon the moist asbestos, kindled into flame. These boxes, though high in price, were elegant little contrivances, and for some years in considerable favour; for by the aid of frankincense and scented wood, the matches were rendered odorous. One step more had to be made. The inventors in this line of art felt that they must get rid of bottles, acids, tubes, pistons, and everything of a complex nature, and devise some sort of match that would ignite by mere friction. This was done; and then commenced the triumphant reign of the *lucifer* or the *congreve*, call it which we may. Manufacturers are very fond of trade-secrets—making the world believe that efficiency and success depend on processes which are known only to themselves, and which are to be surrounded with a veil of secrecy. Whether Messrs A. and B. really know the alleged secrets of Messrs C. and D. is, we presume, no business of ours: therefore, while it is known that chlorate of potash, sulphuret of antimony, starch, phosphorus, and saltpetre, are among the substances employed to tip the matches, it is not openly acknowledged by any manufacturer what is the precise recipe employed by himself. The red ochre, red lead, or smalt, have nothing to do with the action of the match; they simply 'tip' it with beauty.

Prodigious, almost incredible, is the extent to which these little affairs are now manufactured. Even as a question in the timber-trade, the lucifer question is anything but a trifle. Let us take a case, for the accuracy of which our own eyes can vouch. There is an establishment in London, where an enormous pile of the best yellow pine is always in store, expressly for the making of lucifer-matches. It is literally true that this is the *best* pine—no refuse or inferior wood being admitted. And there is good reason for the selection. So intricate is the machinery, and so delicately sharp the cutting implements, that knotted or irregular timber would inflict an amount of injury more than equivalent to the difference in the quality of the wood. The selected deals, three inches in thickness, are rapidly cut by circular saws into blocks about four inches long. These blocks are placed in a machine of most ingenious construction. Fifty or sixty very sharp knives or lancets are ranged with their points in a row, and at distances apart equal to the ordinary thickness of a lucifer-match. These knives, by a slight movement of a frame in which they are fixed, make fifty or sixty cuts in the surface of a block; while a long keen blade, descending in another direction, severs a complete slice from the block. The movements of the frame are so timed that the two series of cuttings succeed

each other. Five blocks are ranged in a row on a flat iron bed, with the grain of the wood horizontal; and these blocks, when pressed up against the machine, are cut into slices, and the slices immediately afterwards cut up into splints. The celerity is astonishing. The knives make a hundred and twenty reciprocating movements per minute; two hundred and fifty splints are severed at each movement; and as each splint is long enough for two matches, there are sixty thousand matches made in a minute. As the four-inch splints are cut, they fall into a trough, whence they are conveyed to a drying-room; when dried, they are packed into bundles, and sold to the lucifer-match makers, who divide each splint into two during the subsequent operations. It affords a curious illustration of the extent of this manufacture, that sixty or seventy full-sized deals are cut up every day, and that a *ton* of moisture is drawn out of the wood during the drying!

This is not the only mode of cutting the splints. In one establishment, the blocks are arranged with the grain of the wood vertical, and the cutting-blades furnished with a corresponding series of movements; but the principle is nearly the same. When, however, the matches are to be cylindrical, such as many of those made in Germany, a metal plate is provided, pierced with round holes very close together, and the sides maintained sharp and clear. A block of wood is pressed down upon the plate by means of a plunger or lever, and forced through the holes, which separate it into small round splints or sticks.

The lucifer-match makers buy the splints in large quantities at a time, usually packed in bundles, and the bundles in casks. Then comes the chemical part of the manufacture, which has been the cause of so many sad accidents in the hands of heedless persons. Sulphur is melted in a suitable vessel; and a bundle of splints, bound round with string, is dipped so as to tip both ends of each splint with the molten substance. This prepares the matches for the reception of the phosphorus, chlorate of potash, nitre, or whatever other substances may be selected on account of its facility of ignition. It is said that a composition much employed consists of phosphorus as the main ingredient, with glue, gum, sand, ochre, and vermilion, as other constituents; or Prussian blue, instead of red colouring matters. Whatever they be, the ingredients are carefully mixed, and maintained at a proper temperature for using. Children arrange the sulphured matches between a series of grooved boards in such a way that the matches shall be firmly held, with their ends protruding, and yet not quite touching each other. About a thousand matches are quickly arranged in this way. The phosphoric composition, as a kind of liquid paste, is spread out in a layer upon a heated stone slab. The frame, containing a thousand or more of matches, is brought down upon the slab, and the end of every match receives its due allowance of composition. The matches, when dried, are released from the boards between which they have been temporarily confined. The filling of the boxes with the dried matches by little girls is quite a marvel of quickness. The grooves in each board are exactly equal in number (usually about fifty) to the matches for one box; the whole fifty are swept off with one light movement of the hand, and ranged orderly in the box. One tiny creature will thus pack three or four thousand boxes in a day. It is sad work, however, for the fumes of phosphorus are very deleterious, and many of the factories are deficient in proper ventilation.

When the Hyde Park Exhibition was held in 1851, we learned, for the first time, something authentic about the continental match-makers, and the almost incredible cheapness of the products. The actual finished matches, however, were not sent for very good reasons. The necessary precautions for shielding the building from fire, suggested the exclusion of

phosphoric or chemical matches, and the splints only were admitted. The information obtained on that occasion, however, shewed that the lucifer manufacture in Germany began at Darmstadt about 1834, and spread thence to almost every part of the German dominions. The small duchy of Hesse Darmstadt alone had, in 1850, eight large manufactories of these trifles, producing half a million boxes weekly. These boxes were not such as we buy at a fraction of a penny each; they were rather *cases* containing from a thousand to five thousand matches. Austria and Bavaria, as if tired of any longer counting up the boxes, sold their matches by thousands of hundred-weights. The German catalogue of our Exhibition notified the prices of the German splints and matches, and those prices, when translated into English, were certainly something curious. Peter Harass sold lucifer boxes (empty) at twopence per hundred. Manufacturers in Saxony sold untipped matches at the rate of fourteen hundred for a farthing. Fürth of Schültenhofen sold finished tipped matches at a penny per dozen boxes. Bittner of Nendorf supplied untipped splints at nine thousand for a penny; but Fürth eclipsed him by raising this number to fifteen thousand.

One of the journals devoted to chemical science has recently given curious information concerning matches, from which we learn that the trade is extending rapidly in all directions. We are told, among other wonders, that Pollak of Vienna, and the Fürth above mentioned, now employ so many hands, that they produce nearly a *thousand million* matches weekly; that Sweden sends us thirty thousand cuts of match-splints yearly; that one English merchant now buys eight thousand cuts of foreign match-splints yearly; that a single firm in Lancashire employs four hundred hands, keeps ten thousand pounds' worth of timber always on hand, uses every week a ton of sulphur and a ton of glue, and produces weekly more than forty million matches—enough to engirdle the earth and leave a few to spare.

A NON-COMBATANT HERO.

A POLITE French gentleman who had meant no harm was once knocked down by an ancient English civilian because he had called him a non-combatant. 'No Briton,' urged the latter (in extenuation of his hasty conduct), 'no matter what his profession or his age, should ever be called a non-combatant, or anything like it, and least of all by a Frenchman.' Our venerable countryman had sinew and humour upon his side of the argument, but his reasoning was very defective. Some of the bravest men the world has produced have been non-combatants, and some of the most heroic deeds in its history have been performed, not by the destroyers of their species, but by the healers and preservers thereof. There was not a more valiant work done in all the Crimean war than that undertaken by Surgeon Thomson after Alma. There was not a more dauntless man in the whole Grand Army of Napoleon than its surgeon-in-chief, Baron Larrey.

This gentleman, when attached to Kellerman's brigade in 1792, first exhibited his credentials as Mitigator of War in his invention of the Flying Ambulances, which bore the wounded rapidly away, instead of leaving them to linger on, as of old, in agony upon the battle-field. The employment of ambulances is not, however, at all times practicable, and even when it is so, there are dangers and difficulties in the path of the army-surgeon, such as cannot be possibly imagined by us who live at home at ease, but must be described by one who experienced them. In the *Memoirs of Baron Larrey*,* we possess perhaps the most trustworthy, as well as the most striking account of how it goes with the wounded, and that (for he ever

tended friend and foe with equal care) on both sides, in the bloody arbitrament of war. History has long concerned herself with the victors and the vanquished only, and not without reason; since, to receive a severe wound, in the case of a common soldier, was, under the old régime, almost certainly to die. It was only the chiefs that were much attended to, or who 'lived to fight another day' at all. Yet in Larrey's time, so much had these things been changed for the better, that he sent forth Napoleon from Moscow with more than 100,000 able-bodied men, who had entered that city, fatal as it was in other respects, with only 90,000 combatants. The means, however, by which patients are recovered in warfare are often strange enough, and the remedies applied not a little violent. In the woodless wastes of Egypt, the sick were warmed at night by fires which were made of the bones of the dead. When the army got to Cairo, it fell into the hideous embraces of the plague, whose only merit was that it extinguished, like death itself, all other diseases. When the plague ceased, fatigues and privations under a burning sun excited liver complaint, which degenerated into abscesses so terrible, that it was sometimes found necessary to plunge some sharp instrument into the stomach, in order to give free course to suppuration. The lesser diseases of that Egyptian campaign were leprosy, caught from infected mattresses and unclean food, ophthalmia, scurvy, and elephantiasis. Dark, indeed, was the side of Bellona's shield which it was the life-long fate of Surgeon Larrey to contemplate. The personal safety, too, of this non-combatant was jeopardised in every engagement. His amputations were performed amid a shower of bullets, and in expectation of the charge of hostile cavalry. 'Among the wounded was General Silly, whose knee was ground by a bullet. Larrey, perceiving that fatal results might ensue unless the limb was amputated at once, proposed amputation. The general consented to the operation, which was performed under the enemy's fire in the space of three minutes. But lo! the English cavalry suddenly near their side. What, then, was to become of the French surgeon and his patient? "I had scarce time," said Larrey, "to place the wounded officer on my shoulders, and to carry him rapidly away towards our army, which was in full retreat. I spied a series of ditches, some of them planted with caper bushes, across which I passed, while the cavalry were obliged to go by a more circuitous route in that intersected country. Thus I had the happiness to reach the rear-guard of our army before this corps of dragoons. At length I arrived with this honourably wounded officer at Alexandria, where I completed his cure."

On many battle-fields, the cold was so intense that the instruments requisite for the operations fell from the powerless hands of the army-surgeons; after others, nothing could be procured but horse-flesh to make soup for the exhausted patients, while their only tureens were the cuirasses of the fallen. At Smolenak, where all supplies and stores had been burned by the retreating Russians, Larrey, fertile in expedients, discovered a hoard of archives, and substituted paper for lint, and the thick parchment for splints. His wounded were then upwards of ten thousand in number, and almost all the town in conflagration. At Eylau, these poor fellows were well-nigh meeting with a second calamity, which would without doubt have destroyed the whole of them. 'While I was operating,' says he, 'or directing operations, I heard on all sides of me the most pressing appeals to me from the sufferers. To the doleful moans of these intrepid soldiers succeeded, after the operation, a prodigious and almost inexplicable calm, along with a kind of internal satisfaction, which they expressed by testimonies of the most lively gratitude. They appeared no longer occupied by their personal evils; they made vows for the preservation of our emperor and the success of our arms; finally, they

* Renshaw. London, 1861.

mutually encouraged each other to bear patiently the different operations which their wounds rendered necessary. It was in the midst of all the obstacles which a hostile locality and a rigorous temperature were presenting, that some of the most delicate and difficult operations were performed successfully. Just at the moment when a veritable consolation was diffusing itself in the soul of every wounded man, an unexpected effort made by the right wing of the enemy to outflank our left, precisely at the point where the ambulances were stationed, was calculated to spread trouble among these distressed men. Already some who were able to march had taken flight; others were making vain efforts to follow them, and escape this unexpected attack. We, however, were their prop and support; we were determined to die rather than to seek ignominious safety. I expressed forcibly to all the wounded who remained the resolution which I had taken not to abandon my post; I assured them that, whatever might be the result of this alarm, which to me appeared false, they had nothing to fear for their life. All the members of my own department rallied round me, and swore not to abandon me.

Presently, an impetuous charge, purposely made upon the enemy which had been threatening us, in midst of dense whirlwinds of snow, prevented the event so dreaded by our wounded men. Calm was re-established, and it became possible for the medical officers to continue uninterruptedly their operations. All the more serious wounds of the Imperial Guard and a great part of the line were treated and operated on during the first twelve hours; then only did any of the surgeons begin to take rest. We passed the remainder of the night on the ice and snow around the fire of the bivouac of the ambulances. Never had there been so hard a day for me: it had been hardly possible for me to restrain my tears in those moments when I was endeavouring to sustain the courage of my soldier-patients.

A more Catholic-hearted man than Larrey never breathed; a fellow-creature had only to need his professional assistance, and whether Englishman, Austrian, or Russian, he was his friend at once. He held that a surgeon had no enemies except disease and death, and on one occasion almost perished of a malignant fever contracted from some countrymen of our own who were prisoners to the French in Spain.

With the armies of his beloved master, Napoleon, Larrey visited in turn almost every country in Europe, of each of which he has something novel to say, since his view of all things is taken from so unusual a stand-point; but the most striking of all his experiences is without doubt his narrative of the campaign in Russia. During that awful expedition, the surgeon-in-chief of the Grand Army went on foot. Cold, he had convinced himself, was only the predisposing cause of frost-bite, and the heat which succeeds the cold the real source of mischief. Those who rode, upon arriving motionless at a bivouac, experienced an irrepressible desire to warm themselves, and on approaching a fire contracted gangrene in their half-frozen limbs. In all other countries through which the French passed as invaders, it was Larrey's custom, upon evacuating a town, to leave a letter for the medical chief of the enemy, commending to his care such of his own unhappy patients as were too ill to be moved; and in no case was this confidence found to be misplaced. But in Russia every town was set on fire before Napoleon reached it, and consumed almost to the last house before he departed. Where the Grand Army looked for abundance, and rest, and shelter, they found nothing but flames. The hope of reaching their great goal, Moscow, however, animated them to an extraordinary degree, notwithstanding that the four hundred thousand fighting-men who had crossed the Niemen were reduced to less than a quarter of that number.

'At length, on the 14th of September, on reaching an eminence in the road, the advanced-guard suddenly caught sight of Moscow. As all the battalions of the army reached that part of the road, they halted, and the sound of "Moscow" reverberated through their ranks. It was a moment of intoxication. After a short halt, they continued their onward course; and as the old city of the czars of Muscovy became brighter and clearer, the joy of the French soldiers increased. Murat, at the head of the cavalry, galloped forward, and concluded a truce with the enemy for the evacuation of Moscow. The whole French army soon afterwards began to enter the gates of that city. The French soldiers dispersed themselves through the town, and gazed at its novelties. The houses were richly furnished, the churches were profuse in ornament, and the palaces seemed stored with the wealth of ages. Afterwards, some of them climbed to the summit of the Kremlin. From that spot, they looked down upon a city which in extent seemed as large as Paris, Vienna, and Berlin together. Beneath them, in survey, were 1500 palaces, with gardens and parks, and thousands of houses of a perfectly new architecture, tiled or roofed with polished iron of various devices. From the midst of these abodes arose hundreds of churches and innumerable steeples. Conceptions the most eccentric, of Byzantine, Tartar, and Armenian architecture, had there raised edifices, with twisted columns in front of them, and also produced a variety of contour and painting. Many of the houses were of coloured wood; but the colours were unmatched and incongruous. Then the silvered and gilded cupolas of the principal churches, in reflecting the rays of the sun, gave to this panorama much that was dazzling as well as new to French eyes. Commanding and overlooking all, by its gilded roof of immense height, and by its towers almost laden with steeples, with its walls carved or sculptured like garlands, the Kremlin, in its imposing grandeur, appeared like the father and protector of the old Muscovite city.'

In this Kremlin, the citadel of the capital, the abode of the czars, which contained their treasure, the sacred images of the Greek religion, and the mortal remains of the sovereigns laid out in funeral chapels, adorned with gold and gems, Napoleon took up his quarters. His soldiers, who had long been strangers to a bed, that night slept on soft couches in mansions of the noble and wealthy. They were dreaming of enriching themselves by the spoil of those luxuriant but forsaken abodes, when the torches of the incendiaries—the felons who had been liberated from prison, and left behind for this dread purpose—were applied to the holy city. The gales of the equinox acted like a bellows on the rising conflagration. The polished steel roofs of the buildings soon became red hot, balloons of fire drifted to and fro, and the air resounded with the falling of walls and springing of mines. Napoleon clung to the spot as long as possible; but at length the increasing fury of the flames rendered it quite untenable, and he removed—not without great peril in passing through the burning streets—to Pétrowskoïé, a château of Peter the Great, about four miles from the city. For three days and nights, the fire raged, consuming the entire capital except the Kremlin, the churches, and a few of the large stone houses. Napoleon surveyed the scene from his château, and was overheard by Larrey to exclaim: 'This event is the prelude of a long train of disasters.' As soon as possible, the emperor returned to the place where Moscow had stood. 'The camps which he traversed,' says M. de Segur, 'in order to arrive at the Kremlin, offered a singular aspect. They were on thick and cold mud, in the midst of fields. Here the soldiers were warming themselves by igniting furniture of acacia, windows of handsome framework, and doors of rich gilding. Around these fires, on a litter of damp straw, which

was badly sheltered by some planks, one saw the soldiers and their officers, soiled with mud and blackened with smoke, sitting in arm-chairs, or sleeping on sofas of silk. At their feet were stretched or heaped up shawls of cashmere, the most rare furs of Siberia, and also stuffs of gold of Persia. Between the camps and the town, one met crowds of soldiers dragging or trailing their booty, or chasing before them, as beasts of burden, moujiks bent under the weight of the pillage of their capital, for the fire shewed near 20,000 inhabitants, unperceived till then, in this immense city. They went to shelter themselves with the wreck of their goods near our fires. They lived pell-mell with our soldiers, protected by some, and tolerated or scarce remarked by others. There were even about 10,000 soldiers of the enemy. During several days, they wandered in the midst of us, free, and some of them still armed.

Having deferred as long as possible the evacuation of Moscow, on account of the loss of prestige which he knew must result from any retrograde movement, and despairing of any conditions of peace from Alexander, Napoleon commenced his retreat. The 103,000 men who yet remained to him carried with them an immense plunder, beside that famous and gigantic cross snatched from the tower of the great Ivan, which the emperor fondly hoped to see erected on the dome of the Invalides at Paris. They were also accompanied by many French families who had long resided in Russia, but were now apprehensive of being left behind. The dreadful story of this retreat has been told again and again. Before the French could effect their passage across the Beresina, the Russians arrived in enormous force, and began to fire upon 'the division of General Partoureaux, the soldiers of which division immediately wished to cross the bridge all at once. The conveyances clashed with each other. Some of the unfortunate men were crushed, while others, losing all spirit, threw themselves into the stream; some opened a cruel way for themselves by massacring all who obstructed their passage. Shrieks of women, cries of despair, roar of cannon, noise of explosions, and a variety of sounds, were all heard together. A certain number, in the abyss of despair, sat on the banks half stupified, and, after gazing as if they scarce saw, died of prostration. There was throughout a frightful mixture of imprecations, of clashings, and of strugglings; thence arose indescribable disorder, and a breaking of the overloaded bridge. The Russian army approached, and with its formidable artillery tore the ranks of the French mob of soldiers.' In this immense disaster, the surgeon-in-chief, after having crossed over with the Imperial Guard, 'discovered that requisites for the sick and wounded of his countrymen had been left on the opposite bank. With equal humanity and heroism, he recrossed the stream; and hardly had he done so, when he was surrounded by a wildly excited crowd. He was almost suffocated in the midst of it. It is here that one may find proof of that unbounded affection with which Larrey had inspired the soldiers with whom he was serving. No sooner was he recognised, than he was carried with astonishing rapidity in the arms of the soldiers across the river. On all parts was heard the cry nearly in these words: "Let us save him who saved us!"

The sufferings of the remnant of the Grand Army became now extreme; neither rank nor nationality could be recognised in their diminished columns. Those rags which had been uniforms were scorched by the fires of the bivouacs, and their feet were wrapped up in bits of cloth instead of shoes and stockings. Even their very ages were confounded, for the beards of youth and age were equally whitened by the hoar-frost, and all went stumbling on in apparent decrepitude. So fatal was the cold, that of the 12,000 men forming the twelfth division of the

army, all had perished between Wilna and Ochmiana save 350! 'At Miedneski, the cold was so great that Larrey found it was 28 degrees on the thermometer of Reaumur, which was suspended to his coat-button. It seemed a region in which all life died, death lived; for, as the army of skeletons passed onwards, they observed numbers of dead birds, which, doubtless in their flight towards the centre of Europe, had been overtaken by the winter, and had fallen at once, stiffened by the cold, on the very track which the retreating French were now pursuing. The silence of their march was broken occasionally by the weak voice of some comrade as he sank, never to rise, on the snow-clad earth.' Even the Russians themselves fared little better. The 120,000 men of Kutsoff melted down to 35,000; and the 50,000 of Wittgenstein to 15,000. Nay, so benumbed and stupified were these natives by the cold of their own winter, that they were incapable of distinguishing the French prisoners who marched in the middle of their columns. Many of these were so audacious as to attack isolated parties of Russians, and make themselves masters of their arms and uniforms, after which they would join the enemy's ranks without being detected.

Larrey's iron constitution endured all the hardships of this campaign without much detriment: the spirit was ever willing with him, and the flesh was not weak. His moral courage, too, was fully equal to his physical. Long ago at Esslingen, when the officers of the staff complained to Napoleon of their horses having been shot by command of the surgeon-in-chief, he had been summoned to the emperor's presence. 'What!' said the latter, 'have you ventured, on your own responsibility, to dispose of my officers' horses for food for your wounded?' 'Yes,' answered Larrey, nor did he add another word to that monosyllable. For this reply, his master, who was not of the silver-fork school of sovereigns, created him a baron of the empire.

As no man ever merited honour and promotion more than Larrey, so none was ever less grudging the possession of them. The name of this non-combatant hero is engraved on the stone of the *Arc de Triomphe* with those of the illustrious soldiers of the Republic and the Empire. His statue stands in the Court of Honour in the military hospital of the Val de Grâce at Paris. His works, forming the connecting-link between the surgery of the last age and the present, are also themselves a monument. Finally, there is this noble record of him in the will of Napoleon his master, who had an eye for an honest man, although he could scarcely himself be classed in the category of such: 'I bequeath to the surgeon-in-chief of the French army, Larrey, 100,000 francs. *He is the most virtuous man I have ever known.*'

THE POOL AND THE BROOK.

How silently it slumbereth,
The deep and lonely pool,
Without a ripple on its face
To make its shadows cool;

While from it trills a noisy brook,
With wavelets sparkling bright,
Whose shallow waters waste and dry
When summer's at its height.

The one, like great emotion, deep
Within the silent heart;
The other, trifling feelings, which
Dry up as they depart.

C. E.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH. Also sold by all Booksellers.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL OF POPULAR LITERATURE

Science and Arts.

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 428.

SATURDAY, MARCH 15, 1862.

PRICE 1½d.

DOUBLE GLO'STER.

Who is it that stands godfather to the streets of London? Who is it that, in so many cases, in answer to the solemn question, 'Name this street?' pronounces 'Glo'ster, Glo'ster!' I suppose it is some assemblage, whose heads being laid together, are said to constitute a Board. A Board of Works, is it? Good. Then all I have to say with respect to that august body is this: that it is not a Board of Works of the Imagination. Its want of a salient originality in nomenclature is most remarkable. Albert, Victoria, Glo'ster, Stanley, but above all GLO'STER, form its round of ideas. Not less signal is its perfect indifference to the suitableness of the second word or noun—Street and Place are with it convertible terms. A short cross-street gets the name of Road equally with a great outlet from town. Most of its Terraces are double-rowed streets running uphill. After all, I am not sure if I should not retract the charge of want of imagination; for in some of these misapplications there is a comic character which, if designed, would argue considerable powers in that special line.

The great mystery, however, is as to the prevalence of Glo'ster. We have Glo'ster Everything and everywhere. Why must there be in every province of London a full suit of Glo'sters—Street, Place, Crescent, Terrace, Road—when a variation of Cheshire or even Stilton, would be so refreshing? Now, who is this Imbecile who is thus permitted to confer street immortality? Is his own name Glo'ster? Is he a native of Gloucester or Glo'ster, eager to honour the place of his birth? Or does the repetition of the word spring from some special devotion of his for a defunct member of the royal family? If the first, may her Gracious Majesty the Queen be pleased to listen to the prayer of a thousand householders, and grant him permission to assume, by letters-patent, the names and arms (all the public-houses are called *Glo'ster Arms*) of Montmorency, or anything else; if the second, let Gloucester do her duty, and fetch her devoted son away from London, creating him town-councillor, mayor, beadle, or what she will; he has made himself ridiculous enough, I am sure, to have merited the very highest civic honours that any town can bestow: if the third, let him temper his loyalty with discretion, for he loves not wisely but too well: the Duke of Gloucester, while he lived, was a most innocent prince; why, being dead, should he be made thus offensive?

The writer of this brief but fervid paper is one of his many victims. I live in one of his double Glo'sters, and suffer accordingly. Tired and exhausted, I leave the House of Lords, or Commons, after a prolonged debate; or the City, after a financial meeting of partners; or the law-courts, after a wearisome lunacy case; or Messrs Gimp and Sarcenet's, after eleven hours' work as 'manager'—for what matters *my* social status, since there is no position in life unrepresented in one or other of the Glo'sters—and crawling into a cab, I mutter my direction, and fall asleep. I am awakened by the stoppage of the Hansom in a totally unknown region: the Princess of China could scarcely have been more shocked and astonished upon finding herself in the apartment of Prince Camaralzaman.

'Now then, sir, what's your number?' asks the impatient charioteer.

I lift the little trap-door, and enter into controversy. 'My good man, what is this place? I want to go to' (very distinctly) 'Gloucester Crescent.'

'Well, and ain't this here *one on 'em*?'

It is the story of the chameleon over again; I am right, but so also is the cabman. Nothing, therefore, remains but to try another 'on 'em.' By keeping my eyes about me, and my finger on the trap-door, I may now possibly arrive, as it were by telegraph, at my right destination; but should I once relapse into fancied security, I get into another region of double Glo'sters, and all the work has to be done over again. The Imbecile therefore (to whom I do not wish to apply any severer epithet) *defrauds* me of a part of twenty pounds a year of unnecessary cab-hire. He does not actually get the money, it is true, but it is so much tribute paid to his inordinate egotism.

I have not a very high opinion of his sagacity, and even think it quite probable that he may be returned to Hanwell every afternoon as soon as the business of the Board is finished; but I do not believe he is so idiotic as to live in Glo'ster anything himself. One's own messages, and visitors, and parcels, and trades-people are generally numerous enough in London, but they only form one-half of the bell-pullers of a double Glo'ster establishment. 'Oh, I thought you was *N.W.*,' is considered to be an ample excuse for bringing our Alphonso from his pantry to the front-door to take in a penny newspaper with politics which are abhorrent to my feelings, but which delight some rabid democrat who resides under the shadow of the Coliseum. 'We're *W.*, stoopid,' returns our

Buttons gloomily, for these continual mistakes have affected even his once exuberant spirits.

'Is this here Glo'ster *Terriss*?' inquires another misguided wanderer in a minute or two.

Our page does not deign to answer in words; but making a circular movement with his arm to represent a Crescent, and pointing to the corner of the opposite house, on which *Gloucester Crescent* is displayed in enormous characters, he sardonically dismisses the inquirer.

Butter, intended for I know not whom, grows rancid in this establishment, while waiting for the legitimate owners to send for it; game becomes uncommonly high; the moth even gets into new but unclaimed clothes, which have been left at the door without remark by whistling tailor-boys. There is a certain cupboard into which all this double Glo'ster property is thrust, and waits till called for. A less rigidly scrupulous man than I might clothe and feed himself and family quite gratuitously out of this heterogeneous stock. Alas for our fallen nature, this is the true reason, perhaps, why the Imbecile has been so long permitted to call all things Glo'ster without remonstrance. One-fourth of the human race (or nearly so) are concerned in the matter, and a large proportion of these are probably rogues. And yet the dishonest must themselves suffer something in their turn. It is very nice to get other people's turbot and lobster-sauce; but when other people get ours, and we happen to have friends to dine that day, the mistake is robbed of half its charm. To have one's little bills sent in to one's neighbour instead of one's self, is a very soothing circumstance; but when the cheque for our quarter's salary goes astray, it depresses one's spirits.

I have borne these things long and patiently, in common with a quarter of a million (or so) of my fellow-creatures, but there is a limit to all endurance. The trodden worm, if you tread upon him with hobnails, will turn; and hobnails have been employed with a vengeance in the case of the present writer. Not content with their double and treble Glo'sters, the Board of Works has christened, or permitted to be christened, a street in our immediate neighbourhood by the name of *Gloucester Crescent North*. The original Imbecile must have been egged on to this piece of egregious folly by some new hand; his unassisted intellect could scarcely have devised so ingenious a method of confusion. Some practical joker, I repeat, must have got admitted to the Board of late years, and perpetrated this *Gloucester Crescent North*; for, *imprimis*, it is not a crescent at all, but a straight street; and, secondly, it does not happen to be north of us, but west. One-half of this anomalous erection does, I believe, refuse to be designated by so inappropriate a name, and calls itself a Square; but with that piece of harmless eccentricity I have nothing to do, since it does not call itself Glo'ster. It is with the other half that my unappeasable quarrel lies. Its inhabitants absorb every description of alien property, from fireguards to American goloshes. Nothing comes amiss to their felonious appetites, from Turkeys sent to us from the country, to Bonbons for our Christmas trees. On the other hand, we are most unfortunate in the things we get in exchange. For a whole fortnight, I partook regularly of a medicine, the only effect of which was to turn my complexion to a light blue, whereas the tonic which was applicable to my little derangement was imposed upon some one suffering some horrible complaint in *Gloucester Crescent North*; the numbers of our respective houses

being identical, and the chemist having confounded the Crescents.

Again, in consequence of the great System of True Merit Rewarded being as yet unestablished in this sublunary sphere, I do not happen to keep a carriage, but hire a Brougham upon those occasions when society demands that my wife should perform the great social paper-hunt—that is, drive about leaving cards. Now, with each new Brougham there is a new driver; and each new driver, by some demoniacal instinct, drives to the house which corresponds to ours in *Gloucester Crescent North*. Opposite that door he sits for hours, nodding and blinking as only coachmen can; and up in her drawing-room, in most magnificent apparel, sits my wife, waiting in vain for him to come. The individual who suffers for this sort of thing in the end is, as every Paterfamilias knows, the husband, who receives no inconsiderable portion of those remonstrances—let us call them—which are properly the due of the Board of Works and its Imbecile. On the other hand, persons of both sexes, and all heights of fashion, are constantly being shewn up to our first floor, where, after being received with silent courtesy, they sit expectant for twenty minutes or so, and then inquire whether Mrs X. (a totally unknown lady) will soon be down or no?

I will conclude with a fearful example of this class of incident, wherein the mistake was gigantic in its proportions, and the circumstances weird and unnatural in the highest degree.

It was about half-past six on a very stormy day in January last; my wife and I were alone in the drawing-room, waiting for our *à-la-tête* dinner to be announced. I had my slippers on, and all things portended a domestic evening. I hugged myself, as the hail dashed against the windows, that there was no occasion for patent-leather boots and company-manners for that night, at all events.

But there came a double knock at the door.

'Goodness gracious!' cried my wife, rising and mechanically arranging her hair in the pier-glass, 'who on earth can that be?'

'*Gloucester Crescent North* people, of course,' said I yawning: 'that makes the seventh mistake since I came back from the city.'

'Hush!' replied she; 'they are actually coming upstairs.'

At the same moment that the cab drove rapidly away (it *was* a cab, for I heard its windows rattle), the door was opened, and a male and female entered in the fullest evening costume. They were good-humoured elderly people, very pleasant to look upon, but it was the first time that we had ever set eyes on them.

'We thought that we never *should* have found you out,' exclaimed the lady beamingly; 'why, we're half an hour late for dinner, are we not? But we quite forgot the number, and you being new-comers, why, your address was not in the Red Book.'

They shook hands so heartily with us both, that we could not but return their salutation with some warmth; and as for any explanation, the old lady never gave us a chance of putting in a syllable edgeways.

'I suppose, my love, you scarcely recollect me at all?' pursued she, chucking my wife under the chin: 'you were such a little thing when I saw you last—not *that* high; and as for your husband—such a beard as he's got too!—why, the very last time I met him, I dandled him on my lap, and gave him a Noah's Ark. He's got just the same eyes, however, as he used to have, the very image of his poor mother's; but his hair has grown darker, and has lost a little bit of its curl. Law, Harry [my wife's name *was* Harriet], you should have seen him in his little black velvet frock and red ribbons, with his fat little arms and legs quite'—

At this point in the reminiscence, I fell into such

a paroxysm of laughter that I did not catch the remainder of it. The old gentleman, who stood with his back to the fire, as if the house was his own, rattling the silver in his breeches' pocket, laughed very heartily also, although it must have been at something different.

'I see,' continued the old lady, 'that he is just as lazy, however, as he used to be—naughty boy to wear slippers; why do you let him do it, Harriet? Not that we care, you know, for, indeed, you said that you would be quite in the family way, but being London, why, we thought it better to dress. What a nice little drawing-room you've got!'

'I am glad you like it, my dear madam,' said I bowing.

'Madam!' echoed she; 'well, I never heard of such a thing. Why, you used to call me Sukey—your own dear Auntie Sukey—although, of course, I was not your auntie at all.'

'No,' assented I—'of course not.'

'Harriet will not mind your calling me Aunt Susan now, I daresay; will you, my dear?'

'Certainly not,' replied my wife (who has a sense of humour quite uncommon in a female), and down whose cheeks the tears were rolling in hysterical merriment.

'Now, I daresay we country people amuse you immensely,' pursued the old lady laughing; 'we seem so droll, don't we?' [I nodded, for if I had attempted to have spoken, I should have perished of asphyxia.] 'And yet, do you know, you seem to us almost as funny. I expected you to have kissed me. William expected Harriet would have kissed him. We were talking about it as we came along in the cab. Were we not, William?'

The old gentleman smiled more benignantly than ever, and ruffled his money with increased enthusiasm.

'Shall dinner be served, ma'am?' inquired Alphonso, putting his face in at the door with a grin on it.

There was a moment of painful indecision, which was luckily put an end to by the old lady herself. 'Oh, I do hope you are expecting nobody else,' said she; 'it is so much better to have you all alone like this.'

'There's nobody else coming,' returned I. 'Alphonso, you knew that there were not more than four to-night. Let us have dinner at once.'

'And mind you put the cold roast-beef on the side-board,' added my wife in a whisper.

It would have been a most unchristian thing to have turned these good people out of doors dinnerless, and without a chance of discovering the young couple to whom they were evidently so tenderly attached; so I took the cheery old lady's arm, and led her down stairs, while my wife brought up the rear with the silent old gentleman. The fish consisted of a single sole, at the sight of which I trembled with dismay, but it only drew from our female guest an exclamation of delight.

'It is *such* a pleasure,' exclaimed she, 'to see that you have made no strangers of us.'

There was fortunately a quantity of pea-soup, to which my wife and I exclusively confined ourselves, affirming it to be our favourite food, and there afterwards appeared a fowl, whose appearance reminded me of an ancient song, which seemed as if it had been prophetically written with a view to our present circumstances—

Fowl's small, as everybody knows—

'Twas never meant for more than two;

A brace of hungry folks pop in;

Why, *Who'd ha' thought of seeing you?*

But here the cold roast beef proved more than a *pièce de résistance*; it brought us off with flying colours. As for the sweets, we had a cook that we could trust for extemporising those. 'If this was a feast, I had

been at many,' as the Scotch proverb goes, but it really was not so skimpy an affair as it looks in print. I heard my wife give a thankful rejoinder to my grace after meat, in the shape of a sigh that seemed to say: 'Thank Heaven, there *was* enough then;' but upon the whole all was well.

I was presently left alone with my unknown and speechless guest. The door had hardly closed before he drew his chair near to mine, and observed in a solemn tone, 'And now, George, how is our poor Elizabeth?'

It was evident that he had been reticent throughout the evening with the thought of this unfortunate lady overwhelming his mind; there was a tenderness, which before I should scarcely have given him credit for possessing, in his manner, that gave unmistakable proof of the hold this subject had upon his heart. I had almost risen up and said: 'I am a humbug; I am imposing upon your simplicity. Let me send out and fetch a cab;' but my courage failed me.

I said: 'Thank you; she is as well as can possibly be expected;' which I thought would meet every emergency in which a female could be placed; and I added, very solemnly: 'But let us talk of her to-morrow—not to-night.'

The old gentleman, whose eyes had fairly filled with tears, nodded his head several times, to express his content with this arrangement; and having helped myself, and passed the claret, I drank to his very good health, and he drank to mine, after which he relapsed into silence, and we had a very pleasant evening.

Upstairs, all went on quite as satisfactorily, for the old lady did all the talking, and if she did ask a question, answered it herself in the same breath. As she left the drawing-room for the cab which Alphonso had been sent for, her last words were these:

'You cannot think, George, how happy we are to have renewed our old friendship with yourself and your wife. We shall be here at eleven o'clock to-morrow morning without fail, for your uncle will be with us, so that we shall have no difficulty in finding you. Come, you may kiss an old woman like me for the sake of *auld lang syne*. William, you kiss Harriet.'

In a couple of minutes the cab had rolled away with its nameless occupants, and we two were once more left alone together, mystified, wonder-stricken, *kiased*.

'Do you think that we have done right?' inquired my wife with some little anxiety. 'You have no idea what a confiding old lady that was. If we should have any children, she says she must certainly stand godmother to the first that comes. Only fancy if the twins upstairs had set up such a noise as they did last night!'

Again the absurdity of the whole transaction flashed upon me, in one broad sheet of vivid humour, and I laughed till I could laugh no longer.

'But do you think that we *have* been doing right?' repeated my wife.

'Perfectly right, my dear: we have been acting a most Christian and hospitable part. To-morrow morning, the uncle will introduce them to the right people, and they will have a good laugh, and think us very pleasant folks. No inconvenience to either party can possibly—What's this?'

An open envelope was lying upon the mantel-piece before me, on which was hastily written in pencil, 'For Elizabeth;' and within it was a twenty-pound note.

That note is still in my possession, awaiting and likely to await its legitimate owner. All endeavours to ascertain who the nice old couple were have failed most signally. We only know that they had friends, whom they did know by sight, in one of the double Gloucesters. My suspicions rest upon Gloucester Crescent North, but only upon the general grounds

that it gets us more into trouble, upon the whole, than all our other namesakes united.

At all events, the Imbecile who ornaments the Board of Works has robbed 'poor Elizabeth' of twenty pounds.

TRADE.

If a long pedigree be a thing worth having, Trade has certainly got it. Commerce takes precedence of most professions, and of nearly all arts. It is as old as property, and almost the contemporary of man. The world, however, has some deep-rooted prejudices, and one of these has always led it to depreciate the position, while owning the utility, of Trade. Not only have the butterflies, as in the fable, looked with a polite sneer upon the honey-bees as they fluttered by, but other insects of a less harmless and beautiful order have done the same; spiteful hornets, pugnacious wasps, noisy, querulous grasshoppers, purblind beetles, and blustering humble-bees, have always arrogated to themselves a superiority over the thrifty hive. It is a plain fact that Commerce has almost invariably been hustled into the rear-ranks of the Procession of Life, and has for the most part meekly acquiesced in that arrangement. It was not unnatural, perhaps, that the priest and the warrior should go first in the marshalled pageant, and claim, as a matter of right, the best places at feast and council. But, oddly enough, a confused idea sprang up in men's minds that whereas other callings were noble and disinterested, traffic alone was soiled by a love of lucre and a greed for profits. It is scarcely needful to say that such an idea is false and foolish; nevertheless, it has been as tenacious of life as the rank weed that baffles the husbandman. It pervades the spirit of myriads of poems, of essays, and of sermons. When a disciple of Zoilus sees no other fair mark for his arrows, he pelts poor Commerce with epigrams, riddles her with stinging verses, and possibly even puts on a black gown, to call her bad names from the pulpit. Commerce winces, but bears it all. She is deafened with unpleasant allusions to golden calves, and droops her patient head beneath the tempest of hard words. Gain—profit—lucre! out upon them all! cries the poet; and the preacher lends his deep-toned thunder to swell the chorus; and the world roars in unison.

This is bad and unreasonable enough now, but not so bad or so devoid of reason as of old. In the eighteenth century, in especial, moralists, philosophers, divines, and poetasters fell foul of Trade with more than common virulence. The very gentleman who penned, in hopes of money, dedications to his noble patron so outrageously fulsome that we blush to read them, could be bitter when Lucre was the subject; the chaplain who had for years been my lord's butt, trencherman, and amanuensis, who had fetched and carried like a spaniel at my lady's bidding, and had fawned, and borne affronts smilingly, for the sake of a future benefice, had an anathema for gain; and the man of letters, who blackened the ministry with pamphlet and lampoon, until they gagged his carping tongue with a pension, after the fashion of those profligate days, had hard words at his command, when Profit, and those who seek it, came under discussion. The air and broad daylight of this our nineteenth century are mortal to stupid prejudices of this kind; they die out, though slowly, and with hard struggles. Still, they die. Every year sees the extinction of some tough old moral reptile of the breed, sees public opinion grow more enlightened, and, what is the same thing, more generous. We are learning now to value men for what they are, for the good or evil that they work in the world, not for the caste to which they belong or the grade they occupy. And as for the erroneous notion, that traffickers are a peculiarly self-seeking class, nothing

can rebut that so clearly as the recognition of the fact that we are all traders, more or less.

From a broad point of view, every human being who barter, lends, or hires out, every man, woman, and child who exchanges commodities or labour of any sort, headwork or handwork, for a money-return, is a trader. From the royal purple to the sweep's costume of soot and sackcloth, the same truth holds good. An emperor has his civil list and demesnes in payment for his work as first magistrate. Roger the ploughman has his civil list of so many shillings a week, and his demesne in the shape of a half-acre allotment of potato-ground, for work even more indispensable than that of the monarch. Sir John, through the medium of his tenants, manufactures and deals in corn, short-horns, and Leicester mutton, as undoubtedly as Mr Puncheon, the West India merchant, through his retailers, supplies the public with loaf-sugar. We all trade, but we do it in such various ways, that in many cases the process is unconscious, and, as it were, involuntary. The existence of regular professions, with their own hierarchy, rules, and *esprit de corps*, helps to blind multitudes of educated persons to the real state of the case. Yet society is a state of mutual dependence; we all, like a row of thin-walled houses, lean on each other, and draw strength from the support of numbers. One has got what another lacks; one can do what another cannot achieve, and for the barter of labour or goods, some authorised agreement is necessary. So it is that we embrace callings the most diverse, and drive the best bargain we can with Society for the use of our muscles, our brains, or our possessions. We all seek profit; not exclusively, of course, for we covet fame, and esteem, and the praise and good-will of our fellows as well, but we all try to live by some pursuit or management of resources, and in so far we are traders. What is commonly styled Commerce is another affair. Trade is indeed the term used to imply that tangible form of barter which has direct reference to the buying and selling of commodities; that which not only is traffic, but strikes even the most casual observer as being traffic. It is the downright exchange of goods for goods, or for the circulating medium that represents them. This is very ancient; the oldest Greek myths, such as that of the Golden Fleece, have reference to trade, to the perils that beset the merchant's path—to the rocks, and whirlpools, and pirates, the wild beasts and wild men, that made his wayfaring as dangerous as the career of a soldier.

In Asia, and, no doubt, in Africa, the mercantile profession is much more ancient than in Europe. Europe, to the founders of the earlier and classic civilisation, was very much what America may have been in the days when the *Mayflower* anchored in a grim New England haven. It was a tangled swampy forest, full of snows and savages, of wild animals, mist, rain, and unexplored mountain sierras. But over the boundless plains of the two elder continents there were caravans toiling painfully, with countless strings of loaded camels, with horse and mule, and wain drawn by lowing bullocks, at a time when the hardest adventurer would not have trusted his life and pack among the barbarians of Gaul or Germany. When Abraham crossed the Egyptian frontier, he found a regularly organised system of customs; Pharaoh's officers waiting to levy dues in Pharaoh's name, a fact that speaks volumes for the development of Oriental commerce. But Eastern merchants, having attained a certain degree of perfection, abruptly ceased to improve. Trade, therefore, became fossilised throughout the Mohammedan world. Mustapha bought and sold in precisely the same manner as Solyma his grandfather, and all innovations were scouted. In consequence, we find the commercial men of the East an odd compound of adventure, timorousness, craft, and credulity. They adhere to the caravan system, partly

because even sheep find confidence from the presence of their fellows, and partly for the convenient protection which some sheik or khan affords for a large fee. Under the guard of this robber-chief and his men, whose spears and name are a fence against other marauders, the great and motley company jogs along at the sober caravan-pace of three miles per hour. The hot wind of the desert, the deadly malaria of the swamps, and the greedy thieves of the wilderness, thin the assembly as it goes; the sick are left to die, the stragglers are cut off by hovering plunderers, those who lag behind, or whose beasts give out too soon, are abandoned without scruple, and many a purse is snatched, many a bale rifled, and many a stab given, by scampish members of the community. The progress of a caravan can, in fact, only be compared to that of an army of glistening herrings, preyed upon by sea-dog and cormorant, by man, bird, and fish, yet pushing on, and careless of the fate of those that perish. At last the main shoal of traffickers arrives at the distant goal, and prayers are said, and baths taken, and the bazaar is opened. The gains of these Easterns are very great. The merchant does not employ a traveller, but goes himself as supercargo, and his expenses for camel-hire and fodder, and food for himself and slaves, and hire of robber Arabs, and bribes to covetous townsmen, are pretty sure to be repaid with glorious interest. Of the state of the market, he has no fear; no need of a newspaper telegram to inform him if shirtings are dull, long-cloth lively, or buttons brisk. He sells, and his customers buy, the same articles that their respective ancestors sold and bought in times long past. Perhaps he now and then introduces a few novelties—Sheffield penknives, Dartford gunpowder, or Paris watches—but the staples are as antiquated as Haroun Alraschid. The true risk of the oriental trader is, not his capital, but his skin. He is a timid, gold-fleeced animal at best, and wolves are plenty and law weak on the paths he must traverse. Strong love of profit, coupled with some admixture of religious sentiment—since most Asiatic fairs are held in holy places—lures him on, and he does his best for a jingling money-bag and a green turban. He keeps no regular books; he ignores the distinction between retail and wholesale; and he deals for ready cash. It is a noticeable feature in the African character, that not only the Moors and Berbers, but genuine negro nations, deep in the unknown interior, send huge 'koffies' from mart to mart, as they doubtless did in days when Britain was wholly dependent for foreign supplies upon the Flemings and Hanse merchants.

In China and in India, at very early dates, commerce took strides which left the Western Asiatics far behind. Chinese and Hindu merchants had their correspondents, clerks, bankers, commercial travellers, cheques, invoices, and bills of exchange, and, in short, all the mechanism of civilised traffic, before the hucksters of London or Bordeaux could write their names. The ancient Greeks loved trade well; their colonies kept commerce in view; their galleys ploughed the Ægean, exploring every creek and bay where a penny could be turned. By Persian commerce, by Syrian commerce, the Hellenes thrived greatly, in spite of the powerful competition of Sidon and Tyre. The Grecian underwriters, the Grecian brokers and ship-owners, were men of stirring habits and active minds. Their notions of mercantile morality were not high; they out-maneuvred one another as unscrupulously as Yankee contractors could do, but their speculations were bold and prompt. As for Tyre, that elder sister of Venice, she had great commercial merits, and at one time bade fair to monopolise the carrying trade of the Levant. But her position was one much exposed to danger, the kings of the mainland were by turns her allies and her foes; she had jealous rivals, and when Alexander besieged and destroyed her, the true cause for wonder was the post-dating of the catas-

trophe. Rome has often been compared to France, to the bellicose restless France of Louis the Magnificent and Napoleon the Grand, while Britain has been likened to Rome's enemy, Carthage. But, in truth, Holland would have furnished an apter simile. The Dutch republic of two centuries back was Carthage to the back-bone, with the same strong fleets, the same bold traders, the same colonists, the same mercenary troops, the same weakness when attacked at home. In Rome, the merchant was held but as a poor creature, a skulker from the serious business of life, which was fighting, building, and governing. In Carthage, wholly reliant on the sea and trade, the merchant held the place of honour; the chief families of the wily and warlike, though industrious state, were traders. But Carthage succumbed, and Rome never got over her scorn of commerce. To be sure, even in her palmiest days, the patricians lent money at usurious interest, and senators and knights were not above taking a share in any promising venture. But although vast fortunes were amassed, and easily amassed, by those who traded between Italy and the vassal provinces, the commercial character was never in high esteem at Rome.

The middle ages saw commerce in an anomalous position. There was nothing, except agriculture and manufactures, which the proud clumsy barons and gallant blundering knights so thoroughly despised as trade: it was base in their eyes, it was sordid, it was 'mechanical.' And where they could not absolutely snatch the goods by force, they consoled themselves by scorning and insulting the seller. The native trader, or the poor Jew or Lombard domiciled in the rude West, did not sleep upon rose-leaves. He got many a cuff and curse along with the bezants and groats that he wrung from the vanity or need of an ignorant people and a turbulent aristocracy: he had to hide his wealth, to procure a patron; and perhaps, after all his care, to see his booth rifled by a riotous mob. But there were, fortunately for mankind, other representatives of trade than these. Venice, Genoa, and Pisa, queens of the Mediterranean, and with all the trade of the East in their hands, had both wealth and enlightenment. They were republics whose noblest citizens were also their chief traders. They made treaties on equal terms with kings: their travelling companies confronted the robber-barons with calm courage, shewed the pope's bull and the royal rescript, and agreed to pay toll, but not ransom. The 'Easterlings' of the Hanse towns, the Flemings of Bruges and Ghent, did for North Europe what the free Italians did for the South. Presently monarchs began to consider it an honour to possess great traders among their subjects. We find sage Elizabeth offering knighthood to any merchant who had crossed the seas, at his own charges and in his own ship, a specified number of times. But authority was not always so genial. Trade, the good fairy, was dreadfully shackled and harassed by stupid edicts. Laws were constantly made, so stringent and so absurd, that it is a wonder that commerce kept alive. Corn might neither go nor come; gold and silver were not to 'go forth ye realm'; wool was to stay within the four seas; foreign manufactures and raw materials were to be kept at bay; moreover, no one was to presume to make too good a bargain, nor to get rich too rapidly; yet, somehow, commerce slipped through all these legislative handcuffs, and fortunes were made in spite of statutes.

But although some great English merchants, such as Whittington and Osborne, contrived to amass vast wealth by means which the vulgar imagination mixed up with fables and wonders, it was acknowledged that foreign traders bore the bell. The Lombard colony in London flourished like so many honey-compelling bees in a fair garden of neglected flowers. The Hanseatic League, the Flanders traffickers, the thrifty Dutch, sucked much profit out of the island

people. But the gradual spread of knowledge, wonderfully helped by the growing naval prowess of the country that had to match the Spaniard, ship to ship, man to man, in every sea, sapped the foundation of native ignorance on which had been established so much of foreign gain. Britains learned more and more of geography and of the wants and resources of the world; they were no longer content to give their wool and silver crowns for continental goods, but began to cull and select for themselves. The establishment of the East India Company did much, although involuntarily, for general trade. It was impossible to keep private adventurers from infringing its monopoly. English vessels *would* sail to the land of the Mogul, in spite of the jealous wrath of the chartered association; they persisted in seeking spice and ivory, dyewoods, and sugar, and gold-dust, at the risk of being destroyed by the Dutch and Spaniards, both of which nations were merciless towards those who trespassed on their domains. About the reign of Charles I. the shipowners appeared as a distinct branch of traders, for up to that time every merchant had owned the vessels which carried his goods; and nearly at the same date arose the brokers, a class of useful go-betweens, whose offices were not needed during the embryo state of commerce. Sir Josiah Child, chairman of the East India Company at the time of the Revolution, was a merchant such as England had seldom seen. He had not, it would appear, the clear insight into the true principles of free trade, of demand and supply, which his contemporary North possessed, but in practice he was unrivalled. His hands, I fear, were not clean, nor his conscience sensitive; but it was not an age of scrupulous honour, either in the cabinet or the counting-house, and Child's abilities were beyond dispute. Yet modern students, in our own incomparably richer age, smile at the awe-struck amazement with which men recorded that Sir Josiah, on his daughter's marriage with the eldest son of the Duke of Bedford, had endowed the young couple with the stupendous sum of fifty thousand pounds! No such dowry had, however, been previously bestowed in Britain on the daughter of peer or citizen.

Very soon after this wealthy marriage, the Jews, long banished, were suffered to return. They brought with them extensive commercial traditions, considerable capital, and a great deal of useful information respecting the resources of the continent. This last oozed out very gradually, for the immigrants of the first generation spoke little English; still, when the truth was wanted about the solvency of some foreign concern, a Jew was found to be a living gazetteer worth consulting. The Croesus of 1700 was the Turkey merchant, to whom succeeded, in popular estimation, the West India merchant, the Guinea trader, and the merchant who dealt with the plantations and presidencies of the New World. At a later date, the popular fancy exaggerated the really prodigious gains of the 'nabob' of India. These ill-got profits were very large, as was natural when monopolies were guarded and enforced with the strong hand; indeed, the legitimate profits of those who, in the days of Olive and Hastings, sought to shake the traditional rupee-tree, would have been great in any case. Sellers were few, and customers plenty. But when enormous salt-duties, tolls on grain, bribes extorted from a timid and obsequious race, and the like, were added to these, there is no marvel in the rapidity with which money flowed in. But the nabobs were never popular. Men first wondered, and then began to hoot and upbraid the rich new-comer in the name of outraged humanity. Anglo-Indian Dives had to bear more than the loss of his health as a drawback to his full coffers; he moved among his country people, envied, but under a cloud of suspicion, and dark stories of fraud and torture dogged his steps.

Almost the inauguration of the system of joint-

stock companies was fraught with great scandal and wide-spread ruin. That system, to which we owe much of our advance in civilisation, has always been prolific in frightful crashes; but perhaps no enterprise ever overwhelmed so many in its fall as the South-sea Bubble in England, the Mississippi scheme in France. Speculation was then something new; there were few channels wherein capital could gainfully flow; hoarding had been the practice of those whose incomes exceeded their outlay. Accordingly, the public mind, dazzled with glittering visions of unbounded wealth to be acquired by the shareholders in those magic concerns which were to fuse the opposite hemispheres in a Trimegistan crucible, went mad for a time. Sad and silly as are the records of the South-sea mania in England, those of the plausible scheme of Law, as developed in France, are of far deeper dye and more grotesque absurdity. In England, fair estates came to the hammer; the trophies of many a life spent in honourable industry were dissipated; the little heap of savings that the hard-handed worker had painfully won, went to fatten knaves. But in France the dupes were legion. The court and the nation were deceived as grossly as individuals among ourselves; the vain, high-spirited nobility of pre-revolutionary Gaul were on their knees before the shrine of Profit, set up in the Rue Quincampoix, with John Law of Lauriston for its high-priest. Nothing was too good for Law, the wonderful man who was to pour into the lap of exhausted France the boundless treasures of America. In hopes of a sprinkling from that golden fountain across the Atlantic, whose key Law feigned to keep, rank and fashion grovelled before the arch-pontiff of speculation. Lamentable as well as ridiculous events combined to prove the frantic eagerness of those who fought, beseeched, intrigued, or even stabbed (as Horn did) to get shares. Yet a little while, and Law was an impoverished exile, and France was weeping tears of grief and rage over the discovered juggle.

Trade, in the last century, had a great deal to contend with. The fairest regions of the New World were yet an appanage of the crown of Castile, and the Spaniards were among the most severe jailers that commerce has ever known. Spain wanted to draw the precious metals from her colonies, and at the same time to keep them from contact with the heretics of England and Holland. Even in her weakness, she played with consistent pomposity the part of dog in the manger. Her interference was incessant. When at stated times a fleet arrived from Carthage or Valparaiso, the most doleful statements and apprehensions filled the puny journals of London. The king of Spain, it was announced, would not permit the ships to be unloaded, the goods shared, or the bullion distributed, until some arbitrary and unfair regulation, quite contrary to treaties and common-sense, had been complied with. Then followed months of delay, vexation, expense, and hope deferred. The vessels lay at Cadix, at great cost to their owners, and the ambassadors wore out their tempers and the tires of their coach-wheels in ceaseless visits to the Escorial, and eternal contests with etiquette. At last, O joy! it was announced on 'Change that the Most Catholic King had ceased to be obstructive, and that the convoy might separate, and the merchants of Amsterdam and London might thankfully receive their own. It would take too long to give even the briefest abstract of the battles which Trade has had to fight with her worst enemy, an enemy that approaches her under the mask of friendship, and then insidiously throttles her—Protection. In the reign of Charles II., Protection drove Irish pork and butter, Irish corn and cattle, out of the English markets, which were fast growing too cheap to suit the graziers and factors of Britain. It was then that the Duke of Buckingham (Dryden's Zimri) declared that 'whoever voted for the admission of the produce of

Ireland, must have an Irish heart in his bosom or an Irish intellect in his head,' and the sentiment met with undeserved applause. Shortly after, the woollen interest fought to exclude the muslins of Dacca, and the cottons of Calicut and Benares. Their advocates in parliament denounced in round terms the unpatriotic gentlemen who went 'flaunting in calico shirts,' and the fine ladies who wore 'Bengal cobwebs,' instead of the smothering woollen which had contented their grandmothers. The Leeds and Norwich clothiers were beaten then; but in the reign of James II. they had procured an act which compelled the dead to be wrapped in woollen. Parliamentary contests, furious open-air riots, the smashing of machinery, the firing of mills, orders in council forbidding all sorts of improvements, the meddling of the ubiquitous exciseman; these, and foreign wars the most exhausting, had poor Trade to encounter upon her upward way. Yet she triumphed. Fetter after fetter dropped from the mighty limbs of the growing giantess; her step became more steady and assured; her voice was heard even above the bray and clangour of wasteful war. The great difficulty of commerce was to save itself from the officious friends who sought to kill it with kindness, and to stifle it with rules and enactments. Many statesmen of great wisdom and skill took the most erroneous views of Trade, esteeming the traffic of a nation rather in the light of a sickly hot-house plant in need of forcing, than of a forest tree that only asks air, and space, and sunshine, to grow into vigorous strength.

Happily, Trade had her pilots and her advocates, men who long ago saw the haven afar off, and set forth in lucid language the real causes of the progress or decay of countries; and to their toil must in a great measure be attributed the toppling down of the old bulwarks with which men tried to pen in the ceaseless ebb and flow of a world-wide commerce. Trade, even now, when she pours golden showers from her fathomless cornucopia, is not quite free. With us, her emancipation is nearly complete; but abroad, she alternates between close bondage and a sort of ticket-of-leave, and is looked upon by most despotic rulers as a creature not wholly trustworthy. However, as she has the envied property of converting all that she touches into gold, there is little doubt that her merits will make their way at last, even in sluggish Spain and medieval Russia.

MY MUSTANG AND I.

IN TWO PARTS.

PART I.—HOW I LOST HIM.

LÉON, my brave mustang! spite of the good accord that so long subsisted between us, cemented by many an escapade on the trail and frolic in the camp, if, by a miracle, you could be resuscitated from your prairie-grave, I yet doubt whether I should altogether care to ride you down Rotten Row, attired in my hunter's costume of yore, for we should both be laughed at! 'Horsey' men, posing themselves in attitudes by the park rails, would try to be funny at the expense of my wild-looking white pony; and while sneering at your rough coat, leonine mane, untrimmed hocks, shoeless feet, and, above all, your queer-looking tail, which your first master, the Pawnee chief, had docked in the eccentric fashion of his tribe, would quite overlook your magnificent points, the broad chest, clean limbs, proud eye, and intelligent head, and your thoroughly 'game' qualities, that your pampered park compatriot knows not of. And while the men were criticising you, the ladies would be quizzing the *outré* appearance of your rider. For though the Indian costume which I affected on the prairies, consisting of hunting-shirt and pantaloons of dressed deer-skin, looked very romantic and dandified with its fringed seams when

new, the grease, blood and earth stains it acquired on the prairie caused it quickly to deteriorate. The fringes, too, soon got few and far between, by the habit I had of 'plucking' myself, after the fashion of the domestic hen—when sitting—if we were short of a bit of string, wherewith to repair our gear. Ah, well! little horse, they never laughed at us on the prairies, for you were the fleetest and stanchest of your breed, and I—I was not accounted a bad shot either with rifle or revolver. And I know, Léon, *amigo mio*, that I was far happier mounted on your back, and scouring over the free wild lands of the Far West, than when riding, as I sometimes do now, solemnly and listlessly in the park with a crowd of other equestrians in different degrees of solemnity and listlessness.

When Léon first came into my possession, I was travelling in Oregon, that glorious country, of which we hear so little, but of which future generations *shall* hear so much—their wonder equally excited at its magnificent destinies, and the short-sighted policy which permitted their ancestors to allow the English boundary-line to be fixed so far north as the Columbia. The avocations that led me to explore this *terra incognita* are easily explained. I had originally sailed with a band of adventurers from California to form a settlement on the Umpqua River, in latitude forty-four degrees north, about one hundred and fifty miles south of the Columbia, and having been irresistibly attracted by the health-giving climate and the hunting, shooting, and fishing of this virgin land, I could not for some time tear myself away from its fascinations. In fine, under the different rôles of hunter, trader, boatman, ranger, and *gamburino*, I passed through the length and breadth of Oregon. Of course, under such circumstances, a good mount was of the first necessity to me, and I grudged no expense to obtain it. Léon, one of the best mounts I ever possessed, became mine under somewhat peculiar circumstances. I was passing through the Willamette Valley when my riding-mule gave out, and only by great exertions I got her along the trail till I reached a small building, which in Ireland would have been called a 'shebeen' house, in Paris a cabaret, and in England a 'rookery,' but in this out-of-the-way part of the world was dignified by the title of 'hotel.'

The hotel, a wooden, weather-boarded structure, boasted only of two rooms, and into the first one, the public room, I entered *sans cérémonie*, as is the fashion in the West, and found it occupied by three persons, two of whom were playing at cards, while the third looked on. At a single glance I marked my men and noted the position of affairs. It was a very old *tableau* to me—I had seen it over and over again at the mines. The party overlooking the game was the landlord of the hotel, a villainous-looking Yankee. Of the players, one was a digger from California; his adversary, whose white hand belied the rough disguise of a backwoodsman which he had adopted, was a professional gambler, or 'sportsman,' as he is designated in America, kept by the establishment on purpose to fleece any unwary travellers who, possessing more money than wit, chanced to enter the place. In the present instance, this nefarious scheme had been perfectly successful. The unfortunate digger, who had made a 'pile' at the mines, was on his way to purchase a farm on the Columbia, when his bad-fortune had led him into this man-trap, where the besetting weakness of the American mind, a taste for gambling, had induced him to 'try his luck.' All his gold-dust had gone, and at the time I entered he was playing for his 'fixings,' namely, his rifle, blankets, poncho, &c. Soon these too were lost, and only his horse, a powerful white mustang, I had noticed tethered outside, remained to him.

'Three ounces agin the mustang, mister,' said the sportsman, shuffling the cards.

'Taint enough—fifty dollars ain't—for yon animal,' exclaimed the unfortunate digger. 'I traded for him with a Pawnee chief coming down the "overland," and he's jest the best mustang in Oregon.'

'I will give you fifty dollars and my mule for him,' I interposed; 'that is,' I continued, returning the threatening looks now launched at me by the pair of sharpers with interest, 'if you will play no more.'

The owner of the mustang looked from one to the other of us, and a beam of common-sense seemed to enlighten him. 'Stranger,' he said, 'I'll take your offer, and wish we'd met earlier.'

Somewhat of a 'muss' occurred on this, but I do not care to describe it; enough that the mustang became mine.

Léon, as my new horse was called, proved invaluable for the purposes for which I required him. Like all of his breed, he had only two paces, a gallop and fast walk, or rather amble. In his willingness and extraordinary powers of endurance at this last pace, consisted his chief value, as it is this pace that is generally employed by the traversers of the unsettled regions of the Far West in their long journeys, extending from week to week, or from month to month, as it is found by experience to be the easiest for man and horse. This applies also to pack-horse and mule trains. If in one of these long journeys one's horse is a slow walker, he confers a world of trouble, fatigue, and mortification on his rider, who must be continually on the alert to maintain his place in the *cavallada*, and to accomplish it, is of necessity compelled to urge his slow steed ever and anon into a disagreeable shaking trot. The length of a fair day's prairie travel is reckoned about thirty miles; but the prairie mile is a very long one, being something like the Scotch—a mile and a bittock.

But thirty or forty prairie miles diurnally were all one to Léon, and he performed them with the greatest ease. His gallop was remarkably fleet, but, like most prairie travellers, I seldom indulged in it, husbanding such exertions for the chase or other contingencies of travel. On all occasions, he stood fire remarkably well; so well, that I frequently made a rest of his back when firing at large game.

Of the many adventures that befell Léon and myself in that land of adventures, the Far West, I have selected the following:

I was camped once near Elkton, a small city on Elk Creek, a tributary of the river Umpqua, state of Oregon, my purpose there being to purchase supplies for the Californian mines. I had with me a train of mules and my riding-horse Léon. The latter's fine action and symmetrical proportions attracted a good deal of attention, and many were the offers to purchase or barter him that I refused. Amongst the most pressing of these would-be purchasers was a French and Indian half-breed, who was continually pestering me on the subject, offering me anything he possessed in the world for my horse, from his gold-dust up to his squaw. Annoyed by his pertinacity, I at last gave him a refusal couched in terms more emphatic than polite; and muttering something to himself, the fellow turned away, and for some little time I saw no more of him. About this time, a traveller I became acquainted with lent me a book to read. Now, a book was indeed a *rara avis* on the western prairies, and the loan of this volume—a copy of one of the Waverley novels, the *Talisman*—though I had read it frequently before in England, was to me then an event of such importance, that it quite constituted a 'white day' in my calendar. In order not to be disturbed in the perusal of my treasure, and so to extract from it the greatest possible amount of mental enjoyment, I rode Léon out from camp one delicious summer morning, and plunged into the woods. Such was my eagerness to enjoy my treat, that I did not give myself time to place the proper accoutrements on my horse, but flinging a buffalo robe, on which I usually slept, over

his back, I secured it with a strap, and for a bridle I made use of the lasso round his neck. I was, however, somewhat fastidious in selecting the *locale* for my purpose; and as the country about Elkton was very broken, I rode at least four or five miles before I 'suited myself.'

At length I discovered a spot that would have served the most fastidious taste. It was a sheltered hillside, well wooded, and in parts overspread with the softest of moss, to serve for my couch; while beneath me stretched a little green prairie, which offered to my steed the most dainty of feeding-grounds. Dismissing Léon, with his lariat dragging, to his repast, I chose a seat beneath the spreading branches of a cedar, and speedily resolved myself into a reading committee of one. Deep in the mysteries of the *Talisman*, I should say about an hour passed away in my pleasant solitude, undisturbed by any society save that of birds, chief of whom a patriarchal-looking, bald-headed eagle, after first circling round my head, sat and watched me from his ery, the topmost bough of a giant pine. Of sounds there were none, save the harsh cry of the sand-crane from the distant woods, or the croak of the ever-ubiquitous crows in the cedar above my head. How pleasant all this was! but suddenly—very suddenly—there ensued a change in the aspect of affairs: the bald-headed eagle sailed hastily away; my friends, the crows, scolding bitterly, scattered right and left; the *Talisman* fell to the ground; and I sprang to my feet. What had caused this disturbance? Simply the angry crack of a rifle, whose ball had 'pinged' above my head, and embedded itself in the bark of my cedar. In a word, *my life had been attempted*. I had not much trouble to detect the would-be assassin who had fired the shot; for, skulking in the cover, some distance to my right, I made out the figure of the rascally half-breed, who, in order to get possession of my horse, had first tried to dispose of his owner.

Destitute of any weapon except my 'Green River' bowie-knife, I yet obeyed the instinct that incited me to rush upon and try to close with my enemy; and though the act was apparently foolhardy, it was in reality the most conducive to safety I could have adopted, as it prevented him from reloading his piece. The coward did not await my charge, but abandoning his rifle in his hasty retreat, he rushed to his horse, hitched up to a tree some distance in his rear, and for the time escaped. But he had not put out far on the prairie before I had thrown myself on Léon's back, and was after him in full pursuit. Much to my surprise, the fugitive headed for Elkton, where he must have been aware that my Spanish muleteers and several friends who would have assisted me to punish him were camped. But the wily rogue knew that on a campaign country I should soon have ranged alongside of him, as Léon exceeded his horse in speed; but in consequence of my insecure seat, from want of saddle, a career over broken ground was much to my disadvantage. Now, as I have previously remarked, the approaches to Elkton answered this last description; they comprised a succession of precipitous stony ridges, and deep dry gullies; in fact, just the country to favour the evasion of my foe. I found this out to my cost, when, close upon his haunches, I dashed recklessly after him down the first deep gully we encountered, and performing a somersault over Léon's head, on a sudden check he was compelled to make, in springing from one slight foothold to another, entangled his legs in the lasso I still retained in my hand, and rolled over and over with him to the bottom of the descent! Had this accident occurred in England, one would have naturally expected it would have been a case for hospital or undertaker, but somehow abroad—and in this assertion I am sure other travellers will bear me out—one seems to escape with impunity from the most terrible risks.

In the present instance, I was not seriously injured, but sufficiently bruised to have abandoned any further pursuit of the half-breed, if his evil genius had not incited him to draw bridle on the crest of the opposing ridge, and glance down, no doubt in the hope that I was killed by my fall. The malicious and satanic expression that I saw animated the fellow's swarthy face as he did so, was of more benefit to me at the moment than all the resources of the College of Surgeons. My hurts were all forgotten in an instant; and finding that Léon had also escaped comparatively uninjured, I rapidly cut away the dangerous lasso from his neck, whipped a fathom of it round his lower jaw, and holding it bridle-fashion, I was again on his back and away. But the half-breed was not easily to be overtaken. Selecting the most dangerous passes that offered, and riding desperately, and, sooth to say, skilfully, as all of his colour do, in spite of the superior speed of my mustang, I think the villain must have ultimately escaped, but for his blood-hound instincts; for racing after him down a mountain-side, and turning short up a rocky ravine, that was, I believe, a dried-up water-course, by the turning of my buffalo-robe I again lost my seat, and was thrown for a second time with great violence to the ground, to the great detriment of my hands and knees. In this reverse, however, my wits did not desert me. I was on the point of rising to my feet, when a strange reminiscence of a certain episode in the combat of Sir Kenneth of Scotland with Saladin, I had just been reading in the *Talisman*, occurred to me, and taking my cue from it, I remained perfectly still, as if stunned by the fall. The ruse was to a certain extent successful, for my fugitive, who had again drawn bridle, seeing me apparently *hors de combat*, cautiously approached, but having, I suppose, his suspicions, halted at some little distance, and getting ready his lariat-line, prepared to lasso me. This proceeding of my enemy's had not entered into my calculations; but I knew that once fairly noosed by the lasso, I should be dragged at his Mexican saddle-pole over the mountains till life was extinct, and nothing remained of me but a mangled corpse. To avoid such a dire consummation, I sprang to my feet, and rushed to seize his rein. Had it been an English horse and rider, I must have been successful, the distance being so short that the horse could not have got into his stride ere I had been upon him; but Indians and Spaniards alike, while they compel their steeds to halt suddenly when at full gallop, by means of cruel bits, will also as abruptly start them to full speed with their still more cruel spurs; and in this instance my adversary, though taken by surprise, easily placed himself beyond my reach. But at this point, Fortune, so long adverse to my efforts, turned in my favour, and I won the game. Lo! advancing down the ravine from the front, and close at hand, came a 'prospecting' party of armed and mounted white men, who, perceiving something was wrong, rode smartly up; and the half-breed, knowing that if he could escape their horses, he could certainly not outstrip their balls, surrendered at discretion. That night a lynching committee sat in Elkton, and I was put to as much mental exertion to endeavour to get commuted the sentence of death passed on the prisoner, as I had previously used physical exertion to capture him. My English ideas naturally revolted against taking the life of a human being illegally and in cold blood, even though he had tried to assassinate me. But the only favour I could gain from those inflexible judges was a respite for the prisoner till the morrow. This, however, sufficed me, for when the morrow came, the bird had broken out of his cage, represented on this occasion by a log-hut, and had flown away! Great suspicion was attached to my two Spanish muleteers as being at the bottom of this, especially as it was found that they were drinking and playing *monté* with the American

guard at the period when, according to calculation, the prisoner must have broken through the shingles of his roof. I myself even did not escape the imputation of having assisted his escape. But as I 'gave no sign,' and my Spaniards, when they were accused of the act, only gave the usual reply which they made to every nine out of ten questions asked of them, 'Quien sabe?' (Who knows?) the affair soon blew over, and the half-breed escaped scot-free, with the exception of the loss of horse, accoutrements, and squaw, all of which miscellaneous property was declared forfeited.

A few months after this, I quitted the Shasta plain mines of Northern California to go on a 'prospecting' expedition for a few days. My companion was a Texian man, whose Christian name was Dave, otherwise David; his surname I never knew. He was an experienced miner; and as it was his boast that he could often shoot a deer from the threshold of his own domicile in Texas, it can readily be supposed that he was a prime hunter and an adept in all the mysteries of the wilderness. Though he was far from being free from some of the unpleasant idiosyncrasies of Texian men generally—amongst which I may particularise a certain lawlessness, and decided absence of the *bien-séances* of life—I was still considerably prepossessed in favour of Dave, who was a good fellow at heart. I was one of the few men who could consort with him; but having first excited his interest by sketches of the old country, or as he called it, 'hum,' in return for his yarns of Indian skirmishes and Mexican forays, we had ultimately become fast friends. I do not, however, think that I should have gained the place in his estimation which I did, but for two reasons. In the first place, I was a very fair shot, and shooting with Dave, and backwoodsmen generally, approximates to their religion. In the second place, like all 'great' men—and he stood nearly seven feet high in his mining-boots—he had his hobby, which, if I did not flatter, I took good care to respect; this hobby consisted in a great admiration for an old mule he possessed, of peculiarly vile temper and disagreeable appearance. Her name was 'Gin'ral,' a cognomen bestowed by her master in utter disregard of sex, in consequence of her having borne him company all through the Mexican war, in which he was employed under the stars and stripes as a scout.

Whenever Dave commenced a yarn of Mexico, 'that thar animal' was always adduced as a living and respected evidence of the veracity of the narration. But 'that thar animal' by no means reciprocated her master's affections; on the contrary, her vile temper incited her to bite or kick him whenever she had a chance. Then, again, endless were the pranks she played him in escaping from camp, or getting rid of the pack on a journey. Her appearance was certainly not more prepossessing than her temper. Her coat was of a peculiar tawny brown, especially ugly, and in many places fallen off in patches; while all the care and feeding bestowed upon her did not seem to affect her condition, which, like Dickens's Miss Miggs, was given to scragginess. A decided spavin on the off fore-leg, and a tendency to 'roaring,' completes a fair catalogue of the Gin'ral's perfections. Mounted on this pearl of mules, while I bestrode Léon, Dave and myself set forth on our prospecting expedition. Our preparations were very simple. We each carried a bag of provisions, and our mining and cooking utensils were equally divided between us. In addition, we were both armed to the teeth, for at that time feuds between white and red men ran high, and it was especially dangerous for a small party of the former to travel far from the mines.

The white-capped peak of the great Shasta mountain, crowned with everlasting snows, soon disappeared from our view, as, regardless of trails, we struck out in a northerly direction. On we fared,

through prairie and forest, climbing high mountains, and descending deep valleys, and considerably impeded in our progress by the necessity of fording or swimming rivers, but beyond the incidents of travel, encountering nothing worthy of note. We beguiled our lonely trail by yarns, and, as usual, the Gin'ral held the place of honour in Dave's recitals. At certain places, where the presence of gold was detectable by the presence of quartz, or other 'signs' palpable to a miner, we halted to prospect. This operation consisted in sinking a hole down to the 'bed-rock,' which lies very shallow in this rocky region, and carefully washing the soil as we proceeded, to see whether it contained sufficient gold to afford a remunerative price, if worked. I may remark that five cents, or twopence-halfpenny's worth of gold per bucket, is the very lowest average that can possibly remunerate a miner's exertions; and then the mine must be shallow, and very easily worked. To the uninitiated, it would seem somewhat difficult to appreciate the value of such a small quantity of gold as twopence-halfpenny's worth, but habit makes all things easy. A little experience in the mining regions, where, the legitimate currency being very scarce, payments are mostly made in gold-dust, enabled me to select a spangle of gold just worth one halfpenny, with the same ease that I could pour into the palm of my hand a small heap of the precious metal exactly equivalent, neither more nor less, to one dollar. Thus two or three days passed away; and working up in a northerly direction, the long range of the Ciskion Mountains, the natural boundaries of California and Oregon, began to loom in the distance whenever we ourselves gained an elevated plateau. I think that it was about the fourth day of our journey, when, passing through some heavily timbered land, we debouched suddenly into a small prairie, and came upon a group of four or five Indians. In an instant, my rifle was unslung, and poised in my hands.

'Hold hard!' shouted Dave, who was in my rear; 'taint a war-party; they've got squaws with them.'

He was right, for after a hurried consultation, the main body of redskins retreated towards the edge of the wood, while the figure of a young girl, holding something in her arms, advanced fearlessly towards us. As she came nearer, I saw her burden consisted of a bundle of dried salmon, which no doubt she wished to barter with us. I gazed with no little curiosity on this prairie wild-flower, who had certainly good looks sufficient to entitle her to be considered pretty, if not handsome. Her complexion, hardly darker than one of our own brunettes, was beautifully clear; and her piquant face, lighted up by a pair of eyes dark as night, shewed to great advantage beneath the scarlet fillet that bound up her magnificent long black hair. Her dress I pronounced artistically coquettish, consisting chiefly of a beautifully dressed deer-skin tunic, nearly white, edged with swansdown, which came down to the knee; while her shapely nether limbs were terminated by the smallest of feet, encased in bewildering pretty moccasins, highly embroidered. She also wore girdles, necklaces, bracelets, and anklets, composed principally of beads.

'Me Na-win-ia,' she said, with the smile of an arrant coquette, announcing her name.

'Chinook, Illinois, Cheteo?' I demanded interrogatively, naming several tribes, to ascertain which tribe she belonged to.

'Me Shasta,' replied the young lady, shaking the blackest of locks, and displaying the whitest of teeth.

Now we were at peace with the Shasta Indians.

'I think what she says is true,' I remarked to Dave, who, with a lowering brow, quite uninfluenced by her charms, was gazing upon this young Diana of the woods with the dissatisfied intentness a devout antiquary might be supposed to exhibit on a specimen of the dark ages being offered to him

which he had reasons for believing spurious. To my 'aside,' he did not vouchsafe a reply. Pulling out a few strings of beads from my stores, I proffered them to the acceptance of the young Indian, in exchange for her fish, but rejecting them with a wave of the hand, she articulated in broken English: 'Powder—ball.'

'Powder and ball, eh?' here broke in Dave, in a violent passion. 'This hoss jest guessed it. Out of this, ye Injun skunk; ye don't get powder and ball to shoot white men hyar, I can tell ye;' and clubbing his rifle, he advanced fiercely upon the girl, who scudded like a frightened hare across the prairie, and rejoined her friends.

'Rogue River Injuns from Oregon, or I'll be dog-goned,' he added in explanation; 'jest the greatest thieves and vagabonds unhung.'

'At least the girl was harmless,' I interjected, somewhat piqued at his ungallant behaviour to our fair visitant.

'A spy,' he replied—'nothing shorter, I guess. Didn't ye mark the young varmint, how she kinder eyed our plunder, 'specially that thar animal; but they ain't got her just yet, eh, lass?' and he tried to pat his hard bargain, who disrespectfully declined the favour, as if her possession constituted the very acme of human happiness. 'See hyar, my boy,' continued Dave, seriously shaking his head, as, the Indians having disappeared, we continued our route, 'we must look sharp after our plunder and scalps now, or we'll have "trouble" from yon Injuns, or this child knows naught of the breed.'

I am not ashamed to remark that, forcibly impressed with the truth of this last observation of Dave's, and having a strong prejudice in favour of keeping my hair on my head, I advocated, as delicately as I could, the policy of retracing our steps in the direction of Shasta. But Dave would not hear of retreat, declaring 'that all the Injuns in California and Oregon warn't a goin' to turn his trail nohow.'

The fact was, he was bent upon prospecting as near as possible to the foot of the great Ciskion range, to carry out a favourite mining craze, which had long beset him; so, as I could not desert him, we still pressed on with our faces northwards. The encounter with the Indians had, however, the effect of making us more careful about the safety of our camp at night; our animals were no longer picketed, but tied up close to a tree, near which one of us slept while the other kept guard. We also carefully extinguished the ashes of our camp-fire, when darkness closed in, and, in fine, took the usual precautions of travellers in hostile Indian country to prevent surprise. The next day we reached the fork of a small river, whose name I forget, and commenced our prospecting operations, but still with no success. Somewhat disheartened, we left off about an hour before sundown, lighted our camp-fire, and prepared supper; the horses, with their lareats dragging, feeding close at hand. Our camp was pitched on the long gentle incline of a hill, half-way between its summit and the creek of the river, and we had been careful to select a spot devoid of all cover that might conceal a lurking foe in the shape of an Indian. After supper, with the comfortable feeling that a good meal causes to good digestions, we lighted our pipes, and began to chat over our pannikins of coffee. But shortly, somewhat to my annoyance, my Texian friend commenced one of his interminable yarns on the subject of 'that thar animal,' who had come to be my *belle noir*, and I sought to turn the conversation.

'By the by, Dave,' I interrupted, 'where are the animals?'

We stood up and looked round; sure enough, both horse and mule were missing; and yet, through the fast-fading twilight, we could see for a considerable distance around us. As there was no other cover at hand, it was apparent that they had strayed over the hill-top, and thither we bent our steps. When the

summit of the hill was gained, a wide valley lay open before us, down which we eagerly peered, but looked in vain for the objects of our quest. The cattle had vanished!

BRITISH FEELINGS ON THE AMERICAN CIVIL WAR.

It is quite remarkable how prone the people of America are to misjudge the views and sentiments of Britain regarding their unhappy civil war. In a serious and elaborate article in the *Princeton Review* of January, there is a long summary of the misdeeds of England in the case, closing in affectedly meek terms, like what clergymen use when in a passion, to the effect that they must contemplate the dishonour of the old country as they would the gray hairs of a disgraced parent. Poor John Bull—who wishes for nothing but the blessings of peace to himself and his neighbours—it is really too bad to see him called *Perfidious Albion* on one hand, and a *Gray-headed Iniquity* on another, as if he were never doing anything but plot mischief for all around him! Fortunate it is, that his back is of such a respectable breadth, for it gets a good deal to bear.

It is just one of the unfortunate consequences of the civil war of America, that the Federalists should be blinded by their passionate feelings to the real aspect of foreign states, and thus become extremely liable or likely to get additional quarrels upon their hands. They took up foreign states wrongly from the very beginning, using towards them, not a civil pleading to avert interference in behalf of the Secessionists, which they might have put in sufficiently strong terms, but the language of menace, evidently proceeding upon the idea that self-interest was almost certain to prompt foreign states to such an interference. An apology for the unavoidable inconvenience occasioned by the blockade was what good breeding and good sense would have dictated in any analogous circumstances in private life; and it would surely have been an equally good policy on the part of the American government.

Similarly unfortunate was America in making a resentment out of the recognition by Britain of the Secessionists as belligerents. Had this been less reasonable than it was—and surely when eleven large states broke wholly off, under an organised rule of their own, it was very reasonable for distant onlookers to regard them as in some degree co-ordinate with the remaining states—say, however, it had been less warranted than in the circumstances, as viewed from a British stand-point, it was—still it would have been better to say nothing abusive or minatory about it. With a power like England, menace and resentment were altogether thrown away—could do harm, but no sort of good. It would, at any rate, have been well to wait to see if England meant anything hostile, or even disrespectful, by the act. It really did mean nothing of the kind, as the event has fully shewn. How unfortunate to act so rashly on the contrary assumption, and thus still further raise irritation where friendly sympathy was required!

America has proceeded in the same ill-chosen course ever since, as if anxious to bring on a foreign, in addition to a home enemy. When the President addressed his Congress in December, there was still no sort of conciliatory expression in respect of the case of England and France, as injured by the war. Still the

same insinuations were thrown out as to a possible iniquitous violation of the blockade; not a word of regret expressed for the inconvenience which England and France were suffering. The tone of the press and public of America has been to the same purport. Nothing is heard of but the 'selfish interests' of these countries, and particularly England, as if there were nothing but selfishness to be looked for on that side. Surely the spectacle of some millions of industrious English people thrown out of bread through transactions with which they had nothing to do, might have justified at least a few fair, if not apologetic words. It would have been far better policy than telling us that we were sordid wretches, designing unjustifiable hostile acts.

The whole procedure of the American government and people towards foreign states, including their conduct regarding the *Trent* outrage, has been signally illustrative of a defect in the American character—want of tact. They seem to have been quite incapable of putting themselves for a moment into the position of a neutral country, so as to understand what that other country must necessarily resent; or they would never have approved of the act of Wilkes by so many demonstrations short of the highest recognition—while every government in Europe was pronouncing it unjustifiable—and thus left themselves in the undignified position of surrendering the commissioners under a threat which they might have known all the time they were unable to brave. For this defect of tact, there is at once an explanation and an excuse in the isolated political and social position of America. It does not come much in contact with foreign states, and the individual citizens have nobody to compare themselves with, or against whom to rub and be rubbed. Hence, in their conduct towards foreign governments on this occasion, there has been a mixture of rusticity and childishness, strangely in contrast with their real importance as one of the great Powers of the earth.

It may be safely put to the entire British people if they did not contemplate the outbreak of the war with a great deal of genuine concern and sorrow. There had been 'bumptiousness'—perhaps something worse—from America on several occasions; but little memory of it was kept up, for John Bull, with all his faults, is not a sullen cherisher of resentment. There was even reprobation towards the South, as, for unworthy reasons, breaking up a magnificent union of states which reflected credit on the English name. If a different feeling now prevails, it is easy to see how the injurious misjudgments above described, and some other and more general considerations, have conduced to it.

England, while regretting that there should have been a disruption, and condemning the cause in which it originated, has, in at least an equal degree, been horror-struck at the war instituted for its reparation. True it may be that a compromise was difficult; that frontier, common right to rivers, shares of public obligations, all presented serious obstacles. But, on the other hand, a bloody strife, which may be ineffectual for its purpose, and at the best could only end in putting a desolated country under a military guard is a frightful subject of contemplation. The leading idea in the English mind on the occasion was—the Americans should in some way accept the situation, and make the best of it. It would not be difficult to shew how it was fully as natural and justifiable for England to take this view, as for the Unionists to determine on a war. England has had far more experience of war, and of its disappointing consequences, even when tolerably well

conducted, than America has ever had. It knew before, what the Americans are only about to learn now, how difficult it is to subdue a unanimous people occupying a large territory. It had a keen sense of the trouble arising to a state from having large disaffected provinces attached to it, which it must keep down by a standing army. It had been accustomed for a generation to sympathise with such uneasy nationalities as Hungary, Poland, and Venetia. It was natural for England out of these elements to form an opinion about the war—a deprecatory one—and to avow it openly. And it is but fair to point out that, as far as the war has gone, the opinion of England is borne out by events. America has deranged her industrial economy, exhausted her means, laid the foundation of a frightful national debt, surrendered all the safeguards of individual liberty, incurred degradation in the eyes of foreign states, and planted in the southern population a hatred and wrath which will not be appeased for generations, without as yet making the slightest progress towards her object. On the contrary, with only the result of exhibiting what, in contrast with her previous boastings, must be described as great military incapacity, and fixing indelibly upon her annals the memory of what, in the same contrast, will appear as the most ridiculous defeat in universal history. As far as present appearances enable us to judge, she is going nigh to a ruin only paralleled by that of France in her revolution, through the obstinacy with which she is pursuing an inexpedient course. It is to be feared she will ere long have only too much reason to see that the English opinion was sounder than her own, and, if followed, might have saved her unspeakable misery.

The object proposed here was to justify England for the aspect she has borne towards the American struggle. The absolute merits of the struggle itself are not exactly in question; yet a few words regarding these may not be superfluous. On the character of the Southern institution, from which all the trouble flows, mankind are agreed. The war, though not for the abolition of that institution, has sprung from it; and so the institution must be the more condemned. Still there is something not quite unreasonable in the object for which the South is fighting. It is one of the drawbacks of a pure democracy, that, where a part of the nation is strongly distinguished from the rest, either by religion or by a peculiar patrimonial interest, it is, if in a minority, placed in a very hopeless position. Between being dragged at the chariot-wheels of the North, and having its destinies in its own hands, the South has no room for hesitation. It would obviously be far happier in a separate state; and no wonder it fights for that object. Nor, if we could for a moment forget slavery, is it to be denied that the South has shewn much of the virtues which are developed by a patriotic cause—firm endurance, self-sacrifice, gallantry in the field. The very reticence it has shewn conveys to an English mind a comparatively respectful impression. Look to the other side, and what do we see? Assuredly nothing like a crusade against slavery—though, were such the case, we might still be far from considering a war against slavery justifiable.* What we mainly see is nothing more nor less than a desire to have a union of thirty-three instead of twenty-two states—a political and not a moral object. A calm European may surely question, not merely if it be worth while, but if it be allowable, in the eyes of God and man, for such an end to inflict so much evil. *If it is not, the People*

* It is a very general belief in England that, with the Union restored, slavery has a greater chance of being perpetuated than in the event of the South securing its independence; and it seems to be at least a tenable proposition. The North may, indeed, be finally driven to declare for a forcible emancipation, on the principle, '*Flectere si nequeo superos, Acheronta movebo*;' but, suppose their extremity goes so far, are they likely to be able to carry their point?

of America may be assured that a fearful reckoning is before them, for so has the world been constituted, that wrongs so vast in their sweep and depth cannot pass without being followed by penalties as tremendous.

RICHARD SAVAGE.

RICHARD SAVAGE lives through Dr Johnson: his plays and his poems have become obsolete, but he was Johnson's associate, and Johnson wrote his life, and placed him amongst his poets. Everybody knows that the doctor had a very tender heart hidden beneath much roughness and pugnacity; that he was resolute as friend and as foe, and that he loved and hated with a fervour unconquerable and unreasonable. His biography of Savage is full of proofs of this temper; the shame of Savage's passionate, thriftless, vicious life he excuses and defends as a fond mother might a scapegrace son; and Savage's own story of his birth and boyhood he received with implicit credence, and diffused to the ends of the earth.

Comrades in poverty, sometimes without home or bed, Johnson and Savage were used to pace the London streets at midnight. Round and round St James's Square they walked for hours one night, discussing the danger of the nation, penniless, yet brimful of patriotism, and 'resolved that they would stand by their country.' No wonder, then, that Savage lay very near and dear to a heart like Johnson's.

London streets are thick with like memories of literature in misery, struggle, and success. Many turn into Brook Street, Holborn, to look up at the attic where Chatterton 'perished ere his prime;' and passing that house a few doors on the same side, we come to an entry over which is inscribed 'Fox Court,' in which we are told Richard Savage, son of the Countess of Macclesfield, was born, 16th January 1697-8. Is this true? Was Richard Savage the son of the Countess of Macclesfield, born in Fox Court? Savage said so, and the world believed his tale. Yet some have suspected its truth, and their suspicions have been justified by the painstaking research of Mr W. Moy Thomas. Let us relate some of the results of that research.

Ann, Countess of Macclesfield, was the daughter of Sir Richard Mason of Sutton, Surrey, and was married to the Earl of Macclesfield, then Lord Brandon, in 1683. The marriage was an unhappy one; they found their tastes and tempers incompatible; and after a union of only a few months, they separated, she making her sister's (Lady Brownlowe) house her home. In the course of years, she formed an intimacy with Richard Savage, Earl Rivers, to whom she bore two children, and whose births they concealed with sedulous care, lest they should place her title and fortune in jeopardy. The first, a daughter, born in 1695, was named Ann Savage, after the father and mother, was put out to nurse, and died within a year. Towards the close of 1696, the countess had lodgings taken for her in Fox Court, in which she took up her abode as Madam Smith, a captain's wife, and there, on Saturday, 16th January 1696-7, was born her second child, a son. On Monday the 18th, he was christened by Isaac Burbidge, the minister of St Andrew's, Holborn, and entered in the register as Richard, son of John and Mary Smith. There were present at the baptism the nurse, the priest, and his clerk, Lord Rivers, Mr Newdigate Ousley, and his sister, Miss Dorothy Ousley. Lord Rivers and Mr Ousley stood godfathers, and Miss Ousley godmother to the babe. Next day, Tuesday, it was taken off to Hampstead to nurse by a Mrs Peglear, who was told the child's name was Richard Lee.*

* *Notes and Queries*, vol. vi. 2d series. See also an article in *Chambers's Edinburgh Journal*, New Series, No. 161, as to Savage's worthless character.

Meanwhile, gossip was busy with the countess's absence from the world, and the earl came to hear of what had been going on, and actively bestirred himself to collect evidence. He commenced an action for divorce in the Arches Court, and the Ousleys, godfather and godmother, fled to Aix-la-chapelle, to escape serving as witnesses. One day in the summer of 1697, nurse Peglear at Hampstead was visited by Richard Portlock, a baker in Maiden Lane, Covent Garden, and his wife, who claimed her nursing as their child, and after some altercation, carried it off, and she never saw the infant more. As the Portlocks did not appear as witnesses in the suit, it is supposed they were bribed out of the way, as was attempted with other witnesses. Leaving the suit undetermined in the Arches Court, the earl took his case before parliament, where a special act of divorce was carried first through the Lords, and finally through the Commons, on the 15th March 1697-8. The divorce was throughout vigorously opposed by the agents and friends of the countess, who, though she lost her title, had her private fortune restored to her in full.

Dr Johnson says the countess publicly admitted her intimacy with Lord Rivers, in order to get rid of her husband, and calls her some hard names in consequence. He also sets her son's birth down as subsequent to the commencement of the action for divorce, namely, 16th January 1697-8. Johnson's information is Savage's, and whenever we quote the one, we quote the other; and these two points are worth noting, because, whilst the truth concerning them was open and easy, they were content to retail inaccuracies, and therefore we might pertinently say, *ab uno disce omnes*.

The countess, by her divorce reduced to her old name of Ann Mason, was within two years married to Colonel Henry Brett, a member of an old and respectable Gloucestershire family. With him she appears to have led a quiet life until his death in 1714. She lived until October 1753, and died at her house in Old Bond Street, aged above eighty. Mrs Brett does not appear to have been a beautiful woman. She is described as of middle size, pretty full in the cheeks, disfigured with the small-pox, with thick lips, brownish hair, dark complexion, and little eyes. Colley Cibber, it is said, had so high an opinion of her taste and judgment as to genteel life and manners, that he submitted every scene of his *Careless Husband* to Mrs Brett's revision and correction.

The question now is: What became of the child taken in haste from Hampstead by the Portlocks? Here we are left in the dark. Mr Moy Thomas supposes that the Portlocks may have been paid to bring up the child as their own, and that it died. In the register of the parish in which they lived, St Paul's, Covent Garden, amongst the burials, he finds entered 'November 1698, Richard Portlock,' which he presumes may be that of the child; but Richard was the name of the baker, Portlock, and it is likely he would call one of his children after himself. It is, however, Mr Thomas's opinion that the Portlocks were only the agents of the Ousleys in removing the child from Hampstead. The Ousleys had all along made themselves servicable to Lord Rivers in providing nurses, and looking after his children. They lived in the parish of St Martin's, adjoining the Portlocks, and in the register of burials in St Martin's, about two years after the divorce, is entered '1699-1700-30 Jan., Richard Smith, C.'—C. indicating a child. Here is the difficulty. Was this the son of Lord Rivers? Could we ascertain beyond question the fate of that child, Savage's claims would be set at rest. Unfortunately, when Savage appeared on the scene, the Ousleys and Lord Rivers were all dead, and Mrs Brett may have justly feared that any assertions of hers would be distrusted, and hence have concluded that silence was her best policy.

The earliest notice yet found of the existence of Richard Savage is in 1717, when he published a poem under the following title: '*The Convocation, or a Battle of the Pamphlets, a Poem*. Written by Richard Savage. London, printed for E. Young, at the Angel, near Lincoln's Inn Back Gate, and sold by J. Morphew, near Stationers' Hall, 1717.' He then took to play-writing, and in 1719 published one, entitled '*Love in a Veil, a Comedy*, as it is acted in the Theatre-royal in Drury Lane, by His Majesty's Servants. Written by Richard Savage, Gent., son of the late Earl Rivers. London, printed for E. Curll, &c., 1719.' On this title-page Savage made his first public claim of relationship to Lord Rivers, a claim which from thenceforth, with amplification, he lost no opportunity of dinning into all ears. Where had Savage been spending his childhood? Lord Rivers's child vanished from Hampstead in 1697, and if Richard Savage was that child, where had he been during the intervening twenty years?

We have no answer to this inquiry except from Savage himself. No one has left us any particulars of his boyhood: neither playfellows nor old neighbours seem to have risen to claim his acquaintance when he was known as a poet and the talk of the town. His own account of himself appeared in many forms in his lifetime, and Johnson gave it a world-wide currency in his memoir, but it was loose and variable; though credulously accepted, no one appears to have tested it; and when we now examine his statements, we are bewildered in contradictions and improbabilities.

Savage said he had been brought up by a nurse, who received orders from his mother to treat him as her own child, and to keep from him all knowledge of his real parents; which directions she faithfully followed, so that until her death he bore her name, and knew of his right to no other. During these years he was tenderly protected by his grandmother, Lady Mason, and by his godmother, Miss Ousley, whom he calls Mrs Lloyd, who guarded him 'as tenderly as the apple of her eye,' and whom he describes as 'a lady who kept her chariot, and lived accordingly. But, alas! I lost her when I was but seven years of age.' By the direction of Lady Mason, he had been placed at a small grammar-school at or near St Albans. His mother, Mrs Brett, had made an attempt to ship him secretly off to the American plantations, but by some means failed. She then had him placed with a shoemaker in Holborn, with the purpose of apprenticing him to his trade. When about seventeen, his nurse died, and he, as her son, went to her house, opened her boxes, and examined her papers, among which he found a letter written to her by Lady Mason, which informed him of his birth, and the reason for which it was concealed; whereon he refused to be a shoemaker, claimed a share in Mrs Brett's affluence, was repulsed and denied by her, and then took to authorship for a livelihood.

As we examine this story in detail, we find how indefinite, unlikely, and, in some respects, manifestly untrue it is. Where did his nurse reside, and what was her name which he bore? Writing long afterwards in 1739, to the learned Miss Elizabeth Carter, he says: 'That I did pass under another name till I was seventeen years of age is truth, but not the name of any person with whom I lived.' Whilst thus backing out of an early statement, he takes care neither to give his nurse's name nor his own. Was his Richard Smith, or Lee, or Portlock? Nothing that he could leave vague did he fix. His nurse, his home, his haunts, his companions, we have not one certain word about. The grammar-school he said he attended, and the name of his master, are unknown. These are references which a man with honest claims would have given in fulness and with precision, but to which a clever pretender would avoid committing himself. We need not waste one word over the

incredible correspondence of Lady Mason with the nurse, for Savage himself obliterates it in his letter of 1739 to Miss Carter, in which he declares 'the mean nurse' to be 'quite a fictitious character.' Yet giving up the nurse is about equivalent to giving up Savage as the earl's son. He had boasted of possessing 'convincing original letters' found in the boxes of his nurse; but if the nurse is a fiction, so are her boxes and the letters in them. 'Convincing original letters,' however obtained, Savage never produced. He was always ravenous for money to gratify his vicious propensities, and could at any time have obtained some guineas from publisher Curll for his documents; and though he wanted neither delicacy to restrain, nor spite to prompt their publication, yet never a scrap of Lady Mason's writing did he give to the world. In fact, neither by writings nor by witnesses, did Savage's claims ever receive the slightest sanction; beyond his own assertions, they never met with any support.

Miss Ousley, Savage's godmother, transformed by marriage or his fancy into Mrs Lloyd, died, he said, when he was seven years old, leaving him a legacy of £300, of which he was defrauded by her executors. When did this fact come to his knowledge? Who were the fraudulent executors? Savage was not used to conceal the names of his enemies; why did he hide theirs? The Ousleys were a numerous and thriving family, and they were surely amenable to justice. Newdigate Ousley, his godfather, did not die until 1714, and he and Lady Mason would not surely see the child wronged. But Savage appears to have been in utter ignorance of the name of the Ousleys; and yet he tells Miss Carter that, 'in a letter of Mrs Lloyd's, a copy of which I found many years after her decease,' he found the comparison of her love for him as 'the apple of her eye.' If he was allowed to ransack his godmother's papers, he must have known the Ousleys; and if he knew them, he could scarcely have failed to plague them terribly for the £300 left to him. We fear 'Mrs Lloyd, the godmother, who kept a chariot and lived accordingly,' was to Savage what Mrs Harris was to Sairey Gamp.

Savage must have been to Mrs Brett a cruel visitation. Colonel Brett was dead; she was a widow with a daughter arrived at womanhood, and in the long years that had intervened might reasonably have hoped that the memories of her earlier life were lapsing into oblivion, when Savage raked them out, and blazoned them with aggravations before the world. On such a theme and with such a man controversy was for her impossible; and she was content to oppose to his outcries a silence alike courageous and discreet. At first, his approaches were made with some attempt at wheedling. In a letter to *The Plain Dealer*, he writes of her as 'a mother whose fine qualities make it impossible to me not to forgive her, even while I am miserable by her means only;' and describes her as one who, 'in direct opposition to the impulse of her natural compassion, upon mistaken motives of a false delicacy, shut her memory against his wants;' and again in some verses in the same magazine mentions her:

'Yet has this sweet neglecter of my woes
The softest, tenderest breast that pity knows!
Her eyes shed mercy wheresoe'er they shine,
And her soul melts at every woe—but mine.'

But Mrs Brett was not to be beguiled by these soft speeches. Savage haunted her neighbourhood. 'It was his frequent practice,' says Johnson, 'to walk in the dark evenings for several hours before her door, in hopes of seeing her as she might come by accident to the window or cross her apartment with a candle in her hand.' It was to no purpose that he wrote to her and solicited to see her; she avoided him with the greatest care, and gave orders that he should be excluded from her house by whomsoever he might

be introduced, and what reason soever he might give for entering it. One evening, finding the street-door open, he slipped in, went up stairs, and accosted her in the passage. She, in a very natural and feminine style, screamed 'Murder,' and ordered her servants to turn him out of the house.

Matters came to a climax in 1727. Savage in a tavern brawl killed a man, was tried, found guilty of murder, and sentenced to be hung. Now commenced a stir indeed. Hang a poet, and an earl's son withal! A short account of his life was drawn up, telling the story of his birth, and the heartlessness and wickedness of his mother, and it circulated by thousands. The Countess of Hertford laid the piteous tale before the queen, who won from the king a pardon, and Savage was set free on 9th March 1728. His rage against Mrs Brett now knew no bounds. As everybody credited his story, he appears to have at length believed it in earnest himself. His charges against her became intensified in malignity; and he said she had interfered to prevent the king's mercy, and to have him hanged. He therefore resolved to harass her with lampoons until she allowed him a pension. In pursuance of this dastardly threat, he published his poem, entitled *The Bastard*, in which he verified his own wretchedness and Mrs Brett's inhumanity, and which passed through five editions in the course of the year.

At this juncture, Lord Tyrconnel, a nephew of Mrs Brett's, interposed; whether he wished to relieve his aunt from her persecutor, or to possess a live poet for himself, he offered Savage a home in his own house, and an allowance of £200 per annum, which Savage with readiness accepted, and sung his patron's praise, and dedicated to him his verses. At last, Savage's habits wore out Tyrconnel's patience; he kept outrageous hours, turned his house into a tavern, and Tyrconnel found works he had presented to Savage on the book-stalls, sold by him to purchase drink. In 1735, he revoked his pension, and sent him adrift, whereon he was addressed and defied by Savage as a 'Right Honourable Brute and Booby,' and told that he had cut his poet because he was hard up, and did not like paying £200 a year.

Begging, drinking, brawling, Savage now led a more wretched life than ever. Moved with pity, some of his friends subscribed £50 a year, of which Pope contributed £20, to keep him in rural economy at Swansea. With difficulty he was got out of London in July 1739. Unfortunately, Bristol lay in the route to Swansea, and some of its literary citizens feasted the poet, and by their gifts enabled him to renew his dissipated London habits. After wearying and disgusting them, he reached Swansea in September 1742, which, as was to be expected, was a place not at all to his taste, and he set out for London, taking Bristol on his way. There his journey was cut short by a Mrs Read, who had him arrested for a trifling debt; and after spending six months in the Newgate of Bristol, he died in that prison on the 31st July 1743.

In February 1744, Johnson published his *Life of Savage*. The book affords a fine study of the method and temper of Johnson's own mind. He conceals nothing about Savage known to himself, and he repeats all Savage's tales about his birth and the conduct of Mrs Brett in implicit faith. Johnson is at once credulous and truthful, and his tenderness for the comrade of his poverty shut his eyes to the utter meanness of Savage's character, and closed his ears to the despicable whine of a full-grown, able-bodied man for money and a mother! Savage's persecution of Mrs Brett he aids and abets in a style Savage never equalled, pursuing her as an unnatural monster through page after page with all those trenchant epithets of reprobation of which he was master. Mrs Brett, poor old lady, lived to read Johnson's curses for ten years.

As Savage's story is questioned more and more

closely, still further inconsistencies are revealed. From the facts already adduced, many will readily coincide with Mr Thomas in his conclusion: 'I have not, I confess, any doubt that Richard Savage was an impostor.'

BUMBOATS AND BUMBOATMEN.

'By the deep seventy-five fathoms!' is the cry that cheers the heart of poor Jack, who, perhaps, like the sweet little cherub, is perched up aloft, keeping a sharp look-out for the first hazy outline of distant land. After four months of nothing but the waste of waters in its variations from intense calm to surging hurricane, it is with no small delight that the watch on deck hear the mate pass the word to bend the line to the deep-sea lead. Then weary, anxious faces look over the ship's side to watch for a discolouring in the perpetual blue. Listening ears eagerly catch the words sung out sturdily by the man in the chains, as his stalwart arm swings the lead backwards and forwards with gradually increasing velocity, until it has gained sufficient impetus to be swung far ahead of the ship's cut-water. The rest flies round like lightning; the rope slips as rapidly through the hand of the lead-man, till, with sudden jerk, he stops its further progress. The bottom has been found, and when the deep-sea lead is again hauled up and over the ship's side, to it is found attached samples of the ground far beneath the ocean whither its weight has penetrated. The watch down below have turned out a full two hours before their time. But the biscuit and muddy coffee, with the scraps of salt-junk which constitute the daily breakfast, are swallowed with difficulty and disdain. They long now for shore luxuries, and as they near the land, keep a sharp look-out for that invaluable fellow, the bumboatman, who watches the signal-staff with the eyes of a vulture, and will put out to sea at all seasons and hours to meet the coming ship, with his store of looked-for luxuries.

Here we are with a leading wind, steering direct for the beautiful island of Pulo Penang. The high hill in the centre, surmounted by the signal-staff, is distinctly visible from deck, though we are forty miles away from the harbour. But the old signal-sergeant has a good glass up there, and has already espied us, as his flag announces to eager 'Abraham Brown,' that patriarch of all Eastern boatmen, who carries about with him a goodly sized quarto volume full of certificates from nautical customers, which are worded in every vein of humour conceivable, and an exact copy of which would be worthy of a place in the British Museum. Abraham Brown has spied the signal, and though we cannot see him, nor he us, be assured he has put out to sea in his trusty and capacious boat, bringing with him much of this world's creature comforts, and an abundance of fruit and vegetables. The wind is rather against him, but he can work traverse sailing as well as the best navigator, and keep beating about the channel through which only vessels can enter the harbour.

The old black cook, in his blacker caboose; the usually industrious steward, and his hard-worked mate in the cabin, are alike neglectful this morning of their usual routine of duty. But such is the good-humour prevalent fore and aft, that not a murmur escapes the lips of the most impatient spirits. If the pea-soup is smoked, and the dough boiled into a paste, it matters but little. Under any circumstances they would both remain untasted, for just as the dinner-hour has been piped, the man at the foretop hails the deck, and announces sail ho! on the larboard-bow. In less than half an hour afterwards, Abraham Brown and his bumboat are towing alongside, and Abraham Brown gets up on deck; and the odour

that pervades the deck fore and aft is no longer that of pitch and tar, and salt fish and slush tubs, and other abominations, but the fragrance of the produce of a grateful soil; for Abraham Brown never forgets, amongst other things, to bring off baskets full of roses, jasmine, and other sweet-scented flowers, which the sailors purchase as eagerly as any ball-going damsel; and after cramming as many into a pannikin full of water as it will hold, decorate their hats with the remainder, or sometimes form beautiful festoons all about the ship's rigging.

In a very short space of time the bumboat is emptied of its freight, for there are willing hands and strong arms at work, and the baskets containing the goods are carefully ranged along the lee-skippers, under shelter of the bulwark. What do the baskets contain? What do they not contain? Ask Jack yonder, who is hitching up his trousers, and rattling the dollars in his pocket as he contemplates the rich store before him, and is only at a loss on which particular basket first to commence his onslaught. Shall it be the mangosteen, rivaling in flavour, and as cool by nature as the most carefully iced raspberries? Shall it be the plantains, not to be surpassed by the finest cream and strawberries? Shall it be the mangoes, or the guavas; the oranges, or shadocks; or shall it be the huge dhurian, rough and coarse without, and abominable of odour within. Even in the choice made in these baskets, one may discriminate the characters and dispositions of the purchasers. The black cook chooses the dhurian, because it is the largest and cheapest, and good enough, he says, for such old bones as his. But when he opens it near the galley-door, he runs imminent risk of being pitched overboard, fruit and all, for the stench pervades every nook and corner of the vessel, and interferes sadly with the enjoyment of the rest of the crew. The dhurian, however, after being opened and exposed to the air for some hours, loses all smell, and is really a succulent and pleasant fruit; besides which, the kernels make a capital substitute for chestnuts, which are unknown in these parts.

But Abraham Brown has other things to vend besides fruits, else would our long-tailed Chinese carpenter fare badly. With the forethought acquired by long experience, the bumboatman has supplied himself with Chon-Chon soup and pork, as prepared by the itinerant vendors of ready-cooked meats that traverse the streets from morning till night in Penang. He has, moreover, for the use of the cabin and fo'castle, butcher's meat in abundance: half oxen and whole sheep and pigs, whilst the baker has furnished him with mountains of well-baked bread, biscuits, cakes, and macaroons. Then, in fifty bottles, he has brought off all the fresh milk he can procure, and in fifty earthenware pots as much fresh butter, and a prodigious quantity of lemons, wherewith to make lemonade this hot afternoon. There never was such a splendid tea-party in any part of the world as assembles that afternoon in the fo'castle deck. They may be provided with better table-linen, finer napkins, more costly china, and far more refined company, but the bill of fare cannot be surpassed, or even rivalled. Such fruit, such flowers, such bread and butter and preserves, such tea, such milk, such 'sudden deaths' and grills, resulting from basket-loads of unhappy chickens that have been transferred from the bumboat with very trifling intermediate process to the caboose fire! I repeat, such a meal never was or can be surpassed in the world.

A very different personage from Abraham Brown is Chinatumby-Motoosawing, who boards us as soon as we cast anchor in the Madras roads, and a very differently assorted cargo he brings with him to pander to the tastes of all hands. The high surf running on the Madras beach at all seasons of the year, makes the granting of shore-leave to seamen a matter of sometimes angry altercation between themselves and

the captain, so they are permitted to enjoy themselves as much as they can aboard.

No sooner has the skipper gone ashore, and the sails been carefully stowed, the ropes coiled up, the deck washed down, and awnings spread fore and aft, with a curtain between us and the sun, than over the side comes Mr Chinatumby. After him make their appearance two grotesque-looking figures all but nude, with their dark skins plentifully besprinkled with flour and ashes, and many-coloured stripes drawn down the forehead, and converging at the nose, over which feature one broad dab of yellow extends. These are the snake-charmers. Up comes a juggler in a somewhat similar costume. Up comes the washing-man and ironing-man (for the laundry is exclusively conducted by men in India) in pretty nearly no costume at all. Up comes the dubash, like a tallow candle, swathed in muslin, and with a very bright wafer stuck between his eyes. In one hand he clutches firmly a huge old pocket-book, full of most laudatory testimonials, highly creditable to the bearer, except for the fact of their being invariably either forged or stolen. Up comes a seedy old individual in European costume, with a shocking bad hat, and no shoes or stockings; this is the Fiddle, and after him comes up the Fife, who is his exact counterpart. By and by, when the evening is cool, and every one in a merry humour, we are going to have a little dance upon deck. Lastly, up comes the lion of the bumboat, the Madras jeweller, who, in his sash and manifold pockets, carries about with him marvellous Trichinopoly chains and rubies, emeralds, cat's-eyes, bloodstones, amethysts, &c., set as rings and brooches of very elegant patterns, costly withal, and very beautiful to look upon, so long as the setting will hold together (which will not be many days after purchase), and prevent the glass from rolling out, and revealing the skilfully glazed paper, of divers colours and hues, which have been the cause of the gross imposition. The boatmen hand up the various baskets, and Jack is rather at a loss to account for the hissing that proceeds from some of the flattest of them. They contain the educated cobras, who dance to the music of the Charmer.

There is no end to this fellow's marvellous tricks. When he opens his baskets, and produces hideous music from his gourd-like flageolet, wagging his head from side to side to mark the time, the loathsome-looking masses, coiled up in sand-baskets, begin to shew evident emotion, and slowly raising their hideous heads, expand their throats, and imitate the motions of the musicians, taking instant advantage of any pause to dart spitefully forward, and endeavour to fix their fangs upon the naked arms of the charmer; a proceeding which at first greatly alarms the ship's crew, who make a precipitate retreat from the poop, and only return after the urgent solicitations of the dubash, who acts interpreter, and then only when armed with a belaying-pin apiece. As this entertainment grows to a close, a careful observer may perceive a shadow of doubt cross the charmer's face, as he watches his opportunity to make a sudden grab at the snake's neck, which, having accomplished, he forces it into the basket, and puts the lid on *instantly*. So he serves the rest; and Jack thinks how delighted his old mother at home will be, when he casts anchor alongside of her some fine evening, and tells her that the charmers spoken of by David are yet extant in the east. The sun is setting when the Tomasha finishes for the day, and the boat-load returns to the shore, highly satisfied with its day's work. The dhoby, or washerman, carries with him huge bundles of clothes, which, if returned at all when in a purified state, will be sadly diminished in numbers, or misrepresented by worthless old rags, so got up and folded, as to look very clean and nice indeed. If the people in the boat are happy, Jack is in his glory, for they have kept the two Portuguese musicians on

board, and mean to retain them as long as they are in harbour.

The most indolent bumboatmen in the world are those at Alexandria, in Egypt. They dare not board a ship until she is at anchor, and has obtained pratique from the health-office, when the captain provides everything requisite from the shore. So they float lazily up and down amongst the shipping, ever and anon shouting out 'Ebrtyng,' which is supposed to mean their stock in trade, whereas they have really next to nothing to sell. Sometimes a few oranges or other fruit procures them a customer on board; but it is when a vessel is just on the eve of sailing that they make their grand haul. Then they come alongside with large wicker-cages full of beautiful pigeons, which are sure to be purchased as pets, as will also be the parrots, and the young rabbits and hares. Sometimes they bring off a monkey or two, which prove irresistible bait. Nothing Jack likes better than Jacko's company for a long voyage.

The Maltese bumboatmen principally confine their wares to kid-gloves, and filigree-work in silver and gold, besides a quantity of prettily-got-up charms. But the most audacious villains are those bumboatmen that cruise off Spain and about the gut of Gibraltar: if you won't purchase the bread and meat they have smuggled off at the risk of their own life and liberty, they do their best to give you a parting stick with a stiletto, or, when foiled in this, and made to drop astern, fire a parting shot at the first object that offers itself to their aim. On the whole, however, the bumboatman is a useful institution for us poor hard-worked and badly-fed sailors, who, after months of peril, exposure, and suffering, find in the contents of his cornucopia a panacea for all human ills.

TO A BIRD SINGING IN THE WOODS.

O Thrush! upon the beechen bough,
Shake thy glad wings, and sing.
All things around thy dwelling now
Bud freshly in the spring.

Through new-op'd leaves of brightest green
The fitting sunlights break,
The fern-leaves o'er the streamlets lean,
The star primroses wake.

And over all the sunshine flows,
And over all thy song,
Sole breaker of the woods' repose,
Floats as we pass along.

Thou hast no past, no future, bird!
Sing on in unchecked glee;
From me shall come no harsher word,
To mar thy minstrelsy.

Sing clear and shrill! 'tis good to list
Thy song of jubilee,
And in this weary world to wist
That some rejoice like thee;

Some who can dwell in simple trust
'Mid this day's leaves and flowers;
Nor taint their beauty with the dust
Of other bygone hours.

K. T.

The Editor of *Chambers's Journal* has to request that all communications be addressed to 47 Paternoster Row, London, and that they further be accompanied by postage-stamps, as the return of rejected Contributions cannot otherwise be guaranteed.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH. Also sold by all Booksellers.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL OF POPULAR LITERATURE

Science and Arts.

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 429.

SATURDAY, MARCH 22, 1862.

PRICE 1½d.

BETWEEN LONDON AND PARIS.

FRENCH people, in general, cannot or will not understand the habits and customs of English society. Their ignorance is almost as great as that of the boy who thought that the late Prince Consort lived entirely on Albert rock.

On the other hand, we must not forget that it is not so very long since we English took every foreigner for a Frenchman, who ate frogs, and was bred up to play the fiddle, and teach dancing.

Some customs in London are entirely contrary to those of Paris. Our soldiers wear red coats and blue trousers; French soldiers wear blue coats and red trousers. Parisians pay their fare in getting into a 'bus, while we pay when we get out. We have all our sewers under the street, but any one who has been in Paris can tell (by his nose) that such a custom is not adopted there. Here the washerwomen stand outside their tubs, and put their clothes into them; in Paris, the women stand in the tubs, and wash their clothes in the river. In England, we take the left side of the road in driving; in France, they take the right. Here military and naval officers wear their uniforms as little as possible, while in France it is the reverse. We say 540 Oxford Street; they say, Oxford Street 540. We in our books put the table of contents at the beginning, they put it with the index. In courts of justice, we have to prove the offence before the prisoner is found guilty; they examine the prisoner himself, and commence the trial by stating that he is guilty, leaving it to him to prove that he is not so. In English hotels, we have chambermaids to clean our bedrooms and make our beds, while in France such chambermaids are men. Our porters carry their burdens on their heads; in France, their backs are employed for that purpose. We forbid altogether begging in the streets, while in Paris begging is a legal calling; or rather, there are 100 or 200 infirm, crippled, or diseased persons, who, being unable to provide themselves with a living, have permission to beg in the streets, this authority being indicated by a stamped plate, which each is compelled to wear. On the other hand, we have plenty of cross-sweepers, a class of people unknown in Paris.

Paris, however, is rapidly becoming Anglicised and Americanised; everywhere you will hear the English tongue spoken. There is even a place in Paris which resembles the city eating-houses, such as Joe's. In

the Rue Royale, close against the Madeleine, will be seen His Lordship's Larder—a Parisian imitation of the eating-house of that name in Cheapside over-against Bow Church. There you can have roast-beef and potatoes (called by the waiters *rosbif aux pommes*), with chop and kidney to follow, with draught London stout half and half, or 'Olesop's Pell Elle.' 'City prices' are also charged—beef-steak and potatoes are 1 franc; chop, potatoes, and bread, 90 centimes; cold meat and bread, 75 centimes; 'portion de pain en supplément,' 15 centimes; 'sandwich,' 50 centimes; eggs and bacon, 1 franc 15 centimes; 'Stilton' cheese, 40 centimes; 'Chester' do., 30; a 'demi-Chester' being 20 centimes; *plumpuding au rhum*, 50 centimes; and beer 60 centimes a pint. The garçon expects two sous. The meat is very good, although not equal to ours; but what is wanting in quality is made up in quantity. As may be supposed, this place is much frequented by the mercantile English, and by no means despised by the natives. Scattered up and down the rooms are the *Times*, *Illustrated London News* (which is in great demand), the *Daily News*, the *Daily Telegraph*, and other periodicals, not detained by the authorities; for although liberty of the press is supposed to exist in France, stoppages *in transitu* are no uncommon occurrences. Pale ale and London stout are now getting very common in Paris. Other articles of English produce and manufacture are also largely used; and the effect of the new commercial treaty is, generally, very apparent.

In walking through the streets, customs may be noticed which are common both to London and Paris. Advertisements are posted almost everywhere; every blank space, every dead-wall, has its gorgeous posting-bills. Every turn you take, you are informed that M. Roques has got the largest stock in the world of left-off garments, selling off at ridiculously small prices. The wording of these advertising puffs is very flowery and grandiloquent, a great use being made of mythological similes, expressed in words of three or four syllables. Indicators, which with us have met with such a decided opposition, are in Paris everywhere to be seen; so shop-roguery is not a whit less prevalent in Paris than it is in London. The shopkeeper has the same dodge of putting 'à partir de 6 francs,' corresponding with our 'from 5s.,' and 2 francs 95 centimes, as we put 2s. 11½d. So also you can see goods in the drapers' shops to be sold at 1 franc 50 centimes a

yard (below their real value). The signs over some of the shops are somewhat peculiar: an old clothes-shop, for instance, will have a sign of 'L'Enfant Jésus' over it; another, 'Le bon Samaritain,' 'Puss in Boots' (or the booted cat, as a Calais sign once had it). The most common sign, however, has some connection with the first Napoleon; in fact, that monarch is as popular in France as the 'Marquis of Granby' is, or was, in England.

When a shopkeeper adulterates his goods contrary to law, or uses light weights or false measures, a complaining customer can cause him to be brought before the police, when the guilty trader is first heavily fined, and afterwards compelled to hang up in a prominent place in his shop a large placard, announcing to his customers that he has been found guilty of robbing them. If a shopkeeper issues a circular or a puff of his wares, it must previously be impressed with the official *timbre*, and so must also be every other printed article, whether a handbill or a *canard*. *Canards* are as prevalent in Paris as in London. Often we hear the *canard-criers* shouting out intelligence of some important victory, and when you have paid your sou for a copy of the paper announced to contain such news, you discover that you have bought a last year's number of the *Journal pour Tous* or the *Cinq Centime Journal*. *Commissionnaires*, as their name would import, are of French origin, and are to be seen everywhere in Paris, where they make themselves of great use to the public. No newspaper vendors do we see shouting out in the streets, but they have got small glass-houses along the Boulevards, which are illuminated at night; the names of the various papers they sell being painted on the panes.

Crowds are in Paris, as well as in London, soon collected, but much quieter than ours are. Directly a crowd assembles, there you will be sure to see the *sergent de ville*, or *gendarme*. The *sergent de ville* is a useful man, always ready and willing to direct a stranger, and put him in the right way; to keep order, and protect the public; and in cases of emergency, is much more readily found than the London policeman—probably because there are no 'areas' in Paris. The Paris police are about 1 to every 360 inhabitants; and it is said, that when the emperor goes out 'unattended by a single guard,' he has in reality fifty police agents in sight of his carriage, some of whom are said to be even dressed in crinoline. A recent writer on Paris life also remarks that no réunion, private or public, composed of more than a fixed number of persons, takes place in Paris without the cognizance and surveillance of the police. No matter who the master of the feast may be, he is invited, and that in very positive terms, to forward a specified number of tickets to the prefecture. A corresponding complement of guests courteously obey the polite summons. They are faultless in appearance, toilet, and manners, and mix among the company, so as altogether to escape detection while making their own minute investigations. Let us, however, quit this subject of espionage, so contrary to English tastes and humours.

The Paris thoroughfares, when not paved with immense and irregular paving-stones, are either macadamised or asphalted. The latter kind is becoming more used; for what is of great consideration in a revolutionary city, they are not so easily convertible into missiles or barricades. One day's Cheapside traffic would cut an asphalted road into ribbons. There is, however, a total absence of that heavy traffic, and continual rumbling of four-wheeled wagons, so common with us. The streets are nicely watered in hot weather, not at an untimely hour in the morning, and before any one is out of bed, but at intervals throughout the day. In this respect, they manage things better in France. There are

no mischievous boys making 'cart-wheels' and impressions of their dirty feet on your clean white waistcoat, but there are plenty of uniforms—uniforms, uniforms, uniforms, and scarcely anything else in the way of dress. *Sergents de ville*, *gendarmes*, senators, busmen, school-boys, *commissionnaires*, mourning coach-drivers, and mutes, all are decked out in their respective uniforms. Mourning coach-drivers are extremely grand, and a *sergent de ville* might well be taken by the uninitiated for a field-marshal.

The public carriage-system in Paris is indirectly under government management, consequently, there is but little competition, no 'nursing,' and no runnings down, such as we have in London. The *fiacre* manager, who corresponds to our cabman's waterman on the ranks, has a little box to sit in and protect him from the weather. Whenever you hire a vehicle, no matter what may be the fare, the driver always expects his *pour-boire* of three or four sous. Cabmen have always dry throats. When a bus has got its complement inside, the conductor hangs on to the door a board on which is painted the word *complet*, which an English conductor would translate into 'Full inside, Bill.' This is very convenient to intending passengers, as it prevents them having the trouble of 'hailing' a bus in which there is no room. This is a very simple contrivance, and one which might be easily adopted in London, and would prevent a great deal of annoyance where too much already exists. The Parisian conductor, as we have elsewhere remarked, is dressed in a kind of uniform, is far more civil and obliging than his London *confrère*, and does not present so wretched an appearance. Each seat in the bus is partitioned off from the rest, like a first-class railway carriage. This prevents crowding, and consequently is conducive to comfort and preservation of temper.

One great defect in Paris is the insufficiency of the supply of water. There are no New River Heads, but most of the water is retailed amongst the inhabitants by means of water-carts. We are glad, however, to learn that steps are being taken for the construction of reservoirs. We have already mentioned that some of the sewers run on the streets, instead of underneath: this is an intolerable nuisance to an English nose. Rivers of water rush along the streets at certain hours of the day, and rush madly along the gutters, to the annoyance of foot-passengers, especially in the narrow streets. Scavengers are employed to sweep up the refuse into heaps ready to be carted away, while chloride of lime is, for sanitary purposes, thrown on the nauseous mass of filth. In the hotels, the sanitary accommodation is by no means so complete as it might be. Generally speaking, there is but little water, no soap, and bad towels.

The dress of the females in Paris is, in general, as tasteful and elegant as that of the males is ugly and absurd; the garb of the women of the lower orders of society being especially clean and neat. Generally speaking, they wear no bonnets, but a marvellously clean white cap, coquettishly placed on the head, and plain print dresses, which, being well made, and nicely fitting the body, shew the person off to great advantage. Who at all acquainted with London has not seen the costermongers and orange-girls in every part of the great metropolis. Their rough and unsightly appearance creates no surprise; the girls being dressed without any attention to style, however simple, and their figures being as uncouth as their language is coarse. In Paris, the street fruit-sellers artistically arrange their little baskets of peaches, apricots, nectarines, and such like; each round form being beautifully and tastefully embedded in fresh green moss. The arrangement and contrast of colours are as beautiful as their personal attire is neat and attractive. The blue blouse, so universally worn throughout la belle France by the workmen, is by no means an unsightly garment; it possesses the

very desirable qualifications of cheapness and durability, and, what is perhaps better still, it will wash. But what horrid appearances the black-coated gentlemen have, with their ridiculously pinched-in waists and abominable hats, with inverted demi-pique brims. Our English ladies may take a lesson in dressing from the French, but the attire of an English gentleman is infinitely more becoming than that of the *Monsieurs*. However, some of the Parisian fine-weather costumes might teach us a lesson. What should we think of any of our Upper Ten Thousand wearing straw hats and white trousers, and occasionally even white coats also? Yet such dresses are quite common in Paris, and there can be no doubt that a Panama hat is better in hot weather than a chimney-pot, and white duck trousers cooler than broad cloth ones.

The houses in Paris are almost as high as those in Edinburgh, and they and all the public buildings have a cleanly appearance. The atmosphere is also *invisible*. No fog or smoke hides the sun from the Parisians. Go up to the cemetery of Père la Chaise, or to the top of the triumphal arch at the end of the Champs Elysées, and you can see from one end of the city to the other. Our foggy London atmosphere is due, in a great measure, to the coal-smoke emitted from millions of chimneys; whereas in Paris they principally burn wood, which emits but little smoke, and that not of a black description. —The Bourse is a magnificent building, but not more so than our Royal Exchange. Their Hôtel de Ville is certainly superior to our Mansion House; their Louvre to our lantern and pepper-box-topped National Gallery. Their Tuileries, too, are very fine; but they cannot shew anything equal to our Houses of Parliament, our British Museum and its reading-room, our Westminster Abbey, or St Paul's Cathedral. The Parisians may certainly boast of their Palace of Justice when compared with our straggling courts; but, on the other hand, can that wretched hovel called the General Post-office, in the Rue Jean Jacques Rousseau, be compared with the magnificent erection at St Martin's le Grand? The Parisians get the credit of possessing the finest market-halls in Europe. Let us not compare them with that labyrinth of narrow streets between Paternoster Row and Newgate Street. So far, too, as regards public fountains, monuments, and the like, Paris is better off than London. Our atmosphere forbids our having any bright-looking metal statues. Behold the heroic Havelock in Trafalgar Square. But the other day, he was as bright as a new penny; but now he is becoming as black as charcoal. Sir Robert Peel called Trafalgar Square the finest site in Europe; but with all due deference to that immortal man, it is not to be compared with the Place de Concorde. Those miserable squirts throwing up their jets of water in such a sparing manner, cannot, for one moment, compete with the artistically elegant fountains opposite the Tuileries Gardens. On the whole, our ornamental erections are as nothing compared with those of Paris; but, on the other hand, we outstrip the French in commercial buildings. Paris cannot shew a Cannon Street, or those enormous warehouses on the river-side, containing so many millions of merchandise.

.. We have already mentioned, that in courts of justice, the judge takes it for granted that the prisoner is guilty, leaving it to the accused to prove that he is not so. In fact, it is his difficult task to prove a negative. On the other hand, counsel are appointed by the court to defend the prisoner where he is too poor to retain one. The juries are selected like our own, but butchers and surgeons are not exempted. There is no special or grand jury, nor are there any unpaid magistrates in the country, and therefore but little of 'justice's justice.' There is a public prosecutor, and also a court of criminal appeal, both much wanted in this country. Witnesses are

sworn by holding up their right hand towards the representation of our crucified Lord (a picture of whom is consequently in every court), as if invoking Heaven to attest their veracity, and to declare that they will speak nothing but the truth. In France, affiliation is impossible. The law forbids any pursuit of the father, who is in no case compelled to afford any assistance, though, if he choose to acknowledge his child, he may do so. It is considered that such a practice, if allowed, would disturb the peace of families.

To talk of Paris without noticing its soldiers, would be an omission indeed. In Paris, there is always some kind of a soldier in sight, and this, of course, gives the city a very military appearance. The English and French armies are built upon totally different principles. Our army may be said to consist of a number of well-trained roughs: the indolent, the spendthrift, the ne'er-do-well, the poacher—in fact, the riff-raff of our population compose a large part of our army. By regular feeding, proper attention, and drill, they become soldiers worthy of the name, although they certainly do not possess that superior intelligence we hear so much talk about among the volunteers. The French army is the result of a conscript system, whereby every male, with some few exceptions, between certain ages, is bound to serve his time in the ranks, or provide a substitute, for which he has to pay about a couple of thousand francs. If a young man has undergone any degrading punishment, he is exempted as a conscript, being considered as unworthy to serve in the imperial army. The French soldier possesses, to some extent, the intelligence and activity of our volunteers, and the hardness of our soldiers of the line. One result of the conscript system is, that the average size of the soldiers is much smaller than with us; some of the brave *soldats* being even ridiculously diminutive. These little fellows have, however, proved themselves to be of the true metal; their courage, therefore, must not be measured by their inches. Another result is the military character of the nation itself. In every town and village, a large proportion of the male population have had their day in the ranks: the butcher, the baker, the blacksmith, the carpenter, the labourer, have, many of them, seen active service, and run after *la gloire*.

The dress of the French soldier is about as easy as could well be designed. Elegance is, very properly, a secondary consideration. Exceedingly 'loud' peg-top trousers and short knickerbocker gaiters are not only very comfortable, but dispense with those abominable suspenders called braces. The coat is more closely fitting; while the cap is admirable alike for its lightness, elegance, and the protection it affords to the wearer's eyes and head. The French soldier, like a priest, is bound to celibacy. His pay is marvelously small, and it is certainly a mystery how they manage to pay for their *petits verres* and bad cigars, however cheap those articles may be. We once asked a 'full private' how he managed to indulge in such expensive luxuries. His reply was: 'Well, monsieur, our pay is certainly very small; but with a little management, we contrive to scrape a few sous together. I am on duty every alternate fortnight: while I am on duty, a comrade spends my pay; and when he is on duty, I spend his; so that each of us, when off duty, has virtually double pay.' It should, moreover, be observed that soldiers are privileged persons, and are admitted half-price to theatres, baths, and other such places of public resort and amusement. However difficult it may be to save any of this pay, the soldier somehow or other does manage to put something into the regimental bank; and often enough, when it makes up a nice little amount, he sends it to his mother or his sweetheart, whom he has left behind in his native village. It is wonderful what love a French soldier has for his mother;

his greatest delight is to please and honour her; and on the field of battle, when dying a glorious death, his last word is 'mère.'

MY MUSTANG AND I

IN TWO PARTS.

PART II.—HOW I RECOVERED HIM.

'THEM cursed Injuns!' exclaimed Dave, as, our bootless survey of the valley at an end, we gazed into each other's blank faces.

'You think, then, that the Indians have got our cattle?' I said.

'Sartin; looksee hyar, and hyar;' and Dave pointed out the tracks of moccasins and hoof-marks intermixed, at a short distance from where we stood, trending away down the valley as far as we could see. 'Them varmints we sighted on the little prairie have followed up our trail, and they've got the Gin'ral at last;' and the loss of this wretched animal, which was really a gain, almost affected poor Dave to tears.

'Best mule round the country,' he groaned, as dispiritedly we retraced our steps to camp. 'So playful like, too, warn't she, Lee?' he added.

'Indeed she was,' I replied tartly, for I remembered how narrowly I had often escaped from the vicious beast's playfulness in the shape of kicks.

'Wal,' said Dave with a 'tall' sigh, 'I hope the darned thieves will treat her as she deserves.'

'I do hope so,' I fervently rejoined, as the figure of an irate Indian, who had just suffered from her 'playfulness,' pounding her with a big stick, arose vividly in my imagination.

By this time night had closed in, and it was quite dark, but the light of our fire guided us to our camp. As we neared it, a fearful oath burst from Dave, who was slightly in advance. Rushing forward, I at once perceived the reason of his emotion—the camp was stripped! Our mining tools alone remained; everything else, rifles, ammunition, blankets, ponchos, riding-gear, even the very bags of provisions that had been suspended from a branch of the dwarf oak-tree underneath which we had sat to eat our supper, had vanished!

While Dave stamped about our plundered camp somewhat after the fashion of an injured buffalo, I sat down in dismay, and endeavoured correctly to realise all the bearings of the 'situation.' In my prairie experience, of course I had frequently heard of Indian cunning, but had not till now experienced it personally. Never, surely, had any Indian enterprise been better planned, or more subtly executed than this. No doubt, as Dave declared, the Indians of the previous day had in some extraordinary manner kept us in sight, and while they had taken possession of the cattle the moment they strayed over the ridge, must have made their calculations, that on discovering our loss, we should institute a search, which would leave the camp defenceless, and accordingly had detached a party to get in our rear, and await that event. The result of this razzia was truly deplorable to us: nothing less than starvation presented itself; for not only were our provisions gone, but our rifles, which would easily have provided us with food, as the country abounded in game, were in the same category. Granting that we had not come a great distance, having travelled very slowly, in consequence of stopping frequently to prospect, it would take us at least three days to get back to the Klamath, the nearest refuge I knew of. But then, three days without food, it was not to be thought of. Though I had just partaken of

an excellent supper, I grew hungry at thoughts of such a dire prospect. However, seeing there was nothing else for it, I endeavoured, as best I could, to compose myself to sleep on the turf; but as the night in California is always intensely cold, however hot the previous day may have been, I awoke often to replenish the fire and warm myself. For all this, the sun had been up some time ere I finished my last nap in the morning, and woke up to find that Dave had disappeared, taking with him the mining tools. Shortly afterwards, I perceived him coming from the creek.

'We ain't goin' to starve jest yet, mate,' he said cheerily, and I then saw that he had got in the washer a number of small fish about the size of sprats, which he had caught in the creek with the fishing-line he always carried round his hat. In addition, he threw on the ground a quantity of roots of a species of fern, which I had often observed the Indian squaws engaged in digging, and a flying squirrel which he had knocked over with a stone. It was evident that I had not been mistaken in Dave; he was a man of resources. By means of the roasted roots, which were decidedly acrid and stringy, and the broiled little fish, which were remarkably sweet, we managed to make out a breakfast, reserving the flying squirrel for dinner.

'Mean doin's, but we'll have better afore long,' said Dave, when we had finished our meal. 'Now, see hyar, boy,' he continued; 'you and me ain't goin' to make tracks back hum, like sheep as have lost their hind-fixings, till we've tried to figure out whether maybe we can't git back "plunder" and animals. If we don't, we'll jest be the eternal laugh of all yon mines, and that's what this child ain't a-goin' to put up with nohow. So now jest listen.'

Shortly, this was the import of Dave's communication. The Indians, to begin with, a comparatively small body, having imagined that they had deprived us of provisions and firearms, whereas to a certain extent we had both, for we could subsist on roots; and for arms we had our revolvers, which I had strangely overlooked, still in our belts, carefully loaded and capped, would never for a moment suppose that we should be so foolhardy as to follow up their trail. Ten to one, therefore, they would not be at the trouble to place themselves beyond our pursuit, but were camped somewhere in the neighbourhood not very far off. Now, Dave's powers of 'tracking' were equal to any Indian's, and he proposed that we should follow the depredators, and endeavour to pounce upon them in an unguarded moment. I felt half inclined to side with my friend's proposition for two reasons: Firstly, I was extremely anxious to recover my faithful mustang, and was quite willing to bid for him by incurring some risk; and secondly, what was a much more potent argument, I felt that if I refused to accompany him, Dave would assuredly go alone, and every feeling of comradeship forbade me to desert him in his hour of need. But my mind was speedily made up by a remark from my companion.

'It would never do, mate, to be whipped by a woman.'

'A woman!' I repeated.

'Jest so,' said Dave; and conducting me a few yards out from camp, lo! on a bit of soft loam was the imprint of a small footprint. Yes, there it was, the mark of a fairy moccasin; and my artist lore told me that it must have contained a foot of a rare model, for while the heel and ball were deeply indented in the yielding soil, the arching instep had hardly left an impression. It was neither more nor less than the famed Arab foot, which, when placed firmly on a flat hard surface, will allow water to flow beneath. Enough, however, that this single footprint, like the legendary one of Robinson Crusoe on the sea-shore, had a wonderful effect upon me. I felt that Na-win-ia, this pretty Indian larcenist, having first half robbed me of my heart, had now decamped with my movables. It

was too much. 'Dave,' said I eagerly, 'I'll go;' and we shook hands upon the bargain. Having no *impedimenta* to pack up—for the mining tools we left behind—we were soon afoot. When we started, I instinctively turned towards the valley, where the trail we were about to take up commenced, but Dave, for certain reasons, forbade it. Heading southwards for three or four miles, he then, by bringing 'right shoulders forward,' contrived with wonderful accuracy to intersect the enemy's trail, which ran due east, at about a similar distance from its commencement, so that the two trails described an isosceles triangle. I now began to understand Dave's reason in making this circuitous route. If, as was probable, a spy had been left behind to watch our movements, this, of course, would completely throw him off his guard, as, from the direction we first took, it would appear as if we were making tracks for home. The trail on which we now threw ourselves consisted of the tracks of two quadrupeds and two bipeds, but shortly afterwards it had an addition; another masculine moccasin and a little one of the opposite sex became visible.

'Twere hyar the gal and her 'complice jined the cattle-stealers with our plunder,' said Dave, grinding his teeth.

'How is it we seem to have lost the tracks of moccasins now?' I inquired as we proceeded.

'The critturs have mounted the animals double-backed,' returned Dave, 'but two of them's got down hyar agin; seems as if thar'd been a muss round,' and he pointed to certain marks in the soft bank of a small creek. 'By thunder,' he continued, 'I guess the Gin'ral's jest been and pitched the vagabonds off; that's it. Hurroar for you, old gal! Calc'late she's lamed some of the varmints! See whar that sapling's been broke off—may be for a crutch!'

Strongly of an opinion that the sapling in question had been broken off for another purpose prejudicial to the Gin'ral's hide, I would not grieve Dave by hinting at my suspicions, but pointed out another place where the Indians had tried to mount the mule, but failed, to her legitimate owner's great delectation.

'Guess that thar animal's some pumpkins—yes, sir-e-e!'

Two or three hours after this we came to the spot where the Indians had camped for the night, proving that Dave was right in his surmises that they believed themselves perfectly safe from pursuit. Inspired by this favourable sign, which betokened well for the success of our expedition, on we pressed, only allowing ourselves about ten minutes at mid-day to discuss our flying squirrel, the taste of which, I may remark, was almost impossible to be distinguished from that of a spring chicken. In this long course I had reason greatly to admire Dave's wonderful powers as a tracker. Though the trail ran principally over a very rocky district, he never came to a fault except when it traversed a stream, and then he easily recovered it on the opposite bank. But late in the afternoon he was brought to a sudden stand-still. The trail we were following had struck that of the Great Oregon almost at right angles, but had not passed across it, and was entirely merged in the numerous tracks of oxen, horse, mule, and cattle, that dented its broad surface.

'If the critturs keep on the broad trail, it's all up,' said Dave; 'for I guess they mean crossing the Ciakiou range, and getting hum that way.'

'I do not think they dare try it,' I replied. 'Not a day passes but there are parties of emigrants along this route, who would assuredly intercept any Rogue River Indians, with whom it is well known we are at war.'

'Right for you, my boy,' said Dave, slapping his thigh; 'this hoss jest sees it all: it's only an Injun ruse: sure as shooting, they daren't try this puss; we'll find their trail running westwards afore long, I'll be bound.'

The shades of evening were now falling fast, and looking due north up the great trail, I descried an object that I eagerly pointed out to Dave—it was the glimmer of a large fire.

'Their camp-fire, perhaps,' I suggested.

'Tain't an Injun fire,' said Dave, steadily regarding it; 'some emigrants have lit it; Injuns know better: they build small fires of dry sticks, jest big enough to cook and warm themselves. I calc'late 'tis only our colour piles up green log-fires so big no one can't get nigh them for smoke and heat.'

Proceeding northwards for about a mile, Dave's asseverations were realised. We discovered that the fire belonged to a company of German emigrants. To our eager questioning, they replied that they had not seen the least signs of the parties we sought. Equally futile, too, were the hopes that we entertained of deriving some assistance from them in the shape of arms or animals, which we would willingly have traded for with some gold-dust we had about us. All they possessed of horses were three wretched broken-down hacks; and of arms, their equipment consisted of a few Hudson's Bay Company muskets with flint locks. Food, however, of which we greatly stood in need, they freely supplied us with; and having partaken of a comfortable repast, finding nothing more could be done till the morrow, we turned into our friends' tent, and enjoyed a thorough good night's rest. Bright and early the next morning, after having partaken of a hearty breakfast, and wished our honest hosts every success at the El Dorado to which they were hastening, we again started upon our quest. Running up the Oregon trail, and paying particular attention to any offshoots from it in a westerly direction, we still sought in vain for traces of the redskins, and were almost on the point of despairing, when the keen eye of my Texian comrade detected a small spiral column of smoke, fine and attenuated almost as a needle, ascending perpendicularly through the still and rarefied atmosphere of the morning, a few miles to our left. No time, of course, was lost in advancing towards this point, but on reaching it I saw, to my disappointment, that the smoke arose from a few smouldering embers, and the locale did not to me present any sign of previous occupancy; not so, however, to Dave, who, down on his hands and knees, examined the ground with all the zest of a well-trained blood-hound.

'Hurroar!' he ejaculated at last—his usual pean of triumph—'tis them, and yonder goes their trail, sure enough;' pointing out the tracks of two horses and two Indians trending away westwards. 'They made tracks afore break o' day; yon emigrant fire scared them; but we'll soon overhaul the skunks. Gin'ral ain't altogether lost nohow. I'll take that thar animal back to Texas yet,' sung out my friend in high glee.

As the day wore on, it became necessary to use the greatest discrimination, for as our only chance of success lay in surprising our enemy in camp, it would never do to tread on his heels, and so put him on the alert; and yet, on the other hand, it was equally of importance to be near enough to him to mark the exact locale of his camp, ere complete darkness fell upon us, and obscured the trail. Dave, however, was not the man to make a mistake; and he managed so cleverly to time our pursuit by noting the signs of the trail, that just as evening fell he was able to point out to me a luminous smoke some distance ahead, which indubitably arose from our enemy's camp-fire. When we first came in sight of this beacon, we had just passed through a small cedar grove, and as the country between us and the enemy was but sparsely wooded, we retreated to this for cover; and Dave, who seemed already to have made up his mind to a certain course of action, intimated to me that we should camp there for the night. Though inwardly rejoiced to find that I should not be called upon to

join in a night-attack, which, to a neophyte in arms like myself, had far more alarms than an encounter by daylight, I must confess I never spent a more wretched night than that I passed in the cedar grove. Without any protection, save the clothes we wore, against the bitter night-wind, which whistled pitilessly through our imperfect shelter, prudence forbade us to light a fire, which might have had the effect of revealing our position to the enemy; so, after a cold supper, I passed the dreary night in alternate fitful naps and short walks to restore my benumbed circulation, and remarked, not without a certain degree of envy, the physical hardihood and mental *sang froid* of my comrade, which permitted him to sleep through the dreary watches of the night with the same ease as if he possessed all the appliances of comfort and security. The thoughts of what the morrow would bring forth also tended greatly to disquiet me; the rising of the sun might see us engaged in combat *à l'outrance* with more than our own number of the wildest and most determined Indians in Oregon, who, possessed of at least two rifles, knew perfectly well how to use them. My wretched reflections and the miserable night, however, came to an end together, for, just as the first streaks of dawn shewed in the east, like a giant refreshed, Dave sprang to his feet, shook himself after the manner a drowsy Patagonian might be supposed to do, and was again the cool, sagacious, and daring partisan, in whose presence one could not but feel confidence. 'And now, boss,' said he cheerily, 'shin up this cedar—this child don't shine at climbing—keep yourself close in cover, and, as our papers down west say, report *pro-gress*;' and seizing me by the girdle with one of his herculean hands, I was thrown aloft, and enabled to grasp one of the lower branches of the tallest cedars in the grove. Perfectly understanding my mission, I made my way up the tree, and from a secure post of espionage reconnoitred, as soon as the light would permit it, the enemy's position, about a quarter of a mile away.

'I cannot see the camp,' I communicated to Dave, who stood beneath the tree; 'tis pitched in a little dell surrounded by thick chapparal, above which the smoke of a fire slowly rises, while twenty or thirty yards on the other side of it is a wide creek.'

'All right,' returned Dave. 'I conclude that creek is jest the one we started from day before yesterday. And the animals—what about the Gin'ral?' he added anxiously.

'That noble and incomparable mule is tied up to a tree, in company with my own horse, close to the camp,' I responded.

'Aha!' grinned Dave, taking as quite serious my panegyric on his favourite. 'Now jest bide whar ye be, and don't take your eyesight off yon camp, even to wink.'

For at least half an hour, I strained my vision in the direction indicated, but, save the softly curling smoke which continued to steal over the chapparal, I saw no signs of life; but at length a movement occurred which caused me instinctively to shrink deeper into my cover among the leafy branches of the cedar. 'Dave,' I cried, 'an Indian has risen out of the little dell, and walks slowly to the banks of the creek—now he has got to the water's edge, and stands still and gazes around; now, another Indian appears, and another, and they go to join the first one, who has stripped off his blanket. I should say the redskins are going to bathe.'

'This boss just guessed it,' shouted Dave. 'Now to take 'em while they're in the water. Hurry, hurry; every minute's worth dollars.'

Careful not to expose myself in the descent, a few moments sufficed to place me at my comrade's side; and though my heart beat fast, he had no need to tell me to look to the caps of my revolver, and take

up an extra hole in my belt, for I knew the time for action had come.

Our trifling preparations being complete, we left the cedar grove in our rear, and stalking carefully from tree to tree in the open, took advantage of every cover to mask our stealthy yet rapid advance upon the little dell. Only about fifty yards of the distance to be covered remained; and still undiscovered, we were safely ensconced behind the trunk of a giant pine-tree, where we remained for a few moments to draw breath. Then Dave gave the word: 'Charge, and give the beggars lead.' My blood now fairly up, I made a race of it with Dave as to who first should enter the enemy's camp; shoulder to shoulder we reached it, and cleared with a bound the low fringe of chapparal, and alighted fairly in the little dell, where we were saluted by a shrill scream from a young girl, its sole occupant, who was engaged in cooking by the fire. In a moment, a back-hander from Dave felled her to the earth, and the citadel of the enemy was ours, with all his defences, for by the fire was piled every weapon that he possessed, amongst which were our two rifles. All the rest was easy—the victory was virtually won. With our trusty rifles again in our possession, we rapidly emerged from the dell on to the banks of the creek, to confront our foes. But the latter, who had already taken the alarm, finding themselves completely out-manœuvred, thought not of defence, and were already stretching out in hot haste for the opposite shore. A couple of rifle-shots, which, however, went wide of their mark, tended only to make the fugitives redouble their efforts; and quickly reaching the opposite bank, they took cover in its foliage.

This ended the conflict. Never was a *coup de main* more happily conceived or more successfully carried out. In this moment of triumph, I felt as if the mantle of old Leatherstocking had fallen upon me, and sat remarkably well on my shoulders, while Dave gave vent to his 'hurroar,' of jubilee with all the strength of his prodigious lungs. I am sorry, however, to have to record that his note of rejoicing was shortly changed into a different key, from an episode which now occurred. The Gin'ral, who, as we have seen, was tied up to a tree close at hand, might have been supposed to look upon her master's success with a jaundiced eye, as she usually did on everything else, for, contriving to get rid of her fastening, like a mule possessed, she galloped furiously forwards to where we stood, treated us to a vicious fling, and precipitating herself into the waters of the creek, began to swim towards the opposite bank, as if with the intention of joining our enemies. Even the long-suffering good-nature of poor Dave could not tamely endure this crowning insult—it was the last straw that broke the camel's back. The numberless acts of kindness he had shewn her, and her invariable base requital of them, flashed across his mind, and were summed up by him in the three words, 'Darn it all!' They were in effect the death-verdict of the recusant mule, for they were accompanied by the emptying of a chamber of his revolver point blank at her. The ball took effect, and after wallowing about for a few moments in the turgid stream, the Gin'ral disappeared for ever from our eyes. So quickly did this incident transpire, that when its fatal consummation was accomplished, we stared at each other in mutual surprise; and if I had not there and then burst forth into an uncontrollable fit of laughter, I verily believe that poor Dave would have fairly broken down and began to cry. As it was, my cachinnation had only the effect of producing a sort of galvanic grin on his doleful countenance. 'Mate,' he said, 'please niver mention that thar animal's name agin. I couldn't abear it nohow;' and perceiving that he was in earnest, I took care in future to comply with his request.

Hastening now to my poor Léon, I untied him

from the tree, and I do not know which of us seemed the most rejoiced to see the other again. While we were still interchanging tokens of kind remembrances, the young squaw Na-win-ia—whom we had left prostrate and stunned by the camp-fire when we struck our *coup*—made her appearance, and sinking at my feet, gave utterance, in her own language, which her frantic gestures rendered easily understood, to the wildest emotions of terror. I had not to inquire the reason. Close behind her, cocking his revolver, his purpose of despatching her easily to be read in his stern visage, was Dave.

'Hold!' I exclaimed. 'I will never permit such a wicked thing. Why, she is but a child.'

'Wall, mate, we ain't a-goin' to have a muss 'bout such a trifle,' he replied, replacing his weapon in its sheath, and muttering in excuse the old backwood saw, that it is as necessary to kill the nits as well as the grown insects. The fact is that Western men think no more of slaying an Indian than a bear; and Dave's education was to blame for a certain blood-thirstiness, of which I knew his real nature was perfectly innocent. Having succeeded in pacifying the girl, it was now time to depart, as we deemed it expedient to endeavour to reach the Oregon trail ere night, so that if the defeated Indians meditated anything against our peace, we might meet with aid from our own colour. Meanwhile, Dave had packed Léon not only with our own property, but the spoils of the Indians, consisting of arms, skins, &c. Anything, however, I thought would be of any use to our interesting captive I presented to her; and being now ready to take the trail, I endeavoured to make her understand that she was 'to go in peace.' She did not, however, seem at all in a hurry to escape, for chancing to look back as we pursued our march, to my astonishment I saw her still standing by the edge of the little dell, her attitude of clasped hands, bowed head, and half-averted face, with hair and robe waving gracefully in the fresh morning breeze, forming a wondrously perfect embodiment of the legendary naïad of the prairie who weeps for the rapid degeneracy of her once proud race. With a sad thought for her loneliness, and profound regret for the future destinies of a being endowed with such youth, grace, and beauty, I mentally bade her an eternal adieu. Somewhat of these sentiments I endeavoured to impart to Dave, but that impassive individual received them so ungraciously with a muttered undertone of 'darned Injun,' that I felt sorry I had alluded to the subject.

Late in the afternoon, under Dave's skilful pilotage, we made the Oregon trail, and camped in the neighbourhood of a large cattle-train, from which we obtained some provisions. It was nearly dark, and we were eating our supper, when a solitary figure, enveloped in a blanket, emerged from the darkness of the prairie, and stalking directly towards us, squatted down about ten yards away, and remained perfectly still. Something about the walk and height of this apparition appeared strangely familiar to me. In haste, I arose to satisfy myself, and flinging back the muffling blanket, behold the firelight revealed the small classic head and features of Na-win-ia! Rarely in my life did I feel so truly embarrassed as when I made this discovery. I should have been a hypocrite if I had attempted to ignore to myself the guilty consciousness which told me that the reason of the girl's extraordinary appearance and desertion of kith and kin was owing, not to the fact that I had saved her life, but to my unconcealed admiration of her—an admiration purely artistic, but which she had naturally set down to another feeling. Here was a dilemma. What was to be done? No one spoke a word to break the ice of my embarrassment.

Na-win-ia, with a refinement of coquetry which Heaven only knows where the girl had picked up,

replaced the covering on her head; and Dave—confound the fellow!—only frowned grimly as he continued to eat great mouthfuls of bread and meat. 'Well,' said I desperately at last, 'the girl of course must be sent about her business in the morning; but in the meantime she can't starve, and must have some supper, I suppose.'

'Hugh!' grunted Dave, and taking some food, he flung it to her over his back, as one would feed a dog. To this ungracious gift I added a brand from the fire, and some wood, and having thus done all in my power to make my embarrassing visitant comfortable, I sought my own blankets. That night, I thought a great deal more than I slept; truth to say, I felt by no means sure that Na-win-ia would leave us in the morning; and if not, what was to be done with her? She did not know enough of my language for me to reason effectually with her; and Dave, who, from his intimate knowledge of Indians, might readily assist me, seemed determined to remain annoyingly neutral. Next morning, Na-win-ia, just as I had anticipated, doggedly resisting all my attempts to induce her to depart, followed us on the trail, and gradually but naturally began to assist us by performing the usual camp-duties of a squaw. Dave only once uplifted his voice on the subject, but in a most extraordinary fashion. 'Looke,' he said, in Na-win-ia's absence one evening, 'I ain't a-goin' to have that thar squaw a-follerin' of me round; this child don't like the colour—that's what he don't.' As he finished speaking, I looked at Dave in amazement, for a speech so replete with absurd personal vanity I had never before listened to. 'Follow him about!' Ha, ha! I laughed aloud at the idea; why, he had treated her like a dog, and even tried to take her life. Follow him about, indeed!

A day or two after this little ebullition of Patagonian self-complacency, we arrived at Shasta city, on the Klamath, and Dave stating that he had business at a distance which would require his presence, we separated for a few days. When we had parted, I looked round for Na-win-ia. She had vanished—vanished! I saw it all; in a moment, the veil fell from before my eyes, and with it my three days' romance disappeared. It was not, then, my insignificant five feet ten, but the colossal proportions of the Texian backwoodsmen, that had touched the tender imagination of the Indian maiden. I hardly know whether I was most vexed or pleased at this unexpected *dénouement*, but I do know that I felt infinitesimally small for two or three days afterwards. After a week had elapsed, Dave returned to me. The fellow had the grace to appear a little ashamed of his inconsistency, and I could not refrain from remarking maliciously: 'So, Dave, you have found a substitute in your affections for'—

'The Gin'ral—say it out,' he replied confusedly. 'Wal, yes! I calc'late I have. She's a good gal—got white blood in her—mother a half-breed—guess I'll take her down to Texas, and marry her. Let's liquor.'

Entering a canvas 'hotel,' we passed a pleasant half-hour, chatting over old reminiscences, when some one stole behind us into the 'bar,' and pulled Dave's hunting-coat. 'You come—supper ready,' said a voice I remembered very well: it proceeded from Mrs Dave.

'D'rectly, my dear,' responded the person addressed, whose present politeness contrasted wonderfully with his former *brusquerie*.

'No—now come!' and regarding me jealously, the ungrateful minx, as if she feared my influence over her chosen giant, stamped her dainty little moccasin wickedly on the ground.

'Wal,' said Dave, rising from his seat, and shaking hands, 'good-bye, friend!'

Poor fellow, I am afraid he had only exchanged one tyrant for another!

'Ah, well, Léon,' said I, apostrophising my little horse, tethered close at hand, as I turned into my lonely tent that night, 'so we are once more alone; perhaps 'tis all for the best. I shall not sleep the worse for it—nor will you. Good-night, comrade!'

SCOTCH PROVERBS.

UPON the whole, perhaps, Proverbs have enjoyed a better reputation than they deserve. Time and Authority have been upon their side so long, that we hesitate to question them. They speak, and no dog barks. And yet there is not a more striking example of the saying, 'A little knowledge is a dangerous thing,' than a scanty stock of proverbs in the possession of a narrow-minded man. The well-worn saw, 'Take care of the pence, and the pounds will take care of themselves,' has much extravagance as well as much objectless parsimony to answer for; while 'The smallest straw will shew which way the wind blows,' has caused far more misjudgment than discrimination of character. Proverbs are too sharp tools to be used by unskilful workmen; and an immense stock of them is also requisite, in order that the proper instrument, and no other, may be selected for the occasion.

Mr Alexander Hislop's *Proverbs of Scotland** is welcome for two reasons; first, it is a collection almost as complete as the nature of the case admits of, extending to between four and five thousand examples; and secondly, an explanation, more or less satisfactory, is appended to all of a doubtful character. In future, therefore, we shall hope to hear less of that gross misapplication of proverbs from the would-be wise which so often wounds the ear, and reminds us of nothing so much as the famous remark of the gentleman who was bitten by fleas in a certain county town: 'Well, it's no wonder that they calls this here place Stoney Stratford.'

That these five thousand saws are not all Scotch, is true enough; the majority of proverbs are common to all nations; but the compiler has done his best to limit the selection to those which have been or are being used in Scotland. This seems to be a very proper rule to go by; for a saying that is not used is not a proverb, while one that is, whether originally borrowed or not, becomes indigenous by repetition. Tradition is the true and only guide. A man of great intelligence and power of compression, such as the late Douglas Jerrold, could probably have constructed a whole volume of proverbs [witness, for example, his 'Dogmatism is Puppyism grown up'], as wise and witty as any extant, no matter how old, but they could never have been proverbs proper—sayings which must have been quoted by one's great-grandfather at least, and as to the originator of which there must be some sort of sacred mystery. They are the essence, not of the wisdom of one man, but of whole generations. Beyond that, there is not much to be said; for if we should venture a step further, and assert that the nation which has most proverbs must therefore be most wise, although we should place Scotland second on the list, we must needs put Spain at the head of all countries, she having no less than thirty thousand national proverbs.

Still, not without some pertinence has it been remarked of this volume by some wicked South Briton, that it contains no less than one hundred and twenty proverbs concerning Caution, and only two upon Charity, while those upon Money and Trade are out of proportion to those upon Honesty and Dishonesty. He might have maliciously added, that of the seven upon Dirt, the majority are in commendation thereof; and of the fifty upon Drink

and Drunkenness, there are six-and-twenty *placets* to four-and-twenty *non-placets*.

Never, however, was bad practice more wittily and even pathetically defended than this last. 'God's aye kind to fou folk and bairns,' says one, stirring his toddy, and lifting up his eyes with 'just a drappie' in them; 'They speak o' my drinking, but never speak o' my drouth,' adds another, silyly; and 'Wha can help sickness?' observes the guidwife, as she lies in the gutter. Of unsuitability, it would be hard to give a more striking example than 'Pigs may whistle, but they hae an ill mouth for it.' The recommendation of the courtesy that costs nothing, is conveyed thus: 'Put your hand twice to your bannet for ance to your pouch;' of caution: 'If anybody speirs at you, say ye dinna ken;' and what an admirable word even to English ears is that same 'speirs,' which somehow suggests suspicion as well as inquiry. Almost always where a proverb is expressed both in Scotch and English, the former version is the better. 'He's awful great amongst eggs with a stick,' we used to consider as perfect an exemplification of swagger as could be; but 'He's a hardy man to draw a sword at a haggis,' is certainly more striking—to anybody, at least, who has ever set eyes upon that singularly defenceless object.

Let us quote a lesson, very plainly indicated, against pride in our personal appearance: "'Onything sets a gude face," quo' the monkey wi' the mutch on;' and a rebuke to that self-esteem which induces us to believe ourselves indispensable to society: 'Naeboddy is riving your claes to get you.'

'He that speaks wi' a draunt (drawl), and sells wi' a cant, is right like a snake in the skin of a saunt,' is, we suppose, an experience drawn from Puritanic days; but 'Ye come o' the MTaks, but no o' the MGies,' is applicable for all time. What a wise warning against dependence on the great is conveyed in the few words: 'Ha' binks are sliddry' (Hall benches are slippery); and what a striking one (even to the extent of rudeness) against evil courses is expressed in the prophecy: 'Ye'll hang a' but the head yet.' If such a misfortune, however, should have chanced to overtake your parent, you should not make it a topic of conversation, for 'He was scant o' news,' says the proverb, 'that tauld his father was hanged.'

Instead of the saying, 'Give him an inch, and he'll take an ell,' Mr Hislop furnishes us with this singular paraphrase, the humorousness of which must excuse its want of gallantry: 'Mak your wife a gowdspink (goldfinch), and she'll turn a waterwagtail;' similarly, the excessive rudeness of telling a gentleman that some people are occasionally stupid, but that he is *always* a fool, is redeemed by its quaintness: 'Some shew a gliff o' the gowk, but ye're aye goavin'.'

There is one proverb, which, although characteristic of the dry humour that takes the place of social wit in the north, is certainly a bad conversational teacher: 'He that laughs at his own jokes spoils the sport of them.' The laughing should of course be done with much moderation; but if a man does not laugh at all at his own joke, he must have either made it so often as to have lost all zest for it, or his immobility proclaims that although good enough for its hearers, it is not good enough for himself; on the other hand, if he suppresses his own merriment designedly (which is usually the case), he is guilty of affectation, rather than of 'dryness.'

Of a greedy and avaricious person, it is soothing to reflect that 'He'll hae enough some day when his mouth's fu' o' mools [earth];' and of one who is dishonest, that notwithstanding 'He may be trusted,' yet 'in a house fu' o' unbored millstones.' Of home, as might be expected, there are several pathetic Scotch proverbs, but the following has humour as well as pathos: "'Hame's hameley," quo' the devil, when he found himsel' in the Court of Session.' Industry, of course, too, gets its full share of approbation:

* *The Proverbs of Scotland*, collected by Alexander Hislop. Glasgow: Porteous & Hislop, 1862.

'Naething is got without pains but an ill name and lang nails.' Perseverance is encouraged in the curt truth: 'Aft ettle, whiles hit' (Aim often, you must succeed some time). The fortune which accompanies the generations of man is well described in 'The grandsire buys, the father bigs (builds), the son sells, and the grandson thigs (begs).' Of excessive poverty, 'He hasna a hail nail to claw him wi,' is a coarse but exhaustive example. Here is another better still: 'Poortith taks awa' pith.' We are not a little surprised to find this proverb current with so plodding and uphill-working a nation; but its truth is undeniable, and puts all the well-meaning platitudes about 'motives to exertion' and 'spurs to industry' to shame. If Chatterton had had but a hundred a year, he would not only have been a better man, but a better poet. Pith is good for all things ('except,' as the proverb humorously has it, 'for threadin' o' needles'); and when the stomach is empty and the back is bare, there is little pith in the mind.

The idea of retribution—the day of the other dog coming at last—is strikingly expressed (although one does not know where Kelly is) in 'The king may come to Kelly yet; and when he comes, he'll ride,' the which, if you do not admire, reader, you must be even as they who 'ken naething but milk and bread when it's mooded (crumbled) into ye—a saying which the Scotch apply to persons of limited intelligence.

Concerning marriage, ill-tempered folks are recommended to wed with one another, since 'It would be a pity to hae spoilt twa houses wi' them.' Of our better-halves, it is sarcastically observed, that 'Maidens want naething but a man, and then they want everything.' Upon selfishness, there are many proverbs truly admirable: 'It's gane the thing I lo'ed you for,' might have occurred naturally enough in a play of Shakspeare's; while 'The meal cheap and the shoon dear,' quo' the souter's wife, 'I'd like to hear,' is a worthy fellow to it. Can anything be apter for expressing discernment of character than 'I ken him as weel as though I had gone through him wi' a lighted candle;' or can any rule, in respect to the government of the temper, be more wisely embodied than in the following proverb: 'Twa things ne'er be angry wi'—what ye can help, and what ye canna.'

From such an extensive treasure-house, indeed, as Mr Hislop's volume, we could of course borrow an endless amount of golden sayings; we believe, however, that we have presented the best specimens, although the search after them was not a little difficult and laborious: as the French would say, there was an embarrassment of riches; or as the Scotch would say: 'There was more floor than we had flail for.'

MELIBŒUS IN JAIL.

MELIBŒUS and I were standing at the entrance of Hungerford Street the other morning watching the human tide flow citywards. That is the vein through which, perhaps, the life of London throbs most fully, and especially at morn and eve; the spot where the various feeders of the Strand are concentrated most, and the identical thoroughfare, perchance, where the young man from the country grew gray in waiting 'untill the people should go by, for his opportunity to cross the street.

'Amidst this ceaseless hum of humanity,' observed Melibœus, 'how hard it is even to imagine a Solitude. I doubt whether Zimmermann himself could have done it, who, by the by, had a shop in the Strand.'

'And yet,' said I, 'within a mile of this, within ten minutes' time by the swift-wheeled Hansom, I could shew you a place where scarce a footstep shall be heard; where no voice shall speak, no laugh shall ring—the tomb of hundreds of living men.'

'Go on like this for one minute more,' said Melibœus scornfully, 'and I call a policeman.'

'Nay, I am not mad, my friend,' continued I,

arresting a passing cab, 'and if you prove me so, why, then, I will pay the fare. I am about to take you where the after-dinner justice of an unpaid magistracy has consigned many an honest man.'

'What! to prison?' exclaimed Melibœus in astonishment.

'Yes,' said I; 'I thought you would not misunderstand that. See, already we have left the roaring street, and the splendid home of our constitution looks down upon us on the one side, and the grave of our departed heroes upon the other. It is a solemn spot; on one hand the Living, and on the other the Dead, whose actions the poet says smell sweet and blossom in the dust—which is quite at variance with the Reports of the Committees on the Health of Towns. And now, observe, there are no houses, no traffic, no passengers. The broad dark river runs yonder through the mist, and we can see to the other side but very dimly, as though it were the river of Death. Many and many a man has travelled this road with some such sombre thought as that in his heart. This view of the outer world is far from pleasant, but it is one which hundreds of those in yon great building would give all they have to see once more. No, Melibœus, it is not a gas manufactory, but the *Panopticon*, or Inspection House, as he called it, of Jeremy Bentham, otherwise Millbank Prison. Let all who enter here leave hope behind.

'I think I'll wait for you outside,' said Melibœus indecisively, as I pulled the porter's bell. 'I am excessively interested in the architecture of this building, and—and—I don't like seeing uncomfortable sights.'

'What!' said I; 'do you shrink from contemplating that doom to which, between your claret and your coffee, you have sentenced so many of your fellow-creatures: "a soldier"—or at least an officer in the yeomanry—and afraid!'

The great gate clanged behind us as I spoke, and a whole sheaf of locks appeared to have been shot at once between us and the outer world. At the end of an unroofed but high-walled passage was another gate and another porter, and this latter gave us in charge to a warder, who was to accompany us whither we pleased, save to that part of the establishment devoted to the reception of the fair sex, who may not be visited without an order from the Secretary of State. Malicious Rumour—having been disappointed, perhaps, of getting this order—reports that the ladies are less amenable to control than the ruder sex; and, in particular, that the article Silence, which is pronounced to be indispensable to the system, is not to be obtained for Love or Money. The last circumstance, however, is not to be wondered at; since Money is of little value to the Fair in a place where you cannot buy so much as a bonnet ribbon, and Love, from a female warder, may be presumed to be a little insipid.

'How uncomfortably clean everything is!' observed Melibœus. 'It is only thus in hospitals, in work-houses, and in those scarcely less unhomelike light-houses, where there is nothing to do but to scrub and scour. Excessive cleanliness, like puritanic virtue, is almost as bad as its opposite, and produces the effect exactly contrary to that which it intends; where men, instead of women, perform the house-work, this is almost always the case.'

The excessive uniformity of the place must also be in itself almost a punishment. Each segment of the prison is precisely the same as its neighbour, and when you have seen one, you have seen all. A single brick from Millbank might not, perhaps, give a full idea of the building; but from half a barrowful, arranged in their proper order, the place might be completed. Every cell, with its tightly rolled-up bedding, and other minute arrangements for making a cheerless sleeping apartment into a still more uncomfortable sitting-room, was the counterpart of the next, as like it as though both had been built by the same busy bee.

The passages were alike, the towers were alike, and alike the winding stairs. The garments of the prisoners were of course alike, but so also, strange to say, were, to a great extent, their very faces. Upon a common substratum of brutal dullness or low cunning, a uniform expression had been built up of the same bad materials—sullenness, rancour, and the regret that is not repentance. The most hopeful feeling that seemed to abide with the majority of these unhappy persons was Shame. Each turned his head away as we entered his cell, and even when we noiselessly surveyed him through the eyelet hole, as we passed, he seemed to be conscious of our supervision. There is a stone door and a grating of iron to each cell, but the former is thrown open if the prisoner has conducted himself well for the first two months, and a view is thus afforded him, across the passage, of—the opposite wall. The importance of this little boon, said the warder, can scarcely be understood by those who have always had their liberty; and the threat of reclosing the stony barrier is almost always found sufficient to insure good-behaviour. The terrible black holes that still run underneath these passages, where prisoners were once confined for three whole days at a time, are now disused. No man is left to eat his heart in solitary idleness, but every one is put to that trade to which he has been accustomed out of doors. If he has followed none, he is taught one; and even the finest of gentlemen-forgers can pick oakum. The tailors supply themselves and their fellows with prison-clothing, and the weavers supply the tailors. All are working for the common good, instead of turning useless handles, as in the old times, or in climbing revolving steps that lead to nothing.

'If, with all these appliances and improvements,' observed Melibœus sadly, 'imprisonment puts so deep a scar upon men's faces, what tortures must they not have suffered under the old régime!'

'Ay, sir, you may say that,' replied the warder; 'and even now a days Millbank is a bed of roses to some prisons. The people here may at least have a word or two from the officers, but in some places they never hear a human voice—leastways excepting it be the chaplain's: while in one or two they go about with black masks on their faces, so that if one met his brother in the exercise-yard (which is like enough), they would never know one another.'

The exercise-yards, however, even at Millbank, are about the most dismal places for recreation that can be conceived; segments of gravel walled in on all sides, and overlooked by a hundred windows so exactly similar that they can scarce be counted. Round and round, like horses in a draw-well, the prisoners walk, each behind each, with a certain distance between them, which it is the duty of the watchful warder to see is not diminished. No wonder that such a 'constitutional' does not effect much good, and that excellent bread, and meat, and gruel are essential to the health of these wretched persons. Nor let the honest labourer complain that his fare, in comparison with theirs, is humble; that no warm air is 'laid on' in his cottage, although its clay walls gape; that science has applied no ventilation to his crowded attic. His face may be gaunt with hunger, and haggard with care, but it wears no such degraded look as may be read in nine out of ten of those who wear the Millbank livery. Some of these, indeed, are very bad cases.

'Life, sir,' says the warder, with a pursing of the lips, and a nod of the head towards one brawny ruffian; 'he was very nearly "tree'd" was this one.'

'He narrowly escaped hanging, eh?' said Melibœus in a whisper; 'poor unhappy wretch!'

'Doodid lucky fellow, sir,' returned the warder, 'I do assure you. And now we are going among a roughish lot, who will be gentlemen-at-large in a few days, or weeks at most. These are returned convicts from Gibraltar and the Bermudas, whose term is

almost out, and who have come back here for the last finish to their education, before going into the world again. They are the best-behaved folks we have got here just at present; but the next time we see them they will be ready to tear our hearts out; and we shall see some of them again very quickly, I don't doubt.'

'Do you mean to say,' said Melibœus, 'that after an experience of from five to fifteen years of this sort of life, they will hasten to run the risk of returning to it?'

'Why, what else are they to do?' replied the warder. 'Will people be in a hurry to take them into their employ, think you? When they have spent the government money that is handed to them at their departure, what course is open to them, but to get more in the old way?'

'But is there not a *Discharged Prisoners' Aid Society*?' inquired Melibœus.

'There is; and there ought to be fifty of them instead of one. That Society keeps more old faces away from here than everything else together; but then it can't do much. I shall see three out of five of these folks here, for instance, before the year is out.'

He opened a door, and we found ourselves in a large apartment occupied by some forty or fifty persons, who, but for the presence of a warder or two, seemed under no sort of restraint whatever. 'Silence—attention!' thundered our guide; and the hum of conversation ceased, and the men arranged themselves in two lines immediately, like soldiers upon parade. These gentry were in good spirits, and presented a totally different appearance to the others we had seen. I tried to discover by their countenances whether resolve to lead an honest life, or mere expectation of approaching liberty, and perhaps licence, produced this change. Upon such a point, of course, all must be conjecture; but certainly across the faces of two of the men there passed, as Melibœus went by them—benevolent, unsuspicious, and evidently 'well to do'—just such an expression as inferior tigers in travelling caravans assume when a visitor, more than ordinarily succulent and tasty, lingers a moment at their prison bars; nor was I surprised to hear, upon inquiry, that the particular weakness to which this pair had given way, and which had caused them to visit the vert Bermoothes, had been that of Garrotting.

'How pleasant it must be for those poor fellows to be once more able to communicate their thoughts,' observed Melibœus when we had left this apartment, and were again in one of the cell-passages. 'If they go from solitary confinement direct into society, one would think they would never have done talking.'

'For the most part, the change is gradual,' observed the warder: 'when prisoners have conducted themselves well for a certain time here, they are put in what we call Sociation—two in the same cell together—as here.'

He ushered us into a room of rather more than twice the ordinary size, the occupants of which were in the exercise-yard. The furniture was precisely as elsewhere, except that it was in duplicate: the walls were as bare, the whole aspect as scrupulously neat, and at the same time as destitute of homeliness and comfort as usual. Yet we could see by the warder's face that the spot was historical. He had the same look that the Greenwich pensioner wears when he exhibits 'our Nelly's' coat at the grand old hospital.

'What happened here?' asked Melibœus and I together in a breath.

'This was the room of Mills and Muggina,' observed the warder triumphantly.

'You don't say so,' exclaimed Melibœus with a most unsuccessful pretence of enthusiasm. 'How excessively interesting! They—they murdered one another, did they not?'

'No, sir,' replied the warder sardonically; 'they

did a deal worse, as you would say, if you know'd 'em; *they escaped*, sir. Why, you *must* have heard about *that*, gentlemen; it only took place two or three months ago: Mills and Muggins, you know!

'Mills and Muggins! Why, of course I remember them,' said I apologetically. 'My friend is a country gentleman, and hears but little of London news. But how did they ever manage to break out of such a room as this?'

'Well, sir, by that little ventilator in the side of the wall. They pecked the bricks out round it, and put them back again so neat that a microscope would have told nothing of it. The dark cells which we don't use now are underneath, and into them they shot all the rubbish: a dummy was made up in one bed to deceive the officers who might merely look in to see all was right, while, if closer inspection was threatened, the man who was working down below had a string round his middle, and the man who was really in bed gave it a pull to warn him.'

'And did they get clean away?' inquired Melibœus.

'Ay, that did they. They had made a rope-ladder out of pieces of twine, such as they must have been weeks in collecting, out of the materials given to them to work with; and the first intimation we had of their being out of this cell, was from a gent who rang the gate-bell, and said he'd just seen a couple of men in the prison uniform getting over the outside wall.'

'Bravo!' exclaimed the county magistrate. 'Well done, Mills and Muggins! One can scarcely grudge their liberty to men so ingenious and so painstaking.'

'Well, you see, sir, they were crackmen, and getting in and out of places as they shouldn't was their natural game. And, after all, it didn't do them much good. Within twelve hours, we had them back at Millbank. We knew pretty well where to find them, and recognised the two spicily dressed gentlemen smoking cigars, and not looking like escaped convicts in the least, at the first glance. They didn't go into Sociation any more, those two, you may take my word for it.'

Melibœus and I were both depressed by this unfortunate end of Messrs M. and M.'s ingenious undertaking, and pursued the remainder of our investigations without much interest, receiving neither exhilaration from the kitchen, in which I should think no honest plumpudding could possibly be made, nor fervour from the chapel, which more resembled an anatomical lecture-room than a place of worship.

At the great gate, wonderful to relate, there was a Hansom loitering there, perhaps for the desperate chance of an escaped prisoner, and we were not without a feeling of enfranchisement ourselves when we got into it.

'It is not like a prison, after all,' observed Melibœus, regarding it out of window; 'it looks more like what Carlyle calls an "enchanted Bastille."'

'That it does not fulfil the popular idea of such a place, is very true,' said I; 'and none of these model prisons do. Pentonville, for instance, with its graceful iron staircases and general effect of strength and lightness, is more like some Great Exhibition of the disadvantages of a dishonest life. There is but one time-honoured "Stone Jug" left in London, around which cling such memories as those of Jack Shepherd and Jonathan Wild: as the Jungfrau is one of the very few cones, such as all mountains ought to be, according to the plate of "comparative heights" in the atlases of our childhood, so is Newgate one of the rare jails which fulfils our youthful ideas of a prison; and even that has been much modernised.'

'I should very much like to see it,' observed Melibœus wistfully; 'I believe a county magistrate can always obtain admittance there without difficulty.'

'To Newgate,' shouted I, through the little hole in the roof; and the cabman, who must have taken us for twin Sir Joshua Jebbs, drove us to Newgate accordingly.

The entrance to this famous prison is not imposing, being a small postern at the top of a few steps; but, when you are once inside, the house that Dance built (in 1770) astonishes you by its massive strength. Brute force rather than science seems to have rendered the place well-nigh impregnable. The doors are of such a thickness as would scorn to yield to any 'pressure from without' short of an Armstrong gun; while the bolts and locks are melodramatically huge, as in the apartment of some imprisoned princess in a burlesque. They 'groan as they leave their mighty staples,' as in the admired romances of Mrs Radcliffe, and the huge masses of wood and iron revolve unwillingly upon their hinges, as though they missed the legitimate accompaniments of 'slow music, lights half down.' After a few obstacles of this sort, we came upon a great glass cage, in which were some chairs and a couple of rather unattractive-looking persons.

'That is the room,' quoth our conductor, 'where the attorneys have interviews with their clients in our keeping. We can keep our eyes upon them, you observe, but we cannot hear what they are saying.'

'Dear me,' exclaimed Melibœus, 'what a curious arrangement. Now which,' added he in a whisper, 'now which of these is the attorney, and which is the — the person in difficulties?'

'You may always distinguish the attorneys,' replied the officer gravely, 'from the circumstance of their having their hats on.'

Presently we came to a passage lined on one side with a double net-work of iron, like an aviary; beyond this was an exercise-yard, in which were several prisoners, who were conversing with some friends who had come to see them; these last stood in the passage with us, and an officer of the prison stood between the net-works, so that he could hear every syllable that passed.

'There can be no shaking of hands for welcome or adieu, here,' observed Melibœus.

'No, sir,' returned the warder, 'no passing of files, nor nothing.'

But although he took a professional view of this matter, our conductor was a kind-hearted fellow. When he shewed us that dreadful room where men are pinioned before going forth to die in the presence of so many thousands, he confessed, that used as he was to such scenes, they affected him deeply.

'It is an awful thing, gentlemen, to see a hale strong man led out to be strangled. Bound as they are by these leathern straps, instead of the old cord, and with their faces turned away from you, you can still see their backs "work" with the agony within. Some of them—those that are nearest the brutes—take it quietly enough, just as though they had been drugged; but the more intelligent, they as can think a little—O sirs! no man, I hope, who was not obliged, would come to see what I have seen in this room.'

It seemed quite a relief to our conductor to discontinue this subject by the exhibition of Jack Shepherd's irons; most barbarous-looking implements certainly, but which, he assured us, could be slipped off with comparative ease. Such men, he believed, only became heroes through the incapacity of those who guarded them.

He took us to the cells where the arrangements are now the same, or even better, than at Millbank; each prisoner being able to call the attention of his warder—not only by sight, but sound—by ringing a bell, as well as exhibiting a telegraph. Dark cells are still in existence here, though seldom used; never before had we experienced such pitch-darkness as we found in these. They were heated with

warm air, and had each a sort of wooden bed; but we could easily believe, as we were told, that twenty-four hours of such confinement rarely failed to reduce the most refractory to obedience. The prisoners in Newgate are not detained there for any length of time, as elsewhere; they consist mostly of those only committed for trial, and—terrible exception—of those sentenced to death. The old prison upon this spot held persons of exalted rank, and convicted of high treason. Robert Baldock, chancellor of Edward III., died here. Dr Leighton was imprisoned here ten years, for his *Appeal to Parliament*. George Wither, the poet, was also a prisoner; so was George Sackville, Earl of Dorset; the founder of Pennsylvania 'cooled his heels' for six months, for the then offence of street-preaching; Titus Oates and Dangerfield, too, were prisoners, of whom the latter died here. At the Revolution, Bishops Ellis and Leyburn experienced Newgate fare; Defoe was a prisoner, and Dr Dodd was hung here. In the modern prison, Lord George Gordon died of the jail distemper, after several years' confinement, for libelling the queen of France; and one of the last persons who suffered here for a political offence—the publication of his pamphlet, *The Trifling Mistake*—was Mr Hobhouse, now Lord Broughton.

On the day we visited Newgate, there was but one doomed man within its walls, whom we were, very properly, not permitted to visit. In the chapel, we saw the seat reserved for him close beside the pulpit; the death-chair, as it is called, where those who are under the capital sentence always sit; but not, as formerly, with their coffin placed before them. In the good old times, as some fools call them still, there have been *sixty* persons seen in the condemned pew at once. The rest of the congregation were in two strong pews with spikes about them; whereas, in Millbank, they sit together, as in an ordinary church, among their warders, who are as one to thirty or so, and have no weapons of defence whatever.

The kitchen in Newgate has a particular horror about it; inasmuch as it is the last room through which the poor wretch doomed to die steps out upon the leads whereon the gallows is erected. Iron rods run across this apartment, whereupon, on these dread occasions, are hung black curtains, between which the procession takes its mournful way.

'What wicked days were those,' mused Melibœus, 'when, for theft of even necessary food, man could doom to death his fellow.'

'Ay, sir, wicked days indeed,' returned the warder; 'and as foolish as they were wicked. For who that robbed a house, and knew he would be hung for it, would hesitate to kill any of its inmates who might give evidence against him, since no worse thing could happen to him?'

'True,' said I; 'but you perhaps are in favour of doing away with the punishment of death altogether?'

'No, sir,' said the warder gravely, 'certainly not; no man in my position can be. If any one watched, as he must needs watch here, the behaviour of some of the vilest creatures upon earth, it would be evident to him that nothing but the fear of death has deterred them from filling the measure of their crimes by the crowning sin of Murder. They openly avow that but for being "topped" (or hung), they would have the blood of every "dog" of us, as they call us warders; and it is certain that they would be as good as their word.'

This man may have been wrong or right, but the settled and earnest conviction with which he spoke was such, that it put any argument with him out of the question.

There was one more sight to see before we left Newgate. In a little room between the governor's office and the entrance lobby, there are placed the plaster-casts of those who have suffered death within the walls. Men and women, old and young, foreigners and English, all are there; close-shaven, hideously

alike, with the same mark about every strangled neck where the fatal rope has encircled it. Each had its dreadful legend, if we had stayed to hear it, but we both affirmed, with thanks, that we had already supped full enough of horrors.

'And yet,' said Melibœus, as he walked home with me with a step less elastic than is usual with him, 'it is surely well that all should make themselves acquainted with the dwellings which justice has appointed for those who break the law—but who are still our fellow-creatures. The magistrate should know to what sort of life he consigns the criminal; the tempted should know what doom is certainly awaiting him sooner or later; while those above temptation should be the very last, by clinging to a fastidious ignorance, to hold themselves above the reach of pity.'

TOWN-GARDENS.

THE reason why town-gardens are so often failures is probably that their owners so seldom consider what are their possibilities, or how to overcome their natural disadvantages. A young wife comes up from some shady parsonage, and a garden filled with bowers of rose and lilac, and says she must have another like it in London. Her husband has penetrated through the well-ranged squares of the kitchen-garden at some fine old hall, and having conversed considerably with the head-gardener there (a great geranium prize-man), has returned to town full of brilliant schemes for emulating his triumphs. The lady forgets all about air and smoke, and soot-choked pores, when she talks of roses, and thinks she has but to plant them. Her husband did not observe that the geranium prize-man, notwithstanding his span-roofed house, and all the advantages of a sunny aspect, spoke anxiously of the difficulties and perplexities caused by November fogs.

In these pages, I propose, then, simply to point out what *may* be done and what *has* been done in making gay town-gardens.

I do not believe that there is any class of people who so intensely enjoy their plants—who could number them on their 'bits of green'—as those possessed of a few square yards, of which every inch is precious; these very people, however, often miss the hints that beginners most want, just because their wants are very practical, and at the same time too small for great gardeners ever to think of writing about.

Most persons, probably, will have first begun with window-plants, and will have thus acquired the knack of raising young plants successfully, and of keeping plants through the winter, thus obtaining constant enjoyment independent of rain or weather. The window-garden then expands into a garden. When this is not the case, the best plan at first is to buy young plants, *not in the street*, but at some proper nursery, and for the first year at least to furnish the garden by buying simply the usual bedding-plants—geraniums, verbenas, stocks, and heliotropes, whereby plenty of scent and beauty will be cheaply acquired.

For people more advanced, there are, too, roof-green-houses, 'curates' vineries, little orchard-houses, small conservatories; and even when we have no such advantages for the growth of young stock, there still are ways and means of filling a dozen seed-beds. Portable heated plant-cases are my own pet contrivances—they raise seeds and strike cuttings with such entire success, and are at once clean and ornamental; still, even these have substitutes. My first London garden had for its seed-bed an old deal-box, containing two quart bottles filled daily with hot water, standing among the seeds, a pane of window-glass being laid across the top! Even tumblers in a window or on a chimney-piece have been 'the glass' for striking many a tender cutting destined to form a really splendid plant. *Air*

must, however, be in some measure given, for, as a general rule, it is shade and shelter, not air-tightness, that delicate things require.

In these little gardens, one of the greatest difficulties, and one, nevertheless, which most amateurs forget, is caused by the frequent practice of digging out the soil nearly level with the foundations. The upper soil has all been carted off when the square was built. The gardens are left in consequence without any soil at all, looking and feeling very much like wells; and small quantities of soil brought in again are of course insufficient to repair this injury.

Drainage is another trouble incident to town-gardens, which are often so heavy, and stiff, and trampled upon, and clayey, as to allow no water to reach the roots of the plants at all without causing them to suffer afterwards from the retention of damp, and stagnant moistness, which takes long to dry, and hardens when it does dry into a cake, such as it is impossible for tender roots to penetrate. In pot-plants, of course, these difficulties are readily obviated. All gardeners know substances calculated to retain a healthy degree of moisture, and to part with it slowly as the young roots require it; on the other hand, they can so arrange the drainage of pots and boxes as effectually to insure the absence of undesired dampness; and these things may be done as easily on a large scale as on a small one.

The plan to which I want, then, to call attention, is that of raised beds, boxes, vases, baskets—anything raised, in fact—to form our little London gardens. In cases where this plan has been adopted, I am well aware of its extreme success, and the very plants which are now in vogue seem to add great facilities for it.

It will at once be seen how effectively these raised beds and plant-baskets meet and overcome the difficulties which I have mentioned as belonging to town-gardens. Having to fill a bed is a very different thing from having to re-cart back again the soil of a whole garden. The mere lifting them off the ground removes the plants from the influence of the damp and stagnant air, while it exposes them at once to catch every friendly breeze. The earth-worms also, sometimes so very numerous, are at once excluded by raising the beds or baskets on a hollow floor. Perfect drainage is at the same time secured, being placed in the entire control of the manager of the plants.

The chief, I might add the only, disappointment liable to arise is from want of water; but town-gardeners, in general, are apt enough with their water-cans, and a tube of gutta-percha, communicating with a great water-butt or cistern, is very available (with a rose screwed upon it) for irrigation on so small a scale.

We will now, then, proceed to consider the plans of these little gardens, some of them perhaps only a few yards square, and the scope they present for horticultural talent.

Turf, in town-gardens, is always a little difficulty, but in my own opinion gravel is a greater; and as whichever we have will cost some little trouble, let us consider a patch of bright-green turf is the most worth the pains. The greatest enemy, I think, to all town-garden turf is the elaborate brushing which a small lawn gives scope for, to the direful damage of the springing grass. The lightest and most feathery of wispy brushes, and an occasional good watering, in the cool of a summer's evening, are the real requirements of our London lawns. Lawn-seeds are sold now by all the first-class seedsmen. If sown in March on properly rolled good ground, they come up very rapidly, and make a nice green lawn in a few weeks' time. It is, however, important to roll the young grass frequently, and not to cut it very closely the first two or three times. It is also well, in hot scorching weather, if the first cuttings can be left on the

ground, to shade the young roots a little for a day or two. I most strongly advise any one sowing lawns to add to the seed both clover and wild-thyme; one may fail, or both, but if they answer they are very pleasant; and in Bacon's days, at anyrate, such things were included in the desiderata of a London grass-plot.

There is, however, another plan for gardens, at first sight most unnatural, which I should like, of all things, to recommend; it is no other than a *tiled* surface, in the place of the grass or gravel. Every one is familiar in France, in Italy, and in South America, with these tiled gardens, and one can hardly realise that the difference of the climate would be sufficient to render them unornamental here. Dark reddish tiles, or gray or purple stone, would surely look as well to the eye as gravel; the flowers would be protected from many of their worst enemies; and the whole affair would assume the pleasant aspect of a roomy entrance, full to the brim of flowers. I say *full* advisedly, because in cases where a garden might seem empty, the impression of a hall or alcove which the paved floor gives, causes the flowers to appear more numerous than they are. In gardens thus paved, there may be wide borders round, where evergreens and climbers may be planted thickly, affording to the walls a green and bowery curtain.

When the space is thus arranged, it is perhaps most suitable that the beds or vases to contain the flowers should be of some kind of stone or terra cotta. Material for this signifies very little; suitability of form and gracefulness of shape being far more important. Too ponderous baskets give rise to the idea that mounds would be more suitable; those which are wide and mounted on high pedestals suggest a speedy overthrow. The best thing, perhaps, is a wide and shallow basket, raised a little from the ground. In adopting this arrangement, it is well to be particular in the choice of mouldings. The artificial stone closely resembling Portland is considered good, and found to be very durable. The stone-kerbing for surrounding beds is sold by the foot, and at different prices, according to height and pattern, of which, in general, the plainest answers best. If the top is simply rounded, the rain runs off at once; no salient points are presented to be chipped, and the stone can be cleaned most readily.

In adopting the tiled arrangement, there may be a fear at first sight of refraction of heat and cold; but when we consider the constant use of stone and marble terraces about the finest places, and even the pavements in the streets, we shall cease to feel the objection as very serious. The cleanliness and economy of labour in these paved or tiled entrances can scarcely be exaggerated, and I wish that I could convey any idea on paper of the freshness and pretty quaintness of a street-door opening on such a little court, all walled in, and surrounded by fresh and fragrant flowers, with beds of growing plants, and perhaps a fountain sparkling in the midst.

When the ground is of turf, nothing can be more pretty, even in town-gardens, than simple rustic baskets, lined with fresh green turf—the grassy side turned outwards. And ten thousand times more does it signify, I think, when we live, in a bustling street, that every shred and gleam of country beauty should be gathered round us, to keep its memory alive. Nowhere else would I care half so much for a tangled growth and fresh green wreaths of foliage as in these little shaded nooks, which we all can make, although they may be but a few feet wide, of climbing green things and flowers.

I advocate, indeed, paved courts, because in them I think the wall may be quickly made green and pleasant, and because I reckon on fragrant piles of freely growing flowers, differing widely from the poor stunted plants and flowers which often make

town-gardens so miserable a scene. A vase or basket of really lovely flowers, no matter *what* flowers, has an honest charm. Better, then, by far have a paved court, with one such knot of flowers, than the neatest garden full of straggling plants, with scanty foliage, and a few annuals trying to look like flowers.

The turfed-gardens, however, are, of course, far more perfect, inasmuch as in them we have so much more green, and what green is there more soft to the eye than grass? And then the walls of greenery! We may be perchance in some quiet suburb, or in some country town, where high and frowning walls need not shut us in; and then what a charming screen is made by a rustic trellis, the flowers winding over it, and creeping round and round, hanging out in their loveliness on both sides of the pretty twisted fence. I remember a garden with one of these wild fences overgrown entirely in summer with sweet-pease—a very hedge of perfume. The pease were placed in pots, or drain-tiles laid on one side, or in pieces of scooped-out turf; and being sown in succession, and planted out alternately, a constant succession was easily kept up. In making such rustic flower-work as is here described, little labour and expense are needed. A pattern may often be made of old twisted apple branches or pieces of oak, woven in and out; and a pretty trellis can easily be contrived by simply taking a number of alight sticks, nailing them firmly all along each side of a horizontal pole, at intervals of a foot or two, crossing every pair, binding them in the middle, and nailing the upper points, if necessary, to another bar. These fences, covered with ivy, clematis, roses, or sweet-pease, form a delightful finish to a little rustic garden.

Very pretty flower-beds are also made with banks of turf-covered earth, but in all these arrangements, the earth of the bed has to be dug out, rammed hard, and cased with some material that tolerably isolates it, unless the garden is in itself well drained.

The beds or baskets, of whatever shape they may be, being once prepared, town and country gardeners begin to start more fairly. The smoke and dust, indeed, are still against the former, but they have the immense advantage of having all their work brought into a few square feet, instead of being outspread over as many acres. Suppose for a town-garden a good sized centre-bed, four side or corner baskets, and a nice wide border full of shrubs and evergreens: the whole beds do not cover more than eighteen square yards; the soil for them is reckoned rather by sacks than loads; and the 'bedding-plants' are bought by the dozen instead of by the thousand; yet, after all, for the size of the place, by force of contrast, and because of what are called the difficulties of the position, a far greater impression is made, so to speak, of *floweriness*, than can be done on the grander scale twenty miles out of town.

A LITTLE WITCH.

How much we lose by not making the acquaintance of our cousins the brutes! I say *we* courteously, for I am not included in the class of persons who are contumacious to dogs, horses, and other quadrupedal inhabitants of our planet. The fact is, I am more interested in a beaver than a bear; and a chained bear, who travels all his waking-hours in a circle, and always turns a somersault at a particular point, is much more interesting to me than a fashionable young fellow doing very much the same thing. I was always very odd, and I cannot tell whether I first liked William Cumming for his horse Selim, or for himself. Selim was a wonderful fellow, and had cost a fabulous price, though he had a bad name. No one had ever ridden him but William Cumming, and yet the first five minutes of our acquaintance made us friends. Selim arched his proud neck to kiss me; and

I patted his glossy coat, and smoothed his mane, and put my side-saddle on him with my own hands.

'You must not ride him,' said William. 'What would be my portion, if any accident should befall you in your mother's absence? If she were here to give her consent'—

'Nonsense!' I cried; 'my mother is used to my ways, and she is not a coward. Selim and I are friends, you can see.'

'But he will try to be master, and your hands are not iron, my little friend.'

'Never you fear,' said I; 'I will turn him three ways at once, if he insists on running away. Skill is better than hard work in most affairs, and especially in managing a horse.'

'Who taught you skill in managing a horse?' said he.

'Common-sense,' I replied. 'Now let me go.'

'Common-sense, at thirteen!' said William laughing; and he took off the side-saddle, and replaced it with his own, and then he rode away.

I went up to my room, and cried bitterly. Girls and babies don't *weep*—they *cry*. When my eyes were red, and my curls in a tangle, I looked in the glass. I was at a trying age; my collar-bones were prominent, and had 'salt cellars,' with dreadful shadows, and my arms were akin and bones. A weaver would have said that I was 'all warp, and no filling.' William Cumming was thirty years old, and had a farm adjoining my father's. He was a scholar and a gentleman, and cultivated his own land, and had the handsomest horses in the country. I had a great respect for him, though I am afraid he was indebted to his four-footed friends for a portion of it.

I have said that I was odd. My senses had a sort of preternatural acuteness that seemed miraculous to others, and I am not quite sure but that I had a sense more than belonged to my acquaintances. William Cumming used to call me 'a little witch,' because I could tell him what he was quite sure I did not know, and could not find out by any natural means—but he meant *usual*, I think, when he said *natural*. My ways of acquiring information were very simple, and natural to me; still, as I had established a character for extraordinary 'knowingness,' I got credit when I did not deserve it.

For instance, when I said to my little brother: 'How came you to go into the china closet, and take mamma's oranges?' he answered, redolent of the odour of the purloined fruit: 'O sister, how could you see me through the door, when it was locked?' and he went away convinced that I was something very like a witch. Older persons, in a similar manner, cheated themselves into the belief that my gifts were much more wonderful than they were.

'Are you quite sure you are not a little witch?' said William Cumming. 'Selim kissed you, and laid his nose on your shoulder, the first five minutes of your acquaintance.'

I answered him with some impatience: 'I wish people had as much sense as horses. They know who mean well by them, while people are always suspecting one. They suspect poor little me of witchery, or the black-art. Even you, Uncle William, are afraid I will cheat you.'

I was grieved, perhaps a little angry, that I had not been trusted to ride Selim; and now William had returned, I wished to punish him. But he took no notice of my ill-humour, and said very pleasantly: 'Tell me, by your black-art, where I have been the last half-hour.'

He was standing by the door, and I was at the opposite side of the room, but I was in the draught of air, and I answered: 'You have been whiaking the flies off Selim with a bunch of penny-royal, and you have been over to the bank where the wild-thyme grows, and you have been among the wild-roses on Ginger Hill. I know all this, though I have been here all the while.'

He walked over to where I was standing, and said: 'How do you know all this?'

As he came beside me, I said: 'And you saw Mary Stacy, and shook hands with her; and you have something in your pocket from Luke Stacy.'

'How do you know all this?' said he, wonder-struck, as he had been half-a-dozen times before. 'No spy-glass could tell you this, for Mary was at home in her father's house beyond the hill; and the thyme-bank is beyond that, and hidden from everybody; and the roses and penny-royal are beyond the hill; and the whole is three miles from here. You could not have followed me, unless you had been on the back of another Selim; and, besides, you say that you have been here all the time. How do you know that I have something in my pocket from Luke Stacy; and what is it?'

'It is a letter,' said I, 'that he has brought you from some one.'

'Even so. What you say is all true; but how do you know it?'

'Simply, and only,' I replied, 'because I have a nose. When you came in, I smelt Selim and the penny-royal. The mingled odours told me that you had been brushing the flies off the horse with some sprigs of the herb. The next odour I smelt was the thyme, and then the wild-roses. When you came to this side the room, I smelt the verbena—the only perfume Mary Stacy uses. When you came a little nearer, I smelt Turkish tobacco and the sizing of paper; and then I was sure you had some paper from Luke Stacy, and the most probable idea was, that it was a letter. Why, I can smell Luke at the lower end of our lane, when I stand in the door. Now you can see that I have fairly accounted for everything.'

'Except for the fact that you are all nose,' said William. 'You are a cross between a vulture and a dove. But I must attend to Selim. I daresay he thinks he is hungry.'

He went out to see to the horse, but he was gone. He looked all around, but did not find him.

'He is stolen,' said William, much alarmed. 'I saw an ill-looking fellow watching me as I rode home. The gate is shut, and there was no way for him to disappear, unless some one has taken him.'

'The gate is shut,' said I, 'but it is not fastened.'

The gate was fastened by a pin, which was put in a hole bored in the gate-post. When this pin was taken out, the gate swung open, and if the wind were right, it might be closed again. I examined and found the pin on the wrong side of the gate, which had evidently been closed by the wind. I smelled the pin; Selim's breath was warm on it. This was perfectly perceptible to me, but not to William.

'Selim don't know enough to take out that pin, and then replace it,' said he.

'He has more sense than a great many men,' I said, as I passed into the orchard, when the crushed clover blossoms gave me notice that the horse had passed but a few minutes previous. 'If I find him over the hill, may I ride him, Uncle William?'

'You will not find him,' he answered.

I ran to the top of the hill. On the other side, Selim was trying to eat with his bit between his teeth. I went to him and tried to unbuckle the bridle on the wrong side. He quietly turned the other side of his head to my awkward hands, putting the right buckle pertinaciously before me, till I unfastened it. William Cumming came along, greatly pleased, but said that Selim should do the gate-trick again, that he might see him. So he led him back, and left him to himself in the yard again. He drew out the gate-pin with his teeth, and when the gate swung open, he put the pin again in the hole, and went his way to feast upon the sweet grass.

'Leave him to me,' said I; 'I will take care of him.' When William was gone, and Selim was satisfied with the grass, I called him by a low whistle

that his master used. He trotted up to me, and laid his nose upon my shoulder. I led him to the door, and saddled him with my own side-saddle, and then, with very little preparation, I started for a contraband ride. Selim cantered away, seemingly proud of his burden, and I was rocked in the cradle of an ecstatic delight. There is, in my opinion, no terrestrial ecstasy to be compared with a canter, provided your horse be of the right kind, and the atmosphere and scenery equally desirable. For myself, I want no company but my horse. I do not want to put my foot in the hand of any cavalier; but I want to spring into my aerial cradle, and skim over hill and dale, like a creature with wings.

Once only Selim tried my mettle; but when he found that I understood his game, and swayed him first to one side, and then to the other, and finally turned him completely round, he made up his mind to go swiftly forward, and give me no trouble. I patted his neck, to let him know that I appreciated his good-manners; and after a canter of ten miles, I turned him homeward. On the way, I saw the same ill-looking fellow watching the horse that William had observed. We compared descriptions, and found that he was the same person. William was delighted to know that I had ridden Selim without accident or ill-behaviour on the part of the horse. His partiality for the orchard caused him to be left there in the clover, and the next day he was stolen. The hill separated him from our sight, and a breach was made in the fence, and he was taken away about mid-day. My father had been to the village, three miles distant, and was returning. Just as he left the village, he came into a piece of woody ground. Recent rains had filled puddles in the road that were miniature ponds. As he entered the wood, he saw Selim approaching, backed by a strange rider, even the ill-looking fellow, who had just succeeded in stealing him. In the middle of one of the largest pools of water, Selim very deliberately lay down, and rolled, so as to detach his rider; he then rose suddenly, and galloped away at the top of his speed. The fellow got up. He was 'the knight of the rueful countenance' and rueful coat, and all other habiliments, when my father met him.

'My horse has thrown me,' said he, using some bad adjectives to Selim's discredit.

'Where did you get that horse?' said my father.

'I bought him on a farm about three miles from here.'

'How much did you give?' asked my father.

'Twenty-five pounds; and I'll have my money back: I will never keep such a brute.'

William Cumming had paid one hundred and twenty-five, and he valued the horse at double that sum.

'That story can't impose upon me,' said my father.

'Only two persons were ever on that horse's back before; and when you steal another horse, you will do well to find out beforehand whether you can ride him. It is not nice to be spilt in a mud puddle; but you may congratulate yourself that you deserve it.' He drove on, leaving the crest-fallen villain dripping with dirty water.

Not long after this, we heard of the arrest and conviction of a horse-thief, and on inquiry we learned that he was the same person who had been treated so unceremoniously to a mud-bath by Selim. He was sentenced to the state prison for four years. During this time, I felt very secure about Selim; and William used to tell me that I thought there was only one rascal in the world. The days flew by, for my youth was happy. Four years fled, and I was in my eighteenth year. William Cumming had been my instructor in many things and my friend in all during this time. I always called him Uncle William; and it never occurred to me that our relations could be changed. People asked why he did not marry. He said that his old bachelorism was a chronic complaint,

and would probably never be cured. I remember one night as I lay in bed, that the thought occurred to me: What if William Cumming should marry? It is surely no harm to speak of it now, for he has been married several years, and I—— But I will not anticipate.

The pretty widow, Mrs Jameson, had been staying a month with a friend in our neighbourhood, and William had been very polite to her, and what was worse than all, he had promised that she should ride Selim. The next day was appointed for her to ride, and by a not very strange coincidence, I this night asked myself the question: 'Why cannot I be married to William Cumming?' The answer was: 'He is old enough to be my father.'

The beautiful Mrs Jameson was still young, but much nearer William's age than I was. My pulse beat fast, and the long vista of my future life looked gloomy and terrible. After tormenting myself till I thought I wanted to die, I fell asleep. I awoke in a kind of shuddering horror. I had heard sounds the like of which I had never heard before; they seemed compounded of the squeal of a horse and the groans and cries of a human being. I was sure I had heard these sounds, that it was not a sleeping fancy; but when I was fully awake, I heard them no more. It was a warm night in the latter part of June, and my windows were raised. I slept on the second floor, and two large windows of my room faced the south. Half a mile, in a direct line from these windows, was a post-road. I was sure that the sounds I had heard came from the road, or its near vicinity. I listened earnestly, but all was still. Suddenly there floated into my room, filling it, as it were, an odour, that I was perfectly sure was from warm human blood. I shrank down into my bed, and shook with horror; then, with a great effort of my will, I arose, threw on a dressing-gown, and hurried to my father's room.

'Father, father!' I cried, 'come with me.'

'What is it, Agnes, dear?' said my mother. 'What has frightened you?'

'I thought I heard some one,' said I evasively. I waited for my father to dress, and it seemed an hour's time, though only a few minutes, that he was hastily putting on his clothes.

When we were out of hearing of my mother, I told him of the sounds and of the smell of blood. He always believed me when I told him of anything that seemed incredible, for he had much experience of the truth of the testimony of my senses. 'Father,' said I, 'half a mile from here, close to the post-road, a human being is lying, bleeding to death. I am sure of it.'

My father took a lantern, and went for William Cumming; I dressed, and when they came, I led the way to the spot, where I was convinced we should find some one dead or dying. The howling of the dog that preceded us struck us all with a sad solemnity. As we drew near the edge of our field, which was bounded by the road, we saw a horse standing, and as we came nearer, we saw it was Selim. Lying beside him, was a man. My father stooped to examine, and said: 'I believe he is dead.' The halter was buckled to his arm, and he was bitten horribly in his arms and legs, and had bled to death. They raised him, and laid him on the back of the now docile Selim, thinking that perhaps he had only fainted. They took him to our house; but he was quite dead. He proved to be the thief who had stolen Selim before, and who had only been three days out of prison. After the necessary formalities, the poor wretch was buried. Selim never passed the place where he had killed him without being seized with a severe fit of shuddering.

I was very ill from the shock of this dreadful scene. I believe I was out of my senses, and had a sort of brain-fever, which was very much aggravated when the widow Jameson called to see me.

When I was recovering, when I was very well

but very weak, I was one day alone with William Cumming; I was looking at him, and thinking how noble and beautiful he was, and then I thought of the widow Jameson, and of her beauty, and I said: 'Uncle William, has Mrs Jameson ridden Selim yet?'

'Agnes, dear,' said he, almost impatiently, 'I wish you would never call me "Uncle William" again;'

and his forehead had an ugly scowl on it, which greatly marred its exceeding beauty.

I blushed scarlet, but I said nothing.

'Please, promise never to call me uncle again,' he said beseechingly.

A sweet thrill of happiness stole into my heart, and I said blushing and smiling: 'Why should I not call you uncle, and Mrs Jameson aunt, when she is your wife?'

'My wife!' said he vehemently; 'I shall never marry, unless my little Agnes will be my wife.'

'You would not marry a *little witch*,' said I.

'And you would not marry an old bachelor, almost as old as your father,' said he.

I wanted to say: 'Who said I would not?' but I did say: 'I am so strange, and unlike everybody else, that you could never be willing to take me for your wife.'

'Willing!' said William; 'I would give the wealth of the world to call you my wife, *little witch* as you are. Will you leave calling me Uncle William, and be my little wife, Agnes, my heart's pet, my darling?'

I was sitting beside him in my weakness; his arm stole round my waist, my head sunk upon his bosom, he clasped me in a fervent embrace, and said: '*Mine for ever*;' and I answered: '*Mine for ever*.'

Selim is eighteen years old to-day, and my eldest daughter is ten. She is a lovely girl, more like her father than like me, and, to my great joy, she is no way peculiar; unless being a great romp, and very healthy and brilliant in her complexion, may be considered unusual in this day of prim schools and pale girls.

One thing is certain, and it is a great comfort to me, that though she is a child of good sense, and good capacity for moral and intellectual attainment, she is never called '*a little witch*.'

TO A LONG VACATION PARTY.

DEAR friends, whom kindly Summer bore,
I trust, whatever Winter fall,
We e'er shall be, one and all,
The same dear friends we were of yore.

My heart droops back to Loch and Fell;
The Bridge, the Quay, the Streets uprise,
To glass themselves in tearful eyes,
And all the haunts we loved so well.

And Love hath such a power to mould
All Nature in her nimble hands,
That nothing in that Picture stands -
Which seems unknown to me of old:

And by that self-same power shall Ye,
My comrades through one blithe July,
Seem dear until the day I die,
And even as Brothers unto me.

X.

The Editor of *Chambers's Journal* has to request that all communications be addressed to 47 Paternoster Row, London, and that they further be accompanied by postage-stamps, as the return of rejected Contributions cannot otherwise be guaranteed.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH. Also sold by all Booksellers.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL OF POPULAR LITERATURE

Science and Arts.

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 430.

SATURDAY, MARCH 29, 1862.

PRICE 1*d*.

THE LAKE-DWELLERS OF OLD.

IN the winter of 1853-4, the surface of the water of Lake Zurich was lowered to a remarkable extent, and the large space left uncovered suggested to the owners of the land on the borders of the lake the desirability of building a dam, to prevent the return of the waters over their newly acquired territory. While the labourers were carrying on this work, it came to the knowledge of Mr Keller of Zurich that they had turned up a quantity of pieces of charcoal, stones blackened by fire, utensils, bones, and piles. He examined these relics, and came to the conclusion that it was the site of an ancient village. The publication of this opinion attracted great attention everywhere, and especially in Switzerland, where several persons entered upon the subject with enthusiasm, dragged several lakes, and were rewarded for their exertions by numerous important discoveries of the highest interest. These researches were extended to the Italian lakes and others, and were always attended by fresh discoveries. In Switzerland alone, not less than a hundred and fifty villages have been found, and this number is being constantly increased. An immense number of objects have been fished out of the mud at the bottom of these lakes, by means of which it is not difficult to write a sketch of the manners, degree of civilisation, and so forth of a people who lived and flourished on this earth of ours at least two thousand years before the Christian era. It will be evident that our space will not admit of our going into details in support of our statements; let it suffice, then, to say, once for all, that they are founded on facts, and the opinions of those who are best qualified to decide on archaeological questions.

More than four thousand years ago—that is to say, shortly after the failure of the attempt to build the Tower of Babel—the lakes of Italy, Savoy, and Switzerland were studded with groups of habitations. On Lake Zurich, about twoscore yards from its margin, was one of the most extensive of these groups. Some of these buildings were of circular form, others rectangular; the shape, in fact, depending on the taste of the builder. The walls were of stones, probably cemented together with mortar of some kind, and the insides lined with clay; the roofs were thatched with reeds, twigs, and strips of bark. All of them stood on piles firmly driven into the bed

of the lake, and communication between them was by means of planks, which connected them with each other. To enable the inhabitants to reach the shore, there was a bridge, formed of trees, split in half, resting on piles. Extending along the shore in front of this landing-place were large orchards, containing apple, pear, and plum trees. Fields of wheat and barley waved in the morning breeze, and the rays of the rising sun travelled down the glittering beds of crystallised snow which covered the tops of the mountains, and lighted the summits of the huge pine and chestnut trees, creeping lower and lower, till it fell in broad bands across the cornfields and the orchards, and clothed the surface of the lake in a robe of silver.

Directly this occurred, men, wearing the skins of oxen, fashioned in the manner of a tunic, came out on the platform in front of their dwellings, unfastened the strip of leather which secured their boats, made of the hollow trunk of a huge chestnut-tree, and paddled away towards the centre of the lake. Here they laid the paddles beside them, took up a line to which a hook was attached, made of a fish's bone, and having carefully baited this, threw it overboard, and patiently waited for the fish which was to contribute to their own breakfast and that of their families. While these were paddling away in their canoes, others, both men and women, were crossing the bridge to the shore, the women carrying pans made of burned clay for the purpose of holding the milk, and the men to work in their fields, or hunt the wild bulls and the deer, the bear and the bison, which abounded in the splendid forests, or follow the chamois in the more inaccessible fastnesses of the mountains. All these men were of rather small stature, and were armed with an axe made of stone, a bow, and arrows formed of reeds tipped with flint heads.*

In a somewhat larger building, at one end of this community of dwellers on the lakes, or Lacustrines as they are termed, the manufacture of these stone axes and arrow-heads was carried on, and a very flourishing trade it was, seeing that they had no other implement

* To this day, precisely similar axes form the principal implement for warlike and other purposes possessed by the inhabitants of certain islands among the Solomon group, who likewise use arrows of the same kind; moreover, the huts in which they dwell are shaped like the majority of those built by the Lacustrines.

than these, assisted by fire, in cutting down the huge trees out of which they fashioned their canoes, the piles on which their dwellings rested, and the planks they used; for the wedges used in splitting the trunks of trees were the same axes somewhat enlarged. Another building was a pottery, where pans, colanders (supposed to have been used in the making of a kind of cheese), and other utensils were modelled of clay, and afterwards baked in a fire. There was abundant life and animation among this community as the day advanced. A light-blue cloud collected over the huts, women and the elder girls were busy at their doors rubbing the grains of wheat or barley between two stones, and making their not very easy task a source of pleasure by gossiping and laughing with their neighbours. The bigger boys were employed in driving the cattle to graze beyond the boundary which protected them during the night from the attacks of bears; while the lesser ones, who were not old enough to be intrusted with tasks, perched themselves on the bridge, and angled for fish, or took headers into the lake from it, and amused themselves by swimming about, or by chasing each other with shouts and laughter among the fruit-trees.

A group of men came sometimes slowly through the wood. The skins worn by them were dirty and torn, and they staggered wearily along beneath the weight of the bundles slung at their backs. Two or three hunters who had seen them in the woods escorted them, and listened eagerly to what the wayfarers chose to tell them, which was not much, for they were weary as well as unwilling to have the interest of the narrative of their travels diminished by premature disclosures to one or two individuals; they preferred to relate them to the assembled community. These men had travelled far, even to the shores of the Mediterranean, and had brought back from the people who dwelt on that coast coral and amber, and probably other things which Time has destroyed ages and ages since. We cannot tell what their country could have produced with which they could have purchased these things, and it is likely that the equivalent they gave were captives taken in war, those living articles of barter which the stronger have taken from among the weaker in all ages. We may almost assert that this was so as positively as though we had seen it. That the curse of war existed among them, we know, and that they practised certain ingenuities in waging it, we know also. It is only reasonable to suppose that one of the principal reasons which induced them to make their dwellings on the lakes was the desire to protect themselves from sudden attacks by hostile communities. No community at all considerable had anything to fear from invasion by means of canoes, not because these were few, since for a temporary purpose they had the skin of the urus, which they could convert into a boat by using it as a covering to a framework made of twigs, but because the height of the dwellings above the water gave the inhabitants such overwhelming advantages. Neither was it possible for an enemy to make an attack by way of the bridge, except under circumstances which must have caused them great loss of life, and ended in their almost inevitable defeat. This induced them to invent balls made of clay, with a hole perforated through the centre. An attacking party, if they were not met by the warriors of the community before they reached the bridge, lighted fires, heated these balls red-hot, thrust a green stick, torn from the nearest pine-tree, firmly into the hole, and launched it immediately in the direction of the huts. If this ancient species of red-hot shot fell on a roof, and was prevented from rolling off by any projection, the inflammable materials of which the roof was composed speedily took fire, and the majority of the wretched inhabitants had no means of escape from death by burning but by crossing the bridge, and surrendering themselves to the invaders.

With the exception of risks of this kind, which the community of Lake Zurich had to encounter in common with other Lacustrines, they led a happy life. Want was unknown among them. They had cattle, fruits, and grain, and the lake supplied them with fish. Thus, generation succeeded to generation for ages and ages, as the heaps of worn-out axes beneath their dwellings testify; and when the time came for them to depart, the survivors placed them with their arms by their sides, and their knees close under their chins, and heaped earth upon them till the mound in which they were buried was sometimes thirty or forty yards in height.

At last the time came when these communities were invaded by an enemy, who may have been of kindred race, but who had obtained weapons against which the stone axes were of little avail. The fashion of them was the same, they were still axes, but instead of being formed of stone, they were moulded in bronze. This commenced what is termed the bronze age.

These invaders, who made so evil a use of their discovery of metals, attacked community after community, burned their dwellings, and either killed or made captive the inhabitants. Charred fragments of their bread, and a large quantity of carbonised barley and other grain, have been dug out from beneath the alluvial deposits where they have lain for so many centuries.

From the date of this invasion, which is supposed to have taken place about the time when the Egyptians were besieging Nineveh and Babylon, there is a marked superiority in the articles manufactured, arising from the advantages conferred by the possession of metal implements. This is especially the case as regards weapons. The conquerors of the stone men retained the hatchet, but added to it the sword, with which they seem to have decided their combats, as projectile weapons are seldom discovered among the relics left by the men of the bronze period, which consist of needles, pins, knives, reaping-hooks, fish-hooks, and other things. The fragments of articles of earthenware which have been discovered differ but slightly from those found among the remains of the stone period, as regards substance, but in form there is considerably greater variety. These Lacustrines of the age of bronze, after destroying the habitations of their predecessors, built others of a like fashion for themselves, the piles on which they rested being in many cases still visible below the surface of the waters of the lakes, rising from the beds to a height of from two to six feet, whereas the piles which supported the huts of the people of the stone period are eaten away by the waters to a level with its bed. Their religious customs, if they really had any—which is assumed by some authorities to have been the case—were probably the same as those of the people they conquered, their mode of burial being identical, except that less attention was paid to the position of the bodies of the dead. They, too, followed agriculture, and bred cattle, the bones of which are naturally much more numerous among the remains left by them, than among those left by the Lacustrines of the preceding period, and this is notably the case with respect to the bones of horses.

Century followed century, and these people still held possession of their territories; but the day came when they, too, were compelled to yield to a foreign invader, who fabricated his weapons of iron, and wielded them with a stronger arm. Spreading over the country which lies between the Alps and the Jura, these invaders destroyed every community with which they came in contact. The position of the dwellings of the Lacustrines rendering them almost impregnable, the invaders had recourse to the element usually employed against them with effect, namely, fire. Piece by piece, the flaming beams fell apart, and dropped to the bottom of the lake, and with these the

contents of the huts, factories, and storehouses, where they have lain until now. Thus passed away the men of the bronze period, and thenceforward the lakes were left silent and solitary, except when the fisherman visited them in the pursuit of his occupation.

That the invaders on this occasion were of Gaulish origin is proved by a variety of circumstances; such as the fashion of their arms and ornaments, the names of the villages they founded, and their practice of burning their dead. The period when the invasion took place is supposed to have been about 500 B. C.

In some respects, the new occupiers of the land were superior to the old. Their ornaments were infinitely superior in variety and workmanship; they manufactured glass and enamel, and many other things, which prove their intellectual superiority to their predecessors to have been as decided as their physical superiority. It is impossible to maintain for a moment that these Helvetians were not a totally distinct people from the Lacustrines of the stone and bronze periods. The men of these two periods were small-limbed, as is evident from the size of their armlets and the handles of their weapons; whereas their Celtic conquerors were considerably larger, as is shewn by evidence of the same kind found on one of their battle-fields near Berne. But the most decided proof of this difference between them is furnished by their mode of disposing of their dead, and their brutal custom of sacrificing animals and human beings on those occasions. In one of the tumuli of this period which has been opened were found four clay vases containing ashes, undoubtedly of human beings, and above them the charred remains of the bones of animals. On these fragments, stones had been heaped; and on these stones lay the skeletons of four young women, not arranged in order, but in such a position as shewed they had been thrown there, and that large stones had then been dashed upon them with such force that some of the ornaments they had on their persons had been broken to bits and scattered among the stones. Similar discoveries have been made in other tumuli.

Various conjectures have been hazarded respecting the quarter of the globe whence the Lacustrines came originally, but no evidence has yet been discovered which gives anything like certainty to either theory. Still, we cannot close this paper without pointing out certain resemblances which exist between the Lacustrines of the stone and bronze periods and the present inhabitants of the Solomon Isles. The inhabitants of some of the latter are agile and well-shaped, but small-limbed, and rather low in stature. Their principal implement, whether of warfare or for domestic purposes, is a stone axe, small like those of the Lacustrines. Their chief ornament is in the shape of a crescent, and so it was among the latter people. This, however, we do not lay much stress on, because the same pattern was visible to all peoples in all ages. The peculiar attitude of some of the buried skeletons of the Lacustrines which have been found—that is to say, with the knees close under the chin—is identical with what we should find if we opened some of the graves of the islanders; only in the latter case we should know that the skeletons of these people were the skeletons of aged persons who had descended alive into the grave and the earth had been heaped over them, which we cannot *know* to have been the case with the Lacustrines, but which may have been so. The fact that this ancient people built huts of a circular form with conical roofs precisely as the islanders do in the present day, is somewhat remarkable, and would appear to indicate that they may have worked from a common model, as the square is the form which would suggest itself to a mind without any preconceived ideas on the subject, and which must inevitably have been suggested to the

Lacustrines by the planks and piles they used for the foundations of their huts, and was, in fact, adopted by some of them.

As discoveries continue to be made in the lakes of Switzerland, Italy, and Savoy, it is possible that some light may before long be thrown on the origin of the people who once dwelt upon them; but whether so or not, nobody can help feeling an interest in the knowledge of the fact, that there existed in Europe a nation which had attained a high degree of civilisation at the same time that Abram and Lot were journeying from Haran to Canaan.

THE SQUIRE'S OFF-FARM.

ON the outskirts of our East-Anglian parish of Waterwold, just where the arable land dips into the fen, lies a small triangular estate of some fourscore acres. More than a hundred years back—so goes the story—a certain rich squire, hard of head and hard of heart, wrested this property by unfair means from its poor proprietor. The man died broken-hearted, but his last words were, that the squire would not live to reap the corn he (the dying man) had sown, but should follow him before the hay was cut. And the prophecy was fulfilled. Though nobody hereabouts knows the name of the oppressor or oppressed, yet so strong a hold has this tradition taken on popular fancy, that, on appointed nights of the year, the squire may be seen down by his plantations, yet measuring acre after acre, and the triangle, always let with the Blue-clay Farm, still bears the name which heads my paper. A good hour's walk through a web of muddy lanes, between hedges which look this February afternoon like so much sheet-iron fantastically cut, brings us to its apex. Here are farm-buildings, and, next the fen, the cottage of the labourer, who, as his employer would tell you, 'belongs to the live-stock on the premises.' Down from this point, the stretch of brown furrows widens as it slopes, till on the rising-ground it is met half-way by the plantations.

That legendary squire must have had an eye for the picturesque; you can see what a noble sweep of forest-growth he had planned. A clump of grand Scotch firs, their trunks now fiery in the westering light, marks the very spot where the design was abruptly broken off a century ago. Over their tops hangs one white cloud, with a fragment not unlike a dim lily-leaf beside it. So much for the background. In front, the sunshine brings very pleasantly out all the tokens of care and thrift about the homestead. The pig-sties must be full, if one may judge from that pervading aroma which sets one speculating why, the smell of roast-pork being delightful, the smell of live-pork should be so eminently the reverse. On a slip of pasture, a few shaggy colts are browsing their way up into their profession as cart-horses, like incipient barristers eating their terms; and over this gate we look into the straw-yard, where a score of bullocks are doing their best to make beasts of themselves, in the Smithfield sense of the phrase. The party has evidently been picked out at random from different droves, and presents a very miscellaneous compound. Here are all sorts and conditions of horns, from the shortest projections, to that pair which grow as if they meant to touch the ground, but turn up with a sudden spike half-way. Surely that fellow scratching his head against the gate-post must be descended from the 'cow with the crumpled horn,' which is everybody's acquaintance. There is a brace of Scotch cattle, which might have just walked out of Ross Bonheur's 'Morning in the Highlands,' certain individuals, with the shabbiest coats of the whole lot, are from Ireland; and there is one odd-looking Welshman, one horn straight, while the other curls gracefully over his left eye.

By dint of bringing a bit of superior oilcake in my pocket whenever I come this way, I have struck

up a friendship with the best-natured members of the fraternity. But only the other day, on presenting my dole, the bullocks would have nothing to say either to me or my oilcake. As I persevered, they gathered in a body, the foremost stamping and shaking his head after a fashion which made one involuntarily step back a few paces from the gate. I was moving off, when, recalling an anecdote which seemed to explain this incivility, I determined to try the experiment for myself. So I made a second appearance at the straw-yard minus a very conspicuous scarlet comforter, and had the pleasure of being graciously received by my four-footed friends. The story alluded to is worth giving, if only to prove that bovine antipathies are the same all Europe over. One of Garibaldi's pets at Caprera is a beautiful heifer, whose docility all his visitors are expected to admire. But one fine morning, when the general entered her pasture with some friends from Paris, to his surprise the creature displayed no intention of shewing off as usual. First, she retreated, then faced about, and finally made a sudden charge full into the party. The red shirts, which the Frenchmen wore, out of compliment to their host, turned out to be the grievance, for when these were buttoned over, she behaved at once with her usual gentleness.

About the premises of the Off-farm we find livestock by hundreds, which, unlike pigs, colts, and bullocks, want no care from man. All they ask of him is leave to pick up their living without let or hindrance. I mean the small birds which darken the corn-ricks, and dot the bit of pasture and hedges near the premises like so many detachments of a Lilliputian army out on forage. The first three months of the year is the hungriest time of all for these little creatures, especially for those which are mainly or solely vegetarian in diet. (Keep it in mind, my readers, who can afford to throw crumbs out of window, and surely we all of us have as much as this to give.) The stubble is ploughed up, hips, haws, and berries have disappeared, and they have picked the field-banks as bare as Mother Hubbard's cupboard, so they wisely congregate in myriads about a lonely farm-place where they get their provisions undisturbed. Look how cleverly they have shelled the beans out of the bean-stack! Why, I saw with my own eyes a wheat-rick here this winter completely unthatched by the multitude of bills which had drawn out the straws one by one to find grain. Of course, the tortoise-shell markings of the sparrow tribe predominate among these marauders, but you can easily pick out other species; as, for instance, the handsome yellow bunting; greenfinches, conspicuous by their wide beaks and soft yellowish-green colouring; the starling, in his dull winter garb; the smart little chaffinch, as early as this beginning to brighten his feathers for the spring; and least, as well as last, everybody's pet, the wren. That bird, with his claws grappled into the house-eaves, and hanging downwards in icicle-fashion, is the great tit on search for flies in their winter harbour. Perched on the fagot-pile are two of his congeners, the blue-caps, which feed at the house-door with the robin, and all the year round keep near the premises. In this household the couple are sacred birds; so much so, indeed, that the housewife will not keep a cat, lest Pussy should take a fancy to their plump little persons; and the reason why is, I think, one of the most curious and touching ornithological facts I find in my note-book. More than four years back it is now since one of the sons came out of the harvest-field complaining of headache and tired limbs. That evening, as he crossed the threshold, he turned, and putting his stone beer-bottle into the forked branch of an apple-tree, said: 'Don't let them take it down, mother; it's ready for to-morrow.' But the morrow found the poor lad down with fever; and before harvest was over, he died. The winter passed, and

there was the bottle just as it had been left. The father had clamped it into the fork with bits of iron hoop, for the parents said to each other: 'Though we can't afford a grave-stone in the churchyard, we'll have this, at least, to mind us of our poor boy.' And behold, when spring brought blossoms to the apple-tree, there came that pair of blue-caps, and took possession of the memorial! In it for the last three years they have made a nest, and reared their young, without means of entrance or exit beside the neck of the bottle.

But how quickly the short winter-day has fallen! An hour since, the wind rising combed out that cloud above the fir-tops into fleeces, and drove it westward, first to lie a crumpled lake of molten brass in the sunset, and then darken into a rampart on the horizon, and the phantom lily-leaf it left behind now rides bright and high, a gibbous moon. Lingering red gleams have all faded out among the firs, now waving in black solemn masses against the northern sky. Between their stems, mists from the moat beyond creep in such ghastly shapes, that a whole regiment of spectral squires might fairly be within the beholder's powers of belief. The last robin is silent, the small birds nestle in snug crannies, and that rustling scuttle your ear just caught was a moorhen stealing in from the fen to the labourer's fagot-stack for shelter. What tenfold dreariness the waste puts on; it seems stretching towards us as if to swallow up this small speck of human dwelling on its skirts. Against it, however, a defiant glow streams from the lattice, where the check-curtain gapes quite wide enough to permit us an insight into rustic house-keeping. Supper is ready, the great meal of the day to folks who have had nothing more comfortable since breakfast than their 'bit o' cold victual,' snapped up under a hedge. The hearth blazes cheerily. By it stands a round oak-table, at which are gathered the parents and four brown boys, one above another, with shocks of hair, no chins to speak of, but a more than compensating development of ear. The pot steams as if the housewife had broken the seal of Solomon when she lifted the lid, and let loose some terrible genius; and, ye powers that wait on digestion, out tumble the dumplings, much the size and shape of twenty-four pound shot, and just a trifle less hard! That modest bit of bacon peeping among them is boiled for the father, but shared by the eldest boy since his recent promotion to a six-shilling weekly wage. As for lesser bread-winners, their portion of the relish is confined to the smell, with whatever flavour a lively fancy can bestow on the maximum of dumpling boiled in company with the minimum of salt pork. But not for the world would I lose that little bit of by-play going on. The woman is slipping brown sugar and her own scrap of butter on the smallest urchin's plate; she does this stealthily, reproaching herself, as you plainly read on her honest face, for this 'favourin' of little Bob.' Ay, but then this same small Bob went out only this morning for the first time to keep birds at eighteenpence a week; and his mother's heart has so yearned after him in her empty cottage, that, let who may go without, to-night at least Bob must have something better than salt to his dumpling. Poor little fellow! one can fancy the time went heavily with him, with no other company but flights of rooks and jackdaws. He got quite afraid of them at last; indeed, he has been afraid all day long without knowing why, just as he could not tell why now the blazing fagot and the sight of his mother's face send that delightful thrill down to his very toes. Bob has not words at will, but those round eyes of his speak volumes as they meet hers. And ah, how familiar the picture grows as we look on. Those smoke-blackened rafters, the red tiles of the floor, the prevailing brown hues, that fire-glow on the woman's head, so tenderly bent, how well we know them all! Just such a set of Teuton features,

commonplace in themselves, but ennobled by that wonderful mother-love breathing through them, just such another wee round face, every charm of childhood called out by its answering love; these have often looked out upon both you and me, my reader, from the canvas of old Netherland painters. Our cottagers are 'decent God-living folks,' as the phrase goes here; for before they fall to, the brown boys duck their heads, while the father says a slow reverent grace; and this act—the acknowledgment of a benign Presence—touches us with more than ordinary significance here in the solitude.

There are times, more or less—I suppose they come to all—when we are chafed to the heart's core, when the very air we breathe seems choked with petty cares and vexations. Then it may be that suddenly some vivid glimpse we once had into other human lives sweeps through the mind with the health of a mountain breeze, clears off the cobwebs, and makes men and women of us again, instead of mere bundles of fretfulness; and I store up as one of these wholesome memories that of the fireside at the Squire's Off-farm.

LULLI.

ONE fine summer day, in the year 1646, the Duke de Guise brought back with him from Florence to Paris an Italian lad just thirteen years of age.

The boy was called Jean Baptiste Lulli. His dark eyes, long flowing hair, and open countenance, together with his peculiar Italian accent, and, above all, his remarkable talent as a violinist, even at that early age, gained him more than one admirer. The Duke de Guise had brought him to France, not for his music, but for another, and at that time, a more practical capacity. Lulli was an excellent cook, and had already learned the secret of preparing certain exquisite dishes, of which none of the French cooks of the period had the slightest notion. However, the Duke was soon obliged to give up the boy to Mademoiselle de Montpensier, who was amused by his foreign accent and graceful manners, and who protected him on account of his musical talents, rather than for his knowledge of cookery.

He got into many scrapes in the royal kitchens. The head-cook was extremely jealous of the favour bestowed upon the young Lulli by so illustrious a personage as Mademoiselle de Montpensier; besides which, he was envious of his superior knowledge in the art of cooking.

Sometimes, when the *chef's* back was turned, Lulli, forgetting the dinner that was preparing, as well as everything else besides, would take his violin from the cupboard, in which it lay hidden, and execute some soft Italian air, which so enchanted the entire force of the kitchen—chiefly lads of his own age—that one and all forgot their duties, enraptured with the delicious sounds of the violin, until joints were burned, stews evaporated to dryness, and soups and creams coagulated and smoked.

Many a time would Lulli's violin have been broken over his head by the *chef de cuisine*, but a certain circumstance prevented any violence being attempted. Our readers must know that for some months his august majesty Louis XIV. had intimated his approval of the *œufs à la neige* and the *sorbets* which came to the royal table—a dessert which, consequently, was repeatedly demanded, and which Lulli alone knew how to make. The head-cook himself passed, however, for the inventor of these dishes. Lulli knew it, and he had the good sense to allow matters to stand as they were. But no sooner did the old *chef*, in an access of fury, raise a saucepan or other utensil to fling at Lulli, than the latter exclaimed: 'Take care, old Scrub! His majesty will be wanting his *sorbets*

to-day or to-morrow;' when the saucepan was immediately dropped, and all the bitter eloquence that the head of the kitchen was capable of using flowed freely upon the lad's ears. But as Lulli could not be harmed by these words so much as by kicks and blows, his existence was prolonged in the royal kitchens until a certain day which made his fortune.

That day—Lulli was then fifteen and a half years of age—the sun was shining gloriously in the heavens, the kitchen-boys were all as gay as larks; it is needless to add, the head-cook was far away, and Lulli, who had taken up his violin, was treating his enraptured companions to some of his very finest music, when the Count de Nogent suddenly entered the kitchen, and, to the surprise of all present, took away the boy and his violin.

Never again was Lulli to behold those walls and pans that he had so often made to vibrate with his soft Italian melodies.

The count had heard from the open windows of his apartment the sound of Lulli's violin; his curiosity was excited, and he longed to know what inmate of the palace could manage the instrument so skilfully. Having assured himself that the music proceeded from the kitchen, he entered, and telling Lulli not to fear, but to follow him, and bring his violin, he took the boy straightway to the princess, and made him play before her the melodies that were still ringing in the ears of the pot-boys. We do not know all that passed during this interview; but very soon afterwards Lulli, who had been taught the first elements of his art by an Italian friar, was placed by Mademoiselle de Montpensier under the care of a proper master. In a short time, he played better than his professor, and became professor in his turn. He instructed several young men, who became, under his tuition, excellent violinists.

The fame of Lulli as a violin-player had by this time spread so far, that the king himself desired to hear him. Lulli was nineteen years of age when he played for the first time before Louis XIV., who was so enchanted by his performance and with that of his pupils, that his majesty engaged their permanent services as *les petits violons du roi*, or the little violins of the king. There had existed for some time at the court of Louis XIV. a band of twenty-four violin players; they were called 'the violins of the chamber,' and their reputation had already spread far and wide; but the new band of the *petits violons* soon eclipsed the former most completely, and Lulli entered more and more each day into the favour of the king.

Lulli now began to study composition, and with very decided success: the brilliant *flûtes* which were of so frequent occurrence at the court of Louis XIV., and the favour shewn him by the king, gave him numerous opportunities of trying the effects of his music. He made ballets, and composed the music for several plays in which the king himself sometimes took a part, and for which his majesty had erected more especially the theatre of the palace of Versailles. Our musician became at the same time an able composer and an excellent actor: and not only wrote the music and ballets for several of Molière's plays, but took a prominent part in the acting of those pieces. His great success lay in comic character, for which he had a very decided disposition. Indeed, when Molière wished to amuse his guests, he was wont to exclaim, turning to Lulli: 'Come, Baptiste, make us laugh.'

In the year 1672, the king made Lulli director of the Royal Academy of Music, which had until then been submitted to the Abbé Perrin, and from that moment dates the birth of the grand opera in France. The glory of having created such a splendid institution belongs, however, partly to Quinault, a member of the French Academy, who wrote the libretto for most of Lulli's operas. The latter are very numerous; we had occasion to name some of

them in a former paper.* In the space of fifteen years, no less than nineteen grand operas were composed by Lulli; and though a century and a half has passed away since they were performed, and in spite of the great progress made in music, the principal of them are still known to the musical world in France.

But in this paper, my intention is to deal more exclusively with the circumstances under which Lulli composed and brought out his grandest and most sublime opera *Armide*. The king himself had furnished Lulli with the subject of this work, and the talented Quinault was, as usual, engaged to write the libretto. That terrible calamity, the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, had spread consternation throughout France; and though the courtiers of Louis XIV. at first supposed that the influence of this revocation could only be felt by the lower classes, and could not possibly reach the court, enveloped as it was in festivities and pleasures, yet this disastrous influence soon became manifest in the palace itself, and alarm actually took possession of Versailles. 'It's all up with us,' said the nobles one to another; 'we shall soon be all hooded like monks; and instead of operas we shall have masses and vespers; the times of pleasure are surely flown away.'

Such notions were not allowed to reach the ears of the king; but Madame de Maintenon was too well aware of them. She soon perceived how necessary it was to attract the attention of the court to other matters, but the difficulty was how to do it. Banquets and lotteries were so dreadfully expensive, and their effects lasted too short a time. Since the death of Molière, comedy had few attractions. Racine was not gay enough for the circumstances. But Madame de Maintenon remembered hearing the king speak of an opera to be composed by Lulli and Quinault, and of which his majesty had furnished the subject. If the composition were ready, it would be just what was wanted; and the only way to ascertain this was to see one of the authors. She therefore determined to have an interview with Lulli, and inquire how far the piece had progressed.

Lulli rarely went to Versailles unless it was absolutely necessary, for his time was almost wholly occupied with his opera-house in Paris; he disliked many of the grand seigneurs, who were rather jealous of him; and, besides this, in Paris he could lead that careless and irregular life he appeared to cherish, and which he could not have done under the eyes of his majesty at Versailles.

The king had already given Lulli a title of nobility, and the latter always called and wrote himself M. de Lulli; but he was not, as was customary, made secretary of state at the same time. Lulli had never thought of that until one of his kind friends informed him that it was lucky the king had, contrary to custom, dispensed with him as secretary of state, for many members of the cabinet had declared that they would have resisted his election to that position most energetically. On hearing this, Lulli could not sleep tranquilly; and indeed could not rest until he had obtained the position in question, in spite of all the members of the cabinet put together. The means he employed to get it were as follows.

In 1681, a fête was to be given at St Germain, and Molière's comedy, *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme* (played for the first time eleven years before at Chambord, and for which Lulli had written the music), was to be performed before the king.

Lulli, who, as I have before stated, was an excellent comic actor, of which fact the king was perfectly ignorant, determined to profit by this opportunity, and astonish his majesty; thereby hoping to gain the object he desired. He therefore arranged to play the part of the Grand Turk or Mufti in the comical scene between this wonderful personage and M.

Jourdain, the hero of the piece. Lulli had covered his head with an enormous turban nearly five feet high, so that his face appeared really to be in the centre of his body; his brilliant little eyes, fatigued by the glare of the lights, sparkled more than usual, and his appearance excited a general exclamation of astonishment, and a laugh, which, however, was immediately suppressed, for the king was unfortunately in a bad humour that evening, and he had not yet been seen to smile. Lulli had perceived the difficulties of his situation, and determined to make a supreme effort.

When the scene arrived where the Grand Turk strikes M. Jourdain with the Koran, Lulli administered to the unfortunate actor who represented that character such a succession of blows, that the latter was obliged to say to him, in an undertone of voice: 'Stop your joking, or hang me if I don't lay on to you!' 'So much the better,' answered Lulli; 'lay on, lay on! That's the thing!'

Whereupon the other actor, furious with rage, struck at Lulli's face the most formidable blow; Lulli, however, saw it coming, dropped suddenly down, and received it in his turban. Then came a regular scramble. M. Jourdain flies again and again at the mufti, who receives him each time at the extremity of his turban, like a bull, until at last, the exasperated actor, bent upon punishing Lulli for his impudent and unexpected attack, determines to seize him by the neck. He rushes at him; whilst Lulli, falling suddenly to the ground, M. Jourdain runs astride the turban, which, becoming unrolled, entangles him, and he stumbles over it. A titter, now impossible to suppress, had already spread through the theatre. Lulli had seen the commencement of a smile upon the king's countenance; so, leaving M. Jourdain entangled in the monstrous turban, he sprang away, and pretending to slip, fell over the lights into the *clavier*, which stood in the centre of the orchestra, and completely annihilated that instrument in his frantic endeavours to extricate himself. The house was now in an uproar, and the king laughed as heartily as the other spectators; he laughed as a king should not laugh, wiped the tears from his eyes, saying he never was so much amused in his life!

After the performance, Lulli placed himself in the corridor through which the king had to pass. Louis XIV. complimented him in a most flattering manner, telling him he was the most amusing fellow in all France. The artful musician seized the opportunity; he hung down his head, and with a mournful look replied: 'Sire, that is precisely what I have most to complain of, for I had hoped to become secretary of state; but now that I have been upon the stage, the honourable secretaries will never consent to my reception.'

'They shall accept you!' exclaimed the king indignantly; 'and what is more, I make you, from this day forward, a pension of twelve hundred livres.'

One thousand two hundred francs per annum for having jumped into a piano!

Shortly after this, Lulli was effectively made secretary of state, but not without some difficulty; and when he had fairly obtained the title, the other members of the cabinet made a point of saluting him at Versailles with 'Bonjour, mon confrère!' This little witticism has been attributed to the Marquis de Louvois; but it was so generally adopted and so often repeated, that Lulli rarely or ever shewed himself at Versailles when he could possibly avoid it. His astonishment was great, therefore, when, one afternoon, as he had just finished a repast with a few friends, at the restaurant of the Golden Hoop, near the Palais Royal, the waiter informed him that his wife requested he would return home immediately, as a royal carriage waited to conduct him to Versailles.

'Oh, oh!' he exclaimed, 'that looks uncommonly

* See 'A Tale of a Flute,' *Chambers's Journal*, page 185, vol. 18.

like one of Madeleine's jokes. I know she does not like me to remain too long at table, when I dine out; but I had better just go and see; and if it is not true, I won't shew my face at home for eight days!

On rising from the table, he found he had drunk an ample quantity of wine, and tottering home with uncertain steps, he found his wife had not deceived him. He stumbled into the coach, went fast to sleep on the road, and did not awaken until the carriage stopped at the palace of Versailles. An old abbé presented himself at the door of the vehicle, and said in a most respectful tone of voice: 'Monsieur de Lulli, I have orders to conduct you to a lady, who desires an interview with you.'

Our musician considered this a piece of extremely good-fortune. He threw a hasty glance over his shattered toilet, and followed the abbé to an elegantly furnished apartment, hung round with pictures of the saints, where Lulli was left for some moments to his own meditations. He was lost in conjectures, when a lady of austere figure entered, and advanced towards him. In the dusk of the evening, Lulli could not recognise her features, but came forward, and threw himself at her feet. Madame de Maintenon, for it was no other, was at first rather surprised at this extreme graciousness, but she soon flattered herself by reflecting that so great a sinner, and a man who passed his life with the excommunicated, owed such homage to a virtuous woman like herself; also, she did not let this opportunity for preaching a sermon escape. 'Monsieur de Lulli,' she began, 'I understand that you lead a very bad kind of life.'

At this voice, Lulli suddenly raised his head; he knew in a moment who it was he had to deal with, and felt that he had placed himself in a very ridiculous position. 'I! no, indeed, madame,' he interrupted quickly; 'I lead the orchestra of the Opera, and nothing more.'

Madame de Maintenon soon startled and really terrified him, however, by telling him that the king was sorely displeased with him—a fact which Lulli could not account for at all—and that the only way to enter again into his good graces, was to terminate the opera he had been directed to compose, and perform it before his majesty within eight days.

'My *Armide*,' cried Lulli, 'in eight days! But, madame, it is absolutely impossible. I have a whole act to compose; and Quinault cannot complete the poem on account of the numerous alterations I have begged him to make.'

'Well,' retorted the marchioness, in an impatient tone, 'give us what you have of it.'

'I mutilate a *chef-d'œuvre*, and give it piece by piece! O no, madame. His majesty may be as angry as he likes, but in less than a month I cannot hope to give my *Armide*.'

'Very well, monsieur; we won't say anything more about it. I know that Monsieur Lalande is occupied with a piece of music which will perhaps be ready; and then there is little Marais, who has so often tormented me to get his music heard by the king.'

'What do you mean to say, madame?' exclaimed Lulli; 'you would have other operas than mine executed before his majesty! No, no! I will never consent to that. You shall have an opera in eight days—but it will not be *Armide*; for instance.'

'*Armide*, or another, it is all the same to me.'

'Perfectly good, madame; in eight days you shall have a new opera-ballet—music by Lulli, words by Quinault. Perhaps madame would kindly furnish us with a subject.'

'Monsieur,' replied Madame de Maintenon, whose pride was touched at so audacious a proposal, 'you ought to know by this time that I do not mix myself up in such matters.'

'Pardon me, madame,' returned the musician quietly; 'his majesty, you know, supplied the subject for *Armide*; you might, I thought, have

proposed this one. *Armide* will be the opera of the king, this one the opera of the'

He stopped short, fearing he had said too much, but the marchioness did not appear angry. 'Well, I consent,' she rejoined; 'your work shall reconcile you to the king—call it *The Temple of Peace*.'

'Madame, in eight days, the first representation.' And Lulli retired, saluting the marchioness gravely. He went straight back to Paris, to Quinault's chambers.

'My dear friend,' said he on entering, 'I come to inform you that on this day week will take place the first representation of our opera, *The Temple of Peace*, and we must be prepared for it.'

'What on earth do you mean?' cried Quinault, starting from his chair. 'What new folly is this?'

'You must know, then, my dear sir, that in order not to mortally offend our illustrious master, Louis XIV., and his little-illustrious mistress, Widow Scarron, I have promised to give at Versailles, in eight days from this, a new opera-ballet, made, composed, learned, and performed.'

'And what has that to do with me?' asked Quinault mildly.

'What has that to do with you?' rejoined Lulli. 'It is simply you, Monsieur Philippe Quinault, Auditor of Accounts, member of the French Academy, and Knight of the Order of St Michel, who have to compose the words.'

'But, good heavens!' exclaimed Quinault, 'suppose I was ready, how could you possibly write the music? And suppose that was written, how could your actors know their parts? It's absurd, impossible. But why on earth do you want this opera, and where did you get such an insipid title?'

'Insipid title, I grant you; but it was Widow Scarron that furnished me with it, so you had better not give it any epithets out of your own walls. The motive which causes me to undertake this new work is the displeasure of the king; I wish to regain his favour.'

'But, my dear, excellent Lulli, the thing is impossible. Eight days, and then *The Temple of Peace*. What, in the name of all the gods, do you think I can make out of that?'

'Oh, that's easy enough. *The Temple of Peace*—let me see—first scene represents the theatre of war—chorus of injured shepherds—warriors advance, rattling their arms.'

'For Heaven's sake and mine, hold your tongue, as that you are!' shouted Quinault. 'Do you think you will hasten the business with all that nonsense? Let us talk reasonably, if you are capable of so doing for a single instant.'

'That is just what we must do,' rejoined Lulli seriously. 'We have made together at different times several little *entrées* of ballets; sew me them all together as well as you can, with a few recitatives, and I will manage the rest. If it is not too bad, we will have it played at Paris, whilst we are waiting for *Armide*, which this new work will keep back a little.'

'Well, then,' said Quinault, 'come here to-morrow, and you will find I have commenced. See about your actors and your dancers in the meantime; and now, good-night.'

'Oh, as regards my dancers, I have no fears. I shall take them all from the court, so that they are sure to be good.'

The next day, Quinault had made up a species of amphibological poem, to which the title *Temple of Peace* might, at a pinch, be applied, though the piece might just as well have been termed *The Temple of Glory*, *The Temple of Hymen*, or any other imaginable temple. Three days later, the new piece was rehearsed at Versailles. M. de Conti was to dance a *pas* with the Duchess de Bourbon; Mademoiselle de Blois, a scene with the ballet-dancer Pecourt; and the dancer Fabvier one with the Marchioness de Mory.

But on the evening of the first representation, when the king and all his court were already in their seats, and at the moment the curtain was about to be raised, Lulli perceived, to his horror, that the portion of scenery which was intended to represent the temple in question, and which had been used for some previous performance, had upon it the figure of an owl. 'This will never do,' thought he; 'his majesty will be sure to take it for a bad sign.'

'Knock off that detestable bird,' he exclaimed. 'Here—a painter, a decorator; here, quick, put up a figure of the sun, an emblem of Louis XIV., anything but that disgusting owl.' But no painter could be found at the moment, and Lulli was rushing about distracted, tearing his hair, and shrieking for a painter, or even a carpenter. At this moment, an officer of the guards approached, and twice remarked without being heard: 'Monsieur de Lulli, the king is waiting.'

At last, a painter was found, and immediately set to work, when the officer of the guards again came forward, and intimated for the third time: 'Monsieur de Lulli, I had the honour to tell you that the king was waiting.'

'Eh! infernal blue jacket!' roared Lulli; 'I can't help it, can I? The king can wait; he is master here, and no one can prevent his waiting as long as ever he likes.'

A ring of laughter hailed this bold repartee, which spread so rapidly through the theatre, that it got to the king's ears, who was highly offended by it, and the performance was, in consequence, a perfect failure.

Lulli returned that night to Paris with a fallen countenance. As the truth must be told, he never had lost the king's friendship at all; but in endeavouring, as he supposed, to regain it, he had achieved the very thing he would have given anything to have avoided.

He determined to have nothing more to do with the court, whose caprices appeared to him to change like the wind, and to work in future for the Parisian public only, by whom he knew his music to be held in great esteem.

A short time after the scenes I have just described, the opera of *Armide* was finished, and a day fixed for its rehearsal; generally speaking, no one was admitted to the opera at rehearsals, except a few court nobles whose entrance could not be refused. On the day in question, however, not one even asked for admission. 'So much the better,' thought Lulli; 'then I am quit of these fine givers of advice, and my affairs will be none the worse for that.'

In the middle of the rehearsal, a door-keeper informed Lulli that a person who refused his name desired to speak to him. 'I've no time now,' said the musician. 'Let him send in his name, however, and then we'll see.'

A moment afterwards, a dirty, greasy piece of paper was brought to him, on which were written in pencil the words, 'An old friend.' 'Tell him,' said Lulli, 'that I have no friends on days of rehearsal. Some other day.'

The rehearsal then proceeded, and the incident was soon forgotten. Next day was appointed for the first representation; and in the evening, as Lulli entered the theatre, another little piece of greasy paper was placed in his hands by the door-keeper; upon it was written, 'You would not see me yesterday: I shall wait for you to-night after your opera.'

He was unable to imagine who it could be that addressed him these mysterious greasy notes. He crumpled up the paper, and the excitement of the moment soon caused him to forget the circumstance. The house filled rapidly, but the places usually occupied by the court were all vacant; not a nobleman was to be seen in the building. The public assembled hardly knew what to think of it. Lulli had immense talents, and consequently many enemies. It was

readily hinted that the king had disgraced him, and forbidden the court to put a foot in the theatre. Then people began to feel that they had compromised themselves by appearing at the opera that evening, and some actually tried to back out of so disagreeable a position; but as the return of their money was refused at the door, they thought it better to risk their personal security, than to throw away their forty sous. And it was in the presence of such an audience that Lulli's *chef-d'œuvre* of *Armide*, which had cost him so much labour, was about to be performed for the first time.

Applause was certainly not wanting in some portions of the work, which the good *bourgeois* public hailed with delight, in spite of themselves. But the piece terminated in the coldest manner possible. Lulli was 'desolated.' 'Am I mistaken?' thought he. 'Are my musical talents extinguished? It cannot be,' he continued, muttering to himself as he prepared to leave the opera: 'I feel that this is the finest work I ever produced.'

He was slowly descending the staircase of the theatre, when he felt himself pulled by the sleeve; upon turning round, he perceived a man, negligently dressed, and apparently a beggar. 'Leave me alone,' said Lulli sulkily; 'I can do nothing for you.'

'Baptiste,' said the man, 'I wrote you word that I should wait for you after your opera. Stay one moment. Do you not recognise me?' Lulli endeavoured in vain to recollect the features of the individual before him. 'It is quite natural,' continued the latter: 'it is near upon forty years since we met. But surely you don't forget Petit Pierre?'

'Petit Pierre!' exclaimed Lulli. 'Impossible! You are not Petit Pierre. Petit Pierre must have been dead long ago.'

'You doubt it!' rejoined the other. 'Do you not remember our last interview in 1647? I was beaten, and lost my place, you remember, all for you. You cannot have forgotten it?'

'O no! Most certainly, I recollect it well. Yes, yes! I do recollect you now, my old friend. Come along with me. What luck to have met you again! How delighted I shall be to talk over old times with you! Come away.'

And Lulli, forgetting everything connected with his opera, offered his arm to the stranger, and the two strolled away together. On arriving at Lulli's apartments, a thousand souvenirs seemed to awake in the musician's mind; he asked twenty questions at once of Petit Pierre, who could not answer them quickly enough. It is perhaps necessary to state that Petit Pierre was an old kitchen-companion of Lulli's, and had got into disgrace by listening too often to the latter's violin, and taking the young musician's part in his disturbances with the head-cook.

'Do you remember,' said Lulli, 'the tricks we used to play upon our *chef*, and the wine that we used to drink on the sly, eh?'

'I should think I did,' returned Petit Pierre; 'and those six bottles of Burgundy which we appropriated to ourselves, and which I went and sold, to buy you a new violin, when old Scrub, in one of his furies, had broken your old one into a hundred pieces!'

'Ah!' exclaimed Lulli, 'it was the source of my fortune. But what became of you, when I was taken away into the service of Mademoiselle de Montpensier?'

'Oh, I was kicked out of the royal kitchens,' rejoined Petit Pierre, 'because I was looked upon by old Scrub as your principal accomplice, and because I would not tell him your secret of making the *œufs à la neige* and the *sorbets*. I entered the service of an English nobleman, who was returning to his country, and took me with him. Although in France I never ranked higher than a simple *marmiton*, I was considered in England a very good cook. I followed my kind master everywhere, even to Florence, where he

died, leaving me a pension of eight hundred francs a year. I often heard Monsieur de Lulli spoken of, but I hardly dared to think it was my old friend Baptiste. I trembled whilst writing to you; nor did I dare to sign my name, thinking you would perhaps not receive me.'

'Oh, you made yourself a wrong idea of me,' returned Lulli; 'you are and always will be my best friend. And, whilst I think of it, you have just returned from Italy, and you must have heard the music of that country. I shall enable you to judge of mine, and you shall boast of having been treated as no prince ever was. I will have my *Armide* played for you alone! We will listen to it together, and you shall tell me what you think of it. And in return for this, you shall cook me a dinner in your own fashion.'

'With the greatest pleasure possible,' replied Petit Pierre, 'for at present I may say, without boasting, that I am really a first-rate cook—that I know the whole details of French cookery and Italian cookery also.'

'Italian cookery also!' exclaimed Lulli. 'Ah, my friend, let me embrace you! Not one of these infernal Paris poisoners has the slightest notion of macaroni.'

'Leave it to me,' answered Petit Pierre: 'you shall have macaroni, ravioli, polenta—anything in the world you like.'

'To-morrow, then,' said Lulli, 'we will dine together at the Golden Hoop, and go after dinner to hear *Armide*; after which, we will return here to sup, and will prepare the supper together.'

The two parted, after mutually embracing each other, the best friends in the world. Lulli passed a quiet night, and rose in the morning after a tranquil and refreshing sleep, in spite of the annoyance caused him by the cold reception of his *Armide*.

The next day, the actors of the opera were informed that a representation of *Armide* would be given that evening, and that the public was not to be admitted.

A man adored and esteemed as Lulli was among his singers, dancers, and instrumentalists, had only to express to them a wish, to see it immediately accomplished. They all consented unanimously. Petit Pierre was introduced to them as a grand seigneur from Italy, a distinguished amateur and patron of music; and they all bowed low to the cook.

The performance took place just as if the theatre had been crammed to suffocation. Petit Pierre was enchanted, and Lulli could not restrain his own joy. 'Bravo, bravo, Lulli!' he exclaimed at the end of each air; 'you never made anything equal to this—you are really a great man!' He complimented the actors most graciously, and they, in their turns, returned compliments to him. The whole affair passed off most agreeably; it was a perfect family success; and when the parties retired that evening, every face was radiant with joy and contentment.

Returning home, Lulli shut himself up with Petit Pierre, who had previously arranged all the necessary utensils, and the composer aided the cook in preparing a most sumptuous supper. They sat themselves at table, and did such honour to the feast, that in less than an hour they were both completely intoxicated. The two friends wept with joy, and embraced each other over and over again, compliments and praise flowing from one to the other as freely as the wine.

'Ah, what splendid music!' cried Petit Pierre.

'What delicious macaroni!' retorted Lulli.

'How fine it was!' continued Petit Pierre.

'How good it is!' rejoined Lulli.

'Monsieur de Lulli, you are a very great musician.'

'Monsieur de Petit Pierre, you are a most talented cook!'

'We are both very great men.'

'And we know how to appreciate each other.'

'And how to drink each other's health.'

The bottles continued to pass amidst a succession of high-flowing compliments and tender embraces.

The two were so intent upon their agreeable occupation, that neither of them had remarked that for the last five minutes a repeated knocking was going on at the door of the supper-room. At last Petit Pierre fancied he heard something.

'I think I hear a knock,' said he. 'Shall I open the door?'

'What does it matter,' answered Lulli, 'whether you open it, or whether you don't open it? They will finish by going away, or by knocking the door in.'

'Very well,' said Petit Pierre, 'we won't open; it is really not worth while to give ourselves the trouble.'

At this moment, the door did effectively give way before the external force that was being applied to it, and in rushed a troop of young noblemen, amidst a confused heap of bottles, plates, and saucepans.

'What's the meaning of all this?' asked one of them of Lulli. 'You cannot open the door to people who bring you good news.'

'I know no good news,' answered the musician, 'but that I have found again my dear old friend, Petit Pierre.'

'And who is this Petit Pierre?'

'He is a great Italian nobleman, who makes the most excellent macaroni, and who is going to teach me how to cook.'

'Upon the condition that you will teach me music,' interrupted Petit Pierre.

'Of course,' replied Lulli. 'I will make you a composer, and you shall make me a cook.'

The new-comers soon perceived the very intoxicated state of their host, and one of them, thinking it would help to sober him, whispered in his ear that they came from the king with a special message.

'What do I want with the king!' shouted Lulli; 'what does he know of music? He is not worth my old friend Petit Pierre. Petit Pierre is not the man who would have an opera of Lalande played for him!'

'But you are mistaken, Monsieur de Lulli,' interrupted one of the gentlemen: 'the king has heard that you have had *Armide* played for yourself alone, and that you applauded it. As no one is a better judge of music than yourself, his majesty confides in your judgment; he desires us to compliment you upon your piece, and to inform you that he wishes to hear it as soon as possible.'

'Vive le roi!' shouted Lulli. 'O my lords, pardon me for having spoken so lightly of his excellent majesty; it's the state in which this vagabond of a Petit Pierre has placed me. I must really get rid of him. If any of you, now, wanted an excellent cook—'

'I will take him,' interrupted one of the noblemen. 'I do as the king does—I rely upon your judgment, which I know to be as sound in the kitchen as in the Academy of Music.'

The second representation of *Armide* had a prodigious success, and no piece of music ever lasted so long, for it was played during eighty consecutive years with continued applause.

Now comes that portion of my sketch which is least satisfactory to write. At the commencement of the year 1687, Lulli fell ill. Some say that his illness proceeded from a wound he had inflicted upon his foot whilst beating time with his cane. In the month of February his illness took an alarming character: many friends waited anxiously each day at his door to know how he had passed the night. The Chevalier de Lorraine called to see him, when his wife Madeleine reproached this gentleman openly with having shortened her husband's life, by attracting him too frequently to those drinking-parties which were one of the worst vices of that century. He was visited, during his last moments, by the Prince de Conti, one morning that his illness appeared to be at its height. Upon that day, Lulli had also been visited by a priest,

who, according to custom, had confessed him. The Prince de Conti learned that this confessor had exacted from Lulli the promise to burn his opera, *Achille et Polyxène*. 'What is this, Baptiste?' said the prince; 'you have allowed your opera to be thrown in the fire!' 'Peace, peace, monseigneur,' replied Lulli; 'I knew what I was about; I have a splendid copy of it.'

A short time before he died, he sang in a faltering voice a cantata he had composed, commencing *Il faut mourir pêcheur!* and expired on the 2d March, at the age of fifty-three.

Madame de Sevigné, in speaking of some of Lulli's religious music, says, in one of her admirable letters, 'I don't believe there is a better music in heaven.'

It is asserted that Lulli composed the air adopted by the English as their national anthem, and in M. Deffes's little opera, entitled *Les Petits Violons du Roi*, based upon certain scenes in the life of Lulli, the overture commences with the well-known *God save the Queen*. The recitatives in Lulli's operas are sometimes admirable, and quite capable of being interpreted in a modern style; and some pieces of his music are still given to the pupils to be sung at the concerts of the Conservatoire of Paris. The poet Santeuil wrote upon Lulli's tomb a Latin verse, which may be thus rendered in English:

O Death, we have long known that thou wert blind.

In striking Lulli, thou hast proved to us that thou canst not hear.

LAST WORDS.

Is there not something very tender and suggestive, reader, in the title which heads this paper? Who will deny that an intense and sorrowful interest attaches to the last recorded utterances of all men, but more especially of all great men? Who can say what marvellous sights may not have been seen by their mortal eyes, which, so fast closing upon all earthly things, were even then entering the very presence-chamber of the Highest? It is related by the biographer of Thomas Campbell that the last sound which escaped the poet's lips on earth 'was an exclamation of surprise or joy.' Who can say, as the poet's spirit was traversing that borderland which separates life from immortality, what wondrous sights might not be dawning upon its vision?

Judging by the various recorded utterances of our great men when they lay a-dying, the subjects which occupied their last thoughts were as diverse as those which occupied their lives. Ofttimes, the last broken exclamations recorded of our great men contain dim foreshadowings of things to come; as often, however, they are merely expressive of happiness and resignation, or of despair and weariness of life. In other cases, again, we see 'the ruling passion strong in death.' We find warriors thanking God, with their last breath, that they had done their duty; and martyrs, whilst ascending the scaffold, resigning their souls to Heaven, feeling assured that their deeds would live after them, and would be their truest monument to all future time. Occasionally, too, we have men poking jokes at the grisly King of Terrors himself, and passing behind the dark curtain with a jest upon their lips! In short, we shall find the last words of our great men generally breathe out courage, wisdom, philosophy, pathos, happiness, sorrow, wit, remorse, or despair, just in the proportion which their lives exhibited these qualities.

Not a few of our great men have, of course, departed without giving utterance to any very remarkable last words, but still, generally speaking, their last recorded utterances will be found—viewed by the light in which they uttered them—to be wise, suggestive, tender, and profound.

Surely, there is something very pathetic in those

last words of Dr Adam of Edinburgh, the High School head-master: 'It grows dark, boys; you may go.' As the shades of death were fast closing around him, the master's thoughts were still with his work; and thus regarding the shades of death as but the waning twilight of the earthly day, he gave the signal of dismissal to his imaginary scholars, and was himself at the same instant 'dismissed' from work to his eternal rest! Every one knows that the two last words which Goethe uttered were truly memorable: 'Draw back the curtains,' said he, 'and let in more light.'

At the time of Humboldt's death, the sun was shining brilliantly into the room in which he was lying, and it is stated that his last words, addressed to his niece, were these: '*Wie herrlich diese Strahlen, sie schienen, die Erde, zum Himmel zu rufen!*' (How grand these rays; they seem to beckon earth to heaven!)

Sir Walter Scott, during his last illness, more than once turned to Lockhart, and exclaimed with great fervour to him: 'Be a good man, my dear.' When we recollect the character of the man who uttered them, is not there a little sermon in these words? Judge Talfourd, it will be remembered, died suddenly whilst delivering the charge to the grand jury at the Stafford assizes. The last sentence which he uttered, before his head fell forward upon his breast, is pregnant with wisdom; and from the eternal truth which it so nobly enunciates, forms a fitting conclusion to Talfourd's benevolent and useful career. 'That,' said he, 'which is wanted to bind together the bursting bonds of the different classes of this country, is not kindness, but sympathy.' And so with that last word 'sympathy' yet trembling upon his lips, poor Talfourd passed away.

Dr Johnson's last words, addressed to a young lady standing by his bedside, were: 'God bless you, my dear.' And 'God bless you! . . . Is that you, Dora?' were Wordsworth's last words.

There is a singular identity, also, between the last utterances of Mrs Hannah More and of the historian, Sir James Mackintosh, the last words of both consisted of one word, and both alike breathe the same spirit of happiness. 'Joy' was the last utterance of the former, and 'happy' that of the latter. 'I am ready' were the last words of the great actor, Charles Mathews. John Knox, about eleven o'clock on the night of his death, gave a deep sigh, and exclaimed: 'Now, it is come.' These were his last words, for in a few moments later he expired.

General Washington's last words were firm, cool, and reliant as himself. 'I am about to die,' said he, 'and I am not afraid to die.' Noble words these! There is something in them which reminds us of Addison's celebrated request to those around him 'to mark how a Christian could die.'

Etty, the great painter, quietly marked the progress of dissolution going on within his frame, and coolly moralised thereon. His last words were: 'Wonderful—wonderful, this death!' and he uttered them with perfect calmness.

Thomas Hood's last words were: 'Dying, dying;' as though, says his biographer, 'he was glad to realise the sense of rest implied in them.'

Amongst the last utterances of another great wit, Douglas Jerrold, was the reply which he made to the question 'How he felt?' Jerrold's reply was quick and terse, as his conversation always was. He felt, he said, 'as one who was waiting, and waited for.'

When we remember Charlotte Brontë's stormy and sorrowful life, lightened for only a few brief months towards its close by her marriage with her father's curate, Mr Nicholls, there is a melancholy plaintiveness in her last words. Addressing her husband, she said: 'I am not going to die, am I? He will not separate us; we have been so happy.'

Poor Oliver Goldsmith's farewell words are also very plaintive. 'Is your mind at ease?' asked his doctor. 'No, it is not,' was poor Goldsmith's melancholy reply. This was the last sentence he ever uttered, and it is sorrowful, like his life.

One of Keats's latest utterances is full of a singular pathos and beauty. 'I feel,' he said on his death-bed—'I feel the flowers growing over me!' Tasso's last words—'In manus tuas Domine' (Into thy hands, O Lord, do I commit my spirit)—are eminently religious. They were uttered by him with extreme difficulty, and immediately afterwards he expired.

Napoleon's last words assuredly exhibit 'the ruling passion strong in death.' On his death-bed, he became delirious. He issued orders to his troops, and imagined that he was conducting a great battle. 'Tête d'armée' were the last words which escaped his lips.

We lately read a touching anecdote of the last moments of a great merchant. This gentleman had long been resident in China, where he had amassed a colossal fortune. He resolved at length to return to England; but whilst he was busily making final preparations for his return home, he was struck down by death. The track of his homeward voyage, so often traversed by him in spirit, was, however, so stamped upon his brain, that he died deliriously pointing out the headlands and capes which he fancied he saw on his homeward voyage. He died, too, singularly enough, just as he, in his delirium, fancied that he sighted the lights of his English home. Paschal says: 'La mort est plus aisée à supporter, sans y penser, que la pensée de la mort sans péril.' So perhaps, after all, his end was peaceful.

The son of Edmund Burke, the great statesman, was a young man of rare promise, and his early death hastened the decease of his illustrious father. It is related, that on the night of his death young Burke suddenly rose up and exclaimed: 'Is that rain? O no; it is the sound of the wind among the trees.' He then turned to his father, regarded him with a look of great affection, and then commenced to recite with deep feeling these sublime lines of Milton from Adam's Morning Hymn, which he knew to be his father's favourites:

His praise, ye winds, that from four quarters blow,
Blow soft or loud; and wave your tops, ye pines,
With every plant, in sign of worship, wave.

Just as he pronounced the last word, his strength failed him; the lamp which had flickered up so grandly in its socket was quenched; he fell forward into his father's arms, and so died. Burke's grief was terrible; and he did not long survive his son. Burke's own last words are the same as those of Johnson and Wordsworth—namely, 'God bless you.'

A remarkable instance of 'the ruling passion strong in death' is to be found in the account left us of the death of Mozart, the great composer. Although Mozart was enfeebled by a fortnight's illness, still, when he felt that his last moments were approaching, he desired that the 'Requiem' (which was among the latest of his productions) should be sung around his bed by some friends of his, performers at Shickaneder's theatre. He himself sang the alto part, Schack the soprano, and Hofer the bass. Shortly afterwards he expired. This instance of the 'ruling passion,' we opine, has, in penny-a-liners' phrase, 'been rarely equalled, and never surpassed.'

Who that ever read them, can forget those noble last words which Bishop Latimer addressed to his fellow-sufferer, Bishop Ridley, when both were about to perish in the flames at Oxford? Addressing Bishop Ridley, he said: 'Be of good cheer, Brother Ridley; this day we light a candle in England which shall never be extinguished.' We question whether, if the archives of all the 'noble army of martyrs' were

to be ransacked, there could be found a record of any more memorable utterance than this.

That great man and incorrigible joker, Sir Thomas More, perished, it will be recollected, upon the scaffold. Observing, as he was ascending the scaffold, that it appeared very weak, he turned to the lieutenant, and said to him merrily: 'I pray you, Mr Lieutenant, that you see me safe up; and as for my coming down, why, let me shift for myself.' Thus speaking, passed away one of the best and bravest spirits of that age. Surely it was men like him that first won for our land the title of 'Merry England.'

King Charles II. also died with a joke upon his lips; his death had been expected for some time before it occurred, and thus many of his courtiers had been kept up all night. He apologised to those who stood round his bed for the trouble he had caused them; he had been, he said, a most unconscionable time in dying, but he hoped they would excuse it. 'This was the last glimpse,' remarks Lord Macaulay, 'of that exquisite urbanity so often found potent to charm away the resentment of a justly incensed nation.'

There is an incident related of the death-scene of Sir Charles Napier, the great Indian warrior, which is so curious and suggestive, that (although, strictly speaking, it does not come under the category of 'last words,' since no word was spoken by Sir Charles) we cannot resist referring to it here. It appears, then, that the 22d Foot was the regiment with which Sir Charles's chief victories were achieved, and to which he was most strongly attached. Just as the old warrior's spirit was passing away, Mr M'Murdo, his son-in-law, seized the tattered, shot-torn fragments of the colours of the 22d Regiment, and waved them over the dying warrior. A grim smile of satisfaction crossed Sir Charles's face as this was being done, and thus his spirit passed away.

In Snorro Sturleson's matchless *Heimskringla*—a work whose every line should be read by all lovers of deeds of Norse daring—there is to be found an account of the last words of an old Norse hero named Thormod. This worthy had been mortally wounded by the shaft of an arrow striking him in battle. He retired to a barn, where a woman-servant tried to pull the shaft of the arrow out of his wound with the help of a pair of tongs! Not succeeding in her attempt, however, Thormod reproved the girl for her tenderness in using the tongs; took them himself, and, by main force, pulled the arrow out of the wound. Upon it there hung some morsels of flesh from his heart, some red, some white. When Thormod saw them, he said grimly: 'The king has fed us well. I am fat, even at the heart-roots.' 'And so saying,' says Sturleson, 'he leaned back and was dead.' We imagine that there can be found but few instances of last words which imply such a thorough scorn of physical pain as do these of Thormod. In the *Heimskringla*, too, there will be found an account of the last words and actions of another old Norse king. This hero, feeling that his time was at hand, and being sternly resolved not to die a natural death, ordered his war-galley to be brought out. This being done, he proceeded on board, set it on fire, and slowly drifted out to sea, chanting his war-song with his last gasp. Surely the gates of the Walhalla of the Norsemen would fly open to welcome two such heroes as this old Norse king and Thormod.

Zwingle, the great German reformer, was killed in battle in the year 1531. His last words are cool and brave. Gazing calmly, and with undaunted courage, at the blood trickling from his death-wounds, he calmly exclaimed: 'What matters this misfortune? They may indeed kill the body, but they cannot kill the soul.'

And now that we are speaking about the last words of warriors, who can fail to recollect those noble last words of our great Nelson? 'I thank God,' said he,

'that I have done my duty.' And so, with the great guns booming overhead, proclaiming the victory so dearly bought, he died.

In the year 1591, Sir Richard Grenville—the Sydney of the sea—was serving in an English fleet against Spain. They were assailed by a Spanish fleet of far superior force. After inflicting the most terrible chastisement upon the Spanish fleet—it is said that Sir Richard was engaged with no less than fifteen ships—the *Revenge* (Sir Richard's vessel) was taken, and Sir Richard Grenville himself was carried, mortally wounded, on board the Spanish admiral's ship, where he was treated with distinguished honour. But in a few days, he felt that death was at hand, and spoke these memorable words in Spanish, that all who heard him might bear witness to their fervour: 'Here die I, Richard Grenville, with a joyful and a quiet mind; for that I have ended my life, as a good soldier ought to do, fighting for his country, queen, religion, and honour: my soul willingly departing from this body, leaving behind the lasting fame of having behaved as every valiant soldier is in duty bound to do.'

We purpose giving, as the final illustration of our subject, the last utterances of a soldier who fought in another warfare; to wit, the Venerable Bede. Bede died at Jarrow Monastery, near Newcastle, in the year 735. The account left us of his death is very striking. For a long time previous, Bede had been engaged upon a translation of St John's Gospel into the Saxon language. His work, which was to give God's word to the common people in their own tongue, was very nearly completed; but Bede's strength was ebbing fast. He sat in his chair, however, conscious still, though the shades of death were fast gathering around him. The scribe, who was writing to Bede's dictation, now hastily exclaimed to him: 'Dear master, there is yet one sentence not written.' This speech recalled Bede's fast-failing senses; gathering together all his strength, he answered: 'Write quickly;' and then dictated to the scribe the last sentence of the last chapter of the Gospel according to St John. The scribe wrote it down rapidly, and then said: 'The sentence is now written.' Bede replied: 'It is well. You have said the truth. It is finished! *Consummatum est!*'

HOW TO BAIT A MAN-TRAP.

GEORGE STREET, Jewsbury, ran east and west; I say ran, in the past tense, for it was run up originally in so flimsy a manner that one quarter of it ran early to seed; another came down by the run; a third ran its head in the way of a railway; a fourth was selected as a fitting site for a chapel by a congregation of Ranters; and a fifth—but by some defect in its original construction it never had five quarters.

George Street, Jewsbury, then, ran east and west, and, like many other streets so situated, had a north side and a south side: the south side busy, active, abounding in shops, teeming with the life of a poor but populous London thoroughfare; the north side so dull, dark, and dirty, that you might have thought the brick and mortar blight of Chancery had settled down upon it, were it not that the broken windows were mended with paper, and that the fluttering of linen, hung out to dry from the upper stories, gave signs of habitation, which were confirmed by the occasional apparition of some frowsy woman, or unshorn coatless man, slinking out for the red herrings, beer, and dubious literature which seemed to be the sole articles for which there was any demand, and to the supply of which were dedicated the only shops on that side of the way. True, if one felt a yearning for some article besides salt-fish, fourpenny ale, or the last number of *Blood and Brains*, or the *Cannibal of Belgrave*, he might gratify that desire by merely crossing the road; but indifference or indolence

seems to prevent any one from taking advantage of this opportunity.

The reason why George Street, Jewsbury, thus resembled a paralytic who has been struck numb on one side, while the other retains its former strength and vigour, was that the north side was one of those mysterious sanctuaries which were at that time set apart for the habitation of such members of the body politic as owed their fellow-citizens money which they were unable or unwilling to pay, but who were safe from arrest while they remained within the appointed limits, though they could not venture a yard beyond without becoming immediately engaged in a game of prisoners' base with the bailiffs; except, of course, on Sunday morning, when the entire insolvent population swarmed out to spend the day, let us hope, in devotional exercises, returning at dewy eve within the boundaries, where alone they were safe from their hook-nosed adversaries.

Of course, the houses in this street-side of refuge did not all bear an exactly similar aspect, as you could not expect the high-spirited young gentleman, or the enterprising merchant—men who owed their twenty or thirty thousand pounds—to put up with the accommodation which was good enough for the pitiful fellow who was pursued for some paltry couple of hundreds. There were lodgings with thick carpets, silk hangings, sofas, pianos, mirrors, all of an elegant and expensive description, the dwellers in which beguiled the time with cigars, claret, novels, and whist; and there were chambers with perhaps a rickety table, a broken chair, a cracked ewer, and a straw mattress for their only furniture, whose occupants found it difficult, in such a restricted labour-market, to earn bread enough to keep body and soul together. From one of the most comfortable of the former class of these nooks, Tom Merryweather defied his commercial enemies, and his particular hole was watched more carefully than any other in the warren. Numberless were the snares set for him, ingenious the devices practised to draw him out, and sharp the biped terriers kept ever on the watch to snap him up should any of these be successful; but the legal sportsmen were debarred from the use of ferrets, and Tom would not *bolt*—much to the chagrin of some score detainers, and the sons of Israel, their servants, for the skin of their quarry was worth having.

Tom Merryweather was a young man who had a perfect talent for spending money; he would always manage somehow to give twice as much as anybody else for everything he bought. Set him down gloveless, watchless, or hungry, in the midst of a strange city, and if there were any tradesmen famous for the exorbitance of their charges, to their shops would he instinctively turn. None of us can keep horses or lend money without a certain amount of risk, but Merryweather's friends *never* repaid him, and his hundred-guinea horses *always* had to be sold for twenty pounds six months afterwards. He commenced his career at Oxford, where he had contrived to spend the thousand pounds set apart for the local expenses of his whole college career in his first term. His terrified guardians, thinking he must have got into a very extravagant 'set,' transferred him to Cambridge, but the tradesmen there plucked him (he did not give the examiners a chance) as skilfully as their fellow-poulterers at the sister-university. From *alma mater*, he took himself and his leaky purse into the —th Foot, where he became so involved that his colonel advised an exchange into some regiment in India. Tom, always open to good advice, looked about him, and, in fact, effected, at great cost, an exchange into a crack light-cavalry corps then in Bengal, but which returned to England three months after he had joined. At last, obliged to sell out, he set up as an idle man, and soon found that to be the most expensive profession of all. Tom Merryweather, however, was not devoid of principle; indeed, he was free from the great vice

of the extravagant, and though *sui profusus*, he was not *alieni appetens*: he never applied for help to his friends, and all the eloquence of the entire tribe of Judah could not induce him to raise money on post obits. By a recourse to either of these expedients, he might have freed himself from his present difficulties, and that was why his creditors were so anxious to try whether the moral atmosphere of a jail would not enable him to see matters from a point of view more conducive to his, or, at all events, to *their* interests.

On the south or unparalysed side of the street, and immediately opposite Tom Merryweather's lodgings, stood the shop of Jonas Mumps, 'hairdresser and perfumer,' as he advertised himself; and certainly, had you sat in his shop for ten minutes you would have carried for a week afterwards a fine perfume in your hair and clothes—of tobacco. He likewise retailed beer. O why, why is there not a Bond Street Jonas Mumps—an *artiste* to start an aristocratic *salon* where the patient whose *cheveux* are being *coupés* might soothe his nerves with the fragrance of a long chibouque, might moisten his fevered lips with reviving coffee or cool sherbet? Surely the age which has given us chloroform, that we may bear the more serious sufferings inflicted by the surgeon's knife, might provide a gentle solace for a minor operation—a minor operation, but a more frequent one; we only indulge in having a limb amputated or a backbone extracted now and then, while the hair is, or ought to be, cut twice a month.

Now, there was everything at the establishment in George Street to console the *habitués* under the manifold afflictions of comb-scratched heads, brushed ears, and the irritation arising to necks and backs by the insertion of insidious hair-clippings between shirt and skin. You might, while awaiting your turn, sit with pot, pipe, and paper in an inner room, and watch through the ever-open door how the shearing was progressing; or extend your gaze through the shop-window, in which there were but few articles to obstruct your view of the people passing through the street; or raising your eyes to the drawing-room floor of the house opposite, might observe how bright the windows, how white the curtains appeared in contrast with those above, below, beside them. Then, your turn for execution arriving, you were subjected to the dreadful *voilà*, and were placed in the fatal chair, but, consolation of consolations, without relinquishing your pipe!

Had you been so situated on a certain afternoon in daashteen hundred and daashy dash, you might have been entertained by the conversation of two bailiffs who sat in the inner room discussing porter, tobacco, and the debtor opposite. One was a Jew, the other a — How reprehensibly careless we are in the use of terms; I had well-nigh written—a Christian! meaning thereby that he had a button, not a hawk's beak in the middle of his face; that his eyes were green, his hair red, and his general appearance Saxon rather than Asiatic.

'I twigs the winders all right, Moses,' said he, in reference to previous conversation: 'it's the cove himself as I wants to set eyes on.'

'Well, then, you've your usual luck, Tim, my poy, for there he is just a-coming to the middle winder to 'ave a look over at us. Pless yer, he knows as there's a new un put on him, by instinct he do.'

'Well, but which is he? There's two of 'em.'

'Why, the proad tall one, to pe shure, with the plack hair and moustache.'

Tim the Gentile sat gazing on his quarry for about a minute in silence, then turning round and relighting his pipe, said to Moses the Jew: 'I'd know him now when he'd been dead a fortnight. The next thing is how to nab him.'

'Ah!' replied the Jew, shaking his head, 'that is just what peat Penjamin, and he's no fool, Pen isn't.'

'What games have you tried?'

'All, my tear. Pen hired himself as a waiter at the inn at Richmond where *he*—indicating Tom Merryweather with a jerk of his head—'always tines of a Suntay, and tried to trug his liquor; put *he* twiggid it, pless yer. "Why, there's lortnaum in this port!" says he; and Pen had to run for it.'

'Did you try the dying friend's message lay?'

'Pless you, yes; but he was not to be took; not even when his young woman' (alas! that Lady Arabella should have been thus designated) 'sent him word that she was a-waiting at the corner of the next street in a chaise and four to polt off with him to France and marry him right off.'

'Bah!' exclaimed the Gentile in a tone depreciatory of the strategical talent of him whom he had superseded; 'Ben is not up to the ways of the nob's; he is very well in his line is Ben, but low, dashed low. What's up?'

There was nothing up, only a poor little boy down, knocked over by the cart of a drunken baker; but this was quite enough to create a disturbance in the street, which drew the bailiffs to the shop-door. A glance shewed Tim what had happened; and then his whole attention was riveted on Tom Merryweather, who had seen the accident, and was much excited thereby. He rushed down stairs, and out on the pavement, swore at the baker, soothed the child, who had been lifted up and carried to the safe side of the way, and finally engaged a hackney-carriage to take the poor little fellow to the nearest hospital.

'Hum!' reflected the Gentile bailiff, retracing his steps to the parlour—'tender'arted.'

His next proceedings were a little eccentric; he filled and lit a clean pipe, took a chair into a corner of the room, and straddled down upon it, resting his arms on the back, and facing the wall.

For full twenty minutes did the Gentile sit reflective in the corner, with his back to the universe, puffing out volumes of smoke at regular intervals, like a quiet steam-engine. At the end of that time, he blew up, sending the chair one way, and the pipe another.

'Got it?' inquired Moses.

'Beer,' said Tim; and his companion handed him the pot, which he took with thoughtful yet kindly nod.

'Luck,' said he, and drained the pewter bowl.

'To you think it will to?' said the Jew after a pause.

But the other only asked: 'Is there any one in the shop?'

'Jonas.'

'Let us have him in. Hi, Jonas!'

'What's up?' asked the barber, entering the back-parlour.

'Come and sit down, like a good feller; I want to aak yer something. Look here: don't you go over the way to shave Mr Merryweather every morning?'

'Yes,' replied Jonas.

'About what time?'

'Oh, different times—one day about ten, another not afore twelve. He comes to his sitting-room window, and beckons me over when he is ready for me.'

'But suppose you have customers in here?'

'I never have, except of a Sunday. On week-days, I get my shaving done by eight, and the hair-cutting never begins till twelve.'

'But people come in for baccy or beer?'

'Not one in a fortnight afore the arternoon. No; I sits here all the morning alone, dressing my wig, and keeping a eye on Mr Merryweather's window.'

'Then he can see you in this back-parlour from the other side of the way?'

'Bless you, yes, as plain as — But I say, you know, what are you a-pumping me for?'

'Well, I'm after this here Merryweather; and I'm a-thinking that if you liked to help me'—Jonas looked indignant—'I could put a fiver in your pocket.'

Jonas was shaken, but he kept up appearances.

'What!' said he, 'a customer?'

'It would be a long time before you made five pounds out of him.'

'But my feelings: he has been a good friend to me, has Merryweather.'

'Ah, to be sure, your feelings: well, suppose we say guineas.'

'Well, certainly,' said Jonas, scratching his nose with his comb, 'the money he lent me was not his own, and if I had not had it, I should have been sold up, and he would not have had any one to shave him; so that it was as much for his convenience as mine he let me have it. And a man ought to pay his debts; and I, as a tradesman, has some feeling as to what is due to my fellow-tradesmen. What, now, should I have to do?'

'Hang yourself.'

'What!' shrieked the barber, springing a yard backwards.

'You has very low spirits at times,' continued the bailiff; 'they attacks you to-morrow very bad. You does nothing but sigh and groan while shaving Merryweather; you hints how you'd like to use the razor on your own throat. If he asks you what's the matter, you tell him business is bad, you can't pay your way, and that. Next morning, that is, the day after to-morrow, you fastens a rope to—let me see—ah, to that hook in the ceiling there; you gets on the table, puts your neck through a noose at the other end, and when you can see that Merryweather is watching you, you swings yourself off.'

'Ah, ah, capital, capital!' cried Moses, dancing about in a perfect ecstasy: 'it is nute to work with you, Tim, 'pon my shoul it is, nute!'

'It is all very well for you to laugh,' cried the barber; 'but it's not to be done at the price. Hang myself! it's not likely!'

'Yah! man, as if yer could not manage to get yer legs back on the table again directly! Besides which, there will be a hundred people in the shop to cut you down in half a minute.'

'Yes, and the beak will give me a fortnight for assaulting myself! It's not to be done for the money, I say.'

'Well, then, say a tenner.'

'No; I'll do it for twenty pund, not a farthing under, and that's my last word.'

But they finally settled for fifteen.

The plot was successful. On the morning agreed on, Tom Merryweather, as kindhearted a fellow as ever had concave bumps of order, caution, and economy, on going to his sitting-room window according to custom, saw the man upon whom he depended for his morning shave and gossip, and for whom he had conceived the idle, unthinking sort of attachment which he was apt to have for all those who ministered to his comfort or amusement, in the most uncomfortable and unromantic position, but one, that a man can be placed in. The exceptional case is that of one who has been impaled, a mode of death to which suicides but rarely have recourse; and yet people say that nothing is so bad as a state of suspense, and that was Jonas Mumps's state now.

'By Jove!' cried Tom Merryweather, flinging up the window, 'it can't be; he must be trying some gymnastic trick. But no, the rope is round his neck safe enough, though he *has* grasped it higher up. Ah, there he is, trying to get his feet on the table; yes, no, he has kicked it over in his efforts. Gad, but the man will be hung!' And forgetful of debts, prisons, and bailiffs, Tom dashed down the stairs, across the road, into the—

'At Bambury's shut,' said Moses, giving him that tap on the shoulder: the mysterious touch, possessing magnetic qualities, which you and I, who live within our incomes, cannot understand; which causes the Guardsman, whose nerves Inkermann could not shake,

to blench, and makes the face of the Balaklava-hardened hussar turn pale.

Tom Merryweather was as cool as most men, and well knew the folly and uselessness of offering an undignified resistance to a legal arrest; but that light tap had staggered him. Irritation at being at last outwitted, the nuisance of having to go to prison, and, worst of all, the treachery of the barber, caused him to lose his head. Away he sprang, Moses after him, and dashed across the road, but the wily Gentile had stopped his earth. Then down the street, the Jew sticking to his skirts, an ever-increasing crowd of men, boys, and dogs joining in the pursuit. The race did not last long. Before he had gone a couple of hundred yards, Tom saw the exceeding uselessness of his present proceeding, and stopped, hailing at the same time a hackney-coach, into which he darted, followed by the Jew. In half a minute the Gentile joined them, and they drove off comfortably to limbo.

'It was not a bad trick!' said Tom Merryweather, as, seated in his new lodgings in the Marshalsea, he affably helped his captors to punch.

'Pless me!' cried the Jew, suddenly jumping up, 'the parper!'

'What's the matter?' asked the Gentile.

'We forgot to cut him town!'

'Oh, he's all right—he could get back to the table after swinging off; he practised it with me last night.'

'Not he!' exclaimed Tom; 'I saw him kick the table over.'

'Phew!' whistled the Gentile; 'then, unless some of the crowd saw him'—

But none of the crowd *had* seen him, they were too much engrossed by the pursuit and capture of Tom; and when, an hour afterwards, a customer came to have his hair cut, it was considerably too late.

Well, well, if every disciple of Judas came to his great master's end, I do not think I should go into mourning—should you?

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

THE Royal Horticultural Society, while occupying themselves with beautifying the surface of their grounds, have been probing beneath, for a very important purpose—a supply of water. Of course they want a large supply, and it was thought that to bore an artesian-well would be more economical than a perpetual rent to a water-company. On the other hand, the risk was great, for the water when got might not be suitable for horticultural purposes. However, Messrs Easton and Amos, the hydraulic engineers, undertook to bore for water on the condition that they were only to be paid if successful. They expected to find, at a depth of 400 feet, a supply of 75 gallons a minute. Their offer was accepted; and we read in the February number of the *Proceedings* of the Society, that the well is complete and surprisingly successful. The quantity of water anticipated was about 110,000 gallons in the twenty-four hours; but the yield is so abundant, that, with proper pumps and engines, a million gallons may be raised if required. Indeed, the supply is inexhaustible, for, by a fortunate chance, the boring has struck a subterranean stream deep down in the chalk. The entire depth is 401 feet: when the boring was in progress, after the tool had descended below 390 feet, it suddenly dropped and fell several feet; that is, the crown of the fissure having been pierced, the borer plunged through the water to the bottom. A similar

instance of good-luck occurred once before to the same firm when sinking the well in Trafalgar Square in 1844. The stream in that locality, after forty-eight hours' pumping of 100 gallons a minute, was lowered 4 feet, about which level it has ever since remained, varying with the season. But the horticultural well was lowered 16 inches only with the same amount of pumping; hence it may be concluded that the stream which feeds it is much larger than the other. Should the Horticultural Society fail to prosper with their flowers, they may prosper with their water, for it would bring them a gross annual income of L.7500. We observe that a hoarding is put up round one of the Trafalgar Square fountains; is it a sign that at last the jets are going to be made ornamental? We hope so.

A year ago, we noticed the experiments made by the Professor of Botany at Oxford 'on the power ascribed to the roots of plants of rejecting poisonous or abnormal substances presented to them.' In those experiments the ingredients were applied in a liquid form after the plants had grown, but no absorption by the roots took place. Not satisfied with this negative result, Dr Daubeny has since repeated the experiments under different conditions: he introduced the 'abnormal substances' into the soil before sowing the seed. The substances in question were the earths of strontia and baryta in combination with nitric acid and arsenic acid; and to quote Dr Daubeny's communication to the Chemical Society, 'the crops tried were, as on the former occasion, barley and turnips, and in neither of the two did any very marked difference appear in the quantity of the crops obtained. If anything, the advantage seemed to be rather on the side of those portions of the field which had been treated with the substances above mentioned. In no one of the six cases, three being the samples of turnips tried with arsenic, baryta, and strontia, and three, those of barley treated with the same, did any indications of the poisonous or abnormal ingredient which had been introduced into the soil, manifest themselves in the resulting crop.' Dr Daubeny considers these results as all but conclusive, seeing that the roots could hardly fail to come into contact with the poison; but it is questionable whether larger doses of the poison mixed with the soil might not produce an effect by interfering with the growth, if not by killing the plant. The question is interesting, and it would be very satisfactory to know that food-crops could not be made hurtful by poisoning the ground in which they grew.

In a paper read before the Royal Society, Professor J. Tyndall has given a further account of his researches into a question which has occupied him for some years—namely, the absorption and radiation of heat by gases and vapours. In his former paper, he shewed that, among solid bodies, rock-salt is the most diathermanous; that is, of 100 heat-rays which fall upon it, 92 will pass through; while alum, allowing only 12 to pass, is the least diathermanous. Of the gases, oxygen, hydrogen, and nitrogen absorb less than 1 per cent. of the heat-rays, but olefiant gas, which is perfectly invisible in a glass receiver, absorbs 81 per cent., while the vapour of sulphuric ether absorbs or intercepts ten times as much as olefiant gas. As a rule, the absorbing power increases with the density. Perfumes also intercept heat; common air absorbs in as small a degree as oxygen; pachouli, 30 times as much; lavender, 60; rosemary, 74; and aniseed, 372 times: from which fact Professor Tyndall infers that the perfume floating above flower-beds absorbs the sun's rays with no little energy. Ordinary aqueous vapour is another energetic absorbent, 15 times more powerful than the air in which it floats; and as the quantity of aqueous vapour is in some seasons 60 times that of the atmosphere, it forms a screen which keeps in the heat-rays that have fallen on the earth. Hence there appears reason to believe that by some such means a

genial temperature may be maintained even in the most distant planet.

The *Proceedings* of the Asiatic Society of Bengal contain some particulars concerning a fall of meteorites accompanied by unusual phenomena. One which fell at Gegowlee, in May 1861, at noon on a clear day, was attended by an explosion so loud that it was heard at a distance of sixty miles. Another that came down at the village of Peeprasee, having some fancied resemblance to the figure of one of their deities, was worshipped by the natives as Siva or Mahadeo. Fragments in other places have been treated with similar devotion, so that the English resident was unable to get specimens for museums in Europe. The locality of these falls may be identified on the map as lying west of Mudbunee, a large village on the river Gunduck. The fall of an enormous mass at Dhurmsala, in August last, has given rise to scientific discussion and correspondence; for one of the largest pieces, weighing four maunds (300 pounds), which was examined immediately after it fell, was found to be *icy cold*; 'so cold,' states the report, 'that the men had to drop the fragments instantly, their fingers being benumbed by the intensity of the cold.' Specimens of this meteorite have been forwarded to the Society's Museum at Calcutta, to the British Museum, and to the Mineralogical Museum at Vienna, where they will be carefully investigated by the celebrated Haidinger.—At one of the meetings of the same Society, a member exhibited a series of specimens of soil from the bed of the Hooghly, with, as it appears to us, an ingenious purpose. This river, as some readers know, is much less navigable than formerly, the accumulation of silt having diminished the depth of water to such an extent that fears have been entertained of keeping open the port of Calcutta. From this fact the exhibition above mentioned acquires importance, for if, by a microscopical examination of the specimens, and geological analogy, the source or original *locus* of the different kinds of detritus can be determined, some light may be thrown on the question involved in the deterioration of the river, and some suggestion may occur as to preventive measures. It is worthy of remark that the specimens exhibited differed essentially from each other. There is certainly something novel in this mode of attempting to discover whence and how the channel of a great river becomes silted up.

We are informed by a citizen of the United States, that the sinking of the 'stone fleet' in two of the principal channels leading to Charleston harbour, is not only not destructive, but a highly beneficent proceeding; for American naval officers have long been urging upon their government that the only way to make the harbour of Charleston good and easily accessible, would be to close all the channels except the Swash, which is the most direct; but the government could not undertake the work because other states would not vote money to improve South Carolina. They have therefore taken advantage of the war excitement to accomplish that which they could not do while at peace; as we hear, the results are already apparent; the stronger current has scoured the Swash some four feet deeper than it was, and will, it is thought, scour it out to a depth of twenty feet.

The United Service Institution is increasing materially in usefulness; by the publication of its *Journal*, containing valuable papers which we have occasionally noticed, officers residing abroad are kept informed of all important additions to naval and military science; the Museum attached to the Institution is enriched with many new objects from India, room having been made for them by the sale of Indian and Chinese curiosities not strictly professional; among the new models now open to view are, a fort constructed by the Royal Engineers, illustrating the attack and defence of a fortified town, and the battle of Trafalgar.

The latter is placed on a table made of oak from Nelson's ship the *Victory*.

Turning to the last published number of the *Journal* of the Institution, we find among the subjects treated of, *Military Drawing, Rotatory Storms, Camps of Exercise, Sails of Steam-vessels*, and so forth. The author of the paper last mentioned is Mr Cunningham of the royal navy, who, some years ago, concealed himself behind a crane in Southampton docks, to escape the jibes and sneers of the bystanders who were watching the first trial of his method for reefing topsails from the deck. That method is, however, now widely adopted; and having observed the great vibration that takes place in the upper masts and rigging of screw-steamers, and the severe strain occasioned to the hull by the heavy weight aloft when rolling, Mr Cunningham has invented a new system of rigging, which diminishes the upper weight by about one-half, reduces the number of sails, has no yards to hinder the vessel's progress when steaming head to wind, and yet with all this improves the sailing qualities. It would not be easy to convey a description of the method without diagrams; but its chief peculiarities are, a preponderance of what sailors call fore and aft sails, and square-sail yards in two pieces, which, when the wind is ahead, range behind the masts out of the way. The experiments now making on two vessels at Portsmouth by order of the Admiralty, will, it is thought, determine the question whether or not there shall be an entire change in the rigging of screw-steamers.

By the enterprising endeavours of Baron von der Decken, and Mr R. Thornton, a somewhat vexed question in African geography has been set at rest; namely, that of the existence of the Snowy Mountains. A letter has been received from the two travellers above named, dated Zanzibar, November 12, 1861, in which they describe their journey from the coast to Mombas, in the interior, and from Mombas to Mount Kilimanjaro, which is 21,000 feet high, and is, as may be expected, covered with perpetual snow. The travellers made a survey of their route by running a line of triangles from day to day, and if their measurements are accurate, the lower limit of the snow is at a height of 18,000 feet. They spent nineteen days in attempts at the ascent, but owing to the numerous natural difficulties, could not get higher than 8000 feet. But now that the mountain is known to be a 'great fact,' we doubt not that the Geographical Society will be entertained from time to time with accounts from adventurous explorers ambitious of reaching the summit. This discovery is the more satisfactory, as it confirms the narrative of the German missionaries, Krapf, Rebmann, and Echaridt, who commenced their journeys in 1847, and went three times within sight of Kilimanjaro. The baron and his companion were the first Europeans to reach Lake Zipe, which is from twenty-five to thirty miles in length, two in width, and sends out a river, the Pangani. Hence we have another proof of the well-watered condition of Eastern Africa. Mr Thornton was formerly one of Dr Livingstone's party, but through some disagreement he separated from them, and joined the baron. It may be that we shall get information concerning the same region from the doctor himself, or from Mr Consul Petherick, or Captain Speke.

By information communicated to the Geographical Society, we learn that a new settlement has been successfully established at Port Denison, in Queensland. Thus the European population is extending northwards, and it appears that application has been made for permission to occupy a pastoral territory larger than England and Wales, lying north of the settlement in question, and reaching to within 300 miles of the Gulf of Carpentaria. At this rate, we shall hear before many years of lines of steamers from the Gulf to India and the Eastern Archipelago.

Mr Hood, a member of the legislative council of Queensland, communicates a fact which—if it turn out to be a fact—will prove especially interesting to naturalists. After stating that remains of a fossil lizard had been sent from New Zealand to Professor Owen, he proceeds: 'There is said to be a possibility that the British Museum may still be adorned by a *Dinornis*; for, as is stated, a surveyor's party saw the footsteps of a gigantic bird, fourteen inches long and eleven wide on the spread, which had been impressed during the night over the tracks of the men made on the previous day. As the wingless birds in New Zealand are nocturnal in their habits, and as the district is exceedingly rocky, and full of caves, it is just possible that a surviving individual may there find its hiding-places. Exertions are making to ascertain the truth of the report, and if correct, thoroughly to search the wild and unsettled districts which the bird is said to haunt.'

Captain Crozier, who commanded the *Terror* in Sir James Ross's adventurous exploration of the antarctic seas, and who accompanied Sir John Franklin in his last fatal expedition to the north, is to be commemorated in his native town of Banbridge, Ireland, by a colossal statue mounted on a pedestal, which will be embellished with appropriate arctic emblems around the base.

AN INVOCATION TO SPRING.

Come quickly, O thou Spring!
Write Love's fair alphabet upon the sod
In many-coloured flowers—to preach of God,
Our everlasting King!

Come from the rosy South,
In chariot of incense and of light,
Dissolve the lingering snows that glisten white
Beneath thy fragrant mouth.

Walk softly o'er the Earth,
Thou blessed Spirit of the Eden-time;
Thy breath is like an incense-laden clime,
Clasping rich bowers of mirth.

Thy virgin herald's here—
The snow-drop bares her bosom to the gale,
While down her cheek, so delicately pale,
Trickles a crystal tear.

The lark now soars above,
As if he felt thy freedom on his wings,
While from his heaven-attuned throat there rings
A charming peal of love.

The yet unbearded wheat
Now timidly puts forth its tender leaf
To drink sweet dew, for Winter, ancient chief,
Crawls off with tott'ring feet.

Your sorrows now inter,
Ye dwellers in dark cities; Spring is nigh;
She bathes her garments in a sunset sky,
And treads the halls of Myrrh.

To God, an anthem sing,
When forth ye hurry to the fields of bloom;
He lights the flowers, and lifts us from the tomb,
To everlasting Spring!

J. R.

The Editors of *Chambers's Journal* have to request that all communications be addressed to 47 Paternoster Row, London, and that they further be accompanied by postage-stamps, as the return of rejected Contributions cannot otherwise be guaranteed.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH. Also sold by all Booksellers.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL OF POPULAR LITERATURE

Science and Arts.

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 431.

SATURDAY, APRIL 5, 1862.

PRICE 1½d

THE WITNESS.

IN THREE PARTS.—PART I.

I HAVE nothing but what is small and commonplace to say of myself. Left an orphan at a very early age, I was educated to be a governess, and I began my career 'in the nursery line,' at scarcely seventeen, and with rather a meagre stock of acquirements. I learned much by teaching; and at five-and-twenty I found myself well established in my vocation, and enabled to give 'the highest and most satisfactory references.' I have therefore no grievous descent in position or circumstances to narrate; no bitter regrets, nor heart-breaking recollections: I went on quietly, enacting the part for which I had long been prepared, and success in which was, in truth, the object of my humble ambition, and my lot as a governess has not been at all interesting or adventurous. I was never almost starved, never nearly beaten—no elder or younger sons fell madly in love with me, nor did their older relatives tempt me to sin and shame. I passed along an ordinary course, often neglected, and sometimes ill used, but more frequently treated with consideration, kindness, and respect; and at fifty-two I am able to rest from my labours on a secure little income, the result of long savings and a small legacy, and to settle myself in a comfortable lodging near two very dear pupils. It is at their earnest request that I am about to relate some very strange circumstances which occurred in one of the families in which I have resided.

The scene of my terrible story was an enormous mass of irregular buildings of various dates, some of which reached back to the time of our earliest monasteries. It was called Greyfriars Abbey, and was situated near the coast, in a very remote part of Cornwall. My pupils were the twin daughters of a retired East Indian officer, who had lost a young and beloved wife in India, and had come home in broken health and spirits to live, as he best could, on a small pension. The only relation to whom he felt much attachment was a cousin, who, in the prime of her youth and beauty, had married a cross, gouty, old baronet of large fortune. At her earnest request, Captain Sinclair, with his two little girls, took lodgings in a village close to Greyfriars, where his cousin Lady Dighton, and her very disagreeable husband, were residing at the time of his return to England. After repeatedly disproving the prophecies of his

medical attendants, by rallying from violent attacks of the gout in his head and stomach, and after a paralytic seizure which rendered him nearly helpless, the miserable old baronet, a burden to himself, and a curse to all around him, was found one morning dead in his bed, about a year after Captain Sinclair became his neighbour. Lady Dighton's jointure was enormous; it had been secured to her by a cunning and unprincipled father; and the death of Sir Thomas put her in possession of Greyfriars Abbey, a noble modern mansion called Fairley Park, in Hampshire, and a yearly income of many thousands. To the latter residence, every one who knew her felt confident she would repair as soon as common decency permitted, and many foretold that she would there speedily recommence the life of reckless gaiety into which she had plunged in the early days of her marriage. It was reported that she had been tricked into visiting Greyfriars by her jealous husband, and compelled to remain there. His paralytic seizure occurred about a twelvemonth after their arrival, and to the day of his death his unfortunate wife had been unceasingly the victim of his violent and capricious temper. Now, however, she was free.

A pompous funeral conveyed the remains of Sir Thomas to the family-vault in the village church; his young and beautiful widow remained in decorous seclusion at Greyfriars during the whole of the ensuing twelvemonth, and the day after its termination, walked quietly, arm-in-arm with her cousin, Captain Sinclair, to the same church, whence they returned husband and wife. About seven years after that event, I was recommended to them as governess to the twin Sinclair girls, then more than twelve years old. There were no younger children. Fairley Park was still uninhabited; and Lady Dighton, who had gradually become a confirmed invalid, had never, since her second marriage, quitted the gloomy and once bitterly hated walls of Greyfriars Abbey. Every luxury that money could procure surrounded me in my new abode; my salary was very liberal, my apartments the best in a modernised part of the abbey; my pupils were gentle and intelligent, and I invariably met with the kindest courtesy from their father. He was an amiable, indolent, and somewhat melancholy man, who felt warmly grateful to me as his preserver from the misery of sending his girls to school. Numerous governesses had preceded me, and each in her turn had been worn out by the exceeding dulness

and monotony of her life at Greyfriars; and when month after month went on, and the doting father found that I was perfectly contented, and that I never importuned him to consent to any schemes for the health and advantage of my pupils, which would have included pleasant plans and excursions for myself, I really believe his satisfaction and gratitude were unbounded.

On my first arrival, I saw for several days only Captain Sinclair, and the twins Ellen and Janet. He made sundry confused and indistinct apologies for Lady Dighton, in which the words health, nerves, spirits, &c., were mingled and murmured without any specific mention of ill or ailment. Soon, however, I learned from the kind and sensible wife of the village vicar, the only lady who visited me, that it was strongly suspected the long trial of attendance on Sir Thomas had so greatly affected Lady Dighton, as to render her at times scarcely accountable for her many whims and eccentric proceedings. Mrs Dalton described the change in her health and habits as very gradual. For some time after the death of her husband, she had appeared to enjoy her freedom from the outbursts of his maniacal temper, and her relief from a life of the most miserable subjection. Up to the time of her second marriage, she went to church, walked and rode, or drove out as usual, and exhibited no particular variation in manner or spirits; but a few months afterwards, she gradually became weak in health and strangely nervous. Her complaint was called a nervous atrophy; her spirits were variable, and her behaviour capricious and strange. Although she ate voraciously, she grew more and more haggard in face and person, and resisted to the uttermost of her power every trial of the change of scene and air which was recommended as her best medicines. At length she consented to go for a few weeks to a watering-place within easy reach of Greyfriars. A house was taken, every luxury and comfort prepared for her, and the family arrived there one evening, with a host of servants and appendages. Before daybreak the next morning, Captain Sinclair roused the astonished household, and ordered the horses to be put to the carriages, and the whole party were again at Greyfriars long before their ordinary breakfast-hour. 'From that day,' continued my informant, 'she never entered a carriage; her walks in the grounds become less and less frequent; and for more than the last twelve months she has never quitted her own apartments, which are the most ancient and the gloomiest in the abbey. Captain Sinclair does not share them; she will not even allow a servant to sleep in her room; and they say she bars her door every night, as if she expected to be murdered.'

'Does she see any one besides her own family?'

'No; not even a medical man. It is years since she has been to church, and since Mr Dalton or I have spoken with her. Poor Captain Sinclair humours her in everything. They have now been married more than seven years, and I am sure he has never had as many months of anything like comfort in her society.'

'How does he bear it?'

'Just as you see: plenty of lounging in very easy-chairs, and of sauntering about or riding with the children; plenty of cheroots, and innumerable books of light reading from London—everything around him that can make time pass smoothly.'

'But has he no society?'

'Little that can be called such. He declines all dinner-parties, and interference in county matters. He sees Mr Dalton sometimes; and the doctors who formerly attended Lady Dighton occasionally visit him, hear how she is going on, and receive their fees in return for telling him that the case is hopeless. But I must not fail to tell you that he is a most affectionate father, a kind and

indulgent master, and always ready to give the most liberal help to our poor. Mr Dalton never makes a claim upon his purse in vain. He thinks him a very good man; but he firmly believes that his heart is buried with his young wife in India, and that he has never felt more than gratitude and cousinly regard towards Lady Dighton. Moreover,' continued Mrs Dalton smiling, 'if you can endure the Greyfriars life, which no other lady in your place has yet been able to do, I really believe that no possible limit can be put to the gratitude he will feel towards you.'

'I am to be introduced to Lady Dighton this evening,' said I; 'we are to drink tea in her apartment.'

'Oh, I know they do that sometimes,' she answered; 'and I have heard your predecessors lament over the custom. They said the girls got away as soon as possible after tea; that Captain Sinclair said little or nothing, and that they were left to listen to Lady Dighton's strange talk till the hour of their pupils' bedtime enabled them to escape.'

'Strange talk!' I repeated.

'Yes, it is sometimes very strange. Little as I ever saw of her, I know she could talk very strangely even before she shut herself up. The father was, I believe, an avowed infidel. I have heard from persons who knew him well that he was utterly devoid of religious principle. He lived entirely by his skill at cards and billiards and betting at races. Wretched man! he actually sold his beautiful young daughter to Sir Thomas. The pin-money and jointure settled on her were extravagantly large. No doubt he expected to long survive the old gouty baronet, but an apoplectic seizure carried him off only a few months after the marriage, on the race-course at Newmarket.'

'But of what nature is her strange talk?'

'Why, her father was a furious democrat as well as an infidel,' answered Mrs Dalton. 'He had been much in France, and had intimate friends among some of the leaders of the Revolution. Three important years of his daughter's life, those from fourteen to seventeen, were the years from '90 to '93, and they were passed in Paris, in the very heart of the horrors of that period. Lady Dighton is as familiar with the guillotine as you are with your scissors, and she talks composedly, and even approvingly, of men and things which we are accustomed to hold in utter detestation.'

'Well,' said I, 'I wish my first evening was over.'

It passed, however, better than I expected. Lady Dighton's apartments were near the old chapel, and partly over the great monastic kitchen. Tradition appropriated them to the reigning abbots of the ancient brotherhood. Many small gloomy chambers were in that part of the abbey, abounding with intricate passages and unexpected little crooked staircases. She inhabited two chambers, one a sitting, and the other a bed room, both looking to an inner quadrangle of the abbey. A labyrinthine sort of communication with the more modern structure brought us at length to a great heavy door opening into a sort of lobby; and through another great heavy door Captain Sinclair preceded me into a moderate-sized and very gloomy apartment. The next instant, I was introduced to Lady Dighton. She was tall and large-boned, but perfectly well made and proportioned; her features were high and handsome, a Roman nose, and large bright blue eyes, which seemed ready to start from her head, owing to the exceeding thinness of her face, the skin of which was stretched over her cheeks and nose so tightly as almost to give the idea that it must be painful to her. The complexion must have been originally delicately fair and blooming; it was now one uniform tint of pale yellow, except a bright crimson stain on each high cheek-bone; thin and scarlet lips, never entirely covering the large, white, projecting upper teeth, which were unpleasantly

conspicuous when she spoke. A low forehead, lined and interlined with wrinkles, spreading into what are called crows-feet at the temples; eyebrows and eyelashes almost sandy coloured. A quantity of very light hair, mingled with gray, and with a natural wave all over it, but always so carelessly arranged that it looked frizzy and untidy, and was covered only by a black-lace half-handkerchief, tied in a loose knot under the chin. Her dress was a rich figured silk wrapping-gown, of a dark colour, open in front, but folded over so as not to shew the petticoat; a magnificent shawl upon her shoulders, and two or three others lying about on the sofa on which she was seated. I never saw her in any other costume. There was a table before her with a few books and writing materials upon it. The rest of the furniture was old and heavy; and all around looked as if the inhabitant of the place cared neither for beauty nor order; and so it was. The pleasures of the eye, like every other pleasure, had passed away from the miserable woman for ever.

She rose to receive me with much courtesy. She spoke little during the evening; but her manners were those of a perfect gentlewoman, and there was nothing unusual in her conversation. Afterwards, however, as she became more familiar with me, I found an increasing change in her language and manner. She was fond of paradox and of making startling assertions, affecting the very vitals of morality and truth. It was often difficult to perceive how far she was in earnest, but too frequently there was a bitter sincerity in the vehemence with which she would maintain that there was no tangible reality in crime. The dreadful guillotine experience of which I had been told, could be clearly traced in her definitions of homicide, and even murder. According to her doctrine, that 'kind of being, *Circumstance*,' might cast over the most flagrant offences so softening a shade as to change their whole nature and appearance.

Captain Sinclair always seemed to be as much annoyed as his quiet nature permitted, when she thus expressed her wild opinions to me. The girls always got away as soon as possible after tea; and when the conversation took any turn that displeased their father, it was his custom to rise from his seat, and walk up and down the room; and I well knew that, as he drew near the door for about the third or fourth time, he would slink out of our company in a somewhat cowardly manner. I did not like to argue with her, but as I could not without incivility leave her till the bedtime of the children, it was sometimes impossible to avoid argument, and even remonstrance. This she bore wonderfully well, though often with an air of silent superiority and compassion for the obstinacy of my prejudices; but there were moments, few and far between, when she was evidently impressed and softened, especially, strange to say, when I almost involuntarily quoted a few words from the Holy Book she affected to despise. It was indeed strange to see how they would seem to tell upon her, and then, for a brief moment or two, an expression of such utter and helpless misery would pass over her poor haggard face, that I could hardly bear to look at her; but it was only pity that I felt, and a confused sort of curiosity, for she never attracted or attached me.

I had been at Greyfriars about a twelvemonth, when one evening—the last we ever spent together—she was more than usually disposed to enter into conversation. Something was said of the likeness of the twins to each other, and we both agreed that it was not more, nor even so much, as is often seen between sisters of different ages. 'I once,' said she, 'saw a most wonderful likeness; it was under very peculiar circumstances; I shall never forget it. When I was in Paris with my father in

the year '92, our lodgings were in a street that led from one of the prisons to the guillotine. Our rooms were in the *entresol*, and we often saw the carts full of condemned prisoners pass close by our windows. It used to interest me to observe their various expression of countenance, and to fancy how each would enact his last scene in this world. Sullenness and pride seemed to me their most common emotion. I could sometimes trace, also, a heroism that I admired, and a terror that I despised. One morning, when Santerre and the huge and hideous Danton were breakfasting with us, I heard the well-known sound of the cart approaching: no one moved, however, till a crash and an outcry drew us all to the windows. Something was wrong about one of the wheels, and as it had happened just before our house, we saw the persons in the cart as plainly as if they had been in the room with us. They were eight in number, and of ordinary appearance, except a very young girl, who sat directly opposite to our windows. My father and his friends, the moment they saw her, uttered exclamations, and I was at first puzzled; I knew the face so well. I fancied I knew the girl, yet I was sure she was a stranger to me, and it was some minutes before I discovered that I was looking at a fac-simile of myself. I was thought pretty then,' continued she, with one of her ghastly smiles, 'and this girl was certainly very handsome. She had complexion, hair, features, figure, all so like my own, that I seemed to be looking into a mirror, and as there was no painful expression in her face, there was nothing to disturb the resemblance. We gazed fixedly at each other; and when the wheel was adjusted, and the cart began to move again, she smiled, and made a kind of farewell sign to me with her long white hand. I stood there full of life, health, and youthful spirit, and she was in a few moments to lay her young head, with its redundant fair ringlets, on the block, and pass away for ever! I remember feeling a natural sort of exultation that our fates were as different as our persons were strangely similar. How often, since, have I thought of that poor girl!—how often wished that I had been in her place in the fatal cart, and on the scaffold!'

She paused, and that expression of hopeless misery of which I have before spoken passed strangely into her face, and I was tempted to say: 'Ah, if we could see the future, life would be intolerable; it is mercy that hides it from us.'

In a moment, the sad, and, I may say, human expression was gone, and that of hard and proud defiance lighted up her great bright eyes as she answered contemptuously: 'Mercy! where is it? What stuff is it made of? It is idle to foul our tongues with words that have no meaning. Mercy! where is it found? Not on earth, where every creature preys upon some other; not in heaven, looking down, cold and pitiless, on the unutterable misery of earth. To live is to suffer!' Very thankful was I that the entrance of a servant compelled her to pause, and that at the same moment the old clock of the abbey struck the hour of my leave-taking. Lady Dighton had made me more than usually uncomfortable that evening, and I sat for some time in my own room thinking of her before I joined the children. She was the only cloud that shadowed my present mode of life. Comforts and luxuries surrounded me; my pupils were intelligent and affectionate; and even the very servants, copying their kind and courteous master, behaved to me with a pleasant civility that I had never before met with. My salary would enable me to lay by largely for old age or sickness every year that I continued at Greyfriars, and I saw no definite termination to my engagement; for Captain Sinclair had not scrupled to say more than once of late, that he should be most thankful if I could remain permanently with his girls, and superintend their introduction into society. It was true that Lady Dighton

troubled me at times, and I found that I did not get accustomed to her ways so much as I had supposed I should do. She frequently so startled and distressed me, that I could not dismiss the recollection from my mind, nor resist an uneasy sort of curiosity about her, for which I often reproached myself. But this was a small evil compared with my numerous blessings; and I well remember that on this particular evening, though more perplexed and grieved by her than usual, the end of my reflections was a strong determination to continue at Greyfriars even for her sake—to do my utmost to win upon and soften that unhappy lady, and, if possible, to alleviate her sufferings, whatever might be their origin. Little did I think that a casual circumstance of the very next day would soon scatter the whole family, and leave me to seek another home.

I have said that Greyfriars was situated in a remote and wild part of Cornwall. Among the accompaniments of such a situation, difficult and even dangerous roads were naturally to be expected. One peculiarly meriting that character led down the steep hill which sheltered the abbey to the north, into what was by courtesy called the high road through the village, and on the morning which followed the conversation I have just related, two gentlemen-tourists, in their own gig, met with an accident in descending it. Captain Sinclair was roused from a pleasant simmer over a new magazine by the news that a carriage was broken to pieces within a short distance of the abbey-gates, one gentleman killed on the spot, and another dreadfully hurt. On reaching the scene of the disaster, accompanied by all the male and several of the female servants, he found matters not quite so bad as they had been represented. There was indeed a gig with a wheel lying by its side, the shafts and traces broken, and the horse nowhere visible; a gentleman lay on the bank, evidently in considerable pain, and his companion, apparently unhurt, was endeavouring to support and assist him. Captain Sinclair immediately despatched a man on horseback for the nearest surgeon, and, with the aid of a door taken off the hinges, and a mattress and pillows, the sufferer was brought to the abbey, and laid down in one of the lower apartments. He soon recovered enough to sit up, and presently to stand up, saying, that the only injuries he had received were a blow on the head, which had stunned him for a few minutes, and some considerable mischief, he feared, in the left arm. The surgeon, who had luckily been met with in the village, soon ascertained that it was only a simple fracture just above the wrist, that would cause, after a few days, little more than inconvenience. He could not pronounce so positively as to the head. Leeches and lotions were to be applied without loss of time, and the patient was to be kept perfectly quiet in a darkened room for at least eight-and-forty hours. The apartment into which he had been carried was a parlour in the modernised part of the abbey; a bed and other requisite appendages were quickly moved into it; and after the leeches had done their work, he was left, by the doctor's directions, in perfect quiet, with only the old housekeeper to attend to him.

When Captain Sinclair and the other gentleman came to us in the drawing-room, I recognised in the latter an acquaintance of some years' standing. He was uncle to a pupil whose education I had what is called 'finished,' and who continued to be a dear friend of mine. We were glad to see each other, and he said he thought himself fortunate in finding it thus certified that he was not swindling himself into the hospitable walls of Greyfriars. With a pleasant sort of mock ceremony, he begged me to vouch that he was the Rev. Horace Davis, rector of Castle-Stepworth, in Somersetshire, and brother-in-law to Joseph Baker, Esq., in whose house we had become acquainted with each other. He then told us that his unlucky companion, Mr

M'Ivar, was a clever young Scotch lawyer, of an old Highland family, and that they were making a little fishing and sketching tour together when this misfortune befell them. Captain Sinclair, whose kind heart better accorded with his old Indian habits of hospitality than with those of Greyfriars, soon settled it authoritatively with Mr Davis, that he and his friend were to consider themselves as fixtures till the invalid was able to be removed with perfect safety.

We separated soon after this conversation to dress for dinner, and when we met again, it was a pleasant surprise to me to see how this unexpected guest had aroused Captain Sinclair from his ordinary languor and silence. The next morning, Mr Davis brought us very excellent reports of 'Mac,' as he called him, who, he said, protested he was quite well, and was grumbling most dreadfully at the surgeon's continued orders that he should be kept perfectly quiet, and at his old nurse's stubborn adherence to them. When, however, another day had passed, and all fear of evil consequences from the injury to the head had vanished, Mr Davis told us at dinner that Mac had announced his determination to join our party on the following day.

'You will find him a much pleasanter fellow than I am,' said he laughing. 'Everybody likes old Mac.'

Captain Sinclair, who himself had some distant Scotch connections, began inquiring into the young lawyer's clan and family.

'He springs from a very ancient Highland stock,' answered Mr Davis; 'and his family, it is said, are always clever and odd, as he is. There is scarcely a bonnet among the M'Ivars, I believe, that has not a bee of some sort or other in it. Many of his ancestors were celebrated second-sight seers. His father and mother were first-cousins, and he himself can remember some circumstances connected with his father's death, which, to say the least of them, are very curious. He was then about six years old, and I doubt not a quick and observant boy. His father's return home was hourly expected after a long absence in England. It was, he says, a still summer evening; there was a long and winding approach through the grounds to their house, and he and his elder brothers and sisters were anxiously listening for the distant sound of wheels, that they might be ready to rush to the door, when suddenly his mother stood up, and looking vacantly around, said: "It is a stranger who is coming!" At that moment, they began to hear the sounds they were watching for; but their attention was soon painfully drawn to their mother, who sank upon the ground, shrouding her head in a shawl, and, as the carriage passed the nearest gate, she looked up with a ghastly countenance and said: "Your father is dying on an English bed—strangers are watching over him! He is gone! he is dead!" Mac declares that this was all exactly true. His father had been taken suddenly and dangerously ill on his homeward journey; the approaching carriage brought a messenger with these sad tidings, and it was afterwards ascertained that he had expired before they reached his family.'

'And do you believe this?' said I.

'What can I say?' answered he. 'Here is a fact vouched for by an eye and ear witness, quite old enough to remember it, and quite incapable of inventing or even embellishing the circumstances. I must yield at least a sort of belief to the story, and can only be thankful that English mothers are not given to frighten their children out of their wits by such vagaries.'

'Your friend does not inherit this strange power?' asked Captain Sinclair.

'Why—no,' replied Mr Davis with some hesitation. 'I never heard that he could boast any knowledge of the future; but if all is true that is told of him, he has sometimes had a strange sense of the present.'

'A sense of the present is nothing very strange or rare,' said I smiling: 'I do not in the least comprehend your meaning.'

'Well, it is not easy to express what one does not one's self understand. It is said that he has felt at times a supernatural sort of impression of the presence of crime. He evidently does not like to speak about it; only once during our great intimacy has he mentioned it at all openly to me; and even then very briefly, and as if he wished to escape from the subject.'

'And what did he say?'

'He said it was true that a strange and wretched feeling had come over him in places where any evil deed had been committed; and that sooner or later this feeling had guided him in various indescribable ways to the discovery of the criminal.'

'Surely a species of insanity,' said I.

'Never was there a clearer or a sounder head in this world,' said Mr Davis warmly.

'Did he give any instances of his having really exercised this strange power?' asked Captain Sinclair.

'No; he said they were very rare, and always accompanied by discomfort, and even distress of mind. However, if you will not think I do nothing but invent wonderful stories,' continued Mr Davis, 'I certainly could give you a remarkable instance—not within my own knowledge, but told to me by his clerk, as composed and unimaginative a man as a quiet elderly Scotchman can well be, and who was himself present during all the circumstances.'

'O pray, tell us,' said every voice at once, for the girls were eagerly listening to the conversation.

'Well,' said he, 'I need not trouble you with all the particulars which led to Mac's being consulted by a poor widow lady, whose whole income depended on the discovery of a deed executed in the lifetime of her deceased husband, and which had been stolen from the place where it had been deposited. Such was her story. The heir-at-law, her husband's nephew, denied that such a deed had ever existed. The widow named two witnesses whose signatures had been put to it in her presence. One of them was dead; the other, an old family servant, admitted that he had signed some written paper, but he knew nothing more about it, and believed that it had been a power of attorney. Mac mistrusted the nephew from the first. He was a rich man, and determined to have what he called his rights, although his success would reduce his uncle's widow to beggary. His cunning was well met by Mac, who, having ascertained that he had taken the surviving witness into his own service, insisted upon seeing the man. Many excuses were made: he was absent—he was ill; but the point was not yielded; and at length, upon Mac's expressing his determination to see the doctor who attended him, it was arranged that he should visit the sick man in his bed-chamber at a specified hour on the following day. Up to that time, it does not appear that his views extended beyond a hope, that by strictly and carefully questioning the man, some light might be thrown on the mysterious disappearance of the deed. The clerk who told me the story accompanied Mr M'Ilvar to the nephew's house in London. He says that he conversed with him in his usual manner as they walked along together; but he afterwards remembered that, when within the house, he stared about somewhat strangely, and changed colour. He was preceded up the stairs by a servant, closely followed by the clerk, who distinctly recollected that he staggered more than once, and seemed to cling to the balusters. When they reached the bedroom door, he caught hold of the clerk's arm, and visibly trembled. But, sir,' continued he, 'as we passed the door, Mr M'Ilvar let go my arm, and seemed, as it were, to push me from him, and walked straight up to the bedside. The room was very much darkened, so that at first I could scarcely distinguish the figure of the sick man under a heap of bed-clothes. Mr M'Ilvar pulled

away the clothes. "There is no sickness here," says he. "Sit up." I never heard such a deep, fearful voice as he spoke in. The man raised himself in the bed, looking greatly bewildered; and his master, who had been hidden by the curtains, rose hastily, and faced us on the opposite side of the bed. "Ask your questions, sir," said he, "and the man will answer. He admits that he signed"—Mr M'Ilvar took no heed of him. "Sit up," said he, in the same unearthly voice; "sit up, and give me the deed; it is under your pillow—it is under your head;" and he plunged his hand within the bed-clothes, and drew forth a parchment from beneath the bolster. The pretended sick man sat up shaking and helpless, and did nothing to prevent him. The master made a snatch at it over the bed, saying something very violently that I forget; but Mr M'Ilvar thrust the paper into his bosom, saying: "If I do not hear from you, you will hear from me;" and he turned round, and went straight out of the room, and down stairs, and out of the house, and I after him, as it were in a dream. He never spoke to me a word about it, but sure enough there was the very deed; and the poor lady got her own.'

'And what followed? Were the servant and his master punished?'

'I heard little of the *dénouement*. The widow wished the matter to be kept secret. It was believed that the nephew was as much surprised as any one at the discovery of the deed, which he fully believed had been destroyed by the man, who had contrived to gain possession of it during his late master's illness.'

'Well,' said I, after a pause, 'the story does not satisfy me; there are several points in it that I should like to have explained.'

'So should I,' answered Mr Davis. 'I have made one or two trials, by alluding to the matter to Mac himself, but he cut me very short. He said it was certainly a remarkable case, but important papers supposed to be lost had not unfrequently been discovered by some curious circumstance or coincidence; and he had such a troubled look in his face, that I did not like to press the subject.'

'My opinion is,' said I stoutly, 'that Mr M'Ilvar had gained some private knowledge of the facts, which he thought to startle the man into confessing; and that much of the mystification arose from the Scotch clerk's dreams of second-sight, and the hereditary gifts connected with it attributed to the M'Ilvar family.'

Here both my pupils broke out into exclamations at my attempt to deprive the story of its mysterious charm, and the conversation soon turned into another channel. After we left the gentlemen, the girls were full of what they had heard of this Mac of mystery. I had only seen him carried through the hall amid pillows and blankets, and I could not therefore satisfy their curiosity as to his personal appearance. Janet, who had a romantic tendency, felt confident that he was tall, thin, pale, and interesting, with black hair, a Roman nose, and wild, flashing, dark eyes. Ellen fully agreed in the brightness and wildness of the eyes, but she asserted that they ought to be blue, the nose Grecian, and the hair auburn, wavy, thick, and flowing. Next day, the hero himself appeared in the drawing-room before dinner; a little fair man, with a very commonplace sort of nose, small, light, but very quick and intelligent eyes, and hair weak, scant, and decidedly sandy. He had, however, a most agreeable smile and manner of speaking, and in a few minutes we were all listening with great amusement to his account of their accident, and of his friend's driving, to which alone, he protested, it was to be attributed. He mimicked the country people who came to their assistance, and described his own heroism, active and passive, with so much cleverness and real drollery, that we could do nothing but listen and laugh. During dinner, he was the life of the party, clever, full of anecdote, talking much, yet never obtrusively, so that

he pleased all his companions; and the girls went to bed that night fully persuaded that the world did not contain any other mortal half so delightful.

This pleasant intercourse continued for several days; we got more and more intimate and attracted by the guests to whom chance had introduced us: consequently, when they began to talk of continuing their travels, every voice was loud in opposition; and one day after dinner Captain Sinclair entreated them not to utter another word of the kind till Mr M'Ilvar had quite recovered the use of his arm.

'At all events, before we go,' said Mr Davis, 'I want very much to see the whole of this most extraordinary jumble of buildings called Greyfriars. You must know I have a spice both of the architect and the antiquary in me, and I have paced round and round four courts and quadrangles, and peeped into so many queer little windows and loopholes, that I quite long to get better acquainted with all the odd passages and chambers within.'

'You must see the kitchen and the chapel, Mr Davis,' said I; 'they are considered the great sights of the place, and the only ones, I believe, really worth seeing.'

'Grace before meat,' observed Mr M'Ilvar. 'You should say the chapel and the kitchen.'

'You can see them this evening—in five minutes, if you please,' said Captain Sinclair. 'As for the parts of the abbey that have been long shut up, I doubt if the old housekeeper herself, who has lived here at least half a century, could find keys enough to take you over them. I, at least, have never attempted such a journey.'

'Is it possible?' exclaimed Mr M'Ilvar. 'Well, if I lived here, I should never rest till I had explored every corner and cranny. I have not heard half enough about the place; surely there must be haunted rooms, secret passages, sliding panels, and all sorts of mysteries. I am certain Charles II. was concealed here somewhere or other: they shew his hiding-place at Dunster, not very distant hence. History retains no record of his refuge there, and why should he not have been sheltered by Dightons as well as Luttrells.'

'Well, Mr M'Ilvar,' said I, 'you are not far wrong in some of your conjectures. There is a secret chamber somewhere in the abbey; is there not, Captain Sinclair?'

'Yes, I have heard of something of the sort,' he answered; 'but you cannot very well see it, if there is, as no one now living knows where to find it.'

'No?' said both gentlemen in a breath.

'Positively no,' he replied. 'My wife would, I suppose, be the sole possessor of the secret, if Sir Thomas had not died so suddenly. It is well known in this neighbourhood that at least one, perhaps two or more concealed apartments exist in the abbey. The tradition goes, that each proprietor of the estate has had the secret revealed to him by his predecessor, under a solemn oath of the profoundest secrecy, and that he in like manner is bound to confide it to his heir under the same restrictions; but although the property was settled on Lady Dighton, Sir Thomas never spoke on the subject to her.'

'I doubt if the rooms have any real existence,' said I.

'Why, I really believe there is some truth in the story,' answered Captain Sinclair. 'One of the farmers in the neighbourhood told me that his father well remembered a great hue and cry in the country in the Pretender's time about several persons who, it was said, were traced to the abbey. A strict search was made after them in every part of the building, and the place was watched by a detachment of military for a fortnight or three weeks afterwards, but no one either within or without the walls could discover a trace of the strangers. My informant, however, declared that some time after the search had been given up as hopeless, his father one night saw several

persons, apparently gentlemen, leave the precincts of the abbey, and hastening to the shore, embark in a boat, which made towards a vessel that had been observed all day in the offing. My acquaintance was out on a little private smuggling concern of his own, and had to hide from the party in a hole in the cliff, whither he went to fetch a keg of brandy. He was certain that he saw Sir Ralph Dighton, the then owner of the abbey, accompany these persons to the shore, take leave of them there, and after watching the departure of the boat, return to Greyfriars.'

'And have you never tried to find these rooms?'

'Dalton our rector has searched for them over and over again; he has taken plans of the older parts of the abbey, where they must be, if anywhere; he has made all manner of measurements and calculations of dimensions inside and outside'—

'And with no success?'

'Not the slightest.'

'Well, I would never rest till I found them,' persevered Mr M'Ilvar.

'And for what use or purpose?' answered quiet Captain Sinclair. 'I believe there are two or three hundred accessible rooms in the abbey; what earthly good would there be in adding one or two more to the number?—no doubt, as old, as awkward, and as inconvenient as any of the others.'

No one attempted to controvert this sober reasoning, and we all started in high spirits to shew our guests the most curious parts of the abbey, little dreaming that another hour would produce the first links of a chain of events entailing heavy misfortunes on our kind and easy host.

First of all, we visited the kitchen, little changed in its appearance since it provided for more than a hundred monks and retainers. I believe that almost as many persons were fed from it at that present time. The servants of the household were very numerous, and they had a flock of helpers of various kinds from the village. The housekeeper was elderly, and heavy, and easy tempered; no one restrained her, and she restrained no one; and in the enormous old chimney a fire was always blazing, not much inferior, I should think, to that which burned there in the days of the mitred abbots.

We were not sorry to leave the broiling atmosphere for the chapel, which, with the kitchens, formed an entire side of the principal quadrangle of the abbey. There was much here to interest two men of superior education and refined tastes. Some of the carvings were very beautiful, but everything looked neglected and hastening to ruin. At the west end of the building, opposite the altar, and above the door by which we had entered, was the abbot's gallery, as it was called. It ran along the whole width of that end of the chapel which it completely overlooked, and at either extremity was a space sufficient to hold one or two persons, screened from observation by a richly carved wooden framework. Here it was said the superior could sit, and overlook the proceedings of the monks without being himself seen. In the back of the abbot's gallery was a door communicating with his own apartments in the abbey, and it was reached from the chapel by a curious little winding stair leading to a low door above.

We were all wandering about, calling to each other to notice different parts of the building, when I observed Mr M'Ilvar leaning against a pillar at the west end of the chapel, seemingly lost in thought. Presently I saw him ascend the little staircase I have just mentioned, and passing through the door above, he disappeared from my sight. I looked for him in the open portion of the abbot's gallery, but did not see him, and some one speaking to me at the moment, I thought no more of the matter till we were about to leave the chapel, when Mr Davis began calling out to know where Mac had hidden himself.

'I saw him go up the abbot's stair,' said I.

'I do not see him in the gallery,' he answered; and began again to call after him, but there was no answer.

'He must have gone into the abbey by the passage,' said one of the girls.

Captain Sinclair and I instinctively looked at each other; and I saw that, like myself, he was thinking of the close communication between that passage and Lady Dighton's apartments. Without saying anything, he began to go quickly up the stairs, and in a moment appeared in the gallery.

'Davis,' said he, 'come hither; the poor fellow is ill; he is in a fit, or has fainted, or something.'

Mr Davis ran up hastily, and remembering that I had salts in my pocket, I followed him. The gentlemen raised him up; he was deadly pale, and evidently quite insensible, but his eyes were staring wide open, and he was very fearful to look upon. 'We must carry him into the abbey,' said Captain Sinclair, and between them they began lifting him along the passage, when Lady Dighton opened the door of her sitting-room by which they were passing, and asked the reason of the unusual sounds so near her apartments.

It was soon explained to her. Of course she had heard of our guests, though she had never seen them, and now, with all the courtesy she could at times display, she insisted on the sick man being brought into her room and laid upon the sofa. I put the salts to his nose, and their pungency seemed to revive him. He raised his head, and looked wildly around him. He was ghastly pale, and apparently unable to speak; his eyes glared vacantly on the surrounding objects, and at length fixed upon Lady Dighton, while a strange expression began to appear in his countenance. 'I am unknown to your friend, which I ought not to be,' said she smiling to Mr Davis; 'but I am a sad invalid, and every one humours and excuses me. You, too, I hope,' she continued, turning to Mr M'Ilvar, and looking more gentle and handsomer than I had ever seen her, as she made a step or two towards him—'you, too, I hope'—She stopped abruptly, and imagine our astonishment when we saw him vehemently stretch forth his arms, with the hands widely expanded towards her, as if to thrust her from him. 'Stand off!—away! away!' he cried. She paused, and we all looked at each other in amazement. 'Away!' he repeated more faintly, but with the same expression of repugnance and disgust. Poor bewildered Mr Davis then seized him by the arm, saying: 'We must get him to his own room.' Captain Sinclair, in confusion and dismay, immediately seized the other arm, and said he would shew them the way. They left the room, and so did I, scarcely knowing that I did so. The effect of this strange behaviour on Lady Dighton, I never knew. It was not till I had been some little time in my own chamber, that it occurred to me that I ought not to have left her alone after so strange an occurrence; but it was done, and could not be helped. The children had not followed us to the abbot's gallery, but had quitted the chapel by the usual entrance.

When Mr Davis rejoined us at the tea-table, he looked greatly troubled; nevertheless, he gave a good report of his friend, who, he said, had recovered from his attack, but, as he seemed weak and nervous, he had persuaded him to go to bed. He did not attempt any explanation of his conduct towards Lady Dighton, nor even allude to it. After tea, he returned to Mr M'Ilvar, and did not come back to us till we were about to separate for the night. As I passed along one of the passages leading to my bedchamber, I heard a slight noise behind me, and turning round, saw Mr Davis on tiptoe quickly following me.

'Miss Vernon,' said he in a whisper, 'could you oblige me by coming into the garden without your pupils before breakfast? I earnestly wish to have a

few moments' conversation with you. Pray, come, if you possibly can; it will be a great favour to me.'

'Certainly,' I answered, in considerable surprise; then, after an instant's thought, I added: 'I will be on the bench in the grove as soon after seven as I can.'

'Thank you, thank you,' said he, very earnestly, and we parted. The circumstances of this short interview impressed me so much, that I wrote down before I slept everything that had occurred since Mr M'Ilvar's illness in the chapel; afterwards, strange events followed in such quick succession, that I continued to record at night the particulars of each day, so that I am enabled to give a faithful, though perhaps abrupt and irregular outline of this brief but fearful episode in my hitherto common-place life.

BELOW THE SURFACE.

THE catastrophe at Hartley was barely three weeks old; the wail of the newly-made widows and orphans was in every ear; practical sympathy for their sorrow was touching every heart, and sounding the depth of every pocket, when circumstances occurred which took me to one of the towns in the midst of the West Riding coal-field. I had a little time to spare, so I determined to gratify a long-felt desire to visit the interior of a coal-mine. Repulsed by the banksman of the nearest pit, who 'didn't know as I could go down; t' gaffer was away t' his dinner,' I obtained a letter from a friend in the town, introducing me to the proprietor of a pit at no great distance.

I got to the pit-mouth about three o'clock, just as the men were leaving for the day; but Reuben, the overman, or 't' gaffer,' as the banksman called him, at once volunteered to shew me over the mine; as a preliminary to which, I had to divest myself of my ordinary walking-suit, put on a miner's thick flannel jacket, and, as a matter of course, exchange my beaver for a cap, which I had some difficulty in keeping on my head. Thus accoutred, I walked with my guide up the heap of débris which forms the bank at the pit-mouth, and just as we got there, the cage rose to the surface, bringing a couple of miners who had finished their day's work. The banksman pulled a lever something like that used by railway pointsmen, and thereby swung a strong plank beneath the cage, so that it stood firm and steady, while the men stepped on to terra firma. Reuben and I took our places; the banksman struck the conductor, as a signal for the engineman to lower, at the same moment, by a pull at the lever, removing the plank on which the cage had been standing, and immediately, with a slight vibrating motion, and a low peculiar rattling noise, we were on our way to the bottom of the pit.

The hanging between heaven and earth, even although not 'dancing on nothing,' I found productive of rather unpleasant sensations. Memory was most disagreeably faithful and most unnecessarily busy, bringing before my mind every accident by breaking of ropes, upset of cages, and falling of stones, I had ever heard or read of. I looked upwards through the chink in the cage, and saw the little round bit of sky, becoming smaller and smaller at every yard of the descent; felt the air get hot, sulphurous, and 'stythy,' as we approached the furnace in the upper seam, which we passed a moment after, the glare from it making deeper the surrounding gloom; down, down we went, and at last, with a bump, we were at the bottom. I had taken the precaution to 'stand loose,' as the miners call it; that is, with my knees apart, and not too rigid, and thus escaped the violent jerk which is generally the stranger's penalty for curiosity.

I stepped from the cage into what was to me almost total darkness, broken only by some scintillations,

which I found afterwards were lighted candles, but which gave me no more help at first than so many sparks in a tinder-box. 'Has yon man paid his footing, Reuben?' was the first sound I heard from the deep obscure. 'Hold thee tongue, Tom,' said Reuben; 'thou knows I never lets any man ask for money, nor nowt else'—a rebuke at which Tom subsided, without waiting for my assurance that the footing should not be forgotten.

Reuben lighted a couple of candles, stuck them in sticks extemporised from a heap of clay kept for the purpose, and took me first to the stables, where he pointed out lovingly the sleek well-kept appearance of the horses, which 'always thrive better dahn t' mine than above ground, though one owd chap here, sir, arn't been up to t' top but twice these fourteen years.' Next in order came the pony-roads, or those parts of the workings which are high enough to allow horses to pass, and where, of course, an ordinary-sized man can stand with ease. These pony-roads are either continuations of, or branches from, the Winning Headway, as the main thoroughfare, pierced in different directions from the sides of the shaft, is called. From the pony-roads branch out the sets, which are frequently only high enough to allow a man to stoop as he pushes along a corf (the small wagon containing about six hundredweights, used for conveying the coal along the workings and up the shaft); and from the sets again diverge the places in which the actual work of mining is done, called, according to their nature, banks, or strait sets. The strait sets are excavations four or five feet wide, and of varying length, made by the miners in the side of a seam of coal, at distances of about six yards from each other. When they have got as far from the entrance as they are directed to go, they commence picking down the left-hand side of the strait set, working from floor to roof. They are particularly enjoined, by their instructions, to support the roof every two yards, or oftener, with props or 'sprags' of larch or other wood; supplementing these by strong wooden pack-walls, and at regular distances, by leaving a column of coal untouched. The interval between the left-hand side of one strait set and the right-hand side of the preceding one, is called a bank; and the work is continued in one set until the bank is pierced through, and the next strait set is reached. The coal, as it is got at, is loaded on to the corves, which are taken by men, horses, or machinery, to the bottom of the shaft, where they are placed in the cage by the hanger on, who strikes the signal-rod once, and the engineer then lifts it to the surface, where the banksman secures the cage in the way already described, drags out the corf, runs it along the wrought-iron platform, and tilts the coal into one of several shoots, at the bottom of which the wagons are waiting to receive it. The shoots are iron gratings or screens, placed at a considerable incline, and as the coal runs down, the dust falls through on to heaps below, whence it is carted away to some of the neighbouring factories.

The whole of the excavations turn to the left from the pit-mouth, so that if a miner's candle be suddenly extinguished, he can find his way to the shaft by always keeping to the right. With each corf the pitman sends up a metal ticket, with his number on; these are kept by the banksman, and form the record of the miner's work and the gauge of his earnings. The height of the sets and passages is determined by the thickness of the coal-seam, and generally varies from two feet to five and six. In some of the pits near Barnsley, however, there are seams not less than nine feet, and even these are surpassed by some in Staffordshire, where seams of forty-five feet thickness are not uncommon. The pony-roads, and, as far as practicable, the other parts of the workings, are laid with sleepers, on which rails are placed for the corves to travel over; and recesses in the walls occur at intervals, to enable any one to get out of the way of an

advancing train. Where there is any accumulation of water, holes called sumps are cut, for purposes of drainage, below the level of the shaft or working, that in the shaft being securely grated over.

As soon as the miners have got all the coal that is obtainable in a part of the mine where the passages cut will not be useful for other workings, they proceed to clear out the sprags, pack-walls, and other supports that have been put up during the progress of their work. This is a task of some danger and of great difficulty, but it is one which the miners pride themselves on doing well. The pack-walls, which are simply columns of square-cut sleepers piled transversely, or such columns of coal as have not been removed during the working, are the chief supports of the roof, on which a thin layer of coal is frequently left untouched, so as to bind the superincumbent strata; yet even with all these props standing, the roof frequently drops several inches, almost flush with the top of the pack-walls, so that it is no wonder that the men keep a few feet away from the supports they are removing, and pull them with a 'dog' (not a four-legged one, gentle reader, but a mechanical contrivance for this purpose), when the presence of loose strata renders the work unusually perilous. The temporary supports are thus drawn away, the mass above forces down the roof, and that portion of the coal-field is gone for ever.

By the time I had received and understood the information I have given above, we had been in the mine nearly an hour, and had got a considerable distance from the shaft. Whether from necessity or from design, Reuben had brought me through several passages which were calculated to give me a pretty good idea of the discomforts of mining. In some, the water dropped in a dirty rain from the roof; in others, there was quite sufficient mud and water on the floor to render walking rather unpleasant to any one not accustomed to pick his way from sleeper to sleeper and rail to rail by the 'dim religious light' of a halfpenny candle. In many places, we had to stoop low enough to make me thankful that I am less than six feet high; and once we had to crawl along a newly cut passage on our hands and knees, sufficiently long to convince me that there are some advantages in a quadrupedal arrangement. I was not, therefore, very sorry when an opportunity offered of sitting down to have a bit of chat with my guide, who, I should not omit, had once or twice stopped to try for foul air by holding his candle forward, with the palm of his hand for a reflector, so that only the tip of the flame was visible, calling my attention to the lurid tinge which indicated the presence of gas, though not in dangerous quantity.

As the most cheerful and suitable topic for the place we were in, I began to talk about the Hartley accident. 'Ah, sir,' said Reuben, 'it wor the gas, and not the reek fra' t' furnace, as killed they poor fellows; they'd have raked t' furnace aght long afore they died. It wor a sad thing, indeed it wor.' I mentioned the subscription and also the writing in the overman's book as being some consolation to the poor survivors, and asked what religion the Yorkshire miners generally belonged to. 'Methodists, sir; nearly all of our men as goes anywhere are,' said Reuben; 'ay, and we have two or three in our pit as can preach on a Sunday real furst-rate—preach as well as any parson. I generally goes to church mysen,' he continued; 'twor what I were brought up to; but anyhow, religion's a fine thing to live by, and to die by too; but somehow,' said he, in a puzzled, meditative manner, 'I aften think there's summat wrang i' t' system, sir; I aften wonders and lays awake at neets thinking why t' Almighty didn't make us all reet at furst: 'twould ha' saved us a world o' trouble, and himsen as well.' I could not help smiling; but I did not attempt to discuss, just then, the origin of evil; and soon after we retraced our steps to the

mouth of the mine, where I did not forget to pay Reuben my footing. He then told me that if I liked to come down next day he would take me down another shaft of the mine while the men were at work. Next morning, however, I found that he had been called to a distance, and I had to wait some time at the pit-mouth till the underground viewer could be fetched up. While waiting, I employed myself looking down the mine, as the corves were ascending and descending, an occupation not inspiring, and rather monotonous.

At last, however, the signal is struck once, twice, three times, and we know that this time the load is not a corf, but the man who is coming up to take me through the workings. We go down as before, only in this pit there is no upper seam, and consequently no furnace. The shaft, like most others in the district, is built round with brick at the top and bottom, while the rest of the way is 'tubbed' with long planks placed perpendicularly round the sides, which are considered quite safe where there is no very great flow of water.

Ben, the viewer, went with me in much the same way as Reuben, the overman, except that he was more communicative about the peculiarities of the ground. I need not say that there is a very strong family resemblance between one pit and another, all of them looking about equally dark, dismal, and labyrinthine, especially to one who has not had much subterranean experience. The pit, Ben told me, was 'well won,' as the workings in it had been stopped for five-and-twenty years by the water, until an arched way was built, which got over the difficulty and the water together. 'There,' said Ben, as we came to a place where floor and roof rose simultaneously, 'you're aboon t' warter now.' He pointed out also the 'faults' and 'hitches' in the coal, places where volcanic agency had displaced or transposed the coal-seams, sometimes only a few inches, sometimes many feet, and sometimes having apparently broken off the seam altogether. Here and there, too, we came to a disused working, where the way had been bricked up, to prevent the accumulation of foul air, and sometimes the stone (muck, as the miners call it) had fallen down from the roof, in round lumps, called drop-goyles, perhaps killing a man in their fall; and again, loose strata had given way at the sides, and left irregular chinks, extending no one knew whither. It is in such places as these last that gas is generated, and the underground viewer's duty is to go all over the workings with a Davy-lamp every morning before any one else, and not until he is satisfied that work can be safely gone on with, is man or boy allowed to descend.

From the days of Mrs Bluebeard and Peeping Tom of Coventry, people troubled with curiosity have had to endure some disagreeables in its gratification. Certainly those who go down mines have their share of punishment. Besides oft-repeated bumpings of your head against the roof, and sinkings of your feet in the mud upon the floor, you are continually coming against the thick sheets which are placed at intervals to send back the air-current, and insure the due distribution of air in every part of the mine. As they are always fastened at the top, wet at the bottom, and dirty all over, the knock they give you as you stoop under them is scarcely pleasant, and is certainly not ornamental even to male attire, while its effect upon the crinolines and silk dresses of occasional lady-visitors is scarcely conceivable. Then, during working-hours, you continually hear the rumble of approaching corves coming rapidly towards you; you turn apprehensively to measure your distance, and probably lose your footing, your balance, and your candle by a single false step. However, Ben took me, sometimes walking, sometimes 'hurrying' me along in an empty corf, to a remote strait set, where I stayed to talk a bit with Ben and the miner at work there,

and to enjoy the sensation of being in a place where, as he said, 'the gas was bubbling and singing like a tea-kettle,' and where, but for effective ventilation, an explosion might take place any minute. The man in the set was Dan, a fine sturdy young fellow of nineteen, working, as miners do, with no other covering than one of the coarse flannel coats I have already mentioned, picking away lustily at the wall of coal, now and then varying operations by driving a large chisel here and there into the seam, and prizing it till lumps weighing one, two, or three hundredweights came down together.

'How long do the men work down here?' I asked.

'Fra six i' t' morning till three i' t' afternoon,' was the reply.

'And what wages do they earn?'

'Oh, a good man 'll addle about four shilling or four-and-sixpence a day: he gets four-and-sixpence a dozen corves, and he mun keep at it pretty well to fill a dozen.'

'The work is hard, but the hours are not very long; they have some little time to themselves.'

'O yes,' said Dan. 'But when a fellow's been here all day, he wants a bit o' rest after dinner, and a sup of beer, if he can get it: there's none so much left of a pint when a miner has putten his lip to it.'

Of course I understood this, but I went on talking. I took up a pick and tried my hand at mining, but as I did not make much impression, I said: 'I'm afraid I shan't earn four-and-sixpence a day.' Dan, with remorseless plain speaking, replied: 'I doant think thou'd be able to addle four-and-sixpence a week.' So my first attempt could not be considered a brilliant success.

'No women employed in pits now?' said I.

'No,' said Ben, with a roguish twinkle of his eye, 'not now, but th' used to be when I wor a youngster.'

'And I suppose you all think it better that they should not be here?'

'Yes, all of us: t' wages is better, homes is better, and t' women is better and all.'

'Many politicians among the miners?'

'Not very many, some few.'

'Radicals, of course.'

'Yes, most all on 'em goes that way as cares about politics at all.'

'Any particular superstitions about whistling, &c., while in the mine?'

'None at all; our men sings and whustles, and goes on down i' t' pit, just as if they wor aboon it.'

'What do they do in their leisure time?'

'Oh, some goes one way, some another; some plays skittles and quoits; there's a deal on 'em takes in numbers and newspapers, and reads a bit; then some goes to t' public-house, but I doant often see any on 'em drunk. Here's this young chap, he addles a good wage, but I doant knaw as I ever seed him tipsey.'

'No more you will, Ben,' says Dan, 'though I likes a drop o' beer nows and thens.'

After a little more chat, I took my leave of the pit and the pitmen, not forgetting to remunerate Ben, or to give Dan his delicately suggested drop o' beer, and was lifted as before into the dazzling sunlight.

I should hardly be doing justice to the gentlemen by whose courtesy I was enabled to make my underground pilgrimage, did not I express my gratification at the concern for life and limb evidenced in the colliery rules, and so far as my observation enabled me to judge, of the care taken to enforce them. The instructions to each official, and to every workman, seem framed with an anxious desire to remove the dangers, and to lessen the hardships of mining. In the mine I visited there are no less than three shafts at which the miners can escape in case of need; there has been no fatal explosion in either of the pits for

years; and among all the hands employed, there was not one suffering from consumption or asthma.

Still, with every allowance for all this, a miner's life is a hard one. He works in a dimly lighted cavern, which may any moment become his tomb; he may break his neck when going down to his daily work; may be crushed by a corf-train before he can get out of the way; may be buried under a sudden descent of loose strata; may be suffocated by choke-damp, or killed by the fiery blast of an explosion—and when once the fatal gas has been fired, his chance of escape is small indeed, as, even if he be some distance from the spot where it occurs, his only hope of life is to run with what speed he may, among passages such as I have described, to the shaft, and there wait his turn of getting on the cage, which, at most, will hold only six or eight men; while the deadly blast sometimes reaches the shaft, and hurls cage, pulley, and all into the air.

Before closing this article, therefore, I wish to say a word on the character of the men who work in such dangers, that others may enjoy the comfort of a warm fireside. If sketches in *Punch* and some written descriptions are to be trusted, our miners are among the coarsest and vilest of mankind. I can only say, that in the two pits I visited, both of which are owned by the descendants of a man who was himself a collier, I did not hear a profane or an obscene word from any of the men at work, which is more than can be said of most workshops, and even of many 'places of sound learning and religious instruction.' On the coast of Cumberland, and among some of the villages which surround the largest towns in the northern coal-field, as well as in several parts of South Yorkshire, I have found no small proportion of the miners who, though rough and uncouth in manner, were worthy to rank with those of the Hartley victims who gathered together in the midst of the pitchy darkness and black despair of their prolonged incarceration, to listen to the exhortations, and silently to unite in the prayers of their devout comrades. The simple record in the overman's book of that last prayer-meeting in the Hartley Colliery; the 'Mercy, O God!' and the 'Dear Sarah, I leave you,' which two other men had scrawled on their tin boxes—the grouping together of the doomed men and boys in families, as they waited their swiftly approaching doom, and the heroic exertions made by the men from surrounding pits to rescue their unfortunate work-fellows at the risk of their own lives, are the best answer to those who would have us believe that pitmen, as a class, are sunk in 'every vice of sense and cruel imagination that disgraces modern civilisation.'

A DAY WITH OUR ANCESTORS.

THE pages of *Ivanhoe* contain all that is known to the great majority of us concerning our Anglo-Saxon ancestors. The information afforded by antiquaries is meagre—although they collect it by 'barrows' full—and so naked, that it has to be clothed by the novelist before the public eye can be got to look at it at all. Our laborious Dryasdusts have had literally to work with the spade and pickaxe for what they have got; and it is no wonder, therefore, that they have little but fragments and skeletons to exhibit to us. The poem of *Beowulf*—a pure Anglo-Saxon composition—is the only literary evidence extant of the manner of life of our forefathers in very early times; and it is almost as difficult to extract from it matters of ordinary information, as it would be to describe the manners and customs of the North American Indians from the text of *Huacathla*.

It is but too certain, however, even from this record, that our ancestors were grievously given to drink. The palace that it came into the mind of the royal Hrothgar to build is called 'a great mead-hall,' as though drinking were the chief object of even

architecture. This hall was high, and 'fast within and without with iron bands, forged cunningly.' Its walls, which were of wood, were covered with tapestry (*web æfter wægum*), and studded with gold; the roof was carved and lofty; the floor is described as being 'variegated'—probably a tessellated pavement; and the seats were benches, with the exception of Hrothgar's throne. In the vicinity of the hall stood the chambers or bowers, in which there were some kind of beds. These bowers, however, must have only been for the *élite* of the company, for Beowulf and his followers slept in the hall, 'the wine-hall, the treasure-house of men, variegated with vessels'—which probably merely means that nobody had cleared away 'the twisted ale-cups,' which had held 'the bright sweet liquor.' We are more indebted to the recent labours of Mr Thomas Wright,* than to those of any other antiquary, for having set before us the probable meaning of the vague terms used in this poem, which he has caused to be illustrated, wherever it is possible, by drawings of the articles it describes, dug up from the graves and barrows, it may be, of the very individuals of whom it treats. Similarly, to the poems and romances of a later period, he has appended copies of various illuminations in contemporary manuscript, so that every stage of medieval life in England is represented as it really appeared to the artists of each generation, who (it must at least be confessed) drew things exactly as they were, with an infinite scorn of perspective. It is perhaps to this peculiarity of theirs that we must ascribe the surpassing clumsiness of all articles of Anglo-Saxon furniture. We all know, were it but from the perusal of *Robinson Crusoe*, how difficult it is for an unskilled person to construct a chair; but our medieval forefathers must either have been peculiarly unfortunate in their attempts, or else have been grossly misrepresented by their draughtsman. King David (in the Harleian Manuscript) is represented as sitting amidst a system of clothes-horses, exactly as though he were being put before the fire to dry; yet the Saxon name for it was 'stol,' which we preserve now in 'stool.' A cradle, too, was even then termed a crib, a poem in the Exeter book speaking of 'a cild in a crybbe;' while the 'kettle of fish'—a term which we use so glibly without knowing what it means—was found under the name of 'cytel' on every table. Side-saddles for ladies, also, which we are apt to consider of comparatively modern date, and whose introduction into England is ascribed at earliest to Anne of Bohemia, queen of Richard II., were known, as Mr Wright abundantly proves by illustration, to the Anglo-Saxons; and so, moreover, was the now-a-day commercial practice of placing the pen behind the ear. On the other hand, nobody dreamed of walking arm-in-arm with another until long after the fifteenth century, wherein it was deemed the height of gentility to hold a lady by one finger only; while male friends went hand in hand, like a seminary of very young ladies taking exercise.

Among all the knight-errants who are credited (most undeservedly) with the mission of defending distressed ladies in the days of chivalry, there was no Sir Creswell Creswell. 'Men beating their wives, and even women with whom they quarrel, who are not their wives, is a common incident in the tales and romances. The Chevalier de la Tour Landry tells his daughters the story of a woman who was in the habit of contradicting her husband in public, and replying to him ungraciously, for which, after the husband had expostulated in vain, he raised his fist and knocked her down, and kicked her in the face while she was down, and broke her nose. "And so," says the knightly instructor, "she was disfigured for life; and thus through her ill behaviour and bad

* *A History of Domestic Manners and Sentiments in England during the Middle Ages*. By Thomas Wright. Chapman and Hall.

temper, she had her nose spoiled, which was a great misfortune to her. It would have been better for her to be silent and submissive, for it is only right that words of authority should belong to her lord, and the wife's honour requires that she should listen in peace and obedience."

Regulations for the purchase of wives are found among the Anglo-Saxon laws; and by those of King Ethelbert it is especially enacted that what we call the 'co-respondent' in divorce cases 'shall provide another wife with his own money, and bring her home to the other.'

It is impossible, in the limited space at our disposal, to arrange the various information set forth in so bulky a volume as Mr Wright's, according to his own or any other system. The most convenient method, perhaps, by which we can represent medieval life in England, will be by taking a single day of it and describing its occupations. This must not, however, be supposed to take place so early as Beowulf's time, when the mead-hall opened directly into the stable, and 'manners none, customs disgusting' (as the midshipman observed when he was asked to describe the peculiarities of a certain savage nation), is the only possible verdict that could be passed upon it. Our day, in that case, would have been liable to be cut short before noon, for society dined at nine o'clock in the morning, got drunk very early in the entertainment, and almost immediately afterwards would sometimes fall to stabbing one another. The early moral poems are all about the slaughters in which feasts were apt to end. The Sir Andrew Aguecheek who was good at beef and 'witty at winebibbing' (*gevitlig et winepege*), had also to be ready with his sword, lest 'on the mead-bench, angry with ale, life should expel that wine-sated man.' Let us select a period somewhat later than these days of bloody wassail.

Had you lived, then, in the Merry England of the middle ages, reader, you would have begun your day uncommonly early. Everybody, not excepting the royal family, rose at daybreak, as early as the light would let him. In the romance of *Hiron de Bordeaux*, one of the heroes is accused of laziness because he was in bed after cock-crow. Breakfast was a very substantial meal indeed. So late as 1512, we learn from the Northumberland Household Book, that even on fish or fast days 'the breakfast allowances were as follow: For my lord and lady—a loaf of bread in trenchers, two manchets, a quart of beer, and a quart of wine, two pieces of salt-fish, six baked herrings, or a dish of sprats; for the two elder sons—half a loaf of household bread, a manchet, a bottle of beer, a dish of butter, a piece of salt-fish, a dish of sprats, or three white fresh herrings; for the two children in the nursery—a manchet, a quart of beer, a dish of butter, a piece of salt-fish, a dish of sprats, or three white herrings; and for my lady's gentlewomen—a loaf of bread, a quart of beer, a piece of salt-fish, or three white herrings.' Even in this noble family two persons had only one plate between them, but then, what a quantity of beer! Breakfasting in this heavy fashion, you would nevertheless have been expected to be ready for dinner at 9 A.M. or 10 at latest. In a lay of the period, King Arthur is introduced, on a grand festival-day, refusing, according to his custom, to begin the dinner until some 'adventure' should turn up; and the guests wait till near noon, when the grand seneschal, Sir Keux, takes upon himself to expostulate and represent that dinner has been ready a long time. The queen was in her chamber, greatly distressed at having to wait so long.

An ancient proverb describes the divisions of the domestic day in this manner:

Lever à cinq, diner à neuf,
Souper à cinq, coucher à neuf,
Fait vivre d'ans nonante et neuf.

Dinner was always a great institution in this country. Trumpets and music announced it in great families, and servants, headed by a principal domestic, brought it in, in stately procession. Swans and peacocks with gilded feet were not uncommon dishes even at dinners that were not banquets. The meats were eaten from slices of bread, however (*tranchoire*), in lieu of plates, and these were afterwards thrown into vessels called *couloures*. The number and character of the courses depended upon the wealth of the entertainer. The usual number of courses was, however, three: and the bill of fare, for an ordinary gentleman's table, in Richard II.'s reign (which was, by the by, somewhat remarkable for luxury), was as follows:

First Course.—Boar's head (larded), and bruce (a sort of pork-soup), beef, mutton, legs of pork, swan, roasted rabbit, tart.

Second Course.—Drore (soup made of small birds), and rose (a made-dish, composed mainly of capons and rice), mallard, pheasant, stuffed chickens, malachis (a dish which even Mr Thomas Wright cannot explain).

Third Course.—Rabbits in gravy, and hare in potage, teal, woodcocks, anipes, raffiyls (minced patties), and flampoyntes (made of pork collops and cheese).

There were Lavatories in the dining-hall itself, or just outside it, where the guests washed their hands before and after meals; and very necessarily so, since there was, as we have said, only one *tranchoir* between every two, and the use of forks was unknown in England until the reign of James I., when it was imported from Italy. The carving was performed, as at modern fashionable feasts, by a professional person, who was enjoined 'never to set on fische, flesche, beest, nee fowle, more than two fyngers and a thombe;' but the entertainment was by no means *à la Russe*, so that the guests were obliged to contemplate this performance. Meat which was not eaten was generally thrown upon the floor, where there were always expectant cats and dogs, to play with which, however, was held to be bad manners. It was also not considered good-breeding to spit upon the table—

If thou spit on the borde or elles upon,
Thou shall be holden an uncurtayse man—

nor to blow the nose with the hand that was acting as fork; nor to pick the teeth with a knife, or clean them on the table-cloth. The ladies (who appear to have been rather attached to the pleasures of the table) are especially enjoined, when eating with their neighbour, to turn the nicest bits towards him, and not to select the finest and largest for themselves, 'which is not courteous.' They are also warned not to choke or burn themselves with too large or hot a piece, and entreated to wipe their mouth well, so as not to make the cup unpleasant for the person who shared it with them. The ladies are further and particularly recommended not to utter falsehoods during conversation. When knives are not laid, it is requested that guests will not bring 'knyfes unscoured' to the table, or, in other words, that they will see that the knife is clean which each man carried in a sheath at his girdle. The table was merely a board placed upon trestles, and the seats were commonly but benches, the cleanliness of which it is recommended you should make sure of before sitting down—

Enfant, prens de regarder peino
Sur le siege où tu te sierras,
Le aucune chose y verras
Qui soit deshonneste ou vilaine.

As for the state of the rush-strewn floor, let us simply remark, without going into details, that it was filthy.

Among the less obvious rules of a good-behaviour are these: Do not leave your spoon in the platter; nor eat much cheese, nor more than two or three nuts; nor play with your knife; nor roll your napkin

into a cord, or tie it in knots. Finally, do not get intoxicated *during* dinner-time.

The dinner was almost always accompanied by music, and afterwards any wandering *jongleur* or minstrel was excessively welcome. These were by no means the class of persons which the romancists have described them to be, but merely itinerant mountebanks. We can hire much better ones now a days than their very best, to amuse a juvenile party at Christmas-time, for thirty shillings a night. In two illuminated manuscripts of the fourteenth century, Herodias is represented as dancing before Herod after dinner *upon her head*, and, in short, performing 'the wheel,' as practised by agile beggar-boys in London streets. After the performance of these buffoons, those guests who were not intoxicated, and felt disinclined for field-sports, proceeded to gamble. Chess was probably known in England previous to the battle of Hastings; and dreadful quarrels took place over this game, during which it was not uncommon for one gentleman to beat out another's brains with the board thereof. In the romance of *Ogier de Danemarche*, the young Prince Charles strikes his companion so violent a blow with the Rook that he makes his eyes fly out. Similar catastrophes were also wont to happen at backgammon (which was then called tables), where the board must have formed a still more formidable weapon. Draughts, too (under the name of *dames*, which it still preserves in France), was very popular, especially with the ladies, and was played precisely as now, except that the pieces were square instead of round. Cards were not introduced until the end of the fourteenth century, but the use of dice was universal in the twelfth among all classes; the favourite game being hazard. People could no longer, indeed, stake their personal liberty on the throw, but they played for everything else, even for the very clothes they had on their backs, and which they very often lost. An illumination of the fourteenth century represents two dice-players (they always used *three* dice, by the by), one of whom has only his shirt on, and the other is perfectly naked. 'The artist appears to have intended to represent them as playing against each other until neither had anything left, like the two celebrated cats of Kilkenny who ate one another up until nothing remained but their tails.'

The ladies and young men often played with whipping-tops and hand-balls, while the ruder sex were exceedingly attached to ninepins, or *kayles*: these, however, were not played like modern ninepins, but were piled up, and then knocked down by throwing a stick at them, exactly as in the modern fashionable games of *Jack's Alive* and *Aunt Sally*. In summer-time, the guests adjourned from table to the 'garden-house,' wherein the *banquet* or dessert was laid out; and after this there was sometimes a *rere-banquet*, or supplementary feast, whereat people drank a great deal more wine than was good for them. At supper, which must have come close on the heels of this last entertainment, there was *hagis* (the Scotch haggis), *moile* (made of marrow and bread), and commonly two kinds of omelette. Following this, there was sometimes an *arrière souper*, or *rere-supper*, at which we will hope there was little else than fruit. If you were ill after all these meals, which must surely have often happened, the lady of the house was your doctor.

The going to bed must have been an unpleasant piece of business with our mediæval ancestors. Even so late as in the reign of Elizabeth, we read in Holinshed's *Chronicles* this unpromising account of bedroom accommodation: 'Our fathers (yea, and we ourselves also) have lien full oft upon straw pallets, on rough mats, covered onlie with a sheet, and with a good round log under their heads instead of a bolster. If it were so that our fathers, or the good man of the house, had, within seven years after his marriage, purchased a mattress or flocke bed, and thereto a sacke of chaffe to rest his heade upon, he thought himself to

be as well lodged as the lorde of the towne, so well were they contented. Pillowes, said they, were thought meete onlie for women in childbed. As for servants, if they had anie sheet to cover them, it was well, for seldom had they anie under their bodies to keepe them from the pricking straws that ran oft through the canvas of the pallet, and raised their hardened hides. A description like this could only apply to the lower classes in society, however, who had as yet participated but little in the march of social improvement.' Our Norman forefathers of good estate had a quilt of feathers, with sheets of silk or linen, and a coverlet of badgers' skins; but there were generally two or three beds in the same room, for privacy was very little considered. Curiously enough, however, while no care whatever was taken to cover the body—night-gowns being quite undreamed of—the head was carefully wrapped about at night with a handkerchief. A truckle-bed was always found in the chamber of a person of consequence, upon which his attendant slept at his feet; and this was pushed under the larger bed during the day.

Lighting the dining-hall was effected by means of rude chandeliers of wood, or, in case of the apartment being very large, by cressets—portable fire-places swung from the roof; but in the bedroom there were candlesticks, spikes on which the candle was stuck in a flat frame. It was customary for a servant to remove these when the guest was in bed, since there were no such things as extinguishers in use; but among the vulgar there seems to have been a method of putting the candle out which would be most strenuously objected to by our fire-insurance companies. 'In the *Menagier de Paris*, or instructions in the management of a gentleman's household, compiled in the latter half of the fourteenth century, the lady of the house is told, after having each night ascertained that the house is properly closed, and all the fires covered, to see all the servants to bed, and to take care that each had a candle in a flat-bottomed candlestick, and to teach them prudently to extinguish their candles, before they go into their bed, with the mouth or with the hand, and not with their chemise; that is, they were to blow their candle out, or put it out with their fingers, not to extinguish it by throwing their shifts upon it—another allusion to the practice of sleeping without clothing.'

And thus the mediæval day was ended.

HOW I STOPPED THE BROWNES FROM ASKING ME 'TO COME IN THE EVENING.'

READER, if thou art titled, wealthy, or agreeable beyond the common, thou hast never known, thou canst never know, the misery which forms the subject of this touching narrative. If thou hast a country-house with but so much as one spare room in it, or a villa residence by the sea, or a cottage ornée by the banks of Thames, so evil a thing can never happen to thee as to be asked 'to come in the evening.' No man—nay, not even woman, would dare to do it. Or, if thou art related to any peer, if even he be Irish, yea, if thou art but first-cousin to a baronet, so that thy host may say in well-selected pause at table, 'And how is Sir Charles when you last heard of him?' this humiliation can ne'er be thine. Or, if thou hast a gift for wit, and understandest how to 'lift' the talk that hangs and flags sometimes even at a rich man's board, thou art saved and spared.

Nevertheless, O favoured of fortune, it is for thee I write these words. List, list, O list to the complaint of one that is less happy in his social circumstances, who is poor, who is dull, whose name is Mr Thomas Smith—uncompromising, pure and simple *Smith*, unredeemed either by *y* or *z*. If thou hast

tears for a wrong that never can be thine, prepare to shed them now. It has doubtless often happened to thee that, after feasting at a friend's, and filling thy sleek skin with pleasant viands and generous drinks, thou hast wondered, upon joining the ladies in the drawing-room, to see me sitting among them. Entering the apartment like a conquering Bacchus, with that careless freedom which can only result from having well dined, with thy lips yet parted with the smile evoked by the last *mot* among thy male companions, thou hast, I say, often started upon beholding me. Thou hast said to thyself: 'I have drunk much, but I have not drunk too much. There were but four of us men at table yonder, but lo, I behold a fifth. Steady, Brain, steady, and do not let us commit ourselves. It may be a phantasm born of that too delicious cucumber, or it may not. Let us see whether anybody speaks to it, for if not, I will sit down upon the very spot it seems to occupy, as recommended by Dr Abernethy in his anecdotes of Indigestion.'

Many and many a time have I watched these weird reflections pass athwart the countenance of a Dined man. I have seen the glass of astonishment—nay, sometimes double ones—raised to contemplate my mysterious form. By one fat, insolent man, I was once even snorted at. That son of Mammon—he was a banker fellow—made, I repeat, a nasal noise, exactly like that of a horse who first discovers an inferior fellow-creature in his pasture-ground. Few of these incomers get over their surprise sufficiently to enter into conversation with the being that has thus excited it, and if they do so, they do not wish to cultivate his acquaintance. It is obvious that I am not an eligible individual. The host shakes hands with me (three fingers to my five), and asks in a low tone after my grandmother (who is not at all in society), and after that I drop hopelessly back again upon the governess. She is brought down from somewhere above stairs after dinner, and given over to me by the rest of the ladies, as by common consent, upon my joining the feminine circle. The pampered menial who opens the front door, and regards me scornfully as I strive to separate myself from my goloshes in the hall, announces me superciliously. The hostess remarks how kind it is of me to come, and I reply that it gives me the greatest conceivable pleasure to be able to do so. I then perceive that my arrival has interrupted some interesting female conversation, probably, since it is not resumed, of a scandalous nature; and the weather, for the second time that evening, as regards the rest of the company, is brought forward in all its dreariness, and dilated upon with an affectation of interest, which in its hollowness is appalling. Presently appear the supercilious males. Society, to whom myself and my fellow-unfortunates are usually introduced about 9.30, has ordered its carriages at 10.15, so that we have just three-quarters of an hour to produce a favourable impression upon it.

Let us briefly recapitulate. In the first place, we have to remove the sense of wrongful intrusion, which our appearance cannot fail to have excited in every bosom. Secondly, we have to pass through that preliminary weather-stage which has been already accomplished by others, and to return to which induces loathing. And, thirdly, our name being Smith simple, our social position being (obviously) undesirable, and our intelligence below the average, we have to make our favourable impression. Mr John Wilkes himself could never have accomplished this, whose boast was, 'Ugly though I be, I am only a quarter of an hour behind the handsomest man in England.'

Why, then, I demand, in the name of our common humanity (which is the only thing that is common to the two parties), are we asked to 'come in the evening, to meet people that have dined? Flushed, I do not say with Wine, but with the Victories of the Table, with *mote*, with anecdotes, with scandal, with

agreeable banter, the original guests ride rough-shod over us interlopers, almost unconscious of our feeble resistance. Compared to us, they are as regular soldiery to a mere rabble armed with scythes. They have confidence in one another; they have been accustomed to act in concert, and they have watch-words and countersigns of which we know nothing at all. The faintest hint, the most monosyllabic allusion, is the *open sesame* to peals of laughter among these persons, while we, who know nothing of what has foregone in another place—the dining-room—stare with great eyes, and laugh with alien lips, and know not what is meant.'

Do the host and hostess, who thus invite us to the fag-ends of their entertainments, believe that they are conferring a favour? If so, why do they not sometimes gratify my Lord Tom Noddy, Mr Munny Bag, and that eminent satirist, Eppy Gram, Esq., in a similar manner. Is it possible that they persuade themselves that any one of us really have, or can have 'pleasure in accepting their kind invitation for Tuesday evening?' If so, let them dismiss that notion from their minds at once as illusory in the very highest degree. We abominate the gilded insult. For my part, I would far rather receive the invitation-card of those less aristocratic circles which are said to have *Gin and Tripe* neatly engraved in the left-hand corner of it, instead of *Dancing*. Some elegances may of course be wanting in such a case, but at all events everybody *starts fair*. Nobody, I presume, is asked to come in the evening after that entertainment. Believe me, my fashionable friends, to array one's self in gorgeous apparel merely for three-quarters of an hour of your drawing-room tittle-tattle, is, as the young lady of limited education observed with respect to learning the Alphabet, to go through a great deal for a very small result. O why, O why not ask us to dinner upon some 'off-day' instead, and give us mutton-chops? These are only a shilling a pound, and we should be comparatively grateful; whereas, under the present circumstances, you are but sowing alights and reaping hatred. You may indeed carry this sort of thing a little too far, and in my case you have actually done it. This paper is nothing less than a public exposure of post-amphitryonism—the iniquitous system of compelling inoffensive persons to 'come in the evening.' You take advantage—look you, my cheaply hospitable friends—of your superior wealth or station to degrade us. We are the mere captives of your triumphs; the helots of your drawing-rooms; the 'walking-gentlemen' of your after-dinner stage, who do not even get their shilling a night. On the contrary, it costs us two shillings and threepence apiece (for the cheaper ones split across the back), in those indispensable decorations of the social sacrifice, our white kid-gloves. Why do we come at all then? do you ask. Nay, you know very well that we are under obligations to you, and, believe me, you have chosen for us a very sure, though, alas, not a speedy method of liquidating the same. Now, let me not be misunderstood. Evening-parties are very different affairs from those I speak of, and I believe are even liked by many persons. Those gatherings also which are called 'receptions,' that take place after some stupendous banquet, offer probably some peculiar advantages in the way of supper. Moreover, there are occasions when a really hospitable soul—a man who asks one to dinner—may give way, through mistaken benevolence, to the post-amphitryonic system, and yet not be absolutely criminal. But the wretches whom I now have in my mental eye are not to be excused on any of those grounds. They have two sets of acquaintances, one of which they ask to dinner, and one to 'come in the evening.' I know it.

The Brownes of Piccadilly, for instance, had me down in that second list for half-a-dozen seasons, and let this narration of how I at last got out of it be a

warning to other Brownes. Browne senior lent me money once upon a time; or he became answerable for me when I was made Treasurer to the Society of Goldfinches; or he gave my second brother a presentation to Christ's Hospital; or he laid me under some similar obligation, of which we were both quite sensible. Each of us, I say, was well aware of our mutual relation, but Browne did not know after how many invitations to 'come in the evening' an obligation begins to lie *upon the other side*. Browne never asked me to dinner—never, never, never! In the season, or out of the season, when salmon was dear, or when salmon was cheap, I never once sat at that man's board—for a tray with ices upon it is not a board at which one *can* sit down.

Browne's house in Piccadilly looks out upon the Green Park, and has a frontage of I don't know how many feet. It does not run back, indeed, so far as my friend Browne (and especially Mrs B.) would have it appear, but it is altogether a very fine mansion. The drawing-room (and no man knows it better than I) is gorgeously furnished in the style of Louis XIV. There are no less than three other apartments *en suite* with it, getting smaller and smaller, like a drawn-out telescope, until they end in what looks like a very handsome china closet. There is not an article of *vertu*, nor splendidly bound volume, nor statuette, nor ornament of any kind, in those four dazzling chambers that I have not stared at, sphynx-like, with a concentrated indifference, scores and scores of times. On one occasion only did I ever feel any glow of excitement there (for a sense of humiliation, unless you have the courage to resent it, is *not* excitement), when I had the misfortune to crack a Dresden china figure of about five feet high, which must have cost a mint of money. This was early in my acquaintance with the Brownes of Piccadilly, but, as I never confessed to having committed the mischief, that could not have been the cause why they never asked me to dinner. How wretched that poor governess of theirs and I have been amid that splendid waste! How often have I heard vinous laughter upon the stately stair without, and seen that gilded door admit the arrogant Dined!

How long I should have gone on accepting Mr and Mrs Browne's obliging invitations, I cannot tell. Six years of more or less of them had already elapsed, and I obeyed them still, submissive and subordinate. Tompkins and Jones and I were a triumvirate who always met in that Piccadilly drawing-room, and our common wrongs had at length endeared us to each other. It was with genuine pleasure, therefore (although I do not say without a pang of envy), that we heard that Tompkins's uncle had died at last, and left him his long expected ten thousand pounds. This happened at the end of the Season; and at the beginning of the next, the hated three-cornered notes of evening welcome arrived as usual from the Brownes of Piccadilly—arrived, that is, to Jones and me, but not to Tompkins. Tompkins's legacy had lifted him out of their No. 2 list, and placed him in No. 1. Tompkins was invited to *dinner*. Now, this Jones and I felt to be quite intolerable. To have seen Tompkins come in at that gilded door with the self-satisfied and superior look which was only just endurable in strangers, would have been too much indeed. We didn't write back to express our sincere regrets that we were otherwise engaged—we were too indignant for that—but we both fully made up our minds that we would not be trampled under Tompkins's chariot-wheels. The Juggernaut of genuine fashion had indeed made a highway of our bodies for six years, but we were not yet a public tramroad for ordinary conveyances.

It is astonishing how free and happy we both felt after this valiant determination. Instead of that Friday evening casting before us a social gloom too oppressive to be called a shadow, we looked forward

to it as to the declaration of our independence—our 4th of July. We determined to dine together at the Club; to hold high festival in celebration of that first occasion on which the Brownes had asked us to 'come in the evening,' and we didn't mean to go. We dined at the very same hour at which Tompkins was to dine in Piccadilly, and we had six courses exclusive of the cheese. It was the commencement of an epoch, and we both agreed that expense should not be considered. After the Sauterne, and Sherry, and Champagne, the Claret tasted very refreshingly. We were in comfortable morning costume, with easy boots on, but it would now have been the hour, if we had not thrown off the yoke, when each must have given himself up to purgatorial pains—tight boots, tight cravats, tight gloves, and meekly gone in Hansoms to be offered up at Fashion's shrine, opposite the Green Park. We pictured to ourselves the High-Priestess waiting for her victims, and drank the health of the female Browne, sardonically, in the second bottle. It was about this period that a slight disagreement arose between Jones and myself upon the subject of the ceiling of the club dining-room; the one contending that it was honey-combed, and the other that it was tessellated, and neither feeling at all inclined to give up his opinion. We stared at it so long and fixedly that at last it actually appeared to both of us to be in motion, and this optical phenomenon prevented, of course, any satisfactory conclusion being arrived at. Jones, indeed, was for sending for the waiter to decide the question, but I declined to submit to any such authority. If Mr Ruskin's opinion could be procured, said I, well and good; but otherwise, I would give in to nobody's; I had not come to that Club to be dictated to, for if such had been my object, I should have gone to the Brownes of Piccadilly. Jones replied, with pretended frankness, that he was the last man to wish to quarrel, although the ceiling was most certainly 'desolated' (he had had, I am sorry to say, quite enough wine), and that we had better drop the subject, and go up to the smoking-room. As a further proof that my companion was not in a fit state to give his opinion upon artistic subjects, I may mention that when the waiter came with the bill, he answered superciliously that he had 'nothing for him,' and added, that it was contrary to the regulations of the Club to give gratuities to any one, except at least (recollecting himself) to *members of the committee and the Honorary Sec.*

However, the fresh air of the smoking-room quite restored him, and we had an interesting, though rather desultory metaphysical discussion, which lasted through two cigars.

'By the by,' observed Jones, *à propos de bottles*, 'have you ever tasted *Knickerbocker*?'

'Knickerbocker,' returned I; 'why, that is boots and trousers: unless it is some Dutch liqueur, I cannot conceive the nature of it.'

'Come along, then,' exclaimed he with vivacity, and snatching up the nearest hat; 'you have something to live for yet, my Smith, though you *have* lost the Brownes of Piccadilly. Let us go to the American Bar—not that to which Mr Edwin James has gone, but where there is every kind of Fancy Drink on draught—*Private Smiles* and *Silent Nods*, *Yankee Whispers*, *Ladies' Blushes*!'

'Sir,' said I, not without some dignity, 'I am a person of good morals; what is it you mean?'

'I mean *The Neverfailing Sodawater Cocktail*; "Smashes" and "Slings" of all kinds, and especially *Moral Suasion*.'

'And what is that?' inquired I, for the name sounded respectably among so many hideous appellations—an oasis of good English in a desert of Slang.

'When the Maine Law fanatics carried that iniquitous Liquor measure,' explained Jones condescendingly, 'they boasted that it had been accomplished by moral suasion. Whereupon, the other party, to restore

the balance of power, invented an enchanting drink, and called it by that identical name, that *Moral Suasion* might be upon their side also. It is therefore well worthy of our attention, if only from its historical value. *Mint Julep*, on the other hand, has almost a celestial birth. The divine Milton has even given us, in his *Comus*, the recipe for concocting that delicious compound, which it seems he preferred before all others, for "first," says he,

"Behold this cordial julep here,
That flames and dances in his crystal bounds,
With spirits of balm and fragrant syrups mixed."

'My dearest Jones,' said I, 'you are the Enchanter himself; and I fear I am not so virtuous as the Lady. Lead on, then, with all my heart, to the American Bar.'

The Transatlantic gentleman who presided over this famous Institution was affable and attentive in the highest degree. We placed ourselves, at his own suggestion, entirely in his hands, and agreed to take whatever compound the nature of our condition (or complaint, as he humorously termed it) seemed to him to demand. He prepared a *Stone Fence* (price one shilling) in the first instance, but observing afterwards that we were 'tighter than he had thought we were'—an Americanism which I did not understand—he substituted for that a *Corpse Reviver*. As I watched the liquid fly from one crystal vessel to another in his nimble hands, I perceived that milk was an ingredient, and my heart sank within me. He promised, however, that a tumbler of this would make another man of each of us, and, in a certain limited sense, he was right. The immediate effect of the *Corpse Reviver* was to fill us with an extraordinary courage and determination. Our self-esteem rose fifty per cent., and with it our indignation at the conduct of the Brownes of Piccadilly.

'It would only serve them right,' observed Jones defiantly, 'since they have asked us so often "to come in the evening," when we had rather have stopped at home, if we were to pay them a visit for once when they didn't want us. Suppose, now, we go to the Brownes to-night, after all. They said they were hoping to have the honour of our company: let them have it then. What say you, my Smith?'

I applauded this heroic resolution, although not without some little misgiving. Our boots were already muddy, so that there was no use in taking a cab; and besides, we felt that motion and fresh air were absolutely essential to the favourable development of the effects of the Transatlantic elixir. It had not so much *revived as galvanised* us. If we once gave way to the 'coma' which we felt impending, we had a presentiment that it would be all over with us. What we required was excitement; lights, music, jewels, fashionable conversation, and furniture of Louis Quatorze—the reception-room of the Brownes in Piccadilly was, in fact, the very place for us.

'We are not in evening-dress, my friend,' observed Jones, stopping suddenly, and laying his hand affectionately upon a lamp-post. I took no notice of this little mistake of identity, but replied from the other side of him, as though he had appealed to myself, as had been his intention. 'That is very true, my Jones, but what does it matter? They ask for the pleasure of our company, not for that of our polished leather boots. Let us say that we knew what really hospitable people they were, and how glad they would be to see us drop in, in a family way. Browne will like that, I am sure.'

The great house loomed rather awfully upon us as we approached its portals, and a little hesitation came over me which caused me to ring the area-bell instead of that devoted to visitors. Jones, however, applied himself to the other with a compensatory vehemence which brought the footman to the front-door upon the instant.

'Mrs Browne at home?' inquired I, giving him my hat, but not making any effort to take off my great-coat, because I saw that Jones was failing in that endeavour signally.

'There is a party to-night, gentlemen,' observed the footman, regarding our personal appearance with some misgiving.

'Yes,' said I, 'a dinner-party and an evening-party; we belong to the evening-party, we do; ha, ha!'

It was a curious and striking illustration of the proverbial insolence of the pampered menials of Fashion that this footman, assisted by other retainers, did absolutely and by force prevent my Jones from going up stairs. They said that it was impossible that he could do such a thing with his greatcoat on, nor would they permit him to prove that the thing was really practicable by doing it. I sat on one of the hall chairs, and watched the fracas without much interest; lack of interest in all sublunary (or indeed in any) matters, being, as I found, the chief feature of the *Corpse Reviver* after the first twenty minutes. I only drummed with my heels upon the hall floor (which being of polished oak, was fortunately reverberatory), and shouted at the top of my voice for Tompkins. My conciliatory and peaceful conduct shone out, I flatter myself, by contrast with that of my companion. If Tompkins would come, said I, all would be forgotten and forgiven, but otherwise they must take the consequences. The commotion connected with Jones at last communicated itself throughout the palatial residence; the cry for Tompkins penetrated into the four reception-rooms. Old Browne himself came down in an awful state of excitement, but I did not pay the slightest attention to him. I wanted my Tompkins, and at last my Tompkins came. Then I reproached him with his conduct in coming to dinner that day, and leaving his old friends to 'come in the evening,' till I think he looked rather ashamed of himself.

As for Browne of Piccadilly, my last memorable words to him were these: 'Now, don't you go asking my friend Jones again, nor me, to come to any of these after-dinner parties of yours, for we don't like 'em; so, let this be a warning to you.'

And I suppose that it was a warning to him, for the Brownes of Piccadilly have never asked either of us 'to come in the evening' from that day to this. *Verbum sap.*

LAMP-ACCIDENTS.

WHAT possesses our middle-class housewives, or their husbands and sons, that they cannot trim and fill their lamps by daylight? The hospital lists of accidents, and the registers of coroners' inquests, are shewing a constant increase of injuries and deaths from lamp-accidents, and yet every fresh one happens exactly like all that have gone before. Somebody is holding a candle for somebody else to replenish the lamp, when the lamp or the can 'explodes,' and everybody is astonished because the light was not within so many inches of the oil! There are few of us who have not known such a case within the circle of our own acquaintance, and in each instance we are amazed at the rashness of the sufferer, or of some member of the household in which he met his fate. The frequency of these accidents now threatens us with bad consequences, which must be intercepted, if possible. When we find a coroner's jury recommending that parliament should forbid the household use of dangerous oils, it is time to point out that it is not the business of parliament to save us from the consequences of our own stupid folly. It would be no more absurd to call for a law against the muslin sleeves of ladies, or the use of lucifer-matches by housemaids, than to propose any meddling by the Legislature with our parlour and kitchen lamps, when it is in our own power to render them safer than the old-fashioned candles ever were.

Where the plainest and easiest caution is used, there is less danger to the person from household lights than there ever was before; and the burned corpses on which inquests have been held so often within the last five years, are almost all victims of a folly which we should have no mercy upon if it had related to any old instead of a new domestic custom.

When we began, many years ago, to use oil-lamps instead of the mould-candles of our fathers, there was occasionally the nuisance of a bad smell, occurring in the most agreeable part of the evening's recreation. Servants were careless, or were supposed to be so; and not only their mistresses, but their masters, declared that lamps were not to be trusted to any hands but their own. Lawyers, medical men, merchants, and shopkeepers by hundreds, made a point of trimming and filling the study or drawing-room lamp for themselves. They meant to do it before going to business in the morning; but it was often forgotten, and then it had to be done when the master came home to dinner at six or seven. When the Moderator and other lamps gave place to camphine, naphtha, and paraffine lights, the same practice went on; and several times in a year we have heard or read of the incomprehensible way in which a sheet of flame wrapped round the unfortunate holder of the candle or the can, or both. If the lamp burns dim in the middle of the evening, the only idea is of replenishing it at the same risk; we have heard of law or medical students preparing in this way for night-study; and not a few young men have been cut short in their career by an accident as foolhardy as that of the miner who opens his Davy-lamp to light his pipe, or to brighten the flame in a coal-pit. In America, the deaths from this cause, and from carrying about small camphine lamps, easily dropped or upset, have been more numerous than with us, so that we have seen newspapers which have waged war for years together against the whole order of camphine and naphtha lamps; yet it would be difficult to point to any cases in which the mischief did not arise from the most avoidable risks.

The risk is daily on the increase, now that the oil-wells of Pennsylvania and Canada are in full action, offering to all the world a light so cheap, so clean, so bright, that society will certainly choose to avail itself of the new resource to the utmost extent. Already, there are towns and villages in England where candles are rarely seen, and are likely to be forgotten. No candles that are within the reach of the working-man's purse can compare, for effectiveness and cheapness, with the photogene lamp which may be seen suspended in the back-parlour of the shop, in the kitchen, and in the cottage. It is no small comfort to be rid of the droppings of grease, and the dirty and stinking snuff of the dip-candle. The days of the guttering and flaring candle are over, and instead of it, there is the steady, bright, scentless, cleanly, and pretty lamp, suspended over the table, hurting nobody's eyes, and lighting every corner of the room. If the druggists' assurance is true, that photogene does not 'explode,' there is no objection to its use for hand-lamps; and all risks from sparks, from hanging linen, and from any contact of the light with bed-curtains or clothes, are avoided. The cheapness is already remarkable, and the price must still decrease as access to the American oil-wells is improved, and the competition of our English small-coal with those wells becomes closer. Already we hear of the vanishing bulk of the mountains of small-coal about the mouths of our pits as the demand for photogene increases. Already, we are paying only 3s. 4d. per gallon for photogene, while camphine sells for 7s. 6d.—the gallon of the cheaper fluid going much further than that of the dearer; so that in the shortest days of winter, when we burn camphine to the amount of 5d. per evening, the photogene light costs only 1½d. Under such circumstances, it is absurd for juries to

propose a parliamentary prohibition of the use of inflammable oils. Opinion should be directed, not against the commodity, but against the reckless folly of bringing it into contact with flame. It is very well that the subject should be stirred; it is very well that the Americans should be bending their efforts towards purifying and refining their inexhaustible oil, and making roads from the wells to the railway stations; it is very well that the sellers in England should be settling the names and descriptions of their inflammable oils, and arranging their methods and terms of proof of the commodity, before it is sold: but it would be of greater use than any other procedure if people were henceforth to protect themselves and their families and servants by taking care that no receptacle of these oils was ever opened after dark. The can and the barrel should be alike placed under lock and key, if no less stringent prohibition would avail. What can be simpler, or more easy? Yet, by this one precaution, a whole order of fatal accidents would be precluded. In the Bankruptcy Court, the other day, a bankrupt's stock was spoken of as reserved from present sale because it consisted of paraffine lamps; being 'paraffine lamps at a discount, on account of recent accidents.' All those accidents having been caused by the same act of carelessness, a stronger satire against our household good sense could not have been uttered. To send us back to the peril of candle-burning, would cap the absurdity; rather let us perceive and shew that one of the uses of daylight is to prepare our lights for the dark hours.

AN APRIL MORNING.

It is a joyous morning;
The western gale blows free,
And rolls the light clouds eastward
Like billows of the sea.
Oft bursts the silver sunshine
On woodland, vale, and hill,
But neither shade nor sunshine
Stands for a moment still;
For now the hills are silvered,
The valleys dark with shade;
Then rush the shadows upward,
And light is in the glade.
Their dry and leafless branches,
The trees about them fling—
They seem to feel within them
The beating pulse of Spring.
The black rooks, cawing ever,
Are wheeling in the skies;
The blackbird to the thrush
In merry note replies.
Among the woods, the squirrel
Leaps glad from tree to tree;
And all the gushing waters
Sing songs of liberty.
There is a sense of gladness,
A thrill of joy and mirth
That runs throughout all nature,
Through water, sky, and earth.
Then forth into the sunshine,
Ye sons of toil and care,
And ye shall own that Nature
Is mighty to repair!

C.

The Editors of *Chambers's Journal* have to request that all communications be addressed to 47 Paternoster Row, London, and that they further be accompanied by postage-stamps, as the return of rejected Contributions cannot otherwise be guaranteed.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH. Also sold by all Booksellers.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL OF POPULAR LITERATURE

Science and Arts.

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 432.

SATURDAY, APRIL 12, 1862.

PRICE 1*d*.

O B E L I S K S.

Of all architectural memorials, the obelisk is at once the most ancient and the most durable. Peculiar, like the more mysterious pyramids, to the land of the Pharaohs, they bear everlasting testimony to the skill of the great people to whom Greece was indebted for her art and her philosophy.

All the larger Egyptian obelisks that have escaped destruction at the hands of man—for to the assaults of Time these colossal erections seem to bid defiance—are monoliths of red Syene granite; so proportioned that the shaft is nine or ten times as high as the base of the obelisk is thick, while the diameter at the top is never less than one-half, or more than three-fourths, of the diameter at the base. As a rule, the sides of the Egyptian obelisks are not of equal dimensions, an irregularity probably arising from the fact of their seldom being erected as isolated objects, but usually placed in pairs at the entrances of temples, to break the long line of pyramidal towers, and mark the direction of the avenue of sphinxes. They were generally inscribed with the name of the monarch reigning at the time of their erection, and that of the deity to whom the temple was consecrated.

The credit of originating this noble class of memorials is given to Sesostris the Great, who, some 1600 years before the commencement of the Christian era, erected a pair of obelisks one hundred and twenty cubits high, for the purpose of recording his conquests and the wealth and resources of his immense empire. His successors followed the example, till Egypt became famous for its 'Pharaoh's Needles,' as they were termed by the Arabs. Of the numberless obelisks raised from time to time, only ten of any size are said to remain, to excite the awe and wonderment of the degenerate dwellers in the nursery of civilisation. Among the ruins of the hundred-pillared temple of Karnak stands a beautiful red granite obelisk, upwards of seventy feet high, and near it lie the fragments of its companion. In another part of the temple is a still grander one, erected in memory of an Egyptian queen thirty-three centuries ago: the entire height of this splendid monument is ninety-two feet. An inscription upon it records that nineteen months elapsed between the commencement of the work in the quarry to its erection where it stands. An obelisk before the temple of Isis, at Philæ, is notable for having inscribed on its pedestal a petition

from the priests of Isis to King Ptolemy and his two Cleopatras, complaining of public functionaries and great persons visiting the island, and quartering themselves on the priesthood, to their great expense and inconvenience. To this petition is appended Ptolemy's reply, and his royal command that the priests of Isis be no more troubled by their unwelcome guests.

A small obelisk, about forty-three feet high, lying broken near Biggig, and supposed to have been erected during Joseph's sojourn in Egypt, is remarkable for having the apex round instead of pointed. Its fragments are objects of reverence with the people of the country, the women reciting their prayers over the fallen ancient, hoping thereby to be blessed with a numerous family. At Heliopolis, the once famous City of the Sun, an obelisk rears itself sixty-two feet above the ground. This stands upon two pedestals; the uppermost of which, two feet high, projects about the same distance on every side beyond the base of the obelisk, and is itself supported by a larger pedestal nineteen feet square. At Alexandria, near the site of the palace of Shakspeare's 'serpent of Old Nile,' are the two obelisks known as Cleopatra's Needles, one of which might long since have beautified our capital with its presence. During the occupation of Egypt by the British army, an attempt was made to raise it for conveyance to England; that attempt failed, and the obelisk was left to be covered by the sands of Alexandria. It now lies disinterred again; and according to the latest account, is very much mutilated, large portions, especially from the upper angles, being broken away, the hieroglyphics on the faces exposed to the land-winds almost entirely defaced, and the shaft itself severed eighteen inches from the top. As it is, it measures fifty-nine feet to the base of the pyramid with which it terminates; the width at the base is seven and a half feet, and the diameter at the top nearly five feet. Like its companion, this obelisk is not perfectly square, there being a variation of as much as six inches in the dimensions of the sides. Thirty-one years ago, Luxor boasted two magnificent obelisks, covered with inscriptions, cut in some instances to a depth of two inches, and remarkable for a slight convexity of their centres, supposed by Sir Gardner Wilkinson to have been introduced to obviate the effect of the shadows thrown by the sun. The pair were given to France, and the smaller and more westerly of the two now ornaments Paris. This obelisk measures seventy-six feet

in height, and eight at the base, and is calculated to weigh about 352,276 pounds. Its removal was commenced in 1831, under the direction of M. Lebas, when it was discovered to have been cracked previous to erection, and afterwards secured by wooden cramps. For three months, eight hundred labourers were employed constructing an inclined plane from the obelisk to the river, where the vessel lay for its conveyance. Encased in planks, the monolith was drawn down the incline, shipped, and safely deposited, in 1833, near the Pont de la Concorde. Here it remained for more than two years, which were occupied in constructing a pedestal sixteen feet high for its erection in the *Place*. When this was completed, an inclined plane was made from the water to a stone platform level with the pedestal, over which the obelisk, on a kind of timber-sledge, was dragged by means of ropes and capstans. As soon as the edge of its base touched that of the pedestal, the monolith was raised perpendicularly by ropes and pulleys attached to ten masts; and within three hours, the operation was brought to a successful conclusion; some thirty thousand pounds having been expended from first to last.

Rome, thanks to the Cæsars, is rich in the spoils of Egyptian art. To Augustus it is indebted for the obelisk fronting the *Madonna del Popolo*, which, according to Pliny, was quarried by the order of King Semsensertues, during whose reign Pythagoras visited Egypt, an event fixed by chronologists at 535 B. C. Another of still older date, attributed to Sesostris, was erected by the same emperor in the *Campus Martius*. This, Pliny tells us, was applied to a singular purpose—that of marking the shadows projected by the sun, and so measuring the length of the day and night. With this object, a stone pavement was laid, the extreme length of which corresponded exactly with the length of the shadow thrown by the obelisk at the sixth hour (noon) on the day of the winter solstice; after this period, the shadow would go on, day by day, gradually decreasing, and then again would as gradually increase, correspondingly with certain lines of brass that were inserted in the stone. For the last thirty years, however, the observations derived from this dial have been found not to agree. Whether it is that the sun itself has changed its course, in consequence of some derangement of the heavenly system; or whether the whole earth has been in some degree displaced from its centre; or whether some earthquake, confined to this city only, has wrenched the dial from its original position; or whether it is that, in consequence of the inundations of the Tiber, the foundations of the mass have subsided, in spite of the assertion that they are sunk as deep into the earth as the obelisk erected upon them is high. This false gnomon was in time overthrown altogether, and lay hidden until 1748, when it was dug up, and found to be broken in two. In 1792, Pius VI. had it re-erected in the *Piazza di Monte Citorio*. Its total height is one hundred and ten feet; that of the shaft alone, seventy-three and a half feet.

Pheron, the successor of Sesostris, after being afflicted with blindness for ten years, recovered his sight by means of an extraordinary remedy prescribed by an oracle he had consulted, and to commemorate the event, erected two tall obelisks. One of these Caligula had transported to Rome, in the most wonderful vessel ever beheld on the ancient seas, the mast of which required four men to span its girth. The obelisk was broken in its carriage, and thereby lost something in height. Pope Sixtus V., with whom this monolith was a special favourite, lost no time after his accession to the pontifical chair in having it removed from the Vatican Circus to the piazza of St Peter's. How to effect the removal of the mass of stone, estimated to weigh 993,537 pounds, and measuring altogether one hundred and thirty-two feet, was a difficult problem, although the pontiff received

no less than five hundred plans for its solution. The task was confided to Fontana, who kept six hundred men, one hundred and forty horses, and forty-six cranes, employed for twelve months in executing it, at a cost of nine thousand pounds. When the time came for raising the obelisk on its new site, Sixtus forbade any one to speak during the operation under pain of death. One of the Brescas of St Remo, who was looking on, saw that the ropes would soon break from friction, and bravely shouted out for water. Sixtus asked him to name his own reward, and Brescia elected to have the privilege of supplying the papal chapel with palms on Palm Sunday, a privilege still claimed by his descendants. There was a gilt ball on the top of this obelisk, which tradition declared contained the ashes of Julius Cæsar, but Fontana, on opening it, found it empty. Encouraged by his success, Sixtus, in the following year (1587), removed a smaller monolith from the mausoleum of Augustus to the church of St Maria Maggiore, which, with its companion (erected on Monte Cavallo by Pius VI.), had been brought to Rome by Claudius in the year 57.

Pliny mentions an obelisk, erected by Rameses, who employed one hundred and twenty thousand men on the work, and who was so fearful of any accident happening to it while being elevated, that, to make the workmen engaged in raising it doubly careful, the king fastened his son in such a position, that if the stone fell he must be crushed with its weight. Hardouin supposes this to be the monolith which Augustus refused to remove from its ancient site, because it was specially dedicated to the sun; and which the less scrupulous Constantine had conveyed from Heliopolis to Alexandria, leaving his son Constantius the honour of erecting it in the Circus Maximus. Sixtus removed it to the front of St John Lateran. This is the greatest obelisk in existence, the shaft alone being one hundred and nine feet in height, and the pedestal on which it stands no less than forty feet, while the base is rather more than nine feet square. The remainder of the obelisks at Rome are of less importance; among them is the so-called Pampilian obelisk, ninety-nine feet high, in the *Piazza Navano*; one, one hundred feet high, in front of the *Trinité de' Monti*, taken by Clement XIII. from the gardens of Sallust; another, found near the temple of Isis, and placed before the Pantheon; and a small one, mounted with extraordinary bad taste, on the back of Bernini's elephant.

In front of the town-hall, and in the centre of the *Place Royale* of Arles, stands a plain granite monolith, forty-seven feet high, which was dug up near the walls of the town in 1675. This obelisk tapers more rapidly to its apex than is usual with its Egyptian prototypes, and is supposed to have been quarried in the *Estrulle Mountains* near Frejus. In 1676, it was re-erected on a pedestal twenty feet high, ornamented with four lions, and the apex surmounted with a blue ball decorated with golden *fleur de lis*. We suspect the Arles obelisk was in Sir Gardner Wilkinson's thoughts when he wrote: 'Modern Europeans depress the apex of their obelisks, and load the points of old Egyptian obelisks with crosses, rays, and other monstrosities; spoiling the very part in which the beauty of an obelisk consists; besides mounting them on pedestals with projecting mouldings, which disturb the continuous line of the sides, and are totally inconsistent with their character.'

Obelisks of rude form and small size were raised by the Scandinavians; there is one in a cemetery in the diocese of Berg, fourteen feet high, which is popularly believed to be the sword-blade of the giant reposing beneath turned into stone. Nor are such erections wanting nearer home: King Sueno's stone on the road near Forres, Morayshire, is an obelisk rising twenty-three feet above the ground, and going twelve or fifteen below it. One side is covered with rude sculptures, representing a warlike procession; the

other is nearly taken up by a large cross, beneath which are two figures apparently in the act of reconciliation. This strange relic of olden times is supposed to have been raised to commemorate the establishment of peace between Canute and Duncan, and the consequent departure of the Danes from Scotland.

England is not famed for the production of monuments of departed greatness; her efforts in that line being more or less failures. The erection of the Albert obelisk affords an opportunity that must not be lost; and the difficulties in the way are just those which Englishmen glory in overcoming. Our own quarries can supply us with the means of outdoing the renowned works of the tyrants of the ancient world; and it is hard indeed if English liberality and English skill cannot erect a memorial worthy to endure, and testify, not to an age, but to all time, how a free people honoured, loved, and lamented the 'noble father of her kings to be;' who were

The white flower of a blameless life,
Before a thousand peering littlenesses,
In that fierce light which beats upon a throne,
And blackens every blot.

THE WITNESS.

IN THREE PARTS.—PART II.

ALTHOUGH I was at the appointed spot before seven o'clock, Mr Davis had preceded me. He greeted me kindly, and when we were seated said, after pausing a few moments: 'My dear Miss Vernon, I cannot tell you how thankful I am to have a friend in you well known to me; but for this lucky chance, I know not what I could do: I am in the greatest perplexity, and I want advice.'

I muttered something about readiness and willingness, feeling thoroughly perplexed myself, and he thanked me, and continued: 'Troubled as I am, I cannot but feel that there is something ridiculous in what I am about to confide to you. That fellow Mac has taken one of his second or third sights about Greyfriars. He is quieter and more rational this morning, but half last night he was raving about the atmosphere of crime that is around him. He says the feeling came on slightly at first in the kitchen; in the chapel, and especially in the abbot's gallery, it increased every moment, and at length overpowered him; and when he was recovering from his swoon, and saw Lady Dighton, he knew at once that it all centred in her.'

'Good heavens!'

'Ah, you may well exclaim. I am afraid to tell you half the things he said last night; and even this morning, he steadfastly maintains that there is dreadful sin somewhere in this place; he cannot yet particularise its exact nature, but it belongs to poor Lady Dighton in some way or other. One of his fancies is, that she either murdered Sir Thomas, or that he is still alive, and concealed in the abbey—probably in the secret apartments; and'—

'He is perfectly mad,' I interrupted impatiently. 'Poor, old, evil-tempered Sir Thomas died in his bed, just as it had been repeatedly foretold by the medical men that he would do; indeed, it was a wonder that he lived so long. The idea of his not being dead and buried! I know Dr Saunders saw him after his death, for I have more than once heard him say so, and speak of the expression of his countenance. What can we do with this madman, Mr Davis? How lucky it is that you spoke so decidedly yesterday about going away! I am very sorry; but you must see with me, that the sooner you can get him away the better.'

'Yes,' answered Mr Davis, with a sort of melancholy drollery—'yes, that is very true; but he won't go.'

'Not go?'

'No; positively no. He declares the clue has been put into his hands, and he must wait to see where it is to lead him. He never had this strange super-knowing so strong upon him before. He promises to be quiet and passive, but here he must remain till further light comes to him.'

'This is intolerable; this cannot be permitted,' said I. 'You must write to his friends. Has he any brothers?'

'Yes, two; and luckily the elder one, a very sensible good fellow, is now in Bath. I will write to him immediately, and urge him to come hither. Let me see—a letter posted to-day, will reach him to-morrow afternoon. If he starts directly, he may be here by Thursday evening.'

'Well,' said I, 'until he comes, we must do our best to amuse your friend, and keep him as much in the open air as possible. There are several places in this neighbourhood well worth seeing; we must plan some little expedition for each day; the girls will be delighted; and we must make the best of it we can. How unlucky it is! I have never seen Captain Sinclair so cheerful and so conversable as since you came.'

'I think,' said Mr Davis, 'your plan is as good a one as we can devise; it will interest Mac, and divert his mind; and as he is not yet strong, I hope he will come home tired, and be quiet. Two or three days will soon pass away.'

'Yes,' said I; 'but I must ask one thing;' and I paused.

'What may it be?' he asked.

'Please, never leave me and the girls one moment alone with him.'

'Oh, I will promise that,' he answered laughing. 'I am sure he is not at all dangerous; but I pledge myself to keep guard faithfully.'

We then went into breakfast. The following is copied from my journal, written on the same day, late at night.

What a day this has been!—I can scarcely collect my thoughts to give a clear account of it—but I feel how important it may be to record all that has passed as soon as possible, to insure that nothing is misrepresented or omitted. Sleep is out of the question; so I will try to relate all that has happened, just as it occurred.

Mr M'Ilvar appeared at breakfast, looking pale and harassed, but perfectly quiet and collected in manner. He answered our inquiries by saying that he was quite well again; but he spoke seldom, and ate little. The weather had unfortunately changed since early morning, and the sky was too threatening to admit of any long expedition. We agreed, however, if it held up after luncheon, to take a walk we had been projecting for two or three days, to see some curious rocks about a mile off, on the sea-shore.

Mr Davis wrote his letter, and, with great satisfaction, I saw it myself put into the post-bag. He and I were so anxious for the walk, that we all set out soon after luncheon, although the clouds still looked dangerous. Mr M'Ilvar's spirits improved as we went on. He was much interested by the curious caves in the rocks, and their beautiful marine inhabitants, and the girls were delighted by his descriptions, and the information conveyed in them. At last, we turned our steps homewards, and had nearly reached one of the approaches to Greyfriars, when the rain, which we had quite forgotten, began to descend, and in a few minutes there was a regular Cornwall downfall. No shelter was near except a small house inhabited by an old woman, whom the late Sir Thomas considered to have some claim upon him. He had given her the cottage and garden during his lifetime, and left her an annuity in his will. I had been twice there with my pupils, both times to make some payment from the abbey, and at each visit had found

with her a daughter, the wife of a tradesman in a neighbouring town—a bold-looking, handsome woman of about forty, whose manner was familiar, and scarcely civil. Indeed, the mother herself seemed to think she was a privileged person, and I thought her particularly disagreeable. She had a hard, cross old face, with nothing venerable about her, and, I remember, introduced herself to me at our first meeting by staring impertinently in my face, saying: 'Oh, you're the new governess, I take it.' However, I was glad to run with my companions to the near shelter of her cottage, and she received us with tolerable civility. She was quite alone, the girl who waited on her being absent on some errand in the village.

The gentlemen began talking good-humouredly to her, but they got only short, rough answers. The rain continued to pour down in torrents, and a slender brooklet by the side of the road that divided the garden from the Greyfriars precinct soon became an impassable barrier between us and our home. Mr Davis said that when the rain abated he would make his way to the abbey, and send a carriage for us. The girls talked to the old woman, and were amused by her surly answers; and Mr M'Ilvar and I began to look at some prints that were framed and hung in no very orderly fashion on the walls. They were old, and somewhat curious, and the gentlemen asked Mrs Wilson several questions about them. She seemed pleased at the notice they attracted, and, after a time, began to converse more pleasantly than she had done at first. Among the pictures was a small drawing in water-colours, so cleverly done, that it immediately attracted our attention. It was a single figure, without background or any accompaniment, of a delicate-looking girl about ten or twelve years old—a little thin pale girl, with light hair and small childish features; and it at once produced that curious impression sometimes given by portraits of unknown persons—namely, that it was no fancy figure, but a likeness, and a good one. 'Whoever drew that little lady,' said Mr M'Ilvar, 'was a good artist.'

'Ay,' said the old woman, 'that was done by a lad in our village; he has long been gone up to London, and, they say, is getting a good name by his pictures;' and she mentioned a name that Mr Davis said he thought he had heard of.

'I am sure it is a good likeness,' said he. 'A daughter of yours, Mrs Wilson?'

'No,' she answered dryly—'a granddaughter.'

'Why, Goody,' cried out both the girls at once, 'I never knew you had a granddaughter.'

'Likely not,' said the old woman.

The girls were now full of questions. 'Where is she?'—'We never saw her.'—'Is she Mrs Brown's daughter?'—'Does she live with her mother?'

'No,' at last answered the old woman; 'she never lived with her. Brown wouldn't have her.'

'What! not his own daughter?'

'He warn't her father. Never mind about her father.'

'Then whom does she live with?'

'She used to live here with me,' answered she. 'I was forced to have her, or Brown wouldn't have married Hannah.'

Janet now looked very solemn, and said: 'Is she dead, Goody?'

'Nobody knows,' was the short, gruff answer. I had insensibly been attracted by all these rapid questions and short, sullen answers; and when she said: 'Nobody knows,' I could not help looking at her with surprise. 'Ah, you may look,' said she; 'but nobody *does* know. Some say she went with the gipsies, who took her because of her singing: one man said he was sure he saw her dancing in a booth at a fair; but most think she be dead. I know nought about it; I didn't want her afore, and I don't

want her now.' She paused, and then, as if answering us, though no one spoke, she went on: 'You see we were not over-good friends together. She must have run away; she was too old to be stolen.'

'How old was she?'

'Let me see—she was twelve years old just a week before Sir Thomas died; that be eight years ago, and more. She would be twenty now, I'm thinking. There's the book he gave her on her birthday upon the shelf there—that red one.'

Mr Davis took it down, and read from the first page: 'From Sir Thomas Dighton to his dear little Grace on her twelfth birthday.'

'His dear little Grace!' I repeated, in some surprise.

'Yes, he was very fond of her,' she replied; 'and he had a right to be,' continued she, winking, and looking at me with disagreeable significance; then, as if she had at last warmed up to tell the story, she went on. 'He had her up to the abbey most days. She was a cute child, and he liked her to read to him and to sing to him; and at last he had a bed put for her in a closet out of his own room; and when it rained, and many times when it was fine, he kept her there to sleep. I never knowed whether she would come back or not; and I never cared; I was just as well without her as with her—better, indeed, for she often made me cross; and that's how it was that it was so long before she was missed.'

'Not missed?' said I.

'Well, it were the best part of three days before we really made out that she were neither here nor at the abbey.'—I suppose our surprise and attention pleased the old woman, for she now quite roused herself up, and continued. 'You see, we had a bit of a quarrel at breakfast; and when it was over, she took her bonnet and shawl, and she says: "Grandmother," says she, "I am going to the abbey." "Go along!" says I; "I don't want you here." "I know you don't, grandmother," says she, "and so I'm going to Sir Thomas." "Go along with you!" says I again; "I don't want you now nor never." "He is always glad of me," says she, and she tossed her head and grinned at me. I think I see her little white face now as she stood there just by the door; but I never saw her again, though.'

'Never saw her again?'

'No,' she answered. 'She didn't come back that day nor night; but that I was used to, and I thought nothing about it. Next morning, I saw one of the abbey grooms, a lad I knew well, come running along our road there, and he came right into the house, and into this room, and he looked scared, and he says: "What do you think, Goody? Sir Thomas is dead—found dead in his bed." Something like this had been long looked for, and was come at last. The boy could not tell me much more. He had been sent for the doctor, and came to me in his way home. I saw several of the servants that day, and they told me the doctor said he must have been dead three or four hours, when his valet went to him in the morning, and a great deal more about my lady and the mourning; and altogether, it was quite night before I thought of the child, and then I supposed they were keeping her to help them in something or other. Well, next morning comes the housekeeper in one of the carriages; she was going to the town to buy the servants' mourning, and she come to me about a workwoman there known to my daughter; and she told me all the story over again—how the valet had found him quite cold, and looking as if he had not moved since he lay down; and after a long talk she was going away, when all of a sudden: "Where's Grace?" says she. "May be she would like to take a ride with me, and go and see her mother." Then I told her how she had gone to the abbey, two days and nights afore, and not come back again. She looked surprised, and said: "Well, I have never seen her

since the day before yesterday, when I remember meeting her on the little back-staircase." You see she used always to go into the abbey by a little side-door she could open for herself, and go up a narrow stair close by, right up into Sir Thomas's rooms, and come away again, just in the same way. Nobody heeded her. And the housekeeper said that very like some of the under-maids had kept her to help in the work, for she was handy at her needle. "But I'll send her to you this evening, when I get back again," says she. "I don't want her," says I. However, next morning she comes to me looking rather strange like, and the first thing she says was: "Is Grace here?" and then when I said no, she told me they had hunted high and low, and she was nowhere in the Abbey; and she was never found from that day to this. No one had heeded her in Sir Thomas's room, if she was there; and some think she had only stayed till evening at the abbey the day before he died, and had slunk away to an old gipsy wife she used to talk a great deal with. It is certain that the gipsies were all gone the next morning!—

"But surely," I interrupted, "if she had gone with them, you must have heard something of her during so many years."

"Well," said the old woman, "there was a man who, a year or two after, thought he saw her dressed up very fine, dancing before a show at a fair a great way off. For my part, I think she must be dead. Some say Sir Thomas was so fond of her, that he took her with him. Anyways, since the housekeeper saw her on the stairs the day before he died, she has never been seen or heard of to any certainty."

She paused; and I was about to say something, when my eye suddenly fell on Mr M'Ilvar, and I could only catch Mr Davis's eye, and point towards him. He seemed as if paralysed, and fixed to the spot on which he stood; his face was ghastly, and its expression that of a strange and wild distress, and his thin weak hair literally streamed upwards from his brow, as if lifted by the wind. A moment elapsed, during which we were too much astounded to speak or move. He then came a step or two forwards, staring at us, and yet not seeming to see any one, and saying in a fearful sort of whisper several times "A witness! a witness!" and immediately waving his arms wildly above his head, he repeated almost in a scream: "A witness! a witness!" and rushed out of the room. The next instant we saw him bareheaded in the still pouring rain. He leaped the brook, and fleeing on towards the abbey, was out of sight in an instant.

I could only look at Mr Davis. He came to me in great agitation, saying: "I must follow him directly. What can he be going to do? I will send a carriage for you." He then took his hat, and went out quickly. I remained in a state of astonishment and dismay that I cannot attempt to describe. The girls came hurrying up to me, asking what was the matter. The old woman only looked puzzled, and said: "What be they both off in such a hurry for?" I could answer neither question, and my own wild and vague conjectures soon settled into the conviction that the unfortunate young man's morbid state of mind had suddenly become positive insanity. It was fearful to think of what he might do or say when he reached the abbey. I had no hope that Mr Davis would overtake, or even arrive soon after him; he was a much older and heavier man, and M'Ilvar had some minutes the start of him. It seemed absurd to connect his seizure with the old woman's story, and yet I could not help looking again at the picture. It was only a little, thin, pale child. Nothing could be made of it, and I sat down in despair. It continued to rain heavily; the obstacle between us and the Abbey increased every moment; and drawing my chair to the window, I watched with painful eagerness for the appearance of the promised carriage.

The servant-girl soon came in under a dripping

umbrella, and in a few minutes began to make preparations for tea. The girls amused themselves by helping her and toasting bread at the fire. They made a hearty meal when all was ready; and I took a cup of tea, still anxiously waiting and watching. One, two, three hours passed without a sign that we had been remembered. Evening came on; and it was as dark as a June evening could be ere I saw a carriage approaching; when it reached the gate, I was greatly surprised to see that it was a heavy old-fashioned coach, which I had seen only when the coach-house doors happened to be open while I passed them. I had expected the chariot, as the other two carriages were an open barouche and a phaeton. I ran to the door. A footman was on the box; and he jumped down and gave me a note, saying: "Mr Davis begged you would read this directly, ma'am." The man had a scared and bewildered-sort-of look, I thought; but without speaking, I took the note to the candle in the cottage. It contained only the following few lines:

'DEAR MISS VERNON—Ask the servants no questions. Send the children to bed as quickly as possible. When quite alone, look in the drawer of your writing-table for a packet from me. Read it to-night, and remain in your own apartments. I will come to you early in the morning.'

By the time I had read these words, the girls were ready to go; and we entered the carriage; they chattering and wondering, and I too confused and too much troubled to give more than short answers. Our road for some distance was that leading from the neighbouring town to the abbey; and we had not left the cottage more than ten minutes, when Ellen said: "Look at those lights; there must be a carriage coming." Janet looked out, and said: "Why, it is our own chariot; and I do believe Saunders [Lady Dighton's maid] is on the box." At that moment it passed, and I saw it plainly for a moment. Could I believe my eyes? The lamps shone full on the face of Captain Sinclair, pale as death, and seeming to shrink from sight in the opposite corner; and on the side next me was a female enveloped in shawls, and with a handkerchief thrown over her face; but I knew the shawl. I could not mistake the figure. However incredible it might seem, I felt certain that it was Lady Dighton. Yet the carriage had no sooner passed, than I tried to persuade myself that it could not be. What strange, what unheard-of circumstances could have so suddenly changed her long fixed resolution never to leave Greyfriars? The strong impression on my mind, that Mr M'Ilvar was insane, filled me with horrible conjectures that some dreadful scene had occurred at the abbey: perhaps he had destroyed himself—perhaps injured others. Lady Dighton might have been induced to quit the place if some fearful act had been committed there—perhaps before her very eyes. This would also explain Mr Davis's note. He wished to prepare me, and to spare me as much as possible. In the morning, I should hear all; and the chariot would no doubt then be sent back to convey me and my pupils to whatever place Captain Sinclair had chosen to take refuge in. This was the only key to the mystery which I could discover; but the packet in the writing-table drawer was still unaccounted for. However, I felt that my best course was that of implicit obedience to Mr Davis's directions. We were set down at a side-door of the abbey; and as the girls had had their tea, and it was past their usual bedtime, I took them immediately to their chamber, and without ringing for a servant, got them to bed as speedily as possible, telling them that I believed Lady Dighton had been suddenly taken ill, and that we should hear all about it the next morning. When I left them and lighted the candles in my own sitting-room, it was some time ere I could venture to open the table-drawer. With a trembling hand, at length I pulled it forward. A

large packet lay before me, directed to me in Mr Davis's handwriting. Within it were several sheets of closely written paper, in a hand I was not acquainted with, and two notes from Mr Davis; one numbered 1, and 'Read this first' written upon it; the other numbered 2, 'Do not read this till you have finished the manuscript.' The first note merely said: 'Read this manuscript to-night; and when you have finished it, read my second note. I will take care that you shall not be interrupted.'

I passively obeyed. Having subsequently copied the papers enclosed to me, I will now introduce the story they told in its proper place.

LADY DIGHTON'S NARRATIVE, ADDRESSED TO CAPTAIN SINCLAIR.

My reasons for writing this narrative will be evident at its close. Many brief notices of that which I am compelled to tell will be found in various places that will be certain to be looked into, in case of my death or severe illness. The finders of those papers may think of me as they please. A simple fact is told in them, with directions how to act upon it. No doubt, it will fill them with aversion and horror. This is a matter of perfect indifference to me. But there is one whom I wish should know, that love for him has been the moving impulse of my miserable, misdirected life. I wish him also to understand truly what that life has been before and after I knew him. Oh, could he have given me his first love, how changed would that life have been!

I have no recollection whatever of my mother, but I believe that she was not the wife of my father, and that she either left him or died very young. My father never spoke of her to me. My first remembrances of him take me to various small lodgings in fashionable seaports and other frequented watering-places, where, when a very small child, I had some careless dirty girl to look after me, and a fresh one at every town we went to. After I was about eight years old, I had no attendant, but managed for myself, strangely enough, I believe; and I was more or less neglected, according to the temper and habits of our different landladies, with whom I used to associate, and generally take my meals. One of these persons with whom we remained must have been a very good kind of woman; she had formerly kept a humble school of some sort, and at odd-and-end times she taught me to read and write, which I learned very quickly, and it became the means of throwing a new light on my strange manner of life. My father was almost always absent, and when at home, did nothing but practise with cards or dice, and read novels. These were always lying about, and they became my daily and best loved amusement. At another of our lodgings was a lad who had a good voice, and used to sing at tavern-parties and at the theatre, when the players made their annual visit to the town we were then inhabiting. He was very good-natured, and he liked my voice, and taught me to sing several songs after his own fashion; and this circumstance, as I made out long afterwards from recollection and better acquaintance with the world, led to a great change in our ordinary mode of life.

I was about eleven years old, when, crouched up in a corner of the old horse-hair sofa in our one sitting-room, I was singing away at a great rate, with my eyes shut, song after song, with all the flourishes I had been taught to bestow upon them. A slight noise made me suddenly start up, and I saw standing within the doorway one of the men my father had got intimate with in the place we were then staying at. I knew him well by sight, and he nodded to me and said: 'Is Blake at home?' I answered no, and he turned and went down stairs again. That same evening, my father brought this man home with him to drink and smoke; and as I

sat with my dirty novel in a corner, I now and then caught a few words of their conversation. At one time I heard the man say: 'She will be very handsome;' and at another: 'With that face and voice, if she is well taught, and gets rid of all that vulgar trickery, she would positively be a mine of wealth—a mine of wealth, I say.' I did not catch my father's answers, as he evidently lowered his voice, and so in general did the other, but not so cautiously, and in a few minutes I again distinguished the words: 'I could give you a letter to a man I know in Paris, who would do all you want.' No more was said that I could hear, as I did not listen very curiously, and it was long before I began to connect this conversation with our removal to Paris about two months afterwards. We lodged with a music-master, a violent democrat, from whom I received daily lessons in music and singing. I had also dancing lessons, combined with what was called deportment. I was pleased with my new studies, and with the flattering praises I met with, and I very much preferred my Parisian to my English manner of living. Three years of my life, till I was nearly fifteen, were passed in Paris; they were memorable years, from '90 to '94. My father had many intimates among the revolutionists; and I could write volumes on all I saw and heard during that time. I suppose my father was more than usually successful at the gambling-houses he frequented. He did not become rich, but he had generally enough to spend in the ways he best liked. We frequently had guests—a few at a time—consisting of his favourite associates; and I often listened eagerly to the unrestrained opinions of the most desperate spirits and determined free-thinkers of those wild and terrible years—strugglers for right and truth, who too often had to wade through blood to attain their glorious objects, and too often, alas, perished in the effort. I had no prejudices of education to fetter and blind me; my mind was a blank, and I grasped the new knowledge that was presented to it with my whole heart and strength. I think it has never really failed me; but of this I need speak no more.

We returned to England when I was barely fifteen, and at a seaport which happened to be the first place we remained at for any time, my father discovered a distant relative in a youth recently nominated to a cadetship at Calcutta, whither he was about to sail, but had been detained by contrary winds. He remained there only a few weeks, but those few weeks decided the whole aspect of my future life. Charles Sinclair was continually with us. He knew no one in the place, and was much too young and too amiable to be aware of the nature of my father's habits and associates. Indeed, they saw but little of each other. I was his daily companion. We spent the long summer days together on the shore, or roaming inland, sat on some shady bank, looking on the blue sea and the cloudless heavens. Four weeks passed in this manner; my life will tell their influence on me. To him they were only pleasant hours passed with one for whom he felt perhaps somewhat of a brother's liking. When we parted, it was with promises never to forget each other, and to write frequently.

I cannot speak of the utter wretchedness that followed that parting. Even my father at last began to notice that I was looking ill, and made some faint attempts to think about me and take care of me, but it soon wearied him; and as we were soon to remove to another town, he satisfied himself by deciding that I only wanted change of air and scene. A letter from Charles from the Cape gave me new life, and wilfully misconstruing its kind and affectionate expressions, I began to consider myself the affianced wife of my cousin. My letters, however, like his own, contained nothing beyond tender recollections of the past, and indefinite hopes for the future. I suppose

womanly instinct compelled me to confine my feelings within the limits marked out to me, as it were, by his own letters. My father seldom saw him, and never mine. He did not object to the correspondence, and I believe scarcely gave it a thought. Meanwhile time wore on, and my début as a public singer began to be talked of; and it was more than three years after my cousin sailed for India that we removed to Bath for that especial purpose. Here various delays occurred, owing to engagements of my father's, the objects of which were unknown to me; and afterwards I was unable to sing during an entire winter and spring from the consequences of a violent cold, which produced weakness in the muscles of the throat and chest. It was at this time that we became acquainted with Sir Thomas Dighton. I need not describe him. His enormous wealth, infamous character, and satanic temper, are well known to all who ever heard of him. This man conceived a violent passion for me. On my part, I positively detested him. It was disagreeable to me even to look at him and hear him speak; but my father soon began to perceive the manifold advantages that might result from his insane passion, and ultimately he became a mere puppet in his clever hands. These considerations, coupled with the dread that I might permanently lose my voice, induced him to encourage Sir Thomas's visits, and to employ both threats and persuasion to compel me to endure his society, and treat him with tolerable civility. At that time, I had no idea of the real cause of his so constantly associating with my father; I thought only that he lost his money freely, and that he preferred playing at our lodgings to the public rooms. I had frequently before been obliged to play the civil hostess to men who were repulsive to me. I was hardened to bold admiration and vulgar flattery; but at length the truth became manifest to me, and I saw the precipice to which my father was leading both my ancient lover and myself. Each day that came might bring the announcement of my doom, and I nerved myself to the most determined resistance. I felt that my father little knew the sort of character which he had formed, or rather suffered to form itself, and that while there must be a limit to his power and influence over me, there could be none to my defiance of both, provided I had strength to persevere in my rebellion, and this strength I felt that I possessed, and could fearlessly employ.

When the dreaded moment came, however, it found me utterly helpless and incapable of resistance—indifferent as to what my fate in life might be—careless of life itself. The very day before my father laid before me the magnificent proposals of Sir Thomas, I received a letter from my cousin, telling me of his marriage, after a few weeks' acquaintance, with a girl as penniless as himself. His letter was full of her beauty, her sweetness, and her numberless perfections. I saw how blindly I had deceived myself; I felt that he now loved for the first time, and I was stunned by the blow. I perceived the greatness of my self-delusion, my mad passion, my vain hopes; but soon paramount over every bitter feeling was the determination that he—~~that none—should ever know of my sufferings.~~ It seemed to me as if I could take my swelling heart into my hand, and crush it into submission. Even that same day I wrote warm congratulations to Charles Sinclair, and told him how much I rejoiced in his happiness. On the following day, I was the affianced bride of Sir Thomas Dighton. My marriage took me into a new world of lavish expenditure and incessant gaiety. Sir Thomas, proud of his young wife, filled our princely abode at Fairley Park with visitors of dissipated habits and doubtful reputation. My father encouraged him, and revelled in the luxuries and self-indulgences so suited to his tastes and wishes, but which he had never before been able to

enjoy. He believed that he had secured for himself a life of unremitting pleasure, as he had taken care to appropriate to me a large income wholly independent of my husband. The doting old man had yielded to all his demands, and had left the arrangement of pin-money, settlement, and jointure entirely to him. He was many years my father's senior, and older than his age in constitution and appearance, and I could see that my father enjoyed the idea of outliving him, and revelling in his wealth. But in less than three years from my marriage the schemer himself was seized by a sudden attack on the brain, while at the card-table, and died in a few hours, insensible to the last. I did not affect a sorrow that I could not feel; not even in childhood had he won my love; and as I grew older, and began to perceive the nature of our mode of life, I learned gradually more and more to condemn, and even despise him. Ere long, however, I began to find that he had been a support and protection to me. I had hitherto cared little for my husband's increasing ill-temper; but soon after the death of my father, it became almost intolerable. He was capricious and violent, and at length madly jealous. He thwarted me in all my favourite pleasures and amusements, and affronted every man to whom I shewed any favour. The restraint of my father's presence being removed, we lived a life of perpetual contention. Some months went on in this manner, I being as little inclined to yield as he was, when he suddenly began to relax in his determined opposition to whatever I planned or proposed, and encouraged me to join a gay party who were projecting a sort of progress through the western counties, with the intention of stopping wherever there was any sight to be seen or pleasure to be enjoyed. He agreed to the scheme with singular alacrity, stipulating only that I should accompany him to Greyfriars a few days before my friends commenced their journey, and join them when they drew near our neighbourhood. To this I agreed without the slightest suspicion of his intentions. The result is well known. I entered these gloomy walls, and became a prisoner within them.

It were vain to tell how desperately I resisted; how satanically he enjoyed his triumph. I should here say, however, that during the first day or two that followed our arrival, and before he had thrown off the mask, my husband revealed to me the curious secret of some concealed rooms in the abbey, that its possessor was pledged to disclose only to his next heir, and that this property being included in my settlement, he was bound to make me acquainted with their existence. He was most particular in describing to me the extraordinary ingenuity of the mode of concealment, and the impossibility of discovery, the entrance being of most intricate approach, and forming, apparently, an unbroken surface of wall; and as the fastenings within were of great strength, it was impossible to discover any break or opening, so long as the concealed inmate within chose to keep the bolts and bars in their places. I was interested by these details, and curious to see these chambers. There were two small rooms; one of them directly at the back of the kitchen-chimney, was always warm in the coldest weather; the other was cool and comparatively airy, having several contrivances in the roof for the admission of air. In the winter-chamber, Sir Thomas shewed me presses in the kitchen chimney-wall, full of blankets and bed-linen, and mattresses rolled together, which were always warm and ready for immediate use. In the summer room, were the remains of stores of wax-candles, orange-coloured from age, and a few books. There was a never-failing supply of water to both apartments, a sufficiency of old-fashioned furniture, and every requisite convenience. Food and articles even of considerable size might be conveyed to the inmates of these rooms by

means of a movable portion of the wall near the entrance, and like it, apparently part of the wall itself. I have given the most minute description of the means of access to these apartments in the papers which will be found after my death, and will now only add that when Sir Thomas announced his intention of remaining at Greyfriars, he hinted, during the violent altercation which ensued, that it would be easy for a refractory person to be conveyed to those chambers and confined there. 'They are always ready for use,' he added; 'and if a gay lady were suddenly to disappear, who would dream of anything but that she had gone off with some pleasant companion to a distant land.'

'How would she be taken thither?' I asked, laughing indignantly.

'Money, my dear lady,' was the sneering reply—'money would easily purchase means and silence too.'

I did not submit quietly to my imprisonment; I wrote letters of complaint to my trustees, and to others whom I believed to be my friends; but I received only advice to be patient, and suggestions that Sir Thomas would no doubt, ere long, relax in his present determinations, and I should gradually, if I played my cards well, be relieved from my present annoyances. To all outward appearances, I had little to complain of. I could not say that I was personally ill-used; I had a complete establishment of servants, carriages, and horses at my command, and every luxury that wealth could afford me. My expressions of dislike to the dulness of my life at Greyfriars were evidently little heeded, and I could not but feel that, amid all the splendour and dissipation of the first years of my marriage, I had failed to make a single real friend. The large income secured to my sole and separate use became worse than useless to me, and Sir Thomas greatly enjoyed telling me every quarter that it was duly paid into my banker's hands in London. Soon, however, a new interest absorbed me, and rendered me indifferent to all other subjects. My cousin, Charles Sinclair, wrote to tell me that he was the father of twin-daughters, and a heart-broken widower. His own health suffered; and in about two years from the birth of his children, he was obliged to retire from the Indian service on a small pension. At this time, also, the paralysis that attacked Sir Thomas relieved me from some portion of my thralldom, and I blessed the hitherto useless wealth which enabled me to prepare a home for Charles Sinclair and his children in a small house in our village, very near Greyfriars. I saw him once again, and felt that I had still something to live for. The helplessness of my husband enabled me to spend a considerable portion of every day as I pleased; and as time went on, my heart rejoiced in seeing my cousin improving in health and strength, and more and more able to enjoy my society and the endearments of his children. Sir Thomas, however, still retained many means of restraining and tormenting me; and had Charles been a less amiable and excellent man, I felt that I could willingly have cast aside all appearance of attention to my husband, and left him entirely to the care of his servants; but I knew that I could not do this without greatly distressing my cousin, and losing a large portion of his esteem; so, after a daily morning walk and visit to Charles and his little girls, I returned home, and encountered the exceeding misery of companionship with my husband. His demoniacal temper was fearfully aggravated by his utter helplessness. It was dreadful to hear how the wretched old sufferer would blaspheme, and how he delighted in the power which he yet retained to insult and goad me to desperation. To the servants who attended upon him he was also incessantly violent, capricious, and unreasonable, and nothing but high wages and occasional bribes enabled me to retain them in our

service. To one person only did he ever shew any shadow of kindness and consideration; this was a little girl about twelve years old at the time I am speaking of; her mother was daughter to an old woman in the village, and it was well understood that her father was Sir Thomas himself. The grandmother, Dame Wilson, had the care of the child, and received a regular annuity from Sir Thomas. The mother had for some years been married to a tradesman in our market-town, with, as I have been told, a handsome portion from the same source. The girl had been taught to read and write, which was all, Sir Thomas used to say, a woman needed to know. She was a pale, quiet child, and had a pleasant voice both in reading and singing, and my husband often had her to the abbey to read the newspapers to him. After his paralytic attack, when he was confined to his own chamber, he had a little bed for her put into a large closet, the door of which was in a deep recess in which his own bed was placed; and when the weather was bad, or he had any reason for wishing her to remain, she was accustomed to sleep at the abbey. I took little heed of her, and she came and went without much notice from anybody.

Thus time passed on, every day bringing me some aggravation of my trials. I could look for release only to my own death or that of Sir Thomas. It often occurred to me that I was placed precisely in one of the situations which used to be discussed and commented upon by my father and his Parisian friends. They were fond of discussing and refining upon the degrees of what was called criminal and sinful. They would propose imaginary cases, such as a man who, to save a starving family, takes from the hoards of the hard-hearted and avaricious the gold that was useless to the possessor, and never expended in kindness or charity: of the wife who leaves a careless and cruel husband to shelter in the arms of her first and only love, from whom she had been separated by treachery or violence: of the one life that bars many from freedom and happiness—a life, as they put the case, of utter uselessness, the worker of no good, but of much evil—a life, the removal of which would not be the extinction of a light, but the erasure of a foul blot. I saw the genuine truth, the perfect justice of these arguments. I had no prejudices, religious or moral, to oppose to them, and there was nothing in them to shock or disgust me. There were moments when I felt in myself that I had power to be guided by them; but the barrier between my present bondage and liberty secured by my own hand was an insurmountable dread of discovery, and even of suspicion. The entire love of my whole heart had been given to one who, hedged about by slavish opinions, and fettered by the tyranny of superstition, could never for one instant have comprehended the strength and dignity of perfect freedom of action.

I am now drawing near to the transaction which has induced, or rather compelled me to write these papers. At the time I am speaking of, my husband's valet was a dull, middle-aged man, who endured the many annoyances of the duties of his place for the sake of his wife and family. He was kind-hearted, and, I believe, would willingly have spared me some of my trials; he repeatedly expressed his wish to remain with Sir Thomas after he had assisted him to bed, and even to sleep in his chamber, but the pleasure of keeping me long from my rest was too great to be resigned; and after the valet had settled him in his bed, he was always obliged to go to his own apartment, and I was summoned to sit by the bedside, and to endure the crudest and foulest language, till the wretched old man chose to raise his head to take his night-draught; after which I retired to an adjoining chamber, having determinedly resisted every endeavour to make me sleep in his room.

One night he was more than usually tormented by

pain and evil temper. Any one who could have heard him that night, might well have believed the fables told of malignant demons permitted to tempt the wicked to the uttermost power of evil to which human nature can go. I sat in a state of desperate endurance, till at length he asked for his medicine, and raised himself, as usual, to take it. I stood by the bedside while he drank it, and he returned the cup, grinning in my face, and saying, with a fearful oath and epithet: 'Don't you wish it was poison?' I have a very confused recollection of the moments that followed, but I know that I dragged a pillow from behind him—I know that it was thrust down over his face, and pressed upon by the whole weight of my body. There was but a short and feeble struggle beneath it. I did not shrink—I did not flinch for a moment—nor did I raise myself till I felt certain that all efforts were over. Then I stood erect—I threw aside the pillow. There lay the curse and burden of my life looking strangely still and calm. I remember I had an impression that the sight would be a fearful one; but it was not so, and truly the face of the miserable man, even after such a death, was less terrible than it had often appeared when distorted by his malignant passions. The silence was far more terrible than the sight, yet I had not been conscious of its horror more than a few instants, when I became aware that it was not silence; there was a sound—yes—a faint but unmistakable sound—coming as it seemed from the bed: it was like hushed and suppressed short and agitated breathing. I looked upon the dead man. He was still and silent: there was neither breath nor utterance there! A cold shiver ran over me from head to foot: my hair seemed bristling on my brow: my eyes wandered over the bed—there was a movement—a parting of the opposite curtain. I saw a small white face—white as the coverlet—and a pair of staring eyes fixed upon me, with an expression of horror in them that I can never forget. The truth flashed upon me—it was little Grace Wilson!

THE PYTHON.

UNLESS the historians of ancient Rome are guilty of gross Munchausenism, the serpent race have greatly degenerated since one of their tribe stayed the march of the legions of Regulus on the banks of the Bagrada, taxing all the resources of the general, and all the courage of his troops, and remaining, spite of defeat and death, master of the field of battle, by poisoning the waters with its blood, and polluting the air with its decaying flesh. This hero is said to have measured a hundred and twenty feet in length, and was evidently allied to the elephant-crushing reptiles that served our old friend Sinbad's feathered giant for a meal. Compared to such monsters, the pythons of modern times are insignificant creatures, and yet, as foes, they are by no means to be despised. One of them was nearly bringing the destructive career of the mighty hunter, Gordon Cumming, to an abrupt conclusion. While tracking game in Southern Africa, that famous sportsman saw an old rock-snake gliding beneath a mass of rocks, and was seized with a desire to add its skin to his wealth of trophies, but was somewhat puzzled how to obtain it without spoiling its beauty. After a moment's consideration, he cut a tough stick about eight feet long, and advanced towards his wished-for prize. Seizing it by the tail, he pulled away with a will, but the harder he pulled, the closer the python drew his folds together, and he was fain to call his African follower to his assistance. The two plied their utmost strength, and tugged so vigorously, that the serpent, unable any longer to endure such impertinence, suddenly relaxed its coils, faced its foes, and sprang at them open-mouthed, its sharp teeth just missing the naked legs of the bold Scotchman. Taken aback by this unexpected attack,

the assailants let go their hold, and the python at once made for a place of safety; to reach this, it had to cross a muddy pool, and in attempting the passage, was brought to a stand by a shower of blows, and belaboured, till it ceased to shew any signs of life. Its conqueror then slung it to a tree, and appropriated its skin, an operation under which the serpent seemed to revive, and caused considerable trouble to its astonished flayers. The skin measured fourteen feet; but this was by no means an extraordinary specimen. The skeleton of a python in the Museum of the Royal College of Surgeons exceeds it by two feet and a half; a reticulated python (the anaconda of eastern romance), presented to Sir Emerson Tennent in Ceylon, measured seventeen feet; and a much larger one crossed his path near Pucivila. It is said sometimes to attain a length of upwards of thirty feet.

This species preys upon hog-deer, and Boiss says the Asiatic python only attacks the smaller quadrupeds; but instances are not wanting of its assaulting even men upon favourable opportunities. One of the crew of a Malay proa that anchored off the isle of Celebes, went ashore to look for betel-nuts. Tired out with his search, he lay down to sleep at the foot of a large tree. The sailors in the proa were suddenly startled by a succession of screams, and landed in all haste, to find their comrade in the embraces of a huge python. The serpent soon fell a victim to their united attack, but their unlucky shipmate was quite dead, his head, neck, breast, and thighs being completely crushed by the constricting folds, while his wrist bore the marks of the teeth of his murderer. Looking upon one of these reptiles, it seems almost incredible that the python should be able to swallow the bulky victims he loves to prey upon; but nature has provided him with such an elastic frame, and such extraordinary digestive powers, that it is hardly necessary to believe with the Cingalese that he assists the process of deglutition by drawing himself through a narrow aperture between two trees. Our readers will be better able to understand the python's mode of operations by the following description of one taking his meal at the Zoological Gardens by a writer in the *Quarterly Review*. A rabbit, all unwitting of his danger, is placed in the den by the keeper, and amuses himself by examining his new domicile, without troubling himself about the regular tenant. 'Silently the rock-snake glides over the stones, uncurling his huge folds, which, like a cable, seem to move as though by some unseen agency from without, looks for an instant upon his unconscious victim, and the next has twisted him with his cruel jaws. His constricting folds are twisted as swiftly as a whip-lash round his shrieking prey, and for ten minutes more the snake lies still, maintaining his mortal knot until his prey is dead, when seizing him by the ears, he draws him through his vice-like grasp, crushing every bone, and elongating the body, preparatory to devouring it. The boa and the rock-snake always swallow their prey head-foremost. How is that neck and delicate head to make room for that bulky rabbit? thinks the spectator. Presently he sees the jaws gape, and slowly the reptile draws himself over, rather than swallows, the prey, as you draw a stocking upon your leg. The huge lump descends lower and lower beneath the speckled scales, which seem to stare with distension, and the monster coils himself once more to digest his meal in quiet.' Such a dinner will satisfy him for a long time; a goat, that occupied nearly two hours and a half in the above process, served a great python on board H.M.S. *Alceste* for a month. Glutton as he is, the python, like most reptiles, is capable of bearing abstinence. Mr Crisp dissected one that had fasted ten months without any apparent diminution in size, and another belonging to the Zoological Society lived for twenty-two months without tasting food.

Despite its bulk, the python does not lack activity.

Sir E. Belcher, when commanding in the Philippine Archipelago, had one presented to him which measured sixteen feet in length. One day, just as it had drawn its folds round an unfortunate chicken, a tender-hearted looker-on entreated that the fowl's life might be spared. The ship's surgeon introduced his arm in order to release the bird, but immediately that he did so, the incensed reptile threw back its head, unwound its coils, and darting at the intruder, seized the ball of his thumb with its sharp teeth, and the rash doctor found it no easy task to extricate himself from their hold. So, with a sudden dash from its lair in the tall tropical vegetation, the python strikes down its prey ere it presses the breath of life out with its deadly folds. Coiled round some forest giant, it lies in wait above the waters of its native region, ready to dart down upon any animal seeking to assuage its thirst. In the better known species, the rudimentary limbs for which the python is remarkable are very small; but Mr Russell, in his work on Indian serpents, mentions a python furnished with spurs as large as those of a partridge, which served it as weapons of offence.

The python is found in Africa, New Holland, Ceylon, Borneo, Hindustan, and various parts of the Asiatic continent, and is distinguished from its American relative, the boa, by its inter-maxillary teeth, and having the scales beneath the tail divided into two rows, or composed of double instead of single plates. The Javan Ular-sawa, or serpent of the rice-fields, one of the largest, if not the largest of its kind, has an extensive habitat, being found from the western coast of Africa, through the interior of Asia, as far east as China and Java. The *Python Sebae*, the Fetich snake of Western Africa, boasts its temples, its priests, and its votive maidens, its offerings of delicate meats, fine apparel, and valuable jewels; while the Natal rock-snake (*P. Natalensis*), although not actually worshipped, bears a charmed life as far as the natives are concerned, from a belief that any one venturing to maltreat the reptile will be sure to suffer for it sooner or later. The rock-python (*P. molurus*) is the Regent's Park heroine of a hundred eggs, the topic of conversation in all naturalistic circles. This interesting lady-serpent took up her abode in the Zoological Gardens eleven years ago, and may possibly be the identical python, which, out of temper at being removed from the old-fashioned box in which its kind were wont to be cabined and confined, to its present roomier quarters, tested the strength of the plate-glass by dashing furiously at an innocent spectator, and disabling itself for months. The pythonesse has certainly borne captivity uncommonly well, growing, if not in beauty, in size and strength, her durance vile being rendered less irksome by the loving attention of her lesser half, a python, small indeed compared to herself, but by no means of contemptible proportions.

At the beginning of the present year, the circumference of the pythonesse increased to such a degree as to excite the alarm of her keeper, who, finding that she had not, like one of her tribe, swallowed a blanket, or like another, devoured her companion, was puzzled to account for the alteration in the appearance of his charge; and it was only a few days before the mystery was satisfactorily solved that the real cause was suspected. On the 15th of January, it was discovered that the pythonesse had excluded rather more than a hundred dirty-white, leathery-looking eggs. The effect of this maternal effort was very different to what might reasonably have been expected; instead of gorging four or eight rabbits at a meal, as had been her custom, she spurned all food that was proffered, although she continued to drink freely; while, singularly enough, the male python, hitherto contented to dine on pease, made up in some measure for his lady's want of appetite, and disqualified himself for

enrolment in the Vegetarian Society. Meanwhile, the pythonesse coiled herself above her eggs, covering nearly the whole of them, and has ever since been most assiduous in the performance of her incubatory duties; not with good temper, it must be owned, for she has not only threatened her keeper for offering to disturb her, but repulsed even the affectionate approaches of her consort. Up to the time at which we write, her fast has remained unbroken without any signs of attenuation.

The present is not the first instance of a python incubating her eggs in captivity. In 1841, one at the Jardin des Plantes in Paris, after two months' labour, hatched eight eggs out of fifteen. Professor Valenciennes then ascertained that the heat of the incubatory serpent was ten or twelve degrees centigrade above the temperature of surrounding objects. Careful experiments at the Zoological Gardens confirm those of the professor. On the 12th of February, the temperature between the coils of the pythonesse was very little more than six degrees (Fahrenheit) above that of the male python, inhabiting the same compartment, and subject to exactly the same external influences; eighteen days after, there was a difference of no less than twenty degrees, the heat of the incubating female having increased from 81° 6' to 96° 0'. As might have been expected, this interesting event has excited some discussion, the majority of modern naturalists being in accord with the authority who has so lately declared that 'no reptile is known to hatch its eggs.' Mr Waterton has not hesitated to declare such a proceeding 'an impossible process. Dame Nature cannot sanction it. There is nothing in the composition of a snake that can produce it. The body of a snake is hard, and solid, and scaly, qualities quite useless in hatching eggs, which require warmth, and smoothness, and pliability when birds sit on them; and heat and dryness when hatched by the artificial warmth of the atmosphere.' Time will shew how far this dictum is justified; we certainly shall not be greatly surprised if the non-incubatory theory is overthrown, remembering that the impossibilities of one generation of naturalists have, before this, become the familiar facts of their successors.

A WILD NIGHT.

ONE evening in the month of August 1855, when the allied troops lay before Sebastopol, the firing in the direction of 'the front' had been so heavy and continuous as to cause a more than usually strong expectation in our camp that something decisive was at hand. It is one of the curious paradoxes connected with a 'seat of war' that, with the exception of the chiefs, those engaged on the spot are ordinarily behind the rest of the world in information as to what is doing in their immediate neighbourhood. In civilised societies, the journals are at hand to afford the latest intelligence; but in camp any piece of news suffers so much by transmission through numberless mouths as to be hardly recognisable after a short time, and very little dependence is consequently to be placed upon it. Fully impressed with this fact, and anxious, accordingly, to ascertain for ourselves what was going on, Jack Farrance and I rode over to Cathcart's Hill, and took up a position from which we could command a view of the active operations against the besieged city.

The firing was so rapid as to keep up an incessant roar, and the whole neighbourhood was lighted up by the glare of rockets and bursting shells. Occasional flashes down in the advanced trenches, and the wild notes of a bugle, or the hard rattling sound peculiar to the French drum, shewed that, in addition to the bombardment, an active conflict was going on among

the troops. Beyond this we could discover nothing; and our journey ended, as it had done on many previous occasions, by leaving us no better informed than when we started. After looking on for an hour or more, we turned our horses' heads homewards, with the consolatory assurance that in a month's time we should read in the *Times* Russell's graphic account of the cause of the unusual stir.

Darkness set in rapidly as we threaded our way among the tents. The distance to be traversed was more than five miles, and the road, at all times very difficult after nightfall, was so obscured on the present occasion by a storm of dust, that it was nearly midnight, and we were half blinded before we reached Jack's camp. Mine was still distant some four miles, by a yet worse road; so that, under the circumstances, I preferred a shake-down in my friend's tent, to the vague chance of finding my own.

Our supper was not an elaborate meal, consisting as it did mainly of sardines, which we consumed with much adherent oil, correcting the richness of the repast with small pieces of very dry biscuit. A few minutes afterwards the tent was filled with tobacco-smoke, in which we sat gravely pondering over the scene we had recently quitted. When Jack could no longer hold the pipe in his mouth for yawning, he undressed, and turned into his camp-bed. My sleeping arrangements were speedily completed. They consisted, first, in taking off my coat, which I rolled up for a pillow; and next, and lastly, in pulling off my boots. I then lay down on the ground, which had once been turf, but was now trodden into quite a soft mould, and formed a very tolerable couch. After shifting from one side to the other, to find the most easy position, I selected that which placed me with my back towards the tent-pole, and my face to the canvas.

During my preliminary turns 'in bed,' I had glanced at the interior of the tent, lighted up as it now was by the moon, and in the way in which one sometimes observes objects accurately without any well-defined purpose, I had noticed the position of various articles in the tent. There was my companion's bed, its luxurious occupant comfortably tucked in, and already fast asleep. His sword, the clothes he had just taken off, and some bridles, dangled from nails in the tent-pole. Under the foot of the bed was his writing-case, and near it a bullock-trunk, with a loaded revolver lying upon it. These were close to the canvas, on the side opposite to that which I occupied. My riding-whip, with its leaded handle, lay within my easy reach. I had seen all these, and mentally noted their arrangement, and now turned my back upon them, my face being fanned by the air which blew in under the 'fly' of the tent.

Shall we ever explain the cause of that vague fore-shadowing of coming evil which seems sent to us as a warning to be on the alert? Never have I experienced the feeling more strongly than I did on this night, and never was it more vague. The wind came up in stormy gusts from the Black Sea; I could trace its course by the distant hum, as it swept the cliffs near Balaklava, loudening as it burst along the valley, till it came with a rush past the tent, and died away with a mournful sob in the woods near Kamara. The canvas flapped, and the bridles on the pole jingled, as though with a shudder, at the wildness of the night. In the lulls of the wind, I could hear the sullen roar of the distant cannon, coming now at lengthened intervals only, and reminding one of the angry growls of a wild beast disappointed of its prey. I thought of the deaths which each report signalled, and of the loving hearts far away who were perchance even then dreaming of the safe return of those who had just fallen. The moonlight suddenly disappeared. In imagination, I figured the black clouds, with ragged edges, wildly speeding on across the sky, and deepening the gloom of night. The vague feeling of

insecurity which I have mentioned rather increased as time wore on. It made me impatient of my companion's easy alumber, irritably anxious about the exact space of time which elapsed between each roar of the cannon, and, tired as I was, left me without hope of sleep. Perhaps, too, I had my own private sorrows or hopes—some of those which do not pass a man's lips, but, from being pent up and carried in his breast, come out upon a night like this, and attack him in great force.

I have no means of knowing how long I had thus been lying, when I found myself brought back with extreme suddenness to the remembrance of my actual position, and I felt at the same instant that peculiar thrill which seems to tighten the scalp, and thence extend tingling to the very soles of the feet. Accompanying this was a feeling which I find difficult to describe. It was a firm conviction of the near presence of another living being besides my acknowledged companion. It has probably occurred to most of us, on entering a dark room, to feel convinced that there was some one already in it, and to this result we have not been guided apparently by any one of our ordinary senses. My condition much resembled this; whilst the idea became so strongly impressed on my mind that I could not throw it off, and instinctively every sense was strained to gather evidence.

Thus intent, I became conscious of a slight scratching sound, which seemed to proceed from the other side of the tent. Although I was confidently expecting to see or hear something to account for the peculiar state of nervous apprehension in which I lay, this sound was at the moment quite inexplicable. I could only hold my breath and listen.

At regular intervals came Jack's usual music, with which a long and painful experience had made me very familiar. But there was still the scratching, more energetic now, and less disguised. All on a sudden, its meaning flashed upon me: human hands were tearing up the earth outside, perhaps, indeed, within the tent!

An uncontrollable shudder passed over me as I conceived this idea. I strove to suggest some other explanation, but the attempt was vain. Assuming that my supposition was correct, it afforded no relief to the excitement which the sound occasioned, and which was increased by the fact that the mysterious work, whatever it might be, was going on behind me. The position of our tent, upon a barren hill, and away from the rest of the encampment, the advanced hour, and the stormy character of the night, all bore their part in giving a peculiar horror to so unusual an incident. In a few moments there succeeded to this state of distressing perplexity an instinctive desire for action, and my heart, which had been thumping with painful energy, began to subside into a more natural beat. I have said that my back was turned towards the quarter whence the noise proceeded; I felt I must now face it. By slow and cautious writhing, stopping frequently to note whether I in my turn was overheard, I succeeded in reversing my posture, and endeavoured with straining eyes to pierce the darkness, but to no purpose. I hardly dared to breathe, so fearful was I of interrupting a mystery which I had determined to fathom. A furious gust of wind now shook the tent with a force that threatened to tear it from its position. The noise thus caused was great, but through it I could yet hear the hands now faster at work than ever, as though seizing the opportunity for renewed exertion. Another pause occurred, during which my breath was held till I could endure it no longer, and then a brilliant ray of moonlight filled the tent.

I have never felt the soft calm light of the moon fall upon me with so cheering an influence as it did at that moment. In a single glance, my eyes took in the whole scene, but, to my intense surprise, I could see nothing to account for what had passed. I looked

anxiously around; everything seemed in its place, and I began to fancy myself the prey to some illusion. But this was not so, for in another moment I had discovered that the writing-case which had been under my friend's bed was no longer there. Nor was this all. I will not affect to deny that a vivid feeling of horror came upon me when suddenly, and without visible agency, the trunk began to move! I could only stare without attempting to interfere, as slowly and noiselessly it gradually disappeared, and the canvas dropped behind it. As it glided away, I distinctly noticed the loaded revolver lying upon it; but such was my state of astonishment, that I did not think of snatching the weapon ere it was too late to retrieve my error.

What should I do? My first thought was to awaken Jack; but the conviction that he would be sure to start up in bed, and shout out loudly enough to cause an alarm, determined me against this course. I crept cautiously to my feet, stood for a while hesitating, and then looked for some weapon. Suspended from a nail in the tent-pole was a sword, which I endeavoured to detach, but found, to my annoyance, that I should first be obliged to remove some bridle, and this I dared not attempt, on account of the noise which the metal would occasion. Suddenly, I remembered my heavy-handed riding-whip, and grasping its other extremity, I was in possession of a formidable club. Thus armed, I untied the fastenings of the tent, and stepped cautiously out. At the same time, I noticed that clouds were rapidly approaching the moon, and knew that its friendly light would very shortly cease. The circular form of the tent limited my view on first emerging from the folds of the canvas. With great caution, to avoid noise, I turned to the left, and took a few steps: the mystery was at an end.

The fading light of the moon shewed me two men in Turkish dress bending over Jack's trunk, which lay between them. One had his back, the other his face, turned towards me, but my approach had been so quiet as not to disturb them. The nearer one held the revolver in his right hand, whilst his companion was endeavouring to force the lock of the trunk. Near them lay the writing-case, with its contents strewn about. In all probability, a few moments of calm reflection might have changed my plan of operations, but, wrought up as I was to a pitch of excitement by the events of the night, I acted upon the impulse of the moment, and instinctively prepared for a blow at the nearest robber. In order to give it greater effect, I took a sudden step forward—a fatal error, for in doing so my leg came sharply against a tightly stretched tent-rope, and I fell heavily upon my intended victim!

I am painfully aware of the bungling character of this catastrophe; it would never be admitted in a work of fiction; but I am dealing with facts, and am not therefore accountable for it. My blow of course missed its object, and a moment of ludicrous confusion ensued, during which the faces of the two men, as they caught sight of me, formed a perfect study of horror. I rose to my feet as quickly as possible, but it was too late. The thieves darted away in different directions at a speed which made pursuit hopeless. I made a rash attempt to follow them, but the ground was covered with loose stones, and I was without my boots!

A shout soon aroused Jack, who rushed out of the tent in some consternation. On striking a light, we found that a small sum of money had been abstracted from the writing-case. The trunk, which contained a much larger sum, was fortunately still unopened, but the pistol was gone. A large hole scooped out under the canvas shewed how the trunk had been drawn from its place in the solemn and mysterious manner I have described. This also explained the scratching noise.

Those of my readers who are acquainted with Turkish police arrangements will not be surprised to learn that the perpetrators of the robbery were never discovered.

OUR FEATHERED VISITANTS.

THERE are few facts more perplexing than the migration of birds, especially of those which visit us in the summer. Some people who accept migration as a household word, and talk about 'fitting' themselves, have never thought or asked about the number of birds that migrate, which they are, whence they come, when they go. They rest their ornithological consciousness upon the swallow, but have no idea that many of the little bustling songsters which delight us in the spring have just come from abroad as well as he. The swallow is conspicuous by his domesticity and swiftness of flight. We detect his arrival at once; he comes to our houses when he comes to our country. He is our summer guest, and sits in the chimney corner. But the crowd of his companions are to most as nameless as the chorus of a concert. The swallow is the master of the ceremonies. Everybody sees him whisking about in his tail-coat, which is a sure sign that the performance is at hand or in progress.

Again, there are people who perhaps would say that migratory birds visit us in the summer; so they do, but not in the summer alone. Huge, ponderous flocks of geese and ducks come over in the winter from the arctic regions; Norway, Sweden, and the shores of the Baltic sending us large numbers of thrushes at the same season.

In fact, migration goes on throughout the whole of our year. One set comes to us in the winter, both to avoid the extreme cold of the north, and to find a sufficiency of food. Indeed, the severer the winter the larger the company—not because they like the frost, but are escaping from it. As soon as the winter moderates, this set returns to the north, whence it came, and another set arrives from the south—not for warmth, although they sojourn with us during summer, but for comparative coolness. This last army is recruited over an immense area, from Guinea to France. When summer is over, they winter abroad like invalids.

One impulse seems to guide this great moving world of birds; they fly northward to breed. Although some remain, and rear their young with success, the mass breed at the northern limit of their wanderings. Why, many thoughtful naturalists are at a loss to say. There seems, for example, to be no hindrance in the way of the woodcocks' permanent residence here, for they have built and bred successfully in our heaths and desolate places; but the main body of these birds retires to Norway about the latter end of March. The redwing and the fieldfare, too, leave us, while the thrush remains. These are all birds of the same genus; but the former breed far away in a distant northern home, whilst the latter builds its nest in our gardens, copses, and hedges; hopping actively about our lawns, and eating our fruit with pleasant, though irritating confidence. The apparent preference of the redwing and fieldfare for wintry weather is the more remarkable as they are delicate birds, and are not unfrequently killed by hard frost, like their cousins the thrushes. During one severe season, Biahop Stanley tells us that he found dead redwings in greater numbers than any other birds. Sometimes they have come over to the north-east coast of Britain, followed so suddenly by hard weather, that it was evident that they were

escaping from its pressing severity. It seems, however, a pity, that if they leave Norway in the winter for warmth, some one could not give them a hint of the warmer weather to be found south of our country. But, then, school-boys and hedge-poppers in general would lose their head winter-game. Talking of this, I have often wondered at the restless nervousness of fieldfares. They are the most inaccessible of middle-class birds. You see a dozen on a bare tree, and (I speak as a boy) tucking your gun under your jacket, and yourself under a hedge, crawl with a beating heart, and triangular rents in your back, just near enough to be out of shot, when they cackle off. The Norwegians must be a fidgety persecuting race, to make the winter visitors from their woods so fearful of man. Perhaps, however, there may be some biography popular among fieldfares, representing England as peopled with crouching, blood-thirsty school-boys.

These birds, Mr Hewitson tells us, unlike our English thrushes, make a community of nests in the great pine-woods where they breed. Redwings are stated to frequent the shores of the Baltic during the summer.

Not only, however, does the great impulse to move northward for the purposes of breeding seem unaccountable when half the thrushes only obey it, but the exception is observed in the case of several other birds. The crow may be considered an established resident. The disappearance, however, of one species from portions of England during the summer continues to puzzle naturalists. White of Selborne, who retains his character for honest observation, says: 'Royston or gray crows are winter birds that come much about the same time with the woodcock; they, like the fieldfare and redwing, have no apparent reason for migration, for as they fare in the winter like their congeners, so might they, in all appearance, in the summer.' To this, Jesse adds a note, that 'the Royston crow breeds and is stationary on all the west coast of Scotland; and it is probable that most of those which visit England during winter arrive from Sweden and Norway.' Here is a strange exception to the domestic habits of a family. The swallow, again, affords another instance of a seemingly needless deviation from a great rule. These birds come from a warmer climate, but, as it would seem, not necessarily because they cannot rear their families elsewhere. Bishop Stanley tells us of a person who resided for seven years on the west coast of Africa, whence some of our swallows visit us, and who found that many remained there all the year. Their numbers, he says, diminished from spring to autumn, when they were supposed to be absent in Europe; but enough remained to shew that they were not obliged to migrate by any imperative universal necessity. The great feature, however, of migration as observed in England, seems to be that birds fly northward to breed. Wild ducks which escape from the sharp, unbroken, wintry frosts of Lapland to feed on our comparatively mild coasts, return there in the spring, and form huge breeding colonies during the short arctic summer. Summer visitants leave various parts of Africa, and probably some districts in Spain, from May to September, more or less, to rear their young in the cooler climate of Great Britain.

There are about forty of these summer visitants to some twenty-five of the others, the swallow being, as I have noticed, the best known; and yet he has caused more perplexity and discussion than any other. It is now established beyond doubt that swallows migrate; but so accurate an observer as Mr White of Selborne seems to have often inclined to the opinion that many of them remain here in a torpid state during the winter. No one can turn over his charming book without being struck with the doubt, and almost anxiety, he shewed about the matter. The discovery of single or clustered swallows deli-

berately committed to a state of sleep, has, I believe, never been made certain. There seems always to have been an element of doubt in the evidence. Either they have turned out to be bats, or died so immediately after artificial reviving, as to suggest a suspicion of some unnatural weakness as the cause of their detention here. There is, indeed, an accepted anecdote of some martins who plastered up a late born brood, which remained throughout the winter in the nest, coming out fresh and healthy in the spring; but nothing has been found to shake the evidence of their annual migration. No doubt, it is strange that solitary birds should make their appearance sometimes on an unseasonably warm day in early spring, or even mid-winter. This must have been frequently noticed, or we should not have had the proverb, that 'one swallow does not make a summer.' Markwick says he once saw on the 8th of December two martins flying about very briskly, the weather being mild. He had not seen any considerable number either of swallows or martins for a good while before.

Still, swallows have been watched migrating. They have been observed setting off; numbers have been met with at sea. They have even been accused of weariness when newly alighted on their arrival here in the spring; but there can be no necessity for their fatigue, since they might come from Africa with only two short passages across the strait of Gibraltar and the Channel. The matter of a hundred miles or so is nothing to a swallow. The martin who flashes by your window could whisk over half the county while you are eating your breakfast; but he has set his little chirping heart upon a particular foot under the eaves of your house; and by the time winter is gone, and you let the fire out in the middle of the day, and leave the great-coat hung up in the hall, he does not overshoot the mark of his home—not he; you hear his liquid sociable chirrup, as he rubs up his memory with a fitting inspection of the old nook.

Sand martins almost invariably come first, and apparently flit over the familiar pond as soon as they arrive with as easy an air of possession and facility of flight as if they had never left it. Perhaps, however, within the week they were whipping up insects off the swamps of Guinea, and taking a bird's-eye view of the slave-trade. The speed at which some of this tribe fly is almost incredible. It has been calculated that the swift can get over nearly 180 miles in an hour; i.e., he would cross the Channel from Dover to Calais, and come back again, while you were walking from Portland Place to Pall Mall. What would not the Geographical Society give for such powers of locomotion? The bird that twitters in the chimney of their committee-room, knows quite as much about the veritable Mumbo Jumbo as he does about Sir Roderick Murchison; and could tell the savants as much about the Niger as about the Serpentine.

It has, I believe, never been ascertained whether the old swallows lead their young ones on their first long journey; if not, as is likely enough, for these birds do not always depart in a body, the instinct of migration appears the more remarkable. Still, I like to fancy, that as troops are paraded before a march, so the autumn gatherings of swallows and martins on bare branches and roofs, have something to do with the coming event, and that the old birds give public lectures on geography before the season is over, and society breaks up for its autumnal travels.

But the great question is, where do the feeble birds of passage go?—the redstarts, wagtails, black-caps, &c. See what a business they make of flying across a big field; how they labour and jerk; how gladly they seem to alight, pitching down into the opposite hedge at the risk of sprained ankles. These little creatures flit rather than fly. How do they

manage the long journeys of migration? It has been computed that a sparrow could fly three thousand miles in a fortnight 'at leisure, and without the least fatigue.' I fancy, however, that such a trip would take the 'bounce' out of him. In fact, he does not shift his quarters, though he extends them. During the last century, the sparrow has spread gradually over Asiatic Russia, towards the north and east, always following the progress of cultivation. He is the farmer's bird. Where the land is broken, there he comes, but he does not migrate.

He does not throw light on the movements of the warblers. One great assistance to the delicate birds of passage which jerk about our coppices and gardens is the wind; they frequently come north with the soft south wind in the spring. The change in the weather which marks their advent facilitates their flight. Once fairly off with a good breeze astern, even a blackcap can make very respectable way.

It is not probable, however, that the tender birds come far. It appears that some are found in Spain, and have only to cross the Channel; but it is likely enough that a portion of these have been taken or observed on their way to and from the north of Africa, the great winter retreat of the European summer visitants. White, who thinks that few of our tender birds leave our continent, was greatly pleased to see among the collection of birds from Gibraltar some of those short-winged English summer birds of passage concerning whose departure we have made so much inquiry. 'Now, if,' he goes on to say, 'these birds are found in Andalusia to migrate to and from Barbary, it may easily be supposed that those that come to us may migrate back to the continent, and spend their winters in some of the warmer parts of Europe. This is certain, that many soft-billed birds that come to Gibraltar appear there only in spring and autumn, seeming to advance in pairs towards the northward, for the sake of breeding during the summer months, and retiring in parties and broods towards the south at the decline of the year; so that the rock of Gibraltar is the great rendezvous and place of observation from whence they take their departure each way towards Europe or Africa.' In short, it seems that some of the delicate summer birds which flit, go a little further south than the others, but that none go beyond the north of Africa. Their migration is the more puzzling, as they are seldom seen on the move; they come and go unperceived. One spring-day we still feel the sting in the tail of winter; on the next, the wind changes to the south, and we hear the shrill but cheerful note of the wryneck or cuckoo's leader.

The fact is, that all these small birds migrate in the dark. Jesse says that they not only traverse vast seas and continents—he is referring to those which shift from England to Africa—but they take their departure at night; for they have been found dead in light-houses, having flown against the strong light.

But what an estimate does this give us of the irresistible impulse of migration! We know how punctually and anxiously little birds put themselves to bed, and tuck themselves in, in the evening. Did you never stir the shrubs about the garden on a summer's night, and startle out bewildered little fellows, which slept almost till they were touched! And yet on some chilly autumn night we must believe that these domestic guests, which flit from hedge to hedge, and hop under the bushes out of our way, rise up *en masse*, and make straight off, through the black wilderness of sky, for the north of Africa or south of Spain, without a compass or a map, in the dark, and guideless!

There is one thing which these little birds cannot stand, and that is a chain of mountains. The Alps appear to divide the migration of European birds. Moreover, the feeble sort are seriously influenced by the wind. As I have said, a fair wind brings over troops of them; but it has been noticed that when

west or north-west winds have prevailed for some time in the spring, there are few arrivals of our immigrants; but that when the south-east wind blows, that corner of England, at all times the country of songsters, is full of them. I have wondered at some of the delicate songsters coming here, and with liquid defiance of sore throat, beginning their spring-notes in a shrewd east wind; but the wind really has brought them over.

It seems that summer birds do not go far inland on arriving; this accounts for their abundance in East Anglia. Some work their way north and west, but others give a constant preference to the first part of the island they meet with; the nightingale leaving many districts north and west unexplored, and being content to sing his song to the clodhoppers in the dull flat seaboard of Essex rather than the groves of Devonshire.

The cock-birds apparently come first; this is known to bird-catchers, who value their earliest captives accordingly. When the hens come, the cocks look out for their mates by singing. That excited inflation of the throat, those emotional quiverings of the body, are the natural fine airs of the early songster to win a bride. The female glow-worm hangs out her lamp, and the male, a dingy, unpoetical snob, crawls up to make his bow; but the singing bird challenges the admiration of the opposite sex, and the rivalry of his own, like a troubadour.

When one comes to think of it, what variety appears in the life of a migratory bird; nay, what a number of lives are crowded into his little existence. In the first place, he is a naturalised inhabitant of two quarters of the globe; he is at the same time an African and a European. He is faithful in wedlock, and yet has the experience of a number of wives without widowhood, jealousy, or complaint. He rears his family with care, seeing his sons and daughters off in the world, and able to support themselves; then he reappears with all the glow of youth, and woos a coy and twittering mate with artless, virgin enthusiasm. In the autumn, he is a fussy and experienced Paterfamilias, somewhat the worse for wear, with children precocious and exacting, as big as himself. Next spring he is a gay young bachelor, with freshened energies and venture. He has indeed grown old, but he grows young again. He casts his plumage, and loses his voice; but in the spring he begins the career of life again with all the labour and beauty of youth. No wigs or false teeth for him. It is as if an old man had found an intermittent elixir, and passed through the stages of thoughtless love and loving care again and again.

Beside the regular orthodox migrations from one country or continent to another, there are many movements among birds which can be accounted for only on similar grounds. There is the flocking of some species which remain with us the whole year. They change their whereabouts, in company, for the sake of food. One remarkable feature of the winter flocking of these resident birds is the division of the sexes. Thus, chaffinches separate, hens and cocks forming separate flocks. These migrate, too, partially, moving from one place in the same country to another. This takes place in the winter, when many of their summer associates have left their shores for warmer weather. This separation of the sexes, and, indeed, change from a married to a single life, would probably, in the opinion of selfish old bachelors, be a great recommendation to bird-society. Sometimes we see a young couple wholly wrapped up in one another. Edwin cares for no society but Angelina's; Angelina despises all balls since she danced with Edwin; the dear couple marry, and decline society. After a while, they would be glad to accept the invitations, &c., which at first they refused. Of course, this is very exceptionable and wrong; but the chaffinches provide against it. Through the wooing and the wedding, the bird-

world is to them tasteless and flat. They bill and coo; they eat caterpillars and grubs off the same twig; they flutter through the garden in dual delight; but they grow tired of it. Edwin ceases singing; Angelina ceases to reciprocate. All at once they separate on the best of terms. Edwin joins a party of gentlemen like himself, who club together; Angelina consorts with her sex, till they all get tired of the change itself in turn, and pair again. The only thing like it in human life is the separation of the sexes after dinner.

There is another semi-migration among birds; I mean the retreat from the homestead to the wood during the summer months. Summer is not the time for robins; we seldom see them; but other birds seek the quiet of the forest more utterly than they. There is also a suspected migration of some birds during the summer from one part of England to another. On the whole, it seems as if all who had the means of locomotion, whether in the shape of wings or railway tickets, took a change in the autumn; shewing surely that constant residence in the same spot is not only unpleasant, but unnatural.

THE SUN'S ATMOSPHERE.

WHEN Newton discovered, in 1701, that a ray of light from the sun, admitted into a dark room, through a small circular aperture, and passing through a prism, produced an image coloured with the hues of the rainbow, he little thought that he was furnishing to the scientific men of a succeeding age, not only the most delicate test of the presence of certain metals in bodies subjected to analysis, but also the means of investigating, with at any rate some probability of success, the composition and nature of bodies apparently quite beyond the reach of human science.

For upwards of a century, scientific minds appear to have been content to allow Newton's discovery to remain stationary at the point at which he left it; and it was only in 1802 that it was observed that if the *solar spectrum*, or coloured image resulting from the passage of a ray of sunlight through a prism, was taken from a ray passing into the room through a slit in the shutter, instead of through a circular aperture, it was crossed by innumerable black lines, in place of being a continuous stripe of coloured light. Some years later, a map of some six hundred of these lines was published, and more recently still, one in which upwards of two thousand are marked. An examination of the spectra produced by rays proceeding from the stars, planets, and other sources of light, proved that lines exist in the spectra produced by lights of all kinds, but that these lines differ in number and position according to the source of light employed, while at the same time any one luminous body will invariably produce the same lines in the spectrum.

It had been remarked that certain of the lines in the spectrum produced by light from the sun appeared only at particular periods or under peculiar conditions of the atmosphere. This was accounted for by Sir David Brewster, who found that if a ray of light was made to pass through a coloured gas, such as nitrous acid, dark bands would appear on the spectrum; from this he concluded that these variable lines in the solar spectrum were due to the influence of the earth's atmosphere on the light of the sun, and that some of the fixed lines were also to be explained by the absorptive power of the air. It is remarkable that the bands produced by the transmission of light through different vapours are quite independent of the colour of those vapours, some coloured vapours producing no lines whatever, as, for example, the red vapours of chloride of tungsten;

while nitrous acid, which is also a red gas, produces black lines in the *blue* part of the spectrum.

Thus far, nothing had been discovered which could at all explain the cause of these phenomena; nothing was known but the bare fact, that certain kinds of light produced certain lines in the spectrum, and that some gases—amongst others, those composing the air—had the property of producing black lines on the spectra taken from rays of light passing through them. These facts, however, were sufficiently remarkable to attract attention, and investigations were made, and experiments instituted by the principal chemists in England and abroad, of which and of their results it is now our purpose to take a brief survey.

It is a fact well known to chemists, that certain substances have the property of imparting a particular colour to any flame in which they are burned; for instance, common salt will produce a yellow flame; salts of strontium and lithium, a crimson one, &c.; and this property has been utilised by pyrotechnists in the preparation of the coloured fires which have become so essential to the transformation scenes of our pantomimes. Some of these colours are sufficiently characteristic of the salts by which they are caused, to form a rough test of their absence or presence in a mixture of different substances; others, on the contrary, have to all appearance exactly the same tint when produced by either of two salts.

When the phenomena mentioned above in connection with the solar spectrum became known, it occurred to Professors Wheatstone, Miller, and others, to observe what kind of spectrum would be projected by a ray of light proceeding from a flame coloured by one of the salts to which we have just directed the reader's attention. The experiments to determine this were at first conducted in the following manner: A portion of the salt under examination was dissolved in alcohol, which was then burned in a common spirit-lamp; a ray of light proceeding from the flame was directed through a vertical slit, and passed through a prism into a telescope, by which means the spectrum could be observed more accurately than if it had been simply projected on a screen. These investigations fully proved what had been previously suspected by those who made them—namely, that the substances which produced flames of the same colour to the naked eye could be readily distinguished by the difference between the spectra they produced. The salts of lithia and strontia, which, as has been before mentioned, produce a brilliant crimson colour, have spectra differing very markedly from each other, that of lithia being characterised by a single bright red band crossing the spectrum, whilst that of strontia exhibits several red bands, besides a well-defined blue band.

The success of these experiments induced further investigation, and Messrs Kirchhoff and Bunsen, by using improved apparatus, and examining a large number of salts, succeeded in building up, on the foundation which had been already laid, a system which bids fair to become the most accurate and expeditious mode of determining the composition of bodies submitted to the chemist for analysis that is yet known. These two gentlemen commenced by examining the spectra produced by a number of salts ignited in a gas-flame, and they discovered that a metal always produced the same bright lines in the spectrum, whatever substance it was mixed with, although it was found that a higher degree of volatility in the salt or salts under examination increased the facility with which the metallic base could be detected. As, however, there are only certain metals that are capable of being thus ignited in a gas-flame, recourse was had to the electric spark, which was found to answer equally well, as the intensity of the heat from this source is so great that by its aid all the metals can be volatilised and examined by the prism. One

remarkable observation was made when the voltaic arc was thus used for the purpose of spectrum analysis; it was noticed that certain bright violet lines were produced in the spectrum, which did not seem to be characteristic of any metal, but were common to all; and it was found that these lines were caused by the atmosphere itself becoming ignited by the intense heat, and that they disappeared if the experiments were conducted in an atmosphere of hydrogen. Another result of these experiments was the discovery that certain bodies, which had always been supposed to be extremely rare, were pretty generally diffused in small quantities throughout all nature; lithia and strontia, for instance, were found in the most unpromising materials, one of which was a Flanders brick. By this method of analysis, not only can the presence of one metal be detected, but the exact composition of a mixture of metals can be determined. The spectra projected from some metals are very simple; that of sodium is crossed merely by a double yellow band; while in that of iron there are seventy bands in a portion of the spectrum comprising only about a third of its entire length. The delicacy of the test may be imagined, when it is stated that the ~~weight~~ part of a grain of sodium is sufficient to produce the yellow band characteristic of the metal.

In the course of their investigations, Messrs Kirchhoff and Bunsen actually discovered two new metals, which they named *caesium* and *rubidium*, and which would probably never have been discovered by any other means; their resemblance to potassium being so strong that all ordinary chemical analysis would have failed to detect the difference. They were both found in the water of Dürkheim spring in the proportion of three grains of chloride of caesium and four grains of chloride of rubidium to a tun of water.

These experiments, although of such high importance as a mode of analysis, had as yet thrown no light on the cause of the dark lines in the solar spectrum, all the lines marked out by the different experimentalists as belonging to particular metals being bands of colour more intense than the rest of the spectrum. It was reserved for Kirchhoff, the principal promoter of the experiments already made, to form a theory which, for its boldness and originality, is almost unequalled in the annals of modern science, while at the same time it is within the bounds of probability, and may very likely, on further investigation, be found capable of a demonstration almost equivalent to absolute proof.

The basis on which Kirchhoff founded his theory was an observation made in 1849 by Foucault, a French chemist, who had made some interesting experiments on the spectrum cast by the electric light. Having remarked a particularly brilliant line in the spectrum cast by the voltaic arc, which appeared to occupy the same position as one of the most marked of the dark lines in the solar spectrum, it occurred to him to cause a ray of the sun to be reflected through the electric light; and he found that, instead of the bright line of the electric spectrum neutralising the dark line of the solar spectrum, that line became stronger, and that, if the two spectra did not exactly coincide, that part of the electric spectrum which was uncovered shewed a bright line, which contrasted forcibly with the dark line of the remainder. He then tried the effect of reflecting a ray of light from the voltaic arc back through the arc, and the result was similar; the line which in the ordinary spectrum was bright, became black when the light was reflected through itself.

Kirchhoff, probably remembering these experiments, endeavoured with success to reduce the principle which they illustrated to a general system. He chose sodium for his preliminary researches, it being the metal which produces the simplest spectrum, and he

found that if the light of the voltaic arc is passed through the flame coloured by sodium, the yellow band characteristic of this metal is effaced, and its place is taken by a black band. Further investigation shewed that the same effect was produced if the electric light was passed through an atmosphere of volatilised sodium. These results were confirmed by experiments made with barium, strontium, magnesium, &c.; it being found that in all cases the light transmitted through these metals, when in a state of ignition, produced black lines on the spectrum, corresponding with the bright lines produced by the light proceeding from the metals themselves.

From these facts, Kirchhoff argued, that in all probability the lines in the solar spectrum are caused by the intense light from an incandescent body passing through a luminous atmosphere. Having come to this conclusion, he tried to find out whether any of the lines in the solar spectrum corresponded with the lines produced by known substances. For this purpose, he made use of an ingenious apparatus, by which the spectrum from a ray of sunlight was projected above the spectrum of the metal to be compared with it; in this way, those lines which were common to both spectra would form a continuous line through the two, being black in the solar spectrum, and bright in the other one. In this manner, it was found that the spectral lines of many metals, such as sodium, potassium, chromium, magnesium, &c., correspond exactly with some of the principal dark lines in the solar spectrum. The theory, then, that Kirchhoff brings forward as the explanation of the lines in the solar spectrum is, *that the sun is an incandescent nucleus surrounded by a luminous atmosphere*, of which potassium, sodium, and the other metals which have been found to exhibit similar lines to those produced by the sun, are some of the constituents.

This theory, although not devoid of probability, has not yet been subjected to a deep enough examination to be considered as established; but, on the other hand, it has too many facts in its favour to justify its being put on one side as extravagant and presumptuous. It may be that the progress of science is leading us to a mode of discovering the composition of extramundane bodies, and that we shall in time be able to say what the sun is made of, with as much positiveness as we can now affirm that the earth travels round the sun, and the moon round the earth.

THE OCEAN.

O MIGHTY mausoleum, vast, sublime!
Where many a brave man's whitened bones repose,
Down where perchance the blushing sea-flower grows,
And rare weeds up the coral-pillars climb.
Mayhap mysterious creatures crawl or swim
'Mid skulls and bones, shell-crusts thickly o'er,
Fantastic made, lying on jasper floor
Of some old pearl-roofed cavern deathly dim.
O mighty king! in fourfold coffin shut,
When Death has shewn thy compeers what we are,
The grandest, most imposing sepulchre
That man can build were but a sorry hut
Compared with his who grappled with the wave,
But yielding, dropt into his broad sea-grave. J. R.

The Editors of *Chambers's Journal* have to request that all communications be addressed to 47 Paternoster Row, London, and that they further be accompanied by postage-stamps, as the return of rejected Contributions cannot otherwise be guaranteed.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH. Also sold by all Booksellers.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL OF POPULAR LITERATURE

Science and Arts.

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 433.

SATURDAY, APRIL 19, 1862.

PRICE 1½d.

A TERRIBLE PATIENT.

AMONG many popular fallacies that arise from the wishes rather than the experience of mankind, is the dogma that a cruel man is always a coward. A cruel man cannot, it is true, be said to possess that more exalted sort of courage with which not only are oppression and malignity incompatible, but to which a certain heroic tenderness is always allied; yet such a man may be habitually careless of life and limb in the case of himself as well as in that of others; nay, he may be even so brutal as to be totally unconscious of danger—by no means so uncommon a phenomenon as it may appear. The Irish gentleman who sat upon the very branch of the tree which he was engaged in sawing off, was not, indeed, necessarily a hero, but most unquestionably he was not a coward. Even the wicked and contemptible thing that is called a bully is not so positively certain to be a poltroon as we would all wish him to be. The popular mistake arises, perhaps, from a healthy but undue exaltation of courage. Courage, it is true, is a virtue without which a Nation is but an assemblage of slaves who wait for their master; but Cruelty is blasphemy in action—the hand of man raised, as it were, to strike the Father of Mercies. A coward is an object pitiful in all eyes; but a cruel man is more and more contemptible in proportion to the height of the nature from which he is regarded; most contemptible, most abhorrent, therefore, in the sight of the Highest. It is creditable to human nature, therefore, that we should grudge the title of Brave to the Cruel; but it must be confessed by the student of mankind that it is sometimes withheld unjustly.

It seems to have been agreed upon by all historians to represent war artificially. The actual horrors of it are indeed unimaginable, and must therefore remain unwritten except by eye-witnesses, who have something else to do than to record them; but besides this, about all that is told, there plays a certain light (irresistible, as it seems, to the historic colourist), which never was on sea or shore while war was really raging. In all descriptions of battle-scenes which have come under my notice, blue and red fire (so to speak) are always burning at the wings. Experience and imagination give the most opposite narratives of the matter. This misrepresentation arises from the same undue exaltation of valour which we have already mentioned, and which in this case is even more

excusable, since that is the virtue without which no campaign could ever be brought to a successful issue. We are unwilling to associate the glorious game of war with brutal excesses, and still less with vulgarity; but War is a very brutal and vulgar business for all that. Commodore Truncheon must be sometimes excessively surprised to read in the pages of History the elegant sentences he had made use of to his assembled crew before laying his vessel alongside the enemy, and like Mr Squeers in his new clothes, must feel astonished at finding himself so very respectable. The majority of our readers are probably under the impression that commanders-in-chief, admirals, generals of division, colonels of regiments, and the like, lead their men to battle vociferating little declamations of a patriotic and elevating character—allusions to Westminster Abbey (which, let it be considered, could affect not even their subalterns, and far less the bulk of those they are thus addressing), and reminders that the eyes of the civilised world are fixed upon them. Now, as a matter of fact, the language of most of these chieftains, upon exciting occasions such as joining battle, if set down word by word, would sound rather coarse in the mouth of so polished a female as Miss Clio. Even the *Times* would shrink from repeating them literally. I am certain the Editor of *Chambers's Journal* would decline to insert them as 'not adapted for our columns.' I have had myself some little personal experience of these matters, and unless my ears deceived me in more than one instance, the words of encouragement were not unmingled with a little hard swearing. I trust I am not guilty of a breach of confidence in saying this much. 'On, Stanley, on,' were the last words of Marmion, as represented by the great bard of romance; but what says the poet of more ordinary life? 'What are they feared on?—fools, od rot 'em,' were the last words of Higginbottom. I am no historian, and do not feel bound by that tacit agreement to be artificial which seems to exist among all narrators of campaigns. I am not a peacemonger, but I do not see why the truth should not be told about War as about other matters. The 'special correspondents' have stripped him of late years of many of his spangles, but he is a magnificent impostor still, and even Mr Russell himself lets him discourse at times in the Cambyse's vein. If you really want to see the mighty Mars in his work-a-day clothes, and without his 'company manners,' you

should serve, as I did, as assistant-surgeon in a fighting regiment.

When the Old Guard were surrounded after Waterloo, and threatened with cannon-shot if they did not surrender, they replied—What?

'The Guard die, but never surrender.'

Enthusiastic but insufficiently informed Reader, they replied nothing of the sort; that is what History has replied for them. It is not necessary, nor would it be becoming, to set down here what they actually did say, but they certainly did not say *that*. Similarly, if the gallant 150th, to which I had the honour to belong, were asked to lay down its arms to any enemy, its reply—whether cannon or no cannon—would be without doubt in the negative, but it would not be 'the 150th never surrender,' but some statement more curt and natural, though equally decisive.

With the regiment in question I served during the whole of the late Indian rebellion, nor was any of its officers, I think, better acquainted with the men than I. I may not, indeed, have known so many as the colonel, but those with whom my profession did bring me into contact (and in an Indian campaign almost every man in a regiment passes sooner or later through the doctor's hands), I got to know most thoroughly. The great majority of my patients were simple faithful fellows, brave as lions, and with no touch of the tiger about them, except when engaged in actual conflict. They suffered without complaint, they died without repining and without fear. The Hereafter of Death did not trouble them; their last words, for the most part, were some message (rarely, alas, to reach its destination!) to mother, or sister, or cousin, far away in their native land. In the rare case of their being married, they spoke of the wife, soon to be widow; but, generally, it is a fact that a male cousin was the person most in their mind at that last moment; some Dick, or Tom, or Bob, who had snared rabbits, or shot sparrows with them turn-and-turn about with a horse-pistol—their loved home-companion in the seeming far-back days of boyhood; reminiscences as touching to their hearts, and to mine, as any others, although totally unfit, maybe, for the delicate uses of novelist and poet. Some of these men had a very strong though somewhat mechanical sense of duty. I saw one of them, with my own eyes, perform the self-same action which has made Sir Philip Sidney's name immortal, only instead of a cup of water, a cup of rum was concerned in the matter—which increases the sacrifice. Dick Smith, full private in the 150th, had both legs carried away by a rebel cannon-ball, and lay a-dying. The ordinary allowance of spirits which every man carried with him into action had been very properly administered at once, but there was great need for more. An untouched flask of rum was lying by him, which nothing would induce him to take.

'The major may likely want it,' said he; 'it is the major's.'

This officer (who did not take spirits except medicinally) had given the rum to Dick, with the proviso only, that if he (the major) were wounded, he should receive the precious liquid again. No representation could move the poor fellow to take this, until the major himself came to the Rear and bade him do so, when Dick Smith drank it off with a smile, happy to see his favourite officer was untouched (except, to his honour be it spoken, by this beautiful act of devotion)—and then died. If Dick had been a general, and the major but a private soldier, what a charming scene the historians would have made of it, and what elegant sentences would have been placed in both their mouths; whereas, in honest reality, there were some rather strongish expressions used by all parties in reference to the cause of the mischief—namely, 'the Pandies.'

The rebel sepoys were an infamous and accursed race. They ate our salt with murder in their hearts;

they hated us with the hate of those who have returned evil for good. Those smooth liars who slew our women and our children deserved the bayonet most richly. In the battle, and *after the battle*, I, for my part, would have always cried, 'Spare not'—only it was never necessary. In War, there is no such thing as mercy in the hearts of most of the common soldiers, no matter of what nation they be. I have seen officers standing with revolvers to defend Hindu women and children from the bayonets of our own men. It is a foolish and wicked error to represent war as being carried on in a humane and civilised fashion, although certain courtesies are sometimes connected with it, which affect (almost solely) the chiefs on both sides. I am no mealy-mouthed member of the Peace Society—not I: but War is of the Devil; and almost every man while actually engaged in battle becomes *pro tem*, a fiend. I began this paper with the end of it in my mind, when I ventured to say that cruel men are sometimes brave men. One quarter, at least, of the patients that I have had under my care in the field were either naturally cruel, or had been rendered so—had been brutalised, that is, by the scenes through which they had passed: but not one of these was a coward.

The bravest man, physically speaking, who ever came under my care was John Rawlins. His audacity was conspicuous in almost every engagement, and it is not easy for a common soldier to make himself conspicuous in battle—unless, indeed, by running away. He would have been signally promoted more than once if his character could have permitted it, but his habits were very insubordinate, and he got drunk whenever he had the chance of doing so. He would have gone into a burning house, with a powder-magazine beneath it, for the certainty of obtaining a bottle of whisky. He had absolutely no fear, neither of God nor Man. After passing scathless through the whole of the Rebellion, Rawlins was fatally wounded in a chance skirmish with some wandering Pandies after the relief of Lucknow. His hurt was of such a nature that there was no more hope of his life than if his head had been shot away, but he lived just eight-and-forty hours afterwards. He was perfectly aware of his approaching end, and regretted it mainly because it would prevent him from killing more Pandies. From this man—truthful, because shameless—I learned more of the realities of war than I, as an officer, could by any possibility have seen with my own eyes. It is when Authority is out of sight that the most terrible incidents of warfare take place—those acts which earn for a dominant race the hatred of unborn generations.

Without bravado, but also without the slightest trace of compunction or repentance, Rawlins narrated to me his personal experiences of the late campaign; these disclosures were mostly of a nature too atrocious to be repeated here, but two of them may well be mentioned as likely to make some impression upon a not uninfluential class of people, who, themselves staying at home at ease, are eager to cry 'War, war,' at every opportunity, in total ignorance (I hope) of what war really is.

Upon one occasion, a number of sepoys were condemned to be shot after an engagement, and a corporal and several men, among whom was Rawlins, were intrusted with this duty in the absence of a commissioned officer. There had been a dispute between Rawlins and the corporal as to how many men a bullet from a Minié rifle could be made to pierce, so they tied these wretched prisoners close to one another, each behind each, and fired at the foremost man. The bullet was found to pass through five men and wound a sixth, whereupon the sixth man took the foremost place in the next file, and the butchery proceeded.

Later in the campaign, it was decided (wisely, as I think) that for certain reasons connected with their

superstition, condemned sepoys should be blown from guns. A certain number having been again committed to the tender mercies of another non-commissioned officer of ours, and some men, among whom again was my terrible patient, the execution proceeded thus. The victims were placed with their faces towards the guns, so that they might not be spared the spectacle of the preparations for their own destruction, and when they shut their eyes to avoid this, the guns were *snapped*, again and again, so that each might endure the torture of half-a-dozen deaths before he actually met with death itself.

Of the truth of these two dreadful incidents, I have no doubt whatever; and not less firmly do I believe that in all wars similar abominable acts are not only frequent, but common. Many men who would shudder at the very mention of such deeds, are only too eager to let slip the blood-hounds who act thus, and sometimes upon slight provocation. May these few pages, torn from the blood-stained book of war itself, give such persons pause. Their ignorant voices may otherwise some day assist to produce that worst, because most gigantic, of all crimes—an unnecessary war. Soldiering—nay, even victory itself—is not all feathers and fanfaronade, my safely bellicose friends; though, as I have before observed, I am myself by no means a member of the Quaker body, nor at all likely to become so.

The end of Rawlins was excessively characteristic. In his last moments, he expressed himself obliged to me for such care as I had been able to bestow upon him, and presented me with a very handsome jewel-casket (with nothing in it, however), which had formed a part of his 'loot' at Lucknow.

'I got it out of the Kaiserbagh, sir,' said he, 'and a great deal of botheration it gave me. I had to kill three Sikhs first, who were exceedingly obstinate in giving it up.'

Now, if Mr John Rawlins treated his allies in that manner, we need not wonder that he was not given to spare his enemies. And yet he was, without doubt, as brave—in a certain limited sense—as Nelson.

PLAYING AND LEARNING.

It was the favourite maxim of that eminent and successful instructor of youth, Margery Meanwell, commonly called Goody Two-shoes, that the first steps to knowledge ought to be as much like play as possible. That was the basis of her 'system,' and her biographer has not omitted to describe the manner in which she worked it out. She carved the alphabet in letters of wood, and gave them to her pupils as toys. She chose some word that had a pleasant significance to their ears, such as pudding or apple-pie, and asked them to spell it. One little girl would instantly rush forward with a P, another would produce a U, and so on till the word was completed. 'The result,' we are told, 'proved how right she was; for her little companions were always eager for the "game," as they called it, and were very sorry if they were thrown out by bringing up the wrong letter, as then they were not allowed to play any more that morning.' There is reason to believe that this voracious history was written for old Mr Newberry of St Paul's Churchyard by Goldsmith, and it is certainly not difficult to detect in it something like his genial sense and kindly spirit. The celebrated Dr Cornelius Scriblerus seems to have shared Mrs Meanwell's views on this matter. We learn from his biography, that having made up his mind that his son Martinus should be one of the wisest and most learned men of his age, he employed various ingenious devices to promote his early education; for instance, he invented a geographical suit of clothes, in order to give him some hints of that science, and also of the productions and commerce of different nations. Having observed also that Martinus had a singular predilection for gingerbread, he

bethought him of having the dainty stamped with the letters of the Greek alphabet. Such is said to have been the young gentleman's appetite for knowledge (and gingerbread), that the very first day he ate down to *iota*!

In the methods of teaching adopted by the Goody and the Doctor, a great principle was recognised, which is too frequently neglected in infant education.

It has long been felt that there is too marked and sudden a transition from the nursery to the school-room, and that the first steps to knowledge are rendered unnecessarily distasteful to the young. This arises partly from a misconception of the object and nature of schooling. It is as absurd to speak, as people sometimes do, of a child not having commenced its education because it has never gone to school, as to say that education has been completed when a man has taken leave of Alma Mater, or a girl has passed through a 'finishing academy.' The infant, says Helvetius, goes to school as soon as it is born; and before it passes under the charge of pedagogue or governess, it has learned or mislearned much of what it most concerns humanity to know. It has been exercised in love, truth, and temper; its perceptions have been sharpened, its memory has been strengthened, its tendency to imitate those around it has been developed, and for good or evil, the mother has deeply influenced her child. It knows, too, the names and qualities of many things, and, in a pretty prattling way, can express its thoughts, and ask for what it wants. And all this it has picked up gradually and unconsciously, without any formal instruction from any one. But the time comes when it passes from the nursery to the school-room; it has to sit perfectly still, and to give steady continuous attention to certain lessons, of which it cannot comprehend the use, and which it naturally regards as an undeserved penance. Subjected to such treatment, its perceptions are blunted, its understanding is deadened, and the quick observant child of yesterday often becomes an idle dunce. How can you expect a child to take any interest in a task which imposes a painful restraint on the exuberant spirits of its age, and condemns its restless little hands and feet to an irksome inactivity? There are many grown men and women who can never bend their mind to any subject so fully and closely as when they are performing some mechanical operation, such as pacing the room, or twirling a piece of string. With the young, whose bodies are always more full of life than their minds, this is universally the case; and you paralyse the one if you still the other. Only let the little ones move freely about or busy their hands, and it is wonderful at how early an age they can become expert in occupations not purely mechanical, but requiring a degree of intelligence and reflection. I know at least one well-authenticated case of a girl of two years old being employed by her mother in lace-making; and if children of six or seven fail in any work, it is more usually from want of strength than inability to comprehend the process.

Pondering much on these things, observing how much a child learns easily and pleasantly before it goes to school, compared with what it acquires there with pains and effort, Herr Friedrich Froebel, some twenty years ago, devised a mode of education, which he styled *Kindergarten* (infant-garden). Of this system, Herr Johannes and Madame Bertha Ronge have constituted themselves the enthusiastic expositors. It is now about sixteen years since they first organised schools on Froebel's principle in Germany. Many such schools were formed about the year 1848, under the countenance of the reform communities, in several of the large towns, who saw that they were the best means of counteracting the designs of the pedants and policemen, the martinetes alike of the university and the barrack, who would fain have drilled and trimmed body and mind into one

uniform regulation pattern. There were also founded by Herr Ronge, ladies' societies, the objects of which were limited to the training of the young. In this way, a number of excellent schools were established. The reaction which followed the abortive movements of 1848 drove Herr Ronge into exile; but as wanderers often carry with them into distant parts the root of some pet plant or tree, to remind them of their native country, so the good German and his worthy mate, settling in England, brought thither their favourite scheme, a noble memorial of dear old Vaterland. The pains and perseverance with which they have planted and tended it upon our soil have been amply repaid by seeing it take root and flourish.

The kindergarten system is nothing more than a continuation in the school-room of the training which the child has already been receiving on its mother's lap, or at its father's knee. Many a good lady has been practising it, as M. Jourdain talked prose, without knowing it. Herr Froebel himself tells us that he has invented nothing; he has merely called attention to the advantage of the natural free-and-easy method of teaching over the strained and formal, and suggested that the governess and the schoolmaster should adopt, as far as possible, the mother's manner and the mother's spirit, developing and expanding the system of the nursery, instead of starting on a new, unnatural, and disagreeable tack of their own. Observe the behaviour of a child when left to himself to play with some new toy, and you will find that when he has turned it over and over, and looked at it in various lights, his next impulse is to take it to pieces, and see what there is in the inside of it. Satisfied on that score, he will then try to put the fragments together again. It serves him also as a sort of peg to hang his childish fancies upon, and to illustrate various expressions which he hears used. He soon learns to bestow numerous names on it, and to put it through a variety of motions. It is astonishing how much a child may learn in this way, how many questions the toy will suggest to him, how well he will remember the answers through force of association. 'Well,' says Froebel, 'learn from the child himself how to teach him. Let his task-books be toys; provide him with occupations in which head and hands are alike active; and as in young children the powers of action generally prevail over those of thought, let them advance by handling and forming objects to a knowledge of them. Don't fatigue and puzzle the child with vague, abstract ideas; speak to him of the things he knows; put before his eyes or in his hands the object (or at least the image of it) about which you want to tell him.' In Madame Ronge's *Guide to the Kindergarten*, great stress is laid on 'stick-laying, plaiting, and pea-work' as the means of exercising the youthful mind; but, in truth, these are mere dry, worthless bones, unless quickened and informed by an understanding heart and sympathetic spirit. Let the teacher only be in the right mood for the work, and oyster-shells and dirt-pies may be turned to just as good account as cubes or spheres, coloured paper or wooden watches. But should the teacher lack the tact and feeling which will bring her *en rapport* with the infant mind, no amount of costly apparatus, no library of hand-books or host of guides, will put her in the right way. Indeed, many of the directions which Madame Ronge supplies, excellent and to the point as they really are, look somewhat absurd set forth solemnly in print. There is also an odd smack of Germanism in such remarks as that a ball is a good plaything for a child, 'because in its appearance it combines the ideas of the finite and the infinite.'

The occupations of the kindergarten are divided into three degrees: first, there are games at ball, and building with wooden cubes, which are suited to children of from two and a half to three years of age; next come 'occupations with linear bodies,' such as

laying and plaiting of sticks, so as to represent various devices; and lastly, we have paper-plaiting, drawing, and modelling. The following explanation of the use to which the third gift (a box containing a cube divided into eight equal parts) may be put, will serve as an illustration of the system.

'The child is first taught to invert the box, after drawing out a small part of the lid; secondly, to draw out the lid entirely, and lift up the box; he then finds the cube complete, and is allowed to pursue the dictates of his mind; he may divide it into two, four, or eight equal parts, place them upon each other, lay them side by side, count them, or arrange them in a thousand different ways, to suit his inclination. After a time, he will examine them more carefully; he will see that each represents the whole, that each has the same form, number of faces, edges, corners, as the whole; he will learn to distinguish their number, size, form, position, order, and arrangement; he will learn the true meaning of up, down, here, there, this, that, these, those, above, below, under, over, upon, underneath, within, without, large, small, &c. Every day he will find something new for himself, if we do not attempt to force it upon him. According to his development he will vary his forms; those forms he will find infinite in variety. His feelings will be gratified by forms of beauty; his power of representation will be exercised by the various forms of life; and his faculties of perception, his thinking, reasoning faculties, as well as his imagination, will be cultivated by the forms of recognition; at one time, the cubes will become to him a shepherd and his flock, at another a garden with trees and seats, according to his fancy, or the ideas most vivid at the time. The office of the teacher is to aid the child in the expression of his own ideas, in an indirect manner, or by little stories and other means which a well-trained teacher will ever have at command. So long, however, as a child is happy, it is well not to interfere.'

In the same way, arithmetic is taught by means of the cubes and balls, which serve as counters; while movable letters (after the Goody Two-shoes fashion) are supplied to the pupils, to be arranged in the form of words and sentences. The other tasks are enlivened and diversified by songs and games descriptive of childish duties, industrial employments, natural sights and sounds. The children are never kept very long at one thing, care being taken to preserve them from fatigue or flagging interest by a frequent change of occupation. Co-operation between parents and teacher being a leading principle in the system, the pupils are encouraged to take their toys away with them, and practise their games at home.

Not only in London, but in Manchester, Leeds, and other large towns, has the kindergarten system been received with emphatic favour. Schools have been established for children, classes have been opened for teachers, books and apparatus have been circulated among all grades of people, from the highest house in the land to the humble village infant school. Kindergartens have been established in many private nurseries, and have been added to several first-class ladies' schools; and even where the guide-book and the apparatus are unknown, the influence of the system has penetrated, and has rendered the first doses of learning more palatable to the young.

There is no reason why the principle which has been found to work so well in the kindergarten, should not be adopted in teaching children of more advanced years. Dr Paris has shewn, in a well-known work, how pleasantly and profitably 'philosophy in sport' may be made 'science in earnest'; and one of the most profound *sarants* of our day has declared that many of our common toys are the most scientific things in the world. Numerous important discoveries can be traced to observations made upon toys; why should not toys be made the texts of scientific expostitions to the young? Talk to a boy or girl about

impact, the resolution and combination of forces, and so on, and chalk diagrams on a black-board to explain the problems, and you will only bewilder and fatigue them. But illustrate these laws by the aid of a ball or a top, and their attention will be at once arrested, and they will follow your remarks with interest and intelligence. 'Museums of ores, shells, animal, vegetable, and mineral productions have been provided for the young,' says the Rev. Mr Mitchell, inspector of schools. 'I sometimes almost doubt their use. A set of playthings, such as cups and saucers, a small kitchen with its implements in miniature, a butcher's shop, a drawing-room and parlour, a bed-room and kitchen well furnished, might be made the means of conveying much more real and useful information than is contained in such cabinets. Furnished with such apparatus, and two or three dolls, how many agreeable and instructive incidents of life might not an intelligent teacher introduce to or act before an audience of delighted children, who would be not the less instructed because amused.' Mr Mitchell's concluding words suggest the only objection to the system. There is a class of sour, ill-conditioned folk in the world who object, on principle, to making things pleasant. They refuse to believe in the efficacy of any medicine which does not make them sick, or any exercise which is not thoroughly disagreeable. Of course, such persons have no tolerance for a method of teaching which seeks to make the road to elementary knowledge a path of pleasantness, and to render its pursuit an amusement instead of a drudgery and a penance. Whatever is easily gained, they insist, is little valued, and quickly lost: nothing is of any worth which is not acquired with pains and toil—in which sayings there is, no doubt, some truth as applicable to grown-up people, but none at all as regards children; for, after all, the great thing in teaching the young is not to instil facts, but to inspire them with a relish for knowledge, and induce them to acquire it for themselves. If you scrupulously disconnect the first lessons from all the previous incidents of child-life, and make them dull and difficult, you disgust your pupils with study, and defeat your own end. On the other hand, if you can make their tasks as interesting to them as their games, you have carried your point. Once give them a taste for learning, and there need be no fear of their shirking the hard work when the time comes for it.

BEHIND THE SCENES.

THERE is no class of mankind whose excellence receives its reward so early and so largely as the Public Singer. Not even kings pass their existence amid such continuous acclamations; not even kings are so soon forgotten after death. It is perhaps as a compensation for the oblivion that awaits them when their voices fail—for it is not necessary in their case to die in order to be forgotten—that such incense is offered up to them while in vigour. It must be a sad epoch for a great vocalist when men begin to say, as Abbé Galiani said of Sophie Arnould, that he or she has 'the finest asthma they have ever heard.' To such, the voice must indeed be the breath of life. Want of perfection in it has indeed been the source of literal death to some singers. Fabris having competed unsuccessfully with the famous Guadagni, his master composed expressly for him an air of the greatest difficulty, which the young singer was to execute in the San Carlo Theatre at Naples, and so regain his laurels. Fabris protested that it would cost him his life; but he yielded to his master's iron will, attacked the impossible air, and died on the stage, of hemorrhage of the lungs. The tenor Labitte perished in a similar manner. Thus, nightingales have been known to burst their little hearts in envious rivalry.

Rubini had once a terrible combat with a B flat

(vocal), which has been related with a minuteness fitting so great an occasion by M. Castil Blaze. 'Pacini's *Talismano* had just been produced with great success at La Scala. Rubini made his entry in this opera with an accompanied recitative, which the public always applauded enthusiastically. One phrase in particular, which the singer commenced by attacking the high B flat without preparation, and holding it for a considerable period, excited their admiration to the highest point. Since Farinelli's celebrated trumpet-song, no one note had ever obtained such a success as this wonderful B flat of Rubini's. The public of Milan went in crowds to hear it, and having heard it, never failed to encore it. The great singer had already distributed fourteen B flats among his admiring audience, when, eager for the fifteenth and sixteenth, the Milanese thronged to their magnificent theatre, to be present at the eighth performance of *Il Talismano*. The orchestra executed the brief prelude which announced the entry of the tenor. Rubini appeared, raised his eyes to heaven, extended his arms, planted himself firmly on his calves, inflated his breast, opened his mouth, and sought by the usual means to pronounce the wished for B flat. But no B flat would come. Rubini was dumb. The public did their best to encourage the disconsolate singer; applauded him, cheered him, and gave him courage to attack the unhappy B flat a second time. On this occasion, Rubini was victorious. Determined to catch the fugitive note, which for a moment had escaped him, the singer brought all the muscular force of his immense lungs into play, struck the B flat, and threw it out among the audience with a vigour which surprised and delighted them. In the meanwhile, the tenor was by no means equally pleased with the triumph he had just gained. He felt that, in exerting himself to the utmost, he had injured himself in a manner which might prove very serious. Something in the mechanism of his voice had given way. He felt the fracture at the time. He had indeed conquered the B flat, but at what an expense—that of a broken clavicle.' As a musical doctor, M. Blaze was allowed to touch his wound, and remarked, on the left side of the clavicle, a solution of continuity, about a quarter of an inch in extent, between the two parts of the fractured bone.

For the narration of this heroic contest, we are immediately indebted, not to M. Blaze, but to Mr Sutherland Edwards, who has favoured us with it and a hundred other interesting episodes in his *History of the Opera*. The two volumes are indeed a collection of piquant biographies, rather than anything so grave as their title implies; but they contain in addition quite as much information as one requires upon such a subject.

Opera arose from the sacred musical plays of the fifteenth century, just as the drama sprang from the medieval mysteries. The *Conversion of St Paul* was first played in music at Rome in 1440. The first profane subject treated operatically was the descent of Orpheus into hell, produced at Rome in 1480; the music by Angelo Poliziano, the libretto by Cardinal Rivario, nephew of Sixtus IV. The popes kept an excellent theatre, and Clement IX. was himself the author of seven libretti. The great attraction of operatic performances at this early period was the scenery. Balthazar Peruzzi, decorator of the papal theatre, produced representations of architecture, and illusions of height and distance, which astonished even the greatest painters. Titian himself was so struck with the appearance of solidity of this artist's designs in profile, that he was not satisfied, till he had ascended a ladder and touched them, that they were not actually in relief. In the way of theatrical effects, indeed, notwithstanding our modern appliances, we seem to have made little progress since the seventeenth century. St Evrémont tells us that, in Louis

XIV.'s time, the sun and moon were so well represented at the Académie Royale, that the ambassador of Guinea leaned forward in his box when those orbs appeared, and religiously saluted them. 'To be sure,' adds Mr Edwards, 'this anecdote may be classed with one I have heard in Russia, of an actor who, playing the part of a bear in a grand melodrama, in which a storm was introduced, crossed himself devoutly at each clap of thunder. But the stories of Bernino's decorations are no fables. Like the other great masters of stage-effect in Italy, Bernino was an architect, a sculptor, and a painter. His sunsets are said to have been marvellous; and in a spectacular piece of his composition, entitled *The Inundation of the Tiber*, a mass of water was seen to come in from the back of the stage, gradually approaching the orchestra, and washing down everything that impeded its onward course; until at last the audience, believing the inundation to be real, rose in terror, and were about to rush from the theatre.'

The first complete opera appears to have been *Dafne*, performed at Florence in 1597, with Rinuccini as librettist, and Caccini and Peri as composers; but the orchestra which accompanied it consisted only of a harpsichord, a species of guitar called a chitarone, a lyre, and a lute. Among the singers at this early period was Leonora Barini, whose praises have been sung by Milton in his three Latin poems, *Ad Leonoram Romæ canentem*.

The first English opera—*The Siege of Rhodes*—was produced at Sir William Davenant's theatre during the Commonwealth. Cromwell was a great lover of music; and though he had prohibited all other theatrical representations, he allowed the opera, considering, perhaps, that a drama conducted in music could do no harm, as being unintelligible. Thus, in the present day, we have a censor who prohibits the production of *La Dame aux Camélias* as a play, but permits it when set to music, as *La Traviata*.

The libretto, indeed, in all languages, seems to have been always inane and unmeaning; and the entreaty of Boileau—'Put me into some place where I shall not hear the words,' to have been echoed by all frequenters of the opera. Mr Edwards does not see what anybody wants with a libretto at all, and thinks that, without one, operas might be enjoyed in a more rational (*sic*) manner. He cannot, indeed—since he has an evident appreciation of humour—refrain from quoting Swift's famous lines—

Some say that Signor Buononcini,
Compared to Handel, is a ninny;
While others say that to him Handel
Is hardly fit to hold a candle.
Strange that such difference should be
'Twixt Tweedledum and Tweedledee;

but he quotes them only to shew what a savage the Dean was. Swift, Steele—everybody, in fact, who is not all ears—are very furiously attacked by our author, who is compelled, perhaps by the nature of his subject, to give himself airs. He should, however, be the more careful in the riding of his particular hobby, since he perceives so clearly the absurdity of such a course in others. He is evidently quite tickled by the observation of the London hangman, who, going one night to the pit of Her Majesty's Theatre to hear Jenny Lind, exclaimed, breathless with admiration and excitement on the appearance of the Swedish Nightingale: 'Heavens, what a throat to scrag!' Music is not intelligible to everybody. The objection of the Scotch lady to the use of the organ in divine service, as being a 'kist full of whistles,' is not, it seems, altogether unfounded; and her arguments against prayer by machinery would have received an additional force if she had been wicked enough to read the volumes before us. Mr Barham's story of *Lawks*, here's a precious lark, being substituted by certain choristers for the chant

it was their duty to sing, has more than one parallel in this agreeable History. It is said that at the Grand Opera of Paris the opening chorus in *Robert le Diable* is always sung to the following touching lines:

La sou|pe aux choux| se fait dans la mar|mite,
Dans la| marmite on fait la soupe aux| choux.

Jomelli used to tell a story of an Italian chapel-master who gave to one of his solo singers the phrase "Genitum non factum," to which the chorus had to reply, "Factum non genitum." This transposition seemed ingenious and picturesque to the composer, and suited a contrast of rhythm which he had taken great pains to produce. It was probably due only to the bad enunciation of the choristers that he was not burned alive. Porpara, too, narrowly escaped the tortures of the Inquisition; and but for his avowed and clearly proved ignorance of Latin, would have made a bad end of it, for a similar, though not quite so ludicrous a blunder as the one perpetrated by Jomelli's friend. He had been accustomed to add "non" and "si" to the verses of his libretto, when the music required it, and in setting the creed, found it convenient to introduce a "non." This novel version of the Belief commenced "Credo, non credo, non credo in Deum;" and it was well for Porpara that he was able to convince the inquisitors of his inability to understand it. Another chapel-master of more recent times is said, in composing a mass, to have given a delightful pastoral character to his *Agnus Dei*. To him "a little learning" had indeed proved "a dangerous thing." He had somehow ascertained that *agnus* meant "lamb," and had forthwith gone to work with pipe and cornemuse to give appropriate "picturesqueness" to his accompaniments.

Upon the other hand, while sound signifying nothing is scarcely to be considered the most divine object attainable by humanity, a man without music in his soul is not to be envied. The husband of Madame Catalani (who may have married her for her money, but certainly not for her notes), appears to have been totally impervious to the charms of that art by which his wife had made herself so famous. Upon one occasion, when rehearsing, at the Italian Opera at Paris, an air which she was going to sing in the evening to a pianoforte accompaniment, 'she found the instrument too high, and told her husband to see that it was lowered; upon which, he called for a carpenter, and caused the unfortunate piano's feet to be amputated. "Still too high?" cried Madame Catalani's husband, when he was accused in the evening of having neglected her orders. "Why, how much did you lower it, Charles?" addressing the carpenter. "Two inches, sir," was the reply.

The history of English opera is much the reverse of satisfactory, for, with the exception of Purcell, it has scarcely a composer to boast of; but Italian opera has flourished in England more vigorously than anywhere else from the days of Handel (in 1710) until now. It was first introduced into France under the auspices of Cardinal Mazarin, but nearly a century and a half elapsed before its superiority was acknowledged there. The annals of the French opera, however, are the most interesting and amusing of all. Under Louis Quatorze, who himself both sung and danced on the court stage—supporting the parts of Pluto, Mars, the Sun, and all, as we may be sure, not without considerable applause—the opera was a great state institution. Its privileges were enormous and infamous. It had full control over all persons whose names were once inscribed in its books; and if a young girl was once persuaded into presenting herself at the opera, her family had no further power over her. *Lettres de cachet* were even issued for the most disgraceful purposes, compelling them to join the *corps de ballet*. As for men, they were sent to the opera as they were

sent to the Bastille. Amateurs—abbés and others—the beauty of whose voices had been remarked, were arrested, and forced to appear at the Académie Royale de Musique, as by conscription. The pensions of no persons connected with that institution could be confiscated for debt. Of course, under such a system, neither singers nor dancers bore the best of characters. 'Strange tales are told of the members of Lulli's company. Dumenil, the tenor, used to steal jewellery from the soprano and contralto of the troop, and get intoxicated with the baritone. This eccentric virtuoso is said to have drunk six bottles of champagne every night he performed, and to have improved gradually until about the fifth. Dumenil, after one of his voyages to England, which he visited several times, lost his voice. Then seeing no reason why he should moderate his intemperance at all, he gave himself up unrestrainedly to drinking, and died. The principal female vocalist, accused of grave flirtation with a bassoon, justified herself by abewing a promise of marriage which the gallant instrumentalist had written on the back of an ace of spades.'

Lulli himself may be said to have obtained a sort of immortality, for he died *beating time*. Having composed a *Te Deum* in celebration of the convalescence of Louis XIV., he struck his foot with his walking-stick so violently while beating time to the performance, that he died from the effects of the blow. He was not alone in this kind of euthanasia. Brantome, relating the death of Mademoiselle de Limeuil, one of the queen's maids of honour, who expired, poor girl, to a violin accompaniment, observes: 'When the hour of her death had arrived, she sent for her valet, such as all the maids of honour have; and he was called Julien, and played very well on the violin. "Julien," said she, "take your violin, and play to me continually until you see me dead. *The Defeat of the Swiss*, as well as you are able; and when you are at the passage "All is lost," sound it four or five times as piteously as you can;" which the other did, while she herself assisted him with her voice. She recited it twice, and then turning on the other side of her pillow, said to her companions: "All is lost this time, as well I know," and thus died.' Similarly, Leopold I., emperor of Germany, feeling his end approaching, sent for his musicians, and ordered them to commence a symphony, which they went on playing till he died.

If one air did not suffice, as with the Abbé Arnauld, to found the religion of the great folks of this period, music expressed the strongest sentiments they had upon the subject, and the opera-house was their temple. The sums that were lavished upon the female divinities of the place are almost incredible. Mademoiselle la Guerre is said to have received from her patron, the Duc de Bouillon, above 900,000 livres; and Mademoiselle Guimard almost as much from the Prince de Soubise. Nor, on the other hand, it must be allowed, were the recipients of these gifts without generosity in their turn. When the Prince de Guéméné became insolvent—with debts amounting to forty millions of livres—the Prince de Soubise, his father-in-law, ceased to attend the opera. The head of the family felt called upon to make a sacrifice, and he was no longer in a position to give *petits soupers* to his protégées at the Académie. Under these circumstances, these ladies assembled together, and addressed him a respectful and really touching letter. They have heard, they say, of his own self-denial, and 'we should think ourselves guilty of ingratitude, monseigneur, if we were not to imitate you in seconding your humanity, and if we were not to return you the pensions which your munificence has lavished upon us. Apply these revenues, monseigneur, to the consolation of so many retired officers, so many poor men of letters, so many unfortunate servants, whom M. le Prince de Guéméné drags into ruin with him.

'As for us, we have other resources; and we shall have lost nothing, monseigneur, if we preserve your

esteem. We shall even have gained, if, by refusing your gifts now, we force our detractors to agree that we were not unworthy of them.—We are, with profound respect, monseigneur, your most Serene Highness's very humble and devoted servants,

'GUIMARD, HEINEL.'

Madame Catalani is said to have given L.80,000 away in charity, and Jenny Lind was scarcely less generous.

Even the wars of Napoleon could not bring down the price which first-rate singers set upon their voices. He took them prisoners, indeed, but he had to pay for them, nevertheless. The deed by which the Emperor engaged Paer as composer of his chamber-music was drawn up by Talleyrand, approved by Napoleon, and attested by Maret, the secretary of state. The unhappy composer was compelled to accept his position—and 40,000 francs *per annum*—although he had rather have stayed with the king of Saxony. He was ceded by a secret treaty between the two sovereigns, like a province the wishes of the inhabitants of which are not consulted. The king was only too glad that Napoleon took nothing from him but his singers and musicians.

Madame Fodor, who chanced to be engaged at the Hamburg opera when that city was invested, was virtually the cause of a sortie being made. The supply of milk had failed, all the cows having been slaughtered for the sustenance of the beleaguered garrison. Without milk, to large quantities of which she was accustomed, Madame Fodor could not sing. Hearing in what a painful position their beloved vocalist found herself, the French army gallantly resolved to remedy it. The next evening, a sortie was effected, and a cow brought back in triumph. This cow was kept in the property and painting room of the theatre, under lock and key, as its life would not otherwise have been safe in the hungry city.

The ballet owes its origin to France. So early as 1581, a ballet was produced in that country to celebrate the marriage of the Duc de Joyeuse, which cost 3,600,000 francs. The dancers, male and female, were petted to the full as much as the singers. A cloud from the theatrical heavens having fallen upon the beautiful arm of Mademoiselle Guimard, as she was dancing in *Les Fêtes de l'Hymen et de l'Amour*, and broken it, a mass was said in the church of Notre Dame for the injured limb.

The Vestris family were esteemed in the light of demigods, and they themselves quite coincided in the general opinion. Vestris the First (Gaetan), on the occasion of his son's début, appeared with him on the stage in full court-dress. After a dignified address to the spectators, explanatory of the hopes he had formed of the inheritor of his name, he turned to Auguste, and observed: 'Now, my son, exhibit your talent to the public; your father is looking at you.' 'Auguste is a better dancer than I am,' he would say; 'he had Gaetan Vestris for his father, an advantage which nature denied to me.' Upon one occasion, when, in consequence of some dispute with the Court, Auguste was committed to Fors l'Evêque, his father exclaimed: 'Go, Auguste; go to prison. This is the grandest day of your life. Take my carriage, and ask for the room of my friend the king of Poland; and live magnificently—charge everything to me.' Under similar circumstances, but when he was not so well pleased with his offspring, he observed, 'What! the queen of France does her duty by requesting you to dance before the king of Sweden, and you do not do yours? You shall no longer bear my name. I will have no misunderstanding between the House of Vestris and the House of Bourbon; they have hitherto always lived on good terms.'

But life has its dark side, even for singers and dancers. The Revolution which destroyed their patrons ruined themselves. They were made to act

opera and ballet before the sovereign people, and alas, to do it for nothing! They were compelled to sing scandalous songs against their ancient protectors, and to dance democratic dances. The following is the playbill issued by the directors of the Opéra National on the first anniversary of the death of Louis XVI.

In Behalf of and for the People,
Gratis,

In joyful commemoration of the death of the Tyrant,
The NATIONAL OPERA
will give to-day, 6 Pluviose, year II. of the Republic,
MILTIADES AT MARATHON,
THE SIEGE OF THIONVILLE,
THE OFFERING TO LIBERTY.

The chiefs of the republic would sup with the actors and actresses very splendidly, and leave the management to pay for it, or so says M. Castil Blaze, who, however, for his own part, does not see the necessity for Revolutions. The butterflies of the *coulisses* got doubtless somewhat roughly used among the *sans-culottes*.

One of the saddest scenes, however, that ever took place in an opera-house happened so late as 1820. In that year, and on the 13th of February, being the last Sunday in the carnival, an unusually brilliant audience had assembled in the Académie Royale. The Duke and Duchess de Berri were present, and before the end of the performances, the duchess rose. Her husband accompanied her to the carriage, and was taking leave of her, intending to return to the theatre for the last act of the ballet, when a man crept up to him and thrust a dagger through his body. He was carried into the director's room, and laid on a bed hastily arranged, which was soon soaked with his blood. The Count d'Artois, and the Duke and Duchess d'Angoulême were sent for, as well as the king himself.

In the next room stood the assassin, interrogated by the ministers Decazes and Pasquier, with the bloody dagger before them on the table.

In the meantime, the Spanish ballet was continuing, amid the shouts and applause of the carnival audience.

Presently, the unhappy prince breathed his last in the arms of the king, and opera was heard no more in the Rue Richelieu, for the holy sacrament had crossed its threshold, and it was necessary that the profane building should be destroyed.

THE WITNESS.

IN THREE PARTS.—CONCLUSION.

GRACE had no doubt remained to sleep that night in the dressing-closet. I understood it all in an instant. She had been roused, and had crept out, and knew what had been done. She saw the dead man—she saw me—those eyes so full of dread and terror were fixed upon me. I made an involuntary movement towards the foot of the bed, to go round to her, but before I could reach it, I heard a heavy fall, and I found her totally insensible. What was to be done? I lifted her up, and stood with her light weight upon my arm, gazing around, as if the large silent chamber, or the bed with its ghastly burden, could give me counsel. Suddenly the secret chambers occurred to me; they were of easy access, along a wholly unfrequented part of the abbey. I scarcely know how I bore her thither; and I remember some difficulty in carrying a light, and unfastening the secret modes of approach; but I was naturally very strong, and I suppose the fearful necessities of the moment gave me more than ordinary power. At length, I reached the room. The child was still insensible. I laid her on the floor, and dragging out a mattress and blankets, I placed her there, with her head raised on a pillow,

and hurried back to fetch her clothes and some restoratives. I sprinkled her face with water; and after I had returned to her a few moments, she began to recover, and moaned and murmured some words. I placed wine and water by her side, and a light in a carefully safe position, with some of the store of wax-candles by its stand, and waited in the entrance till I saw she was evidently reviving. Then I crept softly from the chamber, and closing it securely, hurried back to Sir Thomas's room.

I remade Grace's bed, and removed every sign of her having slept there; and leaving all things in their customary places, I went into my own chamber, put my light on a table, and sat down, and tried to realise the events of the last half-hour. Certainly, my first calmer feelings were those of triumph and exultation. I was free! My daily and hourly curse was gone for ever. It was not then, nor indeed for a considerable time afterwards, that I began to learn that a new, daily, nightly, hourly curse was to be for ever present with me. I glossed over in my thoughts the existence of little Grace. I told myself repeatedly how easy it would be to account for her absence, to frighten and bribe her into silence. I would not suffer myself to see the difficulties, the impossibilities before me; I thrust them aside, to be thought over and cleared away hereafter. Nevertheless, I went back again to the chamber, and put some biscuits through the door, by means of the machine contrived for that purpose. I heard her utter a faint exclamation, and I came away so far satisfied. She was alive, she had food and clothing; and I told myself that I would think no more of her for the present. I went to bed, and lay awaiting the news of the morning.

It came, and surprised no one. The servants had sent for the doctor before they came to me, and he arrived by the time I was dressed. He told me the event had occurred exactly as he had always expected, and took every trouble and arrangement off my hands. There was a magnificent funeral; and I mocked at myself when the mirrors shewed me my widow's cap and mourning weeds. In the ordinances of this strange world of ours, I suppose the most perfect freedom a woman can enjoy is that of a rich widow like myself, without father, brother, or a single creature in existence who had a right to utter even a comment, much less a remonstrance, on any part of my conduct. All would have been the brightest sunshine around me but for that unhappy child. I had hoped by bribes, threats, and persuasion, to silence her, and remove her to some distant place; perhaps another country. I scarcely knew what I intended to do; I had no settled plan, but a vague sort of impression that it was impossible that poor young girl could be dangerous to me in all my wealth and importance. I heard little about her disappearance. I had carefully removed every trace of her having slept at the abbey that night; and in the course of a few days, I heard casually from my maid that she had run away, and was believed to have gone off with some gipsies she had been seen with several days before. She had a good voice, and had been heard singing to them. The old grandmother with whom she lived was of a dreadful temper; and her own mother having been portioned off by Sir Thomas to a respectable tradesman in a neighbouring town, had almost wholly cast her off since her marriage. It was generally believed that when she heard her only friend was dead, she had preferred the wandering gipsy-life to the miserable prospect before her. Both mother and grandmother appeared well content to be rid of her. Their annuities were secured to them by Sir Thomas's will, and that was all they cared about.

Immediately after the death of Sir Thomas, I removed from the apartment which communicated with his room. This was a very obvious and natural step; but my choice of my new chambers surprised

every one. They were those which had been appropriated to the abbots in former days, and were gloomy and inconvenient, and far away from the later and inhabited parts of the abbey. I had easy access from them, however, to the abbot's gallery in the chapel, in which lay the initiating secret of the intricate approach to the concealed apartments; and I could go thither at night, and even by day, taking proper precautions, without the slightest probability of interruption or discovery. It was nearly midnight of the day on which I took possession of these rooms, being, as I have said, that immediately after the death of Sir Thomas, when, taking with me some food and wine, I attempted my first interview with my prisoner; but I could gain no admittance. She had fastened the bolts and bars withinside, and the strength of twenty men could not have forced an entrance. After trying for some time in vain, and hearing no sound, I put the provisions I had prepared for her through the machine; and was satisfied that she was living, and able to move about, by the rapid disappearance of the basket. It was impossible to see into the apartment through the opening, and I know not if a voice could be heard, but I spoke several times, and received no answer, nor heard any kind of sound. I may as well now say, to shorten my painful story, that she has obstinately persevered in thus excluding me; and that from the moment in which I left her little form upon the mattress, I have never seen her, or received from her any sort of communication. I made many attempts; I wrote to her repeatedly in the most urgent terms, but without producing the slightest effect; and I knew that she continued to exist only by the regular removal of the food, and by her compliance with my directions to put out her linen for the laundress. I could, of course, only supply her with my own wearing apparel, in which, notwithstanding the great difference in height and size, she was obliged to contrive to clothe herself. I constantly supplied her with materials for writing, and various kinds of work, and useful and amusing books, which were changed from time to time as she required them. I gave her stores of biscuits, almonds, and raisins, and any sort of food that would keep for a long time, besides the daily meals which I contrived to provide for her by taking my breakfast, luncheon, and supper in my own apartments; and from the first days of her confinement, I began to draw up details describing the means of access to her prison, and placed them where, though secure during my life, they would be certain to be speedily found if I were to die suddenly.

For a long time I bore up well under this bewildering charge, this crushing burden. At first, it was light in comparison with the misery I had endured with Sir Thomas; and till some months had elapsed after my second marriage, I continued to be able to indulge vague hopes that I should gradually become more and more accustomed and indifferent to my office of jailer, and tried to accustom myself to the idea of quitting Greyfriars sometimes for short periods, during which she could live on the food that I should leave with her. I often reasoned with myself, and tried to bring the sort of arguments which I had heard in my younger days to bear on my present position. Here was a poor girl who had literally no creature belonging to her who cared whether she were living or dead. Only two beings could claim kindred with her; and of these, her mother would think her reappearance a misfortune; and her grandmother, in her intense selfishness, would feel anything but pleasure in the idea of being again troubled with her, and obliged to clothe and feed her. How many in her station of life passed their days in toil and misery, ill-used, half-starved, oppressed, and neglected. If she was deprived of some advantages, she was at least freed from all the evils of poverty and the sufferings of a laborious life—well fed and clothed,

and provided with much to amuse and gratify her. These specious reasonings, however, utterly failed. My burden increased instead of diminishing. Oh, what months and years of misery I can now look back upon! What various, what endless schemes and plans I projected to break or lighten my heavy self-wrought chains! Spirits, health, strength, all gradually yielded to the insatiable enemy that preyed upon my heart. Sometimes I even contemplated the possibility of quitting my home and husband for some remote solitude, leaving behind me the details of the means of access to the secret chambers, and letting Grace tell her own story. I confidently believe that no selfish motive has deterred me from putting this idea into practice. I had little happiness to sacrifice, but I foresaw the heavy affliction I should bring upon the only being I had ever loved. Shame, disgrace, and unspeakable grief and horror would be his portion, and he and his children would be reduced to absolute penury. All he possessed was his small Indian pension, and I knew too well his noble nature to entertain a hope that he would ever soil his hands with a touch of the wealth I had secured to him. So I went on in my slow and secret torture, suffering more and more, and apparently becoming more and more strange and self-willed. I took all my meals in my own apartments, and could thus easily supply my prisoner; and it must have been supposed that I was always eating biscuits, sweetmeats, and food of a like nature, for I was never satisfied if I did not go on increasing the stores I supplied her with.

In course of time, the contrast between the quantity of food which I appeared to consume, and the increasing haggardness of my person, and reluctance to exert myself, attracted more and more attention, and I was obliged to submit to the farce of an interview with the family physician. I could have grimly smiled at his watchfulness of my pulse, inspection of my tongue, and inquiries into my symptoms and feelings. Blundering as he was in the dark, he nevertheless persuaded himself that he had ascertained the nature of my complaint, and he gave it some name of much sound and little meaning, connected of course with the nerves, and chiefly characterised by a craving appetite for food, which supplied no nutriment, accompanied by a gradual wasting away of flesh and strength, and a consequent depression of spirits. All this was plausible enough; but the change of air and scene, and the amusements and recreations prescribed for me, were both harassing and perplexing. At length, I was tormented into making a painful effort, and partly with a blind hope that I might really be enabled occasionally to lighten my miseries in some little degree, I consented to go for a few weeks (intending them to be days) to a neighbouring watering-place. We went thither accordingly. The first night, I took some opium, and I remember falling asleep, after which I know nothing till I found myself in the carriage returning home again. It seems I had aroused the house by my outcries in the night. They found me in a heavy sleep, yet apparently suffering from some dreadful dream. I kept uttering wild and broken exclamations, of which they could only distinguish entreaties to be taken home, and the words, 'She is screaming! she is screaming!' They at length succeeded in partly rousing and quieting me by the assurance that I should return home; but of all this, as I have said, I knew nothing till I had nearly arrived there.

No further attempt was made to oppose my wishes, and I remained afterwards in my own apartments without attempting a change. Of course, I could not permit a servant to sleep in my bedroom, and I was nearly as solitary by day as by night. I shrunk from all familiar intercourse. The only persons I saw besides my husband and his children were the governesses, who one after another tried to endure the gloomy seclusion of Greyfriars. All were wearied

out sooner or later; I believe I helped to frighten them away. No doubt, they thought me more than half insane. The present governess seems likely to stay. She is a gentlewoman, sensible and agreeable, and I have sometimes felt that it might be possible for me to make a friend of her, so far as my unhappy lot can permit; but she is full of prejudices; and I can see that although she pities me, she is shocked by many of my opinions.

Well, I have done: there is no more to tell. I am still dragging on, year after year, a life, every breath of which is poisoned. My victim in her silent prison is happier far than I—most happy in never hearing human voice, or seeing human face. Gladly would I change with her. Everything brings pain to me. It is pain to see the innocent children whose love I ought to win, wearying through the half-hours they are sometimes obliged to pass with me, and escaping the first possible moment. It is agony to feel more and more certain that he, for whom I have sacrificed all here and all hereafter—if there be a hereafter—has never—no, never—loved me, and that even his kind and gentle nature is troubled and perplexed when duty and custom compel him to endure my presence. He little knows that my life is an unceasing sacrifice to him. Nothing keeps me here but the knowledge of the horror, disgrace, and wretchedness which my death would cause to fall so heavily upon him. I have means always about me that would rid me of life's agony in a moment, and should any almost impossible casualty reveal the truth to him, I will not live a single hour—not one more long, miserable day, not one more long terrible night. Often I ask what withholds me from ridding myself of this crushing burden? A few drops in her food, and I am free. I have freed myself once; why not again? I can only answer that I cannot. I have a kind of frantic conviction that if I were once to pass such food into her prison, I should surely lose my senses; I should be mad. The impossibility of saving her would be distracting. I believe I should betray everything; I cannot trust myself. I drive the thought from me; yet it will come.

There are times when I yearn for the superstitions I have been taught to despise, when I long to say: 'God help me!' But I forget myself. I know that sin has no real existence, and never could what is called in pious jargon a sinful act be more justifiable than mine. Its miserable consequence was a chance, a mere accident; but for that wretched, little, unwilling witness, I should now be a happy and prosperous woman. I know this life is all: death is simply annihilation, a mingling with the elements, a dispersion into atoms insensible to the past, the present, and the future. Oh, feeble wretch that I am! I still long to say God help me! God help me!

I know not how to describe the state of mind in which I was left when I had finished this manuscript. It now appears very strange to me that I was not more shocked by the dreadful crime it narrated, by the miseries described by the unhappy lady, and by the almost supernatural detection of her guilt. All was fearful, harrowing, overwhelming. Yet these thoughts came to me only by fits and starts. It was the living witness of her crime, the young creature who had passed seven or eight years, from childhood to womanhood, without sight or speech of human kind: alone in those remote chambers night and day, summer and winter, the long years passing on without change and without hope! separated, by her own singular determination, from the only being she could have looked upon or spoken to—'She is here! she is under this very roof,' I repeated to myself. 'She is now at this instant, perhaps, within a few yards of me, dragging through one of her many hundred long and weary

nights; a few hours, and I shall see her, speak to her. What will she be like? Have her senses failed? Will she understand our words? Will she believe us, and admit us?' I remembered the little thin pale child in that picture at the cottage; I portrayed to myself such a face and figure, only taller and older-looking—looking, perhaps, prematurely old—a worn, withered woman of nineteen!

Sleep was impossible that night; I did not even go to bed, but only refreshed myself by washing and a change of dress, before I was joined by Mr Davis very early in the morning. He looked as if he had had as little rest as myself. At first, we only shook hands, and were silent. The unfolded papers lay on the table. We turned our eyes involuntarily towards them, and at length I said, in a kind of whisper: 'What can be done? What shall we do?'

'Sit down, my dear Miss Vernon,' said he; and he drew a chair and seated himself beside me: 'we must talk this terrible business quietly over. Captain Sinclair has left the whole management to us. To release the poor victim of that wretched woman's guilt, must of course be our first object; but it needs much consideration. How to effect it, without exposing the truth, seems almost impracticable; yet poor Sinclair's last words to me, wringing my hand in his, were an entreaty to prevent exposure if possible. What would you propose? Can you suggest anything? M'Ilvar, who is now perfectly composed and clear in mind, thinks we had better confide in the Daltons.'

'That is just what I was going to propose,' said I. 'It seems to me that we can scarcely, unaided, remove this poor girl, and provide for her even a temporary refuge without some help. The rector and his wife are excellent and thoroughly trustworthy people, warm-hearted and sensible. I am sure that they are kind, and they are safe; they will harbour no idea of bringing that wretched woman to justice.' As I spoke, I saw a strange and peculiar expression pass over Mr Davis's countenance, and I paused.

'That wretched woman,' said he, 'is safe from every evil of this world.'

'Oh!' I exclaimed, 'she had poison with her; she implies it in her story.'

'Yes,' he said, 'she was taken dead out of the carriage. An express arrived late last night with this note;' and he put a letter into my hand. It was scarcely legible, but with some difficulty I read as follows:

'DEAR DAVIS—My wife is dead; she sat in total silence till we were near L—, then she put her hand into mine. I could not reject it; she pressed it, and clasped it closely for a few minutes, when I felt the fingers relaxing from their hold, and I withdrew mine just as we stopped at the hotel. I got out first, and the people came round. There was some confusion and exclamations that I was too bewildered to understand, till I saw her lifted out—dead, quite dead. There was a small phial in her other hand. I remain here; the people are very civil. Do what you can for me; spare her if you can. Consult Miss Vernon. I scarcely know what I am writing. God bless you, C. S.'

I returned the letter to Mr Davis in silence, for I could not speak. He then gave me the following account of what had happened after he left us at the cottage:

When I arrived at Greystones, I met Captain Sinclair in the hall, looking the picture of amazement and terror. He had a roll of papers in his hand, and seizing my arm, he dragged me into the nearest parlour, where he sat down, saying: 'Read this with me.'

I took a seat by his side, scarcely knowing what I did, and we looked together through those details of Lady Dighton's life which I left for you last

night. His hands shook so that I was obliged to assist him in holding the papers. His anxiety seemed to be to get towards the end, and he passed over many pages, till his eye caught the name of Greyfriars; then he seemed to nerve himself, and he read with comparative composure. I read with him as I sat by his side. As we approached the dreadful termination, he trembled all over, but he mastered his feelings with more resolution than might have been expected from him. When we had finished, he was so still, that I believed, and I still think, he was nearly fainting.

At that moment, however, Lady Dighton's maid came suddenly in, saying, very abruptly: 'Oh, you are here, sir; I have been all over the house after you. What are we to do? My lady is ordering things to be packed, and the chaise to be got ready. Are we going away, sir? What is to be done?'

'Yes,' said he in a low voice to me—'yes, that will be best. I must go with her; you will remain and act for me.'

I told him I would go and endeavour to ascertain Lady Dighton's wishes: he assented feebly, and signed for me to go. You may guess with what strange and bewildered feelings I went towards her apartments; but M'Ilvar met me on my way. He was perfectly calm and collected.

'Have you been with Captain Sinclair? Do you know all?' he said.

I answered, 'Yes.'

'You know they are preparing to leave this place?'

'Yes,' said I again.

'It is well,' he answered; 'it is her doing, and I think she has decided wisely.'

I entered his chamber with him as he spoke, and he shut the door and continued, 'When I reached the house, I went straight up to her apartments, and walked into the sitting-room without knocking, or in any way announcing myself. Sinclair happened to be with her. I was acting under an irresistible impulse: hereafter, I may be better able to recall the particulars. My impression is that I accused her in plain terms of her twofold crime. I know I spoke of the murder of Sir Thomas, and of Grace Wilson's concealment. I believe there never was such a woman before, and never will be again. I was fairly roused from my own trance-like sensations by her coldness and resolution. She looked at me with an unmoved countenance—cold, haughty, and determined; then rising from her seat, she lifted up the lid of a writing-box on the table before her, and taking thence a large packet, gave it to Sinclair, saying very quietly: "Read the two or three last sheets of these papers; and take me away."

'She then passed, with a slow and steady step, into the adjoining room. Sinclair left the room with the papers in his hand, like a man in a dream. I waited for some time, thinking that she might perhaps return or send for me. In truth, I was glad to be alone, and sit down, and endeavour to collect my thoughts, and consider what it would be best to do. Soon, however, a maid-servant came from the inner chamber in haste and disturbance. She started at seeing me, but appeared too much occupied with her own troubles to think much about it, and seeming glad to pour them out to anybody, she began telling me that she believed her lady had gone out of her mind. She had suddenly ordered horses to be put to the carriages, and preparations to be made for an immediate departure from the abbey. I asked if her lady was ill.

"Not a bit of it," she answered in an angry tone; "there is nothing in the world the matter with her that I can see. Of all her strange whims, this is the strangest; but I shall go to the captain, and hear what he says to it."

'She then left the room, and I soon followed her, intending to seek for poor unhappy Sinclair, when I

met you.'—I told him that the servant had been to her master, and I believed he was actually going to take Lady Dighton from the abbey. We then went to the parlour in which I had left Sinclair, and found him again reading the manuscript. He was manifestly overpowered, and unable to think or even to speak collectedly. We made him take some wine, and reasoned with and tried to console him, but it was some time before he could comprehend what we said, or speak rationally himself; and when at length he was calmer, and could listen to us, he acquiesced in everything that we proposed with the helplessness of a child.

Mr Davis here paused, and taking up Captain Sinclair's letter, he shewed me a postscript, in which he implored him and Mr M'Ilvar and myself to act for him in every particular, and on the opposite page was an order to a large amount on his banker's in London. 'This agrees,' he continued, 'with the terms on which we parted; we were to undertake the painful and perplexing business here, and he to remain for the present with Lady Dighton at the hotel at L——.' Mr Davis stopped with a visible shudder. 'It is terrible to think of her,' he said, 'either living or dead; but it is impossible not to feel that her death removes one great difficulty. That which remains seems almost insurmountable. What is to be done with that unfortunate child?'

'Child!' I interrupted; 'she must be nearly twenty.'

'Yes,' said he thoughtfully; 'true—too true. We must act quickly, Miss Vernon, for the measure we had recourse to in order to relieve our late perplexities is no small addition to those of the present moment: M'Ilvar's brother may be here the day after to-morrow.'

'Oh, he may indeed,' said I; 'I had never thought of that.'

'I think,' said Mr Davis, after a pause of some moments, 'that we cannot do better than adopt your first suggestion. We must have some help from without to assist in the secret removal of our poor prisoner, and to secure her some asylum for the present; and you think so highly of the Daltons, that we may surely venture to confide in them.'

I repeated my conviction of their worth and good feelings; and Mr Davis soon after left me to go to the rectory, where he had an interview with Mr Dalton. Great, as may well be imagined, was his horror and astonishment; and so soon as he was able, after listening to so fearful a secret, he revealed it as cautiously as he could to his wife. She was a person of great good sense, warm-hearted, and energetic, and was better able to collect her thoughts and arrange our plans than her husband. They both remembered the disappearance of poor Grace Wilson, and had several times seen her; but owing to the repulsive character of her grandmother, they had not much personal knowledge of her. Mrs Dalton's first suggestions removed several of our greatest difficulties. She said that it was a common practice with her husband, when they expected guests at the rectory, to go to meet the London coaches at a spot about three miles from the village, in his own four-wheeled chaise, built purposely to suit the ruts and obstacles in the narrow lanes which led to the high London road. The last coach passed the junction with the lane between eleven and twelve at night; and she proposed that he should leave home at the proper time, announcing that he should bring back a lady-visitor, for whom due preparations would be made at the rectory. Meanwhile, we were to prepare our prisoner for her release, and bring her to the place at which Mr Dalton would be awaiting her in his carriage.

Mrs Dalton had done little more than sketch this plan, when Mr Davis proposed that she should accompany him to Greyfriars to talk it over with me. During his absence, I had taken a hasty breakfast

with my pupils, and had broken to them as well as I could the sudden death of their stepmother. They were naturally startled and awe-struck by the news, but they were too young and too honest to affect a sorrow they did not feel. The servants had heard of the event from the man who brought Captain Sinclair's letter; they assumed grave faces very dutifully, and nothing more could be expected of them. That unhappy woman had won neither love nor reverence from any one.

I was still giving directions as to the mourning and other matters, when I was informed of the arrival of the Daltons. I found Mr Davis and Mr M'Ilvar with them, and scarcely greeting each other, we entered at once upon the consideration of Mrs Dalton's proposal. I suggested some slight additions to it—namely, that the expected visitor at the rectory should lose her luggage by some means or other on the road, and consequently be obliged to be supplied with linen and other necessaries by Mrs Dalton, and also that the servants should be prepared for the arrival of an invalid lady, who would probably go immediately to bed. During all our projects and arrangements, I could not help thinking how wholly in the dark we were talking and deciding. 'In what state shall we find this poor creature? How shall we communicate with her? Will she admit us? Shall we be able to remove her?' These and a thousand other anxious and doubtful questions were continually forcing themselves upon my mind. It seemed to be tacitly accepted as a matter of course that Mr Davis and I were to be left to adopt whatever means of imparting to the prisoner the great change impending over her should appear best to us, and it was equally obvious to all that a communication by letter in the first instance would be most advisable and considerate.

After the Daltons had left us, therefore, I wrote in as kind terms as I could devise, preparing her for good and wonderful news. I then informed her of Lady Dighton's death, and enclosed one of the papers she had left behind her, with a minute description of the means of access to the secret chambers, and a confession that there was a person imprisoned there. I told her who I was, and how deeply I felt for her, and that she would for the present have a refuge with Mr and Mrs Dalton, whom she could no doubt remember, at the rectory; that there was not a thought of taking her to her grandmother, but that she would be entirely provided for in future by friends who would treat her with the tenderest care, and urge nothing upon her contrary to her wishes. I explained to her the plan for her removal that night, and implored her in the most earnest and affectionate terms to remove the inner fastenings of her chamber at the appointed time. I said her friends would return in an hour for her answer, and that no attempt would be made to see her at that time, nor till after the family were in bed.

When we were sure that all the servants were at dinner, a very important and lengthened business at Greyfriars, Mr Davis and I, guided by the clear and minute directions of Lady Dighton, threaded the curious labyrinth leading to the secret chambers, and arrived at the apparent solid wall which communicated with them. He soon discovered the spring which revealed the turning-machine, and put the letter within it. In breathless silence, we awaited the event. I trembled so much, that I was obliged to sit down upon the floor of the passage, and he leaned against the wall with clenched hands and eyes nailed upon the outer door of the machine. A pause that seemed interminable—a silence that might be heard—followed. I know not how long it lasted. At length the wheel moved, and a piece of paper fell through to the ground, upon which was written in a good plain, though evidently trembling hand: 'I will unfasten the bolts at ten o'clock to-night. God pardon you if you are deceiving me.'

There was something very touching to me in these few words—timid trustfulness, yet natural misgiving. It may seem strange to say, but I was startled by the conviction they afforded that the whole dreadful story was real. There she was, within that wall, Grace Wilson, the poor child, the witness of the murder, the prisoner of eight years. I should soon see her, speak to her. These thoughts and feelings crowded so upon me that Mr Davis had to speak almost harshly to me ere he could arouse me to the exertion of rising and leaving the place. All our plans were successfully put in practice. Mr Davis came to me when the children were gone to bed, and all was quiet in the abbey, and we immediately enclosed ourselves within the passage leading to the secret chambers. There we waited in silence till the old abbey clock tolled out the hour of ten, its deep hoarse tones deadened by the thick walls around us. Mr Davis had previously moved the spring, which caused the surface of the apparently massive wall to slide aside, discovering a strong narrow door in the actual wall of the chamber. We drew near to it and listened, and very soon we heard harsh grating noises within, like the removal of heavy bolts and bars. The sounds ceased, and Mr Davis laid his hand upon the handle of the door, and after a moment's hesitation, turned the lock. It yielded to his touch, and turning to me, he gently drew me through the door at the same moment with himself, but a step or two behind him. My heart beat so fast and violently, that it somewhat diverted my attention; my head throbbed, and my eyes were dazzled. I saw only that I was entering a lighted chamber, but I could not at first distinguish a single object within it.

It was not till several hours later, and when I was alone for the night, that I could attempt to recall with any accuracy the circumstances of our admission to that apartment, the scene of so much strange guilt and suffering. I heard, and saw, and acted like one in a dream; and it still seems to me like putting the fragments of a dream together when I endeavour to relate this portion of my story.

I entered, as I have said, behind Mr Davis; he paused after a few steps, and drew me forward. The room was well lighted, and the first thing I observed was a low narrow bed, with its side against the wall opposite the door. Upon it sat a shapeless kind of figure in a silk dressing-gown, hanging loosely about her. The thin delicate child in the picture at the cottage was vividly present in my mind. I saw a heavy-looking creature with light hair, a large sallow face, and eyes swollen and scarcely visible. She was shaking from head to foot; she neither looked at us nor spoke to us. I took one of her hands, and it clasped mine—oh, so closely; and then she bowed her poor head upon it, and uttered a sound, something between a groan and a cry, such as I never before heard, and while I live can never forget. I pressed her hands to my bosom; I kissed her forehead; I tried to speak, but could not; and I thankfully heard Mr Davis say: 'My poor girl, fear nothing; you are safe, you are free, and with friends eager to help you; calm yourself, and come with us.' He then gave me a bonnet and shawl that we had brought with us. It was some time before I could attempt to put them on to her. She kept clinging to my hands, to my shoulder, to my dress; still without speaking a single word. Her breath grew shorter and shorter, and at length, with a loud and fearful scream, she went into violent hysterics. We had taken the precaution to bring hartshorn and restoratives with us, but for some time they were wholly without effect. At length, the worst paroxysm seemed passed; she became quieter, and we laid her gently on the bed. Her face was turned to the wall, and she uttered no sound, although every two or three minutes she was shaken all over by convulsive twitchings.

'We cannot attempt to move her in this state,' I whispered to Mr Davis.

'No,' he answered. 'Would you object to remaining with her while I go and explain to Dalton the cause of the delay?'

This was agreed upon. I cannot call it fear, but I own to a very uncomfortable feeling when the door of that chamber closed upon me. The poor creature continued perfectly still, except for the involuntary movements; these soon became less violent, and at length ceased, and I believed she had fallen asleep. I looked around me. The room was small, but lofty; and the outer air must have been in some degree admitted near the ceiling, as a lamp hanging from thence flared and burned unevenly, while the flame of a candle on a table in the middle of the room was still. There were two or three tables, and several chairs; shelves against the wall, on which there were many books; and doors to closets, that must have been made in the wall, as they did not project beyond it. One of these was open, and appeared to be filled with glass and crockery. At the further end of the room, an open door shewed the interior of another lighted chamber; this, she told me afterwards, was the winter-room, one side of it being formed by the back of the great kitchen chimney, and consequently always warm. In that room, also, was a sink, and a pump of excellent water. In the angles of the wall of the kitchen chimney were closets, in which the bed-linen, blankets, and coverlets were kept, and an extra mattress always aired and ready for use; and some contrivance in the ceiling admitted air into this chamber, but not so freely as in the other, which was called the summer-room. I am here briefly summing up much that I heard at different times afterwards; and I must not forget to mention that for the comfort, and to promote the health of the inhabitants of these chambers, there was admission from the inner room to a long passage running within the wall of the chapel, into which the outer air was freely admitted. It was only wide enough for one person, and was wholly unfurnished, and evidently contrived as a promenade for those concealed or imprisoned there. The mode of conveying air to all these places must have been exceedingly curious and circuitous, for in no part was there ever visible one single ray of light. That unhappy girl, from the moment in which she fell senseless by the side of her murdered father, never again beheld a glimpse of God's blessed daylight.

She still continued quiet and silent, and I remained anxiously watching by her. At length she said in a sort of hoarse whisper: 'I am not asleep; I think I can move now.'

I raised her up in my arms; I felt as if I knew not how to be kind enough to her, and I could not restrain my tears as I gently kissed her brow. She felt them falling on her face, and she said: 'I believe you—I trust you;' and she laid her head on my shoulder and wept calmly—I might say sweetly, so much the tears seemed to soothe and relieve her. Very soon I was able to prepare her for her removal. She tied the bonnet herself, and helped me with the shawl. I saw plainly that her dress was one of Lady Dighton's silk wrapping-gowns, and it hung awkwardly upon her; but her head was very neat, and her hair nicely brushed and arranged. By this time, Mr Davis again made his appearance, and was greatly pleased to find her composed and ready to depart. I asked her if there was anything she wished to take away with her. She looked around, and shaking her head, said: 'No—O no!' Mr Davis then lowered the lamps, and extinguished them, and put out the candle. We left the room by the light of a lantern we had brought with us. Mr Davis fastened the door, and replaced the contrivances for concealment, and the silent chambers became tenanted, and returned to their original mysterious secrecy.

Mr Dalton, in accordance with our arrangement, was in readiness with his chaise near the abbey. We helped the poor girl in, and I got in also, and sat

beside her, putting my arm round her waist. I explained our plan to her as we drove on, and told her of the kind Mrs Dalton who would receive and take care of her. By a circuitous route, Mr Dalton reached the lane leading from the high London road to the rectory; I got out at the gate, and being joined by Mr Davis, who had walked thither by a short-cut across some fields, we returned together to the abbey, and almost without speaking to each other, crept quietly to our bedrooms.

I believe that I have said before that I can never quite understand the effect which these strange events produced upon my mind while they were occurring. I scarcely thought of the frightful guilt of Lady Dighton, or of the peculiarly painful position of poor good kind Captain Sinclair. The sufferings and the feelings of Grace Wilson engrossed almost all my thoughts. When I went to bed, however, I slept soundly, for I was quite worn out by fatigue and anxiety. I awoke with a strange confusion of feeling and recollection, and hardly able to believe in the occurrences of the last twenty-four hours. I met my pupils at breakfast, and released them from any lessons for that day. They asked anxiously after their father, and then went off to some work of coloured papers, paste and paste-board. Mr Davis and Mr Milvar were engaged in looking through papers and letters for Captain Sinclair, from whom they had received a packet, giving them full powers to act for him, and requesting them to settle whatever was necessary with the steward and housekeeper.

Soon after breakfast, Mrs Dalton came to me as we had previously agreed upon. She had not much to tell. She believed Grace had slept well, and she had induced her to continue in bed, and have the daylight very cautiously admitted to her chamber. All agitation had passed away; she lay quite still, and spoke little. It appeared to Mrs Dalton that her mind was profoundly occupied in endeavouring to realise the great change of circumstances around her. I returned to the rectory with Mrs Dalton, and found her still silent and quiet. When I took her hand, she grasped mine strongly, and kissed it, but without speaking. She got up after dusk, and the next morning arose before breakfast. Mrs Dalton had made a shade for her eyes, and in a few days she could endure the daylight very tolerably; but she continued to speak little, and appeared to be continually wrapped in a sort of heavy reverie. I had afterwards reason to think that much of this was habit, and that a great portion of her time in her prison-chamber had been passed in this manner, which frequently ended in a dozing kind of sleep. It was long before she would enter into anything like conversation, and very long before she would give any particulars of her sufferings during those eight long years of silence and solitude, when, shut up in two small chambers, she never heard a human voice, or caught a glimpse of daylight. Of the scene of the murder, she never could be induced to say more than a few whispering words, and no one who saw the dreadful expression of horror in her face if the slightest allusion were made to it, could persevere in pressing the subject upon her. Only once did she speak to me of her feelings and impressions when she recovered her senses in the secret chamber: she said she soon began to understand that she had been carried into some place of confinement, and she expected nothing but a cruel death from the same ruthless hand that had, before her eyes, destroyed her father. After a time, however, she perceived the strong inner fastenings to the door. She drew the bolts and fixed the bars in a kind of frenzy, and, seizing the light, she rushed about the rooms to see if there was any other entrance. When satisfied that she was so far secure, she said she knelt down and said the Lord's Prayer, and then seated herself with her eyes fixed on the door, fully expecting to be starved to death,

and deliberately preferring this fearful alternative, to any sort of communication with Lady Dighton. How long she would have persevered in this determination, had there been no means of conveying food to her, is probably very doubtful; but it is very likely that it might have continued till she was too weak to remove the heavy fastenings. It was evident that she never ceased to believe that her life would be sacrificed the moment she admitted her jailer.

'But,' said I, 'did you not take hope from her regularly supplying you with food, linen, lights, and everything you could require?'

'Never,' she answered. 'I believed it was all done to entrap me, and because even her stony heart could not endure to leave me to die without help. Many notes were written to me with entreaties, promises, even solemn oaths—but how could I trust her after what I had seen: my only friend, the only person who had ever loved me, helpless in his bed.'—

And here she stopped, as she always did when she approached the subject of the murder. I wondered that the idea of poison seemed never to have occurred to her, but I afterwards found that it had been present with her during the whole of her imprisonment; but she had fortunately imbibed some ignorant notion that it could only be conveyed in liquids. She drank nothing but water and tea, which she had means of preparing for herself; and she said that there were dozens of wine, with which she had been supplied at different times, standing in one of the many closets in the chambers. She was regularly supplied with books, which she used to return when read; and one of her few amusements was to make extracts from them. She knitted stockings and mittens for herself; and having been furnished with a pack of cards, she played a great deal at a solitary game called Patience.

There was a singular sort of quietness in her disposition and habits, which must have been partly natural to her, though, of course, it had been greatly nourished and increased by the strange solitude of her life. A mind of any superior stamp could never have succumbed, as hers did, into the dead calm in which she appears to have spent the greater portion of her time; and one of only average energy and spirit would assuredly have resisted, in some measure, the numbing influences which surrounded her, and have gained as much as, under such cruel disadvantages, could be acquired from books, mental effort, and memory. On the other hand, a more sensitive and impulsive temperament would, no doubt, have suffered fearfully in mind and body, perhaps even to insanity or death. Grace Wilson had, however, a peculiar and decided stillness of character, most singularly suited to the extraordinary trial she was destined to undergo. She had good moderate abilities, and had so far profited by the education Sir Thomas had secured to her, that she could read and write very fairly; it was plain that she had not been either an idle or a stupid child up to the moment in which she was separated from all her fellow-beings; but it was equally evident that she had made little or no progress beyond that moment. As I knew her better, I perceived more and more that she had good common sense, a kind and grateful heart, and an honest and truthful nature; but she evinced no wish to improve herself, and was, in many respects, supine even to dulness. She had obediently, and probably very slowly, learned whatever had been taught her, and she carried the results of that teaching into her prison; if she added to them at all, it was done insensibly, and without any particular effort of her own. The quietude of her nature was, I suppose, physically a preservative to her, for, strange to say, her health never suffered, and although, as she got older, she grew fat and heavy, she had never needed, nor taken, any kind of medicine.

We spent several months together while Captain Sinclair was endeavouring to arrange the perplexing business that had fallen upon him, and to make up

his mind as to the future. In accordance with the advice of Mr Davis, to whom he turned almost helplessly for guidance, he requested me to go with Grace and my pupils to a distant town, where we were wholly unknown. Lady Dighton had left him a large fortune, but she was correct in her conviction that he would never profit by the bequest. However, in a letter which was found with her will, she stated that having ascertained that she could secure any legacies she might leave to Ellen and Janet, and their heirs, so that their father could have no power to reject them, she had accordingly directed the lawyer, with whom she had communicated by letter on the subject of her will, to divide twenty thousand pounds of her funded property between them, under stringent conditions in the hands of trustees. Except these legacies to his daughters, Captain Sinclair retained only a third ten thousand pounds, which he felt more than justified in settling upon Grace Wilson. The whole of the large remainder of Lady Dighton's settlement, after all necessary expenses had been defrayed, he paid over to the heir of the baronetcy and its hereditary estates. He had only two friends whom he could consult in his heavy troubles, and they were those who had been the unconscious means of bringing them upon him. Both Mr Davis and Mr M'llvar, while they agreed in the propriety of his honourable resignation of Lady Dighton's bequest to himself, united in urging him to avail himself of an offer from the trustees of his children, of whom Mr Dalton was one, to allow a large portion of the interest of their legacies for their board and education; and he ultimately yielded, in some measure, to their arguments, but it was with painful reluctance. Mr M'llvar, feeling that he had brought so much suffering upon a most amiable and high-principled man, exerted all his interest, which was considerable, to procure for him some situation under government, and nothing could have accorded better with poor Captain Sinclair's wishes than the consulship offered to him at a port in the east of Europe. It removed him from England, which had become hateful to him, and from all possibility of intercourse with the few who were acquainted with Lady Dighton's story. He never could be induced to see Grace Wilson, and he did not meet me again till he came only for a few hours after we had removed to a lodging recommended by the Daltons in a distant village. He was a sadly changed man, and I could see almost in the first greeting that his manner was totally altered towards me. He was most grateful and liberal, and meant to be very kind, but he could not meet my eye, and seemed to dread every word I said to him. His plans were then unsettled, and soon afterwards came the offer from Mr M'llvar of which I have just spoken. Mr Davis told me that 'it made another man of him.' He brightened up from that moment, gave an immediate and most thankful answer in assent, and employed himself incessantly in preparations for a speedy departure to his official post.

When all was completed, he came to fetch his daughters. He was much overcome when he parted from me; and Ellen and Janet were as sorry as such young girls could be with a prospect before them which their father had in his letters depicted in the most favourable colours. We parted: I felt that it was a final parting, and such it proved to be. His liberality towards me had been far beyond what I could either expect or accept, and I believe he had a real regard and esteem for me; but I was not surprised when our intercourse by letter gradually died away. The girls wrote frequently and affectionately to me for a few months, but their letters became more and more brief and far between, and in less than two years ceased altogether. I have occasionally heard of them, and I believe that both are well married to foreigners. Their father is always spoken of with respect and esteem.

I had consented to remain with Grace Wilson for at least twelve months after Captain Sinclair's departure from England. We went on very quietly and very amicably together; and I have little to add to what I have already said of her, except that, owing, I suppose, to a more healthy and natural mode of life, she improved very considerably in her personal appearance. She lost much of her disfiguring fat, and her complexion became healthy looking, with a slight tinge of colour. Her eyes were larger and brighter, and she had no longer a heavy expression of countenance, nor a dragging, loitering way of walking and moving. Certainly, I could have made poor Grace a far more interesting personage if I were composing a tale, instead of narrating actual occurrences for the private perusal of a few friends. Nevertheless, the termination of her story is, under all the circumstances which render it so peculiar, sufficiently strange for any novel, and so little to be expected, that I feel half afraid to relate it.

The village in which we had fixed our temporary residence was in a very retired and agricultural part of the west of England. We there, in the course of a few months, became acquainted with a young man in whom I soon felt greatly interested. He was the only child of a very respectable small farmer, and had been deaf and dumb from his birth. He had been well educated among others as unfortunate as himself. His manners were pleasing and gentle, and, notwithstanding his natural defects, he was reckoned a very clever farmer, and was popular among his father's labourers, who had established modes of communication with him which answered most of the purposes of ordinary conversation. We knew his mother, in the first instance, owing to her supplying us with milk and poultry. She was an excellent, sensible, well-mannered woman. The father was a rougher sort of person, but a truly good and kind-hearted man. Both doted on their unfortunate son, and I soon won their hearts by my knowledge of the finger-alphabet. The son was anxious to improve himself in drawing, and I undertook to assist him; I lent him books, and found him quick, intelligent, and perfectly unassuming. Our intimacy increased, Grace had learned the finger-alphabet, and she and the young man were a good deal together. One morning I was surprised by a visit from the father, and thoroughly puzzled by his making me a long and confused speech about his poor boy, as he called him, the object of which I could not for some time conceive, until at length, after many attempts, and much circumlocution, he blundered out the plain words, that he feared his poor boy was greatly taken with Miss Wilson. In a moment I perceived how very blind I had been; a thousand little circumstances came back to my recollection that I had scarcely noticed at the time of their occurrence, and foremost among them was so vivid a remembrance of Grace's unusual quickness and perseverance in acquiring the finger-alphabet, that I suspected there would be no reluctance on her part. This point was soon decided, as I had anticipated. Her fortune was a great surprise to her lover and his parents, as they had naturally supposed that she was dependent upon me. I explained it and her want of relatives by the simple truth that she was the illegitimate child of a deceased gentleman of large property. When Captain Sinclair made over the money to her, he stipulated only—and it was more an entreaty than a condition—that she would faithfully observe total silence on all points connected with his unhappy wife. I assured him that he might firmly depend on Grace's performance of the solemn promise which she then made to him through me. Everything relating to her sufferings at Greyfriars became more and more distressing and painful to her, and there was a security in the pledge he required of her which was evidently a relief to her mind. Could I part from my charge under more favourable

auspices? A deaf and dumb husband, with no near relatives except an old father and mother, without a particle of suspicion, or even curiosity, in their nature. I had for some time begun to feel that I might be much fettered by the singular circumstances connected with my protection of this poor girl, and although I had become really much attached to her, I confess that a great burden was lifted from my mind when I saw her so happily married.

Her husband worshipped her, and thought himself the most fortunate of mankind. They had a pretty house and small farm very near the old homestead, and in due course of time were blessed with three children, none of whom inherited their father's misfortune. Grace writes to me two or three times a year, and I have twice visited them. A happier household I never saw, nor a more loving old grandfather and grandmother. I will only add to my story that I have lately heard that Greyfriars is levelled to the ground, and a new house is building nearly on the same site. I do not know whether the inevitable discovery of the concealed apartments created any sensation in the neighbourhood, for the Daltons are removed to another and far-distant living, and I have no communication whatever with the place itself. All the sin and suffering those walls contained may seem to have perished with them; but though sorrow may pass away, crime and its consequences cannot be crushed and extinguished. There is a nameless horror in every memory connected with Lady Dighton, whether dead or living. Mrs Dalton told me that Captain Sinclair had added but three words to the name of his wife on the stone that covered her remains. These words are—'God is merciful!'

W I N D.

ALL true power is simple in its grandeur, and grand in its simplicity; this is especially the case with Nature in all her workings: she moves not with sudden start, but with calm progression. Even when she seems most perturbed, her agitation is but the disguise of her order.

There is none of the forces that rule the material world which appears so arbitrary and uncertain as the wind that bloweth where it listeth; yet is there none more clearly subject to fixed laws, or more beautifully dependent upon settled causes. Whether it be the tornado uprooting the forest, the zephyr just stirring the leaves, the simoom of the desert, or the monsoon of the ocean, all wind is the result of agencies directly traceable to their sources. It does not disturb the harmony of creation—it preserves it.

There are two properties of air which combine in producing wind—its capability of expansion by heat, and its elasticity. Air is not heated at the top by the rays of the sun; they pass through it with very little effect. But when they meet and are stopped by the earth, they heat the earth so much that the air immediately over its surface becomes much hotter than that above. Now, because hot air must expand, the heated portion rises to the top, overflowing the colder air around it; but this creates a diminished density below, and the surrounding cold air, by its own elasticity, rushes in to supply the deficiency. Thus is caused wind: an *inward* rush of cold air below, an *outward* rush of warm air above.

This may be illustrated and proved by the following simple experiment. Light a fire in one of two rooms having a door of communication between them. When the room has become warm, open the door, and hold a lighted candle in the doorway. It will be found that, on holding the candle near the floor, the flame

will be strongly drawn towards the heated room by the incoming current of cold air, while near the ceiling it will be driven towards the cold room by the outgoing current of hot air. In the middle, at the point exactly between the two currents, the flame will be almost stationary.

The power of the sun to heat the earth is, of course, greater in places under its vertical than under its oblique rays. At the equator, therefore, the air is always rising from its heat; consequently, the cold air of the poles is continually rushing each way towards the equator, along the surface of the earth, while at the top of the atmosphere the hot air of the equator is constantly rushing towards the poles.

The question naturally arises here—How comes it to pass, then, that the winds in our own country and the temperate zones generally, blow often from the equator towards the poles? The reason is simple. The overflowing current of hot air from the equator becomes cooled in travelling through space; by the time it reaches the 30th parallel of latitude in either hemisphere, or thereabouts, it is colder than the current rolling in the opposite direction below, the tendency of which is, of course, to get warmer in its progress; accordingly, the currents change places, and that which was the upper becomes the under, with a contrary movement. About the polar circle, their relative position is again changed by like causes, and the air which was uppermost at the equator resumes its place above. Warm air from all points converges and descends upon the poles, the cold air of which sinks and spreads in every direction, giving rise to the polar gales common in high latitudes; so that at the poles there is a constantly descending current of hot air, while at the equator there is a constantly ascending stream.

So far as we have gone at present, we have accounted only for winds to and from the equator and poles—that is, for north and south winds. What, then, occasions easterly and westerly winds?

These arise from the influence of a totally different force—namely, the earth's rotation on its axis. The earth is constantly rolling round from west to east with great velocity. As the earth is spherical, this velocity gradually decreases from the equator, where the speed is greatest, to the poles, at which it is nothing. Now, when the cold air is driven towards the equator in the manner before explained, it receives no increase of momentum eastward, and therefore the nearer it gets to the equator, the more it is left behind in the west by the quicker advance eastward of the earth's surface there; hence its current becomes a north-east or south-east wind. The westerly winds are the converse of this. The hot air rolling from the equator towards the poles with a strong easterly direction gets far in advance of the more slowly moving earth there, and blows more and more from the west.

Such is an outline of the general laws which rule the course of the wind. By their operation, a constant and wonderful circulation of currents is kept up in the atmosphere, purifying and regulating its temperature. Just as in the human body the life-blood travels through every part, giving vitality and strength to the whole, so the air, which may be truly called the vital current of the world, is in constant motion. It visits every clime, to bless mankind with health and energy, to roll the clouds of heaven, bringing the showers that raise the blossoms of spring and the fruits of autumn, and to waft from shore to shore ships laden with the riches of the earth.

These general laws are nevertheless subject to many modifying influences, such as screening clouds and the difference of seasons, which decrease the heating power of the sun on the earth, and vary the relative warmth of the currents in different places. The unequal and irregular distribution of land and water also exerts a disturbing influence; for the surface of

the earth becomes much more rapidly heated than that of the sea, and cools much more quickly. Thus the presence of large continents or oceans affects the direction of the wind.

To this last influence is due the refreshing sea-breeze, so ardently longed for by those condemned to remain in London during the dog-days. On a hot day, the air over the sea is much cooler than that on land, and so there blows a delicious breeze from sea to shore; but, as land cools more quickly than water, after sunset the land-breeze blows, from shore to sea. This may be easily understood and illustrated by placing a saucer of warm water, to represent land, in a dish of cold, to represent sea. The flame or smoke of a candle will be blown from every side towards the saucer by a mimic sea-breeze. If you fill the dish with warm, and the saucer with cold water, an exactly opposite effect will be produced, corresponding to the land-breeze.

The great subject of wind has been but just glanced at here; a volume might be written upon what is known concerning it, and much remains to be discovered as to the causes of whirlwinds, hurricanes, and storms of all kinds, as well as of various local winds, confined to certain countries or parallels of latitude. Many interesting fields of inquiry lie open to the student, and many ardent votaries of science are eagerly exploring them; but from every fresh discovery we learn again the old lesson with which we set out, that Nature, even in her wildest mood, works in harmony. It was this lesson which the poetic imagination of the old Greeks taught by their legend of the music of the spheres; and every investigation from their days to ours has confirmed it to the seekers after wisdom.

PARTING AT THE JUNCTION.

'Twas at the Swindon Station I bade my love adieu;
Our time was but ten minutes; good Heavens, how they
 flew!
My heart was full, I scarce could speak, and yet so much
 to say!
And she *would* eat those fat pork-pies—for which I had
 to pay.

Some broken words; I scarcely think they rightly met
 her ear,
For 'Am I thine?' cried I, but she '*preferred some bitter
 beer.*'
And when I pressed to name the time, again my hopes
 were marred,
For when I said: 'Your guardians, love'—, she cried:
 'My love, the *Guard!*'

Then, as I placed her in her seat—ah, too delicious dream.
Those hot drops on my hand!—they were but *letting off
 the steam;*
And as I strove to kiss her palm, some wretch pulled up
 the glass;
Oh, such a man! and tunnels too! She *would* go second
 class. X.

The Editors of *Chambers's Journal* have to request that all communications be addressed to 47 Paternoster Row, London, and that they further be accompanied by postage-stamps, as the return of rejected Contributions cannot otherwise be guaranteed.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH. Also sold by all Booksellers.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL OF POPULAR LITERATURE

Science and Arts.

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 434.

SATURDAY, APRIL 26, 1862.

PRICE 1½d.

LAVATER AND PHYSIOGNOMY.

THE practice of physiognomy is as old as it is universal. Everybody judges by faces, is attracted or repelled by looks; even dogs discriminate a kind from an unkind glance, and their friends from their foes among strangers. Physiognomy is a common instinct, whose laws it is easier to practise than to define. You like that face; why? You say that tree is beautiful; why? The ready answer is the woman's reason: Because I do. That is a reason, however, which satisfies no thinker, and a science of faces has been the attempt of philosophers more frequently than even a science of beauty. It is said that physiognomy was cultivated as a science in old Egypt and India, and that Pythagoras imported it from Egypt to Greece. Certain it is that seekers for entrance to a Pythagorean school were subjected to a physiognomical examination, on the result of which their success depended. Plato and Aristotle speak largely of the face and body as signs and expressions of the mind. Cicero, too, had a faith in physiognomy. Amongst the Romans, indeed, it became a profession, mixed up, however, with divination and various superstitions. Suetonius relates that Narcissus employed a physiognomist to examine the features of Britannicus, and to predict from them. In the middle ages, physiognomy absorbed great attention, and, down to the middle of last century, was every now and then breaking into a fashionable study, under the impulse of some enthusiastic practitioner or other. It is quite amazing to find how much ancient, middle, and modern age thought has been expended on a science which now a days we hear so little of, and that little only in connection with Lavater.

Any year in the last quarter of last century, had you been travelling in Switzerland, you must needs have visited Zurich, were it for nothing else than to see Lavater, who, in right of a European celebrity, was the lion of that quaint little city, in which he was born in 1741, in which he lived and laboured, and in 1801 died, a thorough Zurich man. Easily accessible, you would visit him if possible at his house, and if not, hear him preach in St Peter's, or catch a glimpse of him in the streets. You would see a spare figure, a face feminine in its delicacy, alive with spirituality and intelligence, and suffused with an overflowing tenderness. Keen, enthusiastic, vivacious,

impulsive, reverent, credulous, and gentle as a child, was Lavater; a man of prodigious industry; versatile, yet methodical; concerned with many things, yet keeping each to its hour and place, and giving to each his whole heart. He kept up an immense correspondence, wrote books, wrote poetry, meddled with politics, preached and visited, and accomplished an amount of work which those who knew neither his energy nor his system would have pronounced incredible. To his pastoral duties he devoted himself as though they were his sole care, and with great success. By his flock, he was esteemed and loved, and the simple country people in his walks used to draw near and kiss his hands. It was common to speak of him as the German Fenelon, and between Fenelon and Lavater there were many points of resemblance both mental and physical. In Fenelon, however, there was a measured composure and quiet which did not belong to the restless, bustling, aggressive Swiss. One day, Madame de Staël was walking with him, when a German lady accosted them, and exclaimed: 'How our dear Lavater resembles Fenelon! Don't you see in him Fenelon's features, his air, his character! He is indeed Fenelon over again; and yet Fenelon with a little of the Swiss!' The lady was right, had she said, 'with a great deal of the Swiss.'

As theologian, as poet, as preacher, as politician, Lavater did not acquire his universal fame, but from a pursuit which, contrasted with what he esteemed the business of his life, he called his 'pipe and tobacco.' A man delicately organised like Lavater has usually an acute sense of character; the presence of those he likes is an exquisite pleasure, and of those he dislikes, an exquisite pain; sensations which, to a man of coarser fibre, are either incredible or incomprehensible. As Lavater advanced in life, he began to exercise his reason on his sensations, and to record, compare, and arrange them. He collected portraits on all hands, tested his own opinions on them with those of his friends, and soon became known as an adept in divining character from the face, body, and manners. He drew his conclusions not from the face alone, but from the whole of a man's surroundings—from his dress, his gait, his handwriting, his furniture; holding that the mind expressed itself not only in the body, but in everything affected by its influence. He told Goethe, that in carrying round the velvet-bag in church as collector

of offerings, he observed the hands, and from the form and action of the fingers he had a vivid idea of the character of each donor. In the course of 1775-8, he published a work on physiognomy in five quartos in German, and entitled *Essays on Physiognomy, designed to promote the Knowledge and Love of Mankind*. Upon the numerous engravings which illustrated the *Essays*, he bestowed extraordinary pains, employing the best artists he could find to execute them. The great cost of the work, and the low price at which he persisted in selling it, brought him into serious pecuniary difficulties. Its sale was, however, great, and the interest it evoked speedily became universal with educated society. A French edition was soon in demand, and Lavater himself produced it in 1781-7, making the translation with fastidious care. The *Essays* were not translated into English until 1798, when the work was completed in a style equal to the original five quartos, by the Rev. Henry Hunter, D.D., minister of the Scots church, London Wall. Holloway did most of the engravings, and Fuseli, who was Lavater's comrade and townsman, contributed a preface, and assisted Dr Hunter with his artistic advice. Holcroft also translated and abridged the *Essays*, and reproduced the illustrations in a cheaper form. By Holcroft's translation, Lavater is most widely known in England, and its sale continues to this day; but whoever would know Lavater fairly should see Hunter's superb volumes, or his own German or French editions. Pleasanter table-books, over which to spend those odd, waiting half-hours which are now and then imposed upon us, could scarcely be desired. The pictures are often worth looking at for themselves, and there is employment in testing your own impressions concerning the faces against Lavater's in the text.

The interest and enthusiasm awakened by Lavater's work might be described as a mania. From court to cottage, everybody took to face-reading. In parts of Germany, no servant was engaged unless her face bore the signs attributed to honesty, industry, and good temper. In some towns, the popular inquisition of faces became so intolerable, that sensitive people wore masks when they went abroad. For such extravagances, Lavater was not to be held accountable. His own powers, he confessed, were limited to a humbler range; his wife, he used to say, was a better physiognomist than himself, although she knew nothing of his rules. His great work, his *Essays*, he did not set forth as a rounded system, but only as 'a series of fragments.' He says: 'I do not promise, for it would be the height of folly to promise, to give entire the immense alphabet necessary to decipher the original language of nature written on the face of man and the whole of his exterior; but I flatter myself that I have been so happy as to trace a few of the characters of that divine alphabet, and that they will be so legible that the sound eye will readily distinguish them whenever they occur. I here firmly declare that I never will, nor can write a complete treatise on the science of physiognomies. My ambition is limited to a few simple essays, and the fragments which I give never can compose a whole.' With some faces, he owns himself baffled. 'At the moment I write, there are some countenances upon which it is impossible for me to pronounce judgment, while at the same time there are many others about which I am able to decide with a certainty equal to that which I have of my own existence.' Again, he gave no reason to hope that what skill he had he could communicate to others. Here, too, we may quote his own words: 'No one whose person is not well formed can become a good physiognomist. Those painters were the best whose persons were the handsomest. Rubens, Vandyck, and Raphael, possessing three gradations of beauty, possessed three gradations of the genius of painting. The scarcity of human

beauty is the reason why physiognomy is so much derided, and finds so many opponents. No person ought, therefore, to enter the sanctuary of physiognomy who has a debased mind, an ill-formed forehead, a blinking eye, or a distorted mouth.' We may smile at these curious dicta, but they prove that whilst Lavater's *Essays* were the occasion, they were not the cause of the physiognomical *furor* which for a time overspread Europe; many who were accounted his disciples would have found themselves disowned by the teaching of their reputed master.

Lavater was now famous, and Zurich became a court where travellers from every part came to pay their respects, and consult the wonderful man. Popular rumour exaggerated his powers, and many resorted to him as a sort of respectable fortune-teller, to examine their faces, and tell them what they were, and what they could do. Lovers brought portraits to know his opinion; so did the jealous, the inquisitive, and the suspicious, that he might confirm their hopes or fears. The trouble of these inquiries was very great; but Lavater possessed an unwearied patience, an unbounded kindness, and he strove to satisfy all. He was exceedingly loquacious, had a passion for giving advice, and correspondence was his delight. It is said that he seldom wrote less than three thousand letters annually. With such temper and powers, the plague of querists was not at all so intolerable as it would have proved to most men. Besides, it must be owned that Lavater was not without a large share of vanity, and the unceasing tribute of attention rendered by men of every rank, from kings and philosophers to the peasantry round Zurich, was far from ungrateful. Exhausted by its own follies, Lavater lived to see the fashionable rage for physiognomy die out. His faith in his own powers of discrimination greatly abated in his later years. Impulsive and credulous, many judgments he pronounced in enthusiasm, events falsified; and, sincere and open-hearted, he was the first to confess and profit by the teaching of experience. Beyond question, he possessed a keen perception of character, but his skill was an instinct more than a science, and it was a vain attempt to write it out in rules. As well might Mr Tennyson try to teach us how to entangle poetry in verses. Hence his *Essays* are devoid of any amount of practicable instruction, and have fallen into neglect. They are reveries over faces more than anything else; and in reading them, we are interested and amused with Lavater personally, and his curious, high-flown, mystical opinions, having early discovered that he is no help as a guide. In all his writing about faces, there is scarce one original, practical observation which can serve for common use. In comparing the pictures with the opinions in his *Essays*, very frequent and emphatic will be your dissent, especially if you have any acquaintance with phrenology. His rhapsody over a portrait of Frederick the Great, however, anticipates, and would gratify Mr Carlyle.

Many difficulties, as Lavater admitted, lay in the way of a science of physiognomy. Character is very subtle, and its indications are appreciated, as has been observed, far more by an incommunicable instinct than by a science which can be written out. The broad expressions of feeling, as joy, sorrow, anger, perplexity, all recognise, and the theatre depends upon this common knowledge; but the finer shades and crossings of character are only perceptible to high, delicate, and sensitive organisations. Women, as a rule, are better physiognomists than men. How many a husband might have been saved from mischief, or wreck and ruin, had he listened to his wife's warning: 'I don't like that man; and I wish you had nothing to do with him!' Indeed, the sense of character in some women is so acute as to seem almost infallible. In others again, men and women, it is blunt to deadness; they never seem to know any one deeper than his words; and on them, looks,

tones, air, and gestures are lost. Good discerners of character, as was the case with Lavater, usually make their truest estimate at a first meeting, when at a right distance they can see the man in that broad comprehensive view which is lost as soon as familiarity sinks them into valleys of detail. For this reason, we all find it much more difficult to characterise our friends than our acquaintances.

In children, all the emotions pass freely into expression in the face; but their earliest lesson is restraint expressed in the nurse's terror: 'Oh, if so and so saw you, what would he say?' By and by, we get over blushing, and learn to look gratified when we are bored, to attend when we would yawn, to appear pleased when we are cross, to keep quiet when we are angry, unmoved when we would weep, or hurrah and dance for joy. At last, when matured in politeness and discretion, our faces become masks which less express than hide thought. Great powers of concealment are given us; the muscles of the face are in two transverse layers; and whilst the inner may be convulsed with feeling, the outer may be ruled by the will into calmness, or even into smiles. Besides, our characters are so composite, passion and reason, love and self-love, right and wrong, so conflicting, that if the emotions wrote themselves without hindrance into the outer muscles, who could disentangle and read aright their jagged, broken lines?

Whilst these and other difficulties have been adduced in all times against the possibility of a science of physiognomy, yet without presuming to decipher the inmost subtleties of character from the lines of the face, there are many facts about faces corresponding to facts about mind, which if systematised, would form a useful and interesting science. Since Lavater's day, phrenologists have taught us numberless truths about the form of the head, concerning which he pronounced many erroneous opinions. Far more, too, is known about the temperaments and the nervous structures they indicate; and a host of important physiological facts have been brought to light since he wrote. As the brain is now the admitted organ of the mind, and as the body and its organs are projections from the brain, we may readily perceive how the mind may be studied and illustrated from the body, even as a cause is in its effects. For this reason, we see character expressed in the hand as decisively as in the face; and fortune-telling by the hand, in common with many other superstitions, has a basis in reason. Painters have too often forgotten the meaning there is in hands. Vandyck actually used to paint in his hands, not from his sitters, but from stock models, his own very often. Look at his portraits, and you cannot fail to observe a striking incongruity in many instances between the hands and face. Look, again, at Titian's portrait of Paul IV., and see how face and hands match each other; how the face of the grasping old man is answered in the clutching, spiny hands with nails like claws.

A remarkable phenomenon in physiognomy is the representation of the animal kingdom in the human face; the appearance therein of almost every beast that walks, and bird that flies, as well as of some reptiles and fishes. How often do we come across countenances which suggest a horse or a cow, a sheep or a pig, a rabbit or a goat, a lion or a tiger, a monkey or an eagle, a crane or a magpie, a crow or an owl. The problem for science is, whether, in such cases, there is not a development of brain corresponding to the animal expressed in the face. Certainly we expect courage in a man with a lion-face, acuteness with an eagle-face, cunning with a fox-face, softness with a sheep-face, omnivorous gluttony with a pig-face, and are generally not mistaken. Sometimes we see two animals gliding into union in one face, and distinctly revealed under varying feelings. The fox and the sheep are often so blended together, indicating a gentle

sliness; also, the sheep with the lion; in repose, such a face is lamb-like, but in indignation at wrong the lamb vanishes, and the lion appears.

The puzzle to the physiognomist, it is said, is the common-place face—the face that expresses little or nothing; yet here physiognomy is justified, for a common-place face is the face of common-place ordinary man. Looking over the portraits of men who have risen above their fellows, who have blessed, cursed, or influenced their race, we find no common-place faces—none whose visages are beneath their greatness. Napoleon thought a large nose a mark of strength of character; so it is; but not alone the nose, but all the features are well developed in men of mark and vigour. A small and insignificant face is unknown to greatness; in saying so, we only claim with the phrenologist a large brain, which manifests itself in a corresponding countenance.

None will deny that character is expressed in the face and body; the only doubt is as to the possibility of the skill that can read its complex and intertwined signs with any certainty. Lavater did not cultivate physiognomy in the scientific spirit which alone can discover and secure truths for mankind. If any one would give to physiognomy the labour and genius Gall gave to the brain, and Professor Owen has given to comparative anatomy, there is little question but valuable results would be attained. He would have the world with him for sympathetic and admiring students, for we are all curious about one another, and ready to take stock of each other's attainments and possibilities. One of Lavater's constant difficulties was in careless and incorrect portraits: now we have photography, we can not only study the living at our leisure as they are, but can obtain faithful transcripts of the best pictures of men famous and infamous who have passed from earth.

MY FIRST AND LAST PARTNER.

Mrs MAJOR C—— was known to most of the good society of Bath within the last twenty years as one of the latest representatives of the world of beauty and fashion which existed in George III.'s time. In her youth, she had seen Garrick, sat to Reynolds, and been presented to Horace Walpole. In later years she had helped to make up rubbers at Mrs Piozzi's card-parties, heard court-gossip from Cornelia Knight, and sat silent, as all mortals were compelled to do, under the mighty and magniloquent tongue of Madame d'Arbly. Having seen and heard so much, Mrs Major C—— was a great authority in all that regarded the bygone generation. Like most of the ladies she had outlived, her faculties were kept in good repair to the last; she was cheerful, social, and in a manner active, up to fourscore, ready for all amusements, inclined to youthful dressing, and very determined to have her say. Mrs Major C—— had been lively all her days, a bit of a coquette of the harmless kind; she had been known to carry on a flirtation in her seventieth year, and is traditionally said to have rouged for the last party at which she ever appeared. The old lady had lived in good, or at least in gay, company from her youth; she had seen Bath at the head of its profession as a watering-place, she had seen it decline before the rising glory of Brighton; but at Bath her head-quarters continued to be for more than half a century; and one of the traditions of the place was, that Mrs Major C—— had never been seen at a ball, or known to enter a room where dancing was going on, if she could help it.

This was a singular whim or antipathy for a lady otherwise so lively; yet the fact had been handed down from her contemporaries, and was confirmed by later experience. Mrs Major C—— had never danced, so far as anybody knew, nor ever cared to look at dancing. There were a dozen strange tales to account for it; the most of which had come out

of Gloucestershire, her native county, and varied between accidents to her own toes and the breaking of somebody's heart. The old lady had never thought proper to set her friends right on the subject; their endeavours to ferret out an explanation had been politely foiled at many a quiet tea-table and friendly call. But few people care to die with their secret untold; and after sixty-three years of discreet silence, Mrs Major C—— chose, in her eightieth winter, to reveal hers one evening to a small group of intimates, young and old, who had gathered round her genial fireside, got into familiar talk, and by some accidental words, which, though one of the company, I did not observe at the time, and cannot recall now, unlocked that dark closet of the old lady's memory.

'I was never at a ball but once,' said she, leaning back in her easy-chair, 'and I never wanted to go to another, which you may think strange, for I was just seventeen when that one came off; but it happens to be true, and as the folks are all dead and gone that were concerned in it, I will tell you the story. I was brought up in the Forest of Dean, where my father was a country squire, but, unlike the county gentry of that day, both he and my mother were strict Methodists. We lived in a fine old Hall, pleasantly situated on the side of a wooded hill sloping down to the Severn. The seats and mansions of the county gentry lay all around. They were social in the Forest then, whatever they may be now; there were hunts and picnics, Christmas parties and birthday balls. We had always been reckoned among the county families, and not one of the least consideration, I can tell you, for the Hall and lands had been ours before the Reformation. The best of them would have been willing to have us for associates; but my father and mother considered all sports and merry-makings as so many byways to the kingdom of darkness. No earthly power could persuade the one to join the hunt, or the other to appear at anything but a serious party. When a company of strolling players happened to visit the neighbourhood—there were no other theatricals to be found in the Forest at that time—they never rested till the whole troop and their profane devices were got out of it for some infraction of parish rules or ordinances. Picnics were bad, parties were bad, plays were bad, but by far the worst—in short, the high road to Satan, in their reckoning—was a ball.

I was their only daughter out of seven children, and much indulged in a pious way; yet for me to mention, much less expect to attend, such a gathering of sin as a dancing-party, would have drawn down upon me their fiercest indignation, and most abundant lecturing. We had no company at the Hall but Wesleyan preachers on their rounds; two or three serious farmers of the better sort, whom my parents called brethren; and a couple of reduced gentlewomen. These last were old maids, and also devout Methodists, and my mother set them before my youth as examples of all that was praiseworthy. I have no doubt they were excellent women, and so most certainly was my mother, though she mistook, as many otherwise good and honest people have done, narrow-minded asceticism for piety, and the necessary recreations and enlivenments of life for sin.

No merry-makings were allowed, or even talked of in our house, but, nevertheless, I had a knowledge that such things existed. The majority of our relations, numerous as they were in Gloucestershire, had grown cool, or been quarrelled with on account of Methodism; but we had an aunt with two grown daughters, living in the Cathedral Close, in the ancient city of Gloucester, with whom a correspondence was still maintained. My aunt was a widow with rather limited means. My two cousins, Grace and Alice, were handsome girls, taller than myself, some years older, anxious about their looks, their society, and their settlements. When my aunt and cousins visited

at our house, they were always serious, wore high dark-coloured dresses, plain bonnets, and no curls. They could all talk a good deal of Methodism too, though I don't know how they learned it; but when the girls and I were alone together, they gave me such accounts of the plays, parties, and balls they attended in Gloucester, that I thought them the happiest people in Europe. Whatever young folks hear of their neighbours having, which they themselves have not, they are apt to crave after—the taste of the forbidden fruit, I suppose; and this was deep in my mind, in spite of the serious bringing up, and the good example I had in the old maids. My mother knew nothing about it; the gay revelations imparted to me by Grace and Alice were given under promise of strict secrecy from mamma, which, besides being bound in honour to keep, was a necessary condition of hearing any more of the kind; and no forbidden novel could give greater delight to the heart of a boarding-school girl than did those private reports of the Gloucester *beau monde* to mine. I don't think my mother was quite convinced of the genuineness of their piety; my aunt's husband had been a canon; there was a brother of hers still in the church; but still the whole family came seriously to the Hall, and executed every kind of small commission for her in Gloucester, which was our chief town. So my mother hoped they were edified by the Wesleyan preachers, invited them on long visits, and sent them well-filled hampers from the orchard, the poultry-yard, and the dairy. In return, she went to see them sometimes—not often, for my mother was a great stayer at home, and her time was much occupied with the poor and the travelling preachers. The doubts I have referred to made her unwilling to let me visit them, except in her own company, when we always found the high dresses on, hymn-books on the table, and the whole house in a state of great sobriety. There was nothing else to be looked for in the presence of mamma, and no going without her for me, until a certain lucky chance, as I thought it, furnished the long-coveted opportunity.

I had caught a severe cold at the beginning of the winter; the cough clung to me week after week; my poor mother grew anxious about me; and our family doctor advised my removal from the cold bleak air of the Forest to that warmer part of Gloucestershire called the Vale, where the town of Gloucester stands. My aunt happened to be visiting us at the time; and, to my boundless joy and gratitude, she at once suggested her own house as the most suitable sojourn. There was no place in all the Vale so warm and sheltered as the Cathedral Close—such a genteel, such a quiet neighbourhood, where nothing was to be heard but the playing of the organ and the singing of psalms. Sophy would get quite rid of her cough there, and they would teach her that new sampler-stitch. It would do beautifully to work the slippers for that dear, good, moving man, Mr Grimshaw—a powerful preacher, with a Yorkshire twang, to whom my mother had taken a special fancy. My cough increased amazingly after the making of that proposal, and it succeeded in overcoming my mother's scruples against the Cathedral Close. I was allowed to return with my aunt, enjoined to get quit of the cold, learn the sampler-stitch, and not allow myself to be led into frivolities. Of course, I promised everything, and so did my aunt; and to do us both justice, we had some intention of keeping at least the letter of our promises. Things went on very soberly for some time after my arrival in Gloucester; my aunt and cousins thought seriousness a good thing, and wanted to please my mother. I saw the sights of the quiet old town, the castle, the mineral wells, the Assembly Rooms—that is to say, the outside of them; and matters went on in the strictest line of duty till about the middle of December, when the whole family got an invitation to Lady Tracy's ball.

I shall never forget their faces round the breakfast-table when the maid brought in the note. "Left by Lady Tracy's footman, mum," said she. My aunt broke the seal, read it first to herself, then handed it to Alice, who read and passed it on to Grace: she was always the proudest of being in good society, and before anybody could stop her, read it aloud.

"You'll never have sense, Grace," said her mother.

"Where is the use in making a secret of it? You know we must go, and we will go. Wasn't it kind of her to invite Sophy?" said triumphant Grace.

Yes, I had been invited; with my own ears, I heard that Lady Tracy would be happy to see the young relative who, she understood, was now a visitor at their house.

"It was kind of her," said my aunt, having got over the first shock of it; "and I'll allow it would be a nice opportunity for Sophy to see genteel life; but what would her mother say?"

"She needn't know anything about it," said Alice. That suggestion broke down the last barrier of conscience between me and the denounced frivolities. To see a real ball at the house of a Gloucester fashionable—to look on the dresses, to hear the music, to behold the dancing, to go down to supper, and up to the minuet, as my cousins had so often described these things, was too strong a temptation to be resisted by the virtue of seventeen.

"I am sure mamma need not know," said I; "and I should so like to go just this once, if you will let me, aunt." I felt the tears coming into my own eyes; I knew my cousins liked me, and my aunt was good-natured to a fault.

"I don't think it any harm myself, and I wouldn't stand against your going, Sophy," she said; "but, my dear, you have no ball-dress; there is scarcely time to get one, and I am sure your mother would not allow the money for it."

"O dear, we forgot that," said Grace and Alice, with uncommonly blank faces. I knew they had nothing to spare, and would find it rather difficult to get their own finery up; but resources were always my first thought. I pulled out the little purse containing all my pocket-money, and emptied it on the tablecloth.

"Only two guineas and a half," said the keen-sighted Grace; "my dear, that would never do. Your mother might have allowed you more than that, coming to Gloucester; but she can't, I suppose, giving so much to those Methodist preachers. But stay a minute. Mamma, might not Sophy get a dress quite cheap and good enough for the one evening from Mrs Jenkins the wardrobe-woman? Miss Smithson's maid told our Sally that she got that beautiful gauze we saw at the quadrille-party there."

"I dare say she might, and we could make it fit her; but I am afraid Sophy can't dance," said my aunt.

It was true I could not; the exercise in question being regarded as a special piece of the Old Serpent's policy, had been of course forbidden to me; but Grace had not exhausted her expedients.

"Never mind; I'll teach her a minuet, that easy one they call Mecklenburg—Queen Charlotte's, you know—she'll learn it in no time. Alice, you'll write to accept the invitation. Sophy and I will go off to Mrs Jenkins's; I want a bit of lace to make us tuckers and trim your cap, mamma; but I should like to see her frock got first."

My active cousin and I repaired to Mrs Jenkins's shop: it was a very respectable one of the kind; the good woman boasted that she bought and sold nothing but real gentry's clothes. Grace had many tales of the beautiful things quite new and got for half nothing by her acquaintances of limited means; and under her management, I obtained an amber-coloured taffeta, trimmed with purple satin. It was rather a conspicuous dress, but fashionably made, not the least soiled, and almost a perfect fit. Mrs Jenkins said she

would not have let it go so cheap, but there were very few it would answer; the young lady who wore it first must have been uncommonly slender, as I was then, but she added: "I don't know who it was; the dress came to me by an honest poor woman who gathers the like for me through the country; and I think she got it somewhere up in Somersetshire, at the house of a clergyman; so you see it's quite respectable."

We returned in triumph to the Cathedral Close. My dress was pronounced a decided bargain, and quite the thing for Lady Tracy's ball. It certainly was a surprising fit; and my aunt and cousins agreed that its original owner, if the dress became her at all, must have resembled me in complexion as well as in figure, for the strongly contrasted colours suited me exactly. We had a deal more to think of in the ten days of preparation then allowed for first-class assemblies; there were the tuckers, the lace lappets, the washes for our faces, the red heels of our shoes to be looked to. I think we had all twinges of conscience, too, for the deceit about to be practised on my mother; they should have been worst with me, but I had Queen Charlotte's minuet to learn—*Minuet de Mecklenbourg*, as the French dancing-master called it. I never knew how Grace got him bribed or coaxed (for I am sure he was not paid) to come over one or two evenings from his seminary in the next street, and give me a private lesson, by way of finishing off her efforts. I learned the minuet even to his satisfaction. I got reconciled, by help of frequent practice at the glass, to my own appearance in the amber and purple; I got my conscience quieted also even to the wearing of rouge, indispensable for good company at that period; I got my hair dressed the night before, as everybody did for balls; and sat up with my cousins till the morning, that the gummed curls might get time to dry, and keep properly in their places, which never required less than four-and-twenty hours. How easily people dress and go to balls in these days; and how odd one would look with those tiers of gummed curls, mounted on stiff wires, and pads of horse-hair; yet there was something grand and worth looking at in that old style; it made one a foot taller. Ladies did look ladies then, with their towering head-dresses, open skirts, brocaded petticoats, and high red heels. Don't laugh, girls, your own fashionable evening-dresses will look quite as queer to your grandchildren. But to go on with my story. We sat up all night—I mean my cousins and self, for my aunt, being in the dowager class, did not require such a high gumming, and could go to bed. Half the time we talked, the rest we read Miss Burney's novel, *A Young Lady's Entrance into the World*; it was the great work of the day, and had got the length of Gloucester, where, let me tell you, there was a good deal of gentility, and Lady Tracy was reckoned to stand at the head of it. My cousins told me so much about her in the days of preparation and the night of curl-drying, that I knew all her history as well as any of the towns-people, and the subsequent events at her ball stamped it on my memory. She was not only connected with the best of the county families, but famous for a kind of hereditary talent, said to be possessed by all the ladies of her line, for managing mankind in general, and those of her own house in particular.

The lady was a Tracy by birth as well as by marriage. By the by, it is a very old name in Gloucestershire. Her late husband, Sir Edward, had been also her cousin. The Tracies had a habit of marrying their cousins; people were not sure whether it was pride or prudence that got them into it, but Sir Edward had died many years before, leaving one daughter and one son. The son was by five years the younger; he was heir to the title and estate; but the latter was not large. The Tracies had always lived handsomely, and never would condescend to do anything that might improve

their property, because it looked like trade or business, which they counted entirely beneath them; and the property was heavily encumbered with Lady Tracy's jointure, a provision for her maiden sister, Miss Tracy, who had always lived in the house, and a marriage-portion for the daughter, Miss Agnes.

It was therefore thought requisite that young Sir Edward—they kept that name in the family from one generation to another—should look out for a fortune with his bride. His mother undertook that business, as she did everything else; for according to the belief of all Gloucester, there was nothing in the way of management her ladyship could not do and had not done. From the poorest cottager to the richest farmer on the estate, from the greengrocer and the milkman in town, up to Sir Edward and all his relations, Lady Tracy had ruled, directed, and governed them and their affairs. Her maiden sister, Miss Tracy, was generally allowed to be a considerable help. Miss Agnes had been 'brought out' for some years, and was also an acknowledged assistant. Among the three, young Sir Edward was believed to be the best managed man in the west country; they had sent him to school, they had sent him to college, they had told him what to do at all times and places, they had seen that he did it, and they had determined on marrying him to Lady Sarah Harvey, one of the Bristol family, and a great fortune; by the by, they said it came from an uncle in the West Indies the Harveys were not at all proud of. It was whispered Lady Sarah had been born somewhere in that quarter; and whether she had a right to the title or not, everybody gave her credit for woolly hair, an unusually dark complexion, and a decidedly African nose. This lady Sir Edward was appointed to marry by his managing mother, aunt, and sister. She was believed to be nothing loath. Sir Edward was tall, fair complexioned, and handsome, as all the Tracys had been; his family was old and good, and maybe Lady Sarah could not do better. In short, the marriage was a settled thing; the town gossips were sure it would come off very soon, for the bridegroom-elect had passed his majority two years, and nothing but his having been abroad making the grand tour was thought to have postponed the happy day. The Tracys—that is to say, the three ladies—had read his letters from Rome, Florence, and Venice to their admiring friends, and given splendid details of his reception in the best salons of Paris—the wits that had complimented, the duchesses that had been smitten by him, the routs given in his honour by nobles and ambassadors. People did not believe the whole of it; the tales were sometimes over-grand; but everybody was certain that Sir Edward had been seeing the world, and learning foreign fashions, ever since his twentieth year, when he left Cambridge rather abruptly.

There was concerning that a story which the Tracys did not tell; it had never been more than whispered about in Gloucester, for the dread of the managing ladies lay heavy on the minds of its most devoted gossips. It was now all but forgotten; but the substance was, that the daughter of a portrait-painter, much employed by university men, had made an impression, nobody could say how deep, on the heart of the son and heir. They had got acquainted somehow in sittings; they had been seen taking quiet walks together; the confidential friends of both parties had been heard to talk of an engagement, with exchange of rings and vows, to be fulfilled when young Tracy was Sir Edward and his own master. But the three at home got scent of the secret, it was thought from his college tutor, who knew the family had a living to bestow, and sadly wanted one, being long in orders and out of place. They had all three business in Cambridge directly, made Edward shew them over the university, went and sat to the painter for their portraits, contrived to get acquainted with him in a patronising way, took a

deep interest in his daughter; she was the eldest of ten children, I believe. They had very private talk with her and her parents about risks that young people ran in a university town, the deceitfulness of men, and the necessity of getting her settled; in short, they talked the poor people into their way of thinking. It was rather quickly done, I'll allow; but high-handed gentry could do a deal more at that time than they can at present; and before the three Tracys came back to Gloucester, the painter's daughter was married to Edward's college tutor, and packed off with him to the family living. How far the young man took it to heart could not be ascertained; but he left college some weeks after, though it was the middle of the term, and went on his travels to make the grand tour.

He had been nearly three years absent, and as many months at home, when the ball was given in honour of his birthday. It fell on the 21st of December, the shortest day in all the year, but one which I have remembered long enough, and not without good cause. The festival was held at the family town-house. West-country gentry kept town-houses in Gloucester then; it was an older and better established place than Bath, and thought more genteel than Bristol, because there was not so much trading there. Tracy House was reckoned one of the finest. Some tradesmen have got better houses now; but it had stood for more than two hundred years in Old Vale Street, substantially built of brick, and consisting of four low stories, the company-rooms on the first floor, all but the ball-room, which was on the ground, and partitioned off the kitchen; so the dancers got a knowledge of what they might expect for supper; but it was a known fact that Lady Tracy spared no expense on wax-candles, cut flowers, and the best chalkers.

After sitting up the night before, and dozing most of the day on our chairs, we got our curls as dry and stiff as heart could wish. My aunt said she never saw heads in better order after the washes, the dressing, the rouging. This last went most against my conscience, but it had to be done, and when it was done I felt certain my mother would not have known me. Our toilets were pronounced complete by half-a-dozen old friends who gathered in to drink tea and admire us. Our chairs were called, and for the first time in my life I went in a sedan to meet good company. I need not tell you what a bustle there was in Old Vale Street; a ball in those days upset not only the neighbourhood, but the entire town. The chairmen pushing, swearing, and occasionally fighting with their poles; the clusters of heads thrust out at every window and door; the crowd of inferior people in the street making as much noise as they could, and pressing on to see everybody that stepped from a chair; the flare of links and torches, and the general uproar, would have been too much for my rustic senses, but for the greatness of the occasion, and the supporting presence of my aunt and cousins. With them I passed over the carpet extending from the gutter in front of the house to the hall-door, guarded by men with torches and staves, to light the company and keep off the mob, through the row of servants within, who announced us to the ladies of the family at the entrance of the ball-room. They were Lady Tracy, Miss Tracy, and Miss Agnes Tracy—tall, bony, plain women, every one of them, with looks at once hard and sharp; and thanks to the rouge and gummed curls, nobody could have guessed which was the oldest. I had never seen them in my life before, yet the whole three gave me a stare of amazement, which I am sure they did not mean, for the Tracys were well-bred people; but they recovered their composure the next moment, returned our curtsies—I fear mine was awkwardly made—and gave us the usual compliments and thanks for being so good as to honour their house with our presence; on which my aunt assured them that the honour was

done to us; and with all the ceremonies of good-breeding we were shewn to our seats on one of the lines of chairs and sofas ranged against the wall, where the ladies sat, and the gentlemen stood by till most of the company arrived, and the dancing began.

My aunt presented me to all the Tracies, including Sir Edward, who came to make his compliments as soon as we were seated. He was, as I had been told, a tall, fair-complexioned young man, but very thin, like the rest of his family. His hair was queued in the first style, his shoe and knee buckles were set with diamonds, and his ruffles were of the best point. His manner was polite; and he might have been called handsome, for his features were better than those of the ladies; but there was something sad and sour in his face, which I thought very strange for a young man and a baronet; he spoke little to anybody, had a habit of looking watchfully about him; and I afterwards heard my aunt and cousins saying among themselves how very much Sir Edward was altered by his travels, for all the grand doings he had seen and shared in. For the present, they congratulated him on looking so well, and wished him many happy returns of the day. I did my best to follow their example; but the stare the three ladies gave me had not quite gone off my mind when he came up, and Sir Edward's first look fairly threw me off my balance. It was a scowl of uncommon blackness, as if he had suddenly caught sight of somebody who had done him a serious wrong, but it passed as quickly as lightning. I don't think my aunt and cousins noticed it at all, they were so occupied with their own manners and the incoming company.

I was duly presented; Sir Edward spoke to me as he did to the rest, but in a lower tone; then went to do his devoirs to other ladies, but from all ends of the room I could see him stealthily watching me. The thought of that made me unhappy, in spite of the gay dresses and the fine people who filled the room. All the *élite* of Gloucester were there; my kindly aunt and cousins took both pride and pleasure in pointing them out to me: it was not thought rude in my young days, but rather a sign of distinction. They shewed me Lady Sarah in diamonds and brocade; how black she was, and how well her hair suited the queued curls! They also shewed me a tall handsome young officer, then called Lieutenant C—, and supposed to be an admirer of Miss Agnes Tracy. There were a great many more notables, whom I have forgotten. They introduced me to some, but none of them looked at me as the Tracies had done; and I felt quite reassured when Cousin Alice whispered: "Do you know, Sophy, that Sir Edward has lost his heart to you; he looks at you from all quarters. Methodist as your mother is, I think she would get over the ball for such a conquest."

Of course I was flattered by the fact of Sir Edward looking at me from all quarters, as any country girl of seventeen would have been. I had not lost my heart to him. I am certain it never could have gone that way; but he was the great man of that society—which seemed to my inexperience the grandest in the world—the owner of an estate, and a baronet. It was no fancy of Cousin Alice; he did look at me from time to time, but not as if he wished to be observed. I couldn't help looking at him in return from behind my fan, the only way proper for a young lady; but when my attention was diverted by the entrance of a great Gloucester lady and her seven daughters—they were all immensely large women, but I have forgotten their names—Sir Edward was suddenly missed out of the room. I saw his mother looking for him; I heard my aunt say: "What has taken him off!" but in a minute or two he was there again, making compliments, receiving congratulations, and casting watchful, stealthy glances at me. Under any other circumstances, I would not have liked them. I did

not like to think of the fierce frown he had cast on me at first sight, but my experienced cousin had assured me of a conquest; and it was with a flutter of girlish vanity that I saw the young baronet, after leading Lady Sarah and some of the more distinguished guests through as many minuets, approach and request the honour of my hand for the next. There was nothing ill-natured or envious in my cousins; Alice adjusted my tucker, Grace whispered not to forget that I preferred the *Minuet de Mecklenbourg*. My aunt gave permission for me to dance, which Sir Edward asked in due form; and to my own great amazement and greater pride, I was conducted by the bowing baronet to the clear space in the midst of the room where the dancing went on.

Minuets would be thought a dull business by young folks of these days, but they did not derange the queued curls, or put one's sac out of the proper folds; they did not take up much room either. The clear space I have mentioned was a chalked strip in the centre of the ball-room, extending almost from the entrance-door to one at the further end which opened on the orangery—an old-fashioned kind of greenhouse, with steps leading down to the garden, for the ground on which Tracy House stood was a perfect slope. The orangery was well kept, and specially decorated for the ball, the shrubs and plants being arranged so as to form a kind of arbour, with two tables in it—one with Sir Edward's birthday presents, set forth in full display, and the other furnished with light refreshments for the ladies who went there to get cool after dancing, and survey the gifts, which, being mostly from the Tracies' rich relatives, were thought well worth seeing. I mention these things that you may understand what followed. In the meantime, I of course preferred the *Minuet de Mecklenbourg*. The orchestra, consisting of two hautboys, and as many violins, were set to the appropriate air. I believe my step would have satisfied the dancing-master in his most scrupulous moment. Cousin Grace smiled approvingly on me from her distant seat, and I heard Lieutenant C— say to his partner, Miss Agnes: "From the country, you say; how gracefully she dances!"

We had finished the minuet, and I expected Sir Edward to conduct me to my seat, but instead of doing so, he led me towards the orangery.

"You have not seen my birthday presents yet, nor our two lemon-trees, which are counted among the wonders of Gloucester. All the rest of the ladies have seen them; come and see them too;" and without waiting for my answer, he opened the door, and led me in. I was young, utterly unacquainted with society at the time, and greatly delighted with the notice and honour shewn me by the young baronet. Besides, I had seen other ladies go into the orangery with their partners, and though doubtful of what my aunt would say, and rather surprised to see nobody there but ourselves, I found the birthday presents exceedingly engaging. There were silver cups, point ruffles, embroidered night-caps, and snuff-boxes of uncommon shapes and workmanship. Sir Edward shewed them all, told me the names and residences of the titled relations from whom they had come, shewed me the two lemon-trees also—they were nearly as tall as myself—and made several flattering comparisons between me and the surrounding flowers. From seeing him in the ball-room, I never could have imagined he could talk so agreeably. The sadness and sourness were gone from his face; they were gone from my memory too, and I never observed where we were going, till he opened the door, and led me out upon a kind of balcony, from which a flight of stone steps led down to the garden. They had an iron railing, but the balcony had none; it was a dangerous condition to keep the place in, but the Tracies never spent any money on their house that they could help; and I felt half frightened when

the full moonlight—it was the clearest winter weather I ever saw—shewed me the unguarded precipice and the wide lonely garden below. At the same moment, I saw Sir Edward rapidly turn an outside key in the door behind us, and then turn to me. Before I knew what to say, he seized me by the arm, and drew me towards the unguarded edge. "Look down," said he. "Is it not cold and quiet in the moonlight? That garden would be a lovely place for a grave."

"Let us go in," said I, turning from him in mortal terror, for his face had changed to something like the look of a vicious dog about to spring, and I could hear the grinding of his teeth.

"No, we won't go in," he growled, in the same surly tone; "we won't go in till you tell me what brings you here to mock me, after what you did in breaking your promise, and sending me to the madhouse. Yes, it was you that did it all; I was kept under their keepers and strait-waistcoats for nearly three years by your doings; but I'll have revenge. I made this for the keeper one night, but it will do for you."

He had fumbled something out of his dress-coat pocket, which I could not see; I think the terror and confusion stupified me for the moment, and as he spoke, I felt a nooze of cord thrown quickly round my neck, and then a violent push, which sent me over the edge of the balcony, while he held the end of the cord in one hand, clutched the iron railing with the other, and planted his feet firmly on the steps. My escape was predestinated, I suppose, for, in the act of falling, my toes caught in a projecting ledge of wall. I never knew the value of life till that moment. With the energy of despair, I flung out my arms, and fortunately caught one of the rails some distance below where he stood, and held on to the ledge of wall with my feet. He saw my advantage. How horrible his face looked in the moonlight, the eyes glaring, and the teeth gnashing, like one possessed.

"Ah, you won't get off; I'll hang you, you perjured wretch; you won't send me to the madhouse again." That growl was given in an undertone, and I saw him winding the cord round his hand to tighten it. It was so tight already, that I could utter no sound, and the dreadful feeling of suffocation was on me, but one last expedient for life suddenly occurred to me. With the only hand I had free, I seized the nooze, tore the skin off neck and fingers, but succeeded in loosening it sufficiently to utter one scream. I'll never forget the sound of that cry; it must have startled the half of Gloucester. The next thing I remember is a crash of breaking glass, the figure of a man rushing out from the greenhouse, and the sensation of falling. After that, all was blank, till I found myself lying in a bed in Lady Tracy's house, with my aunt, my cousins, and a number of female servants busy about me, strange sounds of confusion coming up from the ground-floor, and above them all, shouts of curses and imprecations in the voice of Sir Edward.

I had been saved from him and his nooze by the gallantry and promptitude of young, Lieutenant C—, who had seen us go into the orangery, heard the cry, and rushed to the rescue. By cutting the cord at once with his penknife, he had let me fall from no great height on a smooth sward which happened to lie below, and then, with the help of some other gentlemen, secured the maniac, for such Sir Edward was by this time, and such I am sorry to say he continued till the end of his days, and they were lengthened out more than forty years after. The explanation of his conduct towards myself seems to be this: the young man's brain had never been strong; indeed, I believe there was madness in the Tracy family, and under that early disappointment at Cambridge it had given way. The grand tour and the brilliant receptions were merely his clever

relatives' account of the time he passed in a private asylum. The dress I had bought from Mrs Jenkins was traced to the clergyman's house in Somersetshire, which happened to be the family living bestowed on his college tutor for taking the painter's daughter so completely out of his way; in fact, it had been worn by her at one of the Cambridge balls, and disposed of as an article too gay for her married days. My resemblance to her in figure and complexion made the dress suit me so well, it probably made the resemblance more perfect; hence the surprised stare of the three ladies, and the illusion which had finally upset Sir Edward's reason, and endangered my life.

I need not tell you that we got home to the Cathedral Close as soon as we could. The ball had been brought to a premature conclusion; the whole company had heard my scream, and the affair could not be kept from becoming public. We were therefore obliged to let my mother know all about it; indeed, every one of us, and particularly myself, considered it a special judgment on our deceit and disobedience. Worthy woman, she first gave thanks for my providential deliverance, then came to Gloucester with all speed, and gave us a sound lecture, which doubtless would have been longer and more impressive, if Lieutenant C— had not politely called at the time to inquire after my health; and my mother being a gentlewoman as well as a Methodist, took the opportunity to make suitable acknowledgment, and ask him to visit at our house. The lieutenant did visit us in the course of the same winter. He had never been engaged to Miss Agnes Tracy, who, by the by, lived and died an old maid, like her aunt. My father and mother both thought him sensible, and hoped to make him serious. He certainly did a good deal to please them in the way of politeness to the old ladies, and listening to the preachers, and succeeded so well, that they gave me leave to marry him on the very day twelvemonth in which he had saved my life. Now, there is the true cause of my dislike to look at dancing ever since I was seventeen; the unrailed balcony and the moonlight night, Sir Edward and his nooze, came back with every sight of it. It may have been folly, but I never could get over it throughout my long life. It was not a story that one could tell to everybody, so I kept it to myself; but the Tracys are all dead and gone now. A well-to-do tradesman owns their house in Gloucester, but he is a person of strict religious views, and the last fashionable assembly ever given there was my only ball.

MEDIEVAL BLONDINS.

NOTWITHSTANDING all the wonders of Blondin, it is curious to observe how far the old adage, 'Nothing new under the sun,' is maintainable in the world of rope-dancers. Let us look back among the old chroniclers and annalists, and see to what extent Blondin was anticipated—perhaps outdone.

Walking and dancing on the tight-rope were known at least as far back as the time of the Romans; but we will keep to the periods of which we have better records. Froissart describes the festivities which took place at Paris in 1385, on occasion of the marriage of Charles VI. with Isabel of Bavaria. Among the exhibitors was a rope-dancer. 'He tyed a cord upon the hiest house on the brydye of St Mychell over all the houses, and the other ende was tyed to the hiest tower of Our Ladye's Church [cathedral of Notre Dame]; and as the Quene passed by and was in the great strete called Our Ladye's Strete [Rue Notre Dame], this sayd Master, with two brynnunge candells in hys handes, issued out of a littel stage that he had made on the heygth of Our Ladye's tower, synginge as he went upon the corde all alonge the great strete, so that all that sawe hym hadde marvaille how it might be; and he bore still in hys handes the two brynnunge

candells, so that he might be sene all over Parys, and two myles without the citie.' The different editors of Froissart have disputed whether the man is described as *sliding* or *walking* on the rope; but all agree that there is no mention of a balancing-pole. From an old manuscript preserved in the College of Arms, we learn the following particulars in reference to certain feats performed at Richmond (in Surrey) on the occasion of the marriage of Prince Arthur with Catherine of Aragon, November 1501. 'Upon the outside of the walls'—we modernise the orthography—'directly under the windows, were bars and void space for jousts; also, there were set up and raised two high and great posts, with crosses, these posts first set and driven in the ground. Over the crosses was a great cable stretched steadfastly, and drawn with a wheel, and stayed upon both the sides with divers cords, so that the sight of it was like unto the ridging of an house. Upon this frame and cable ascended and went up a Spaniard, the which shewed there many wonders, and delicious points of tumbling and dancing, and other sleights. First, he went up unto the frame (and a certain stay in his hand), to the number of forty feet, somewhat aslope; and when he came to the height, left his stay, and went upon the cable, sometime on pattens, sometime with tennis-balls, sometime with fetters of iron, dancing with bells, and leaping many leaps upon the said cable both forward and backward. He played sometime with a sword and a buckler: eftsoon he cast himself suddenly from the rope, and hung by the toes; sometime by the teeth; most marvellously and with greatest sleight and cunning that any man could possibly exercise or do. After these long beholding, with other goodly disports, the King's Grace and noble company entered again through these pleasant gardens of his lodging of Richemond unto Evensong, and so unto his supper.'

A writer in *Notes and Queries* has drawn attention to an old engraving, dated 1550, representing a rope-walker at Venice. The rope is fastened at one end to the top of the tower of St Mark's, and at the other end to a raft moored on the water. The angle is so excessively steep, that the difficulty of ascending or descending must have been very great, if the engraving is to be trusted.

London has had its full share of such displays. Strutt notices a tight-rope exhibition which took place in the time of Edward VI.: 'There was a rope as great as the cable of a ship, stretched in length from the battlements of Paul's steeple, with a great anchor at one end, fastened a little before the Dean of Paul's house-gate; and when his majesty approached near the same, there came a man, a stranger, a native of Aragon, lying on the rope with his head forward, casting his arms and legs abroad, running on his breast on the rope from the battlements to the ground, as if it had been an arrow out of a bow, and stayed on the ground. Then he came to his Majesty, and kissed his foot; and so, after certain words to his Highness, he departed from him again, and went upwards upon the rope till he came over the midst of the churchyard, where he, having a rope about him, played certain mysteries on the rope, as tumbling, and casting one leg from the other. Then took he the rope, and tied it to the cable, and tied himself by the right leg a little space beneath the wrist of the foot, and hung by one leg a certain space, and after recovered himself again with the said rope, and unknit the knot, and came down again.' This is something similar to Blondin's slack-rope *addendum* to his tight-rope.

On the occasion of the entry of Philip and Mary into London in 1554, after their marriage, there was a man who, in a similar way, slid down a rope from the top of St Paul's, head first, without aid of hand or foot. The spire of old St Paul's was higher than the cross of the present structure; but the rope appears

to have been fastened to some battlement, at a less fearful elevation. By what process these men went up the rope after the descent, whether by climbing or walking, is not clearly stated. Holinshed records that the unlucky man who exhibited before Philip and Mary was killed soon afterwards while attempting a similar feat.

Jacob Hall was a famous rope-dancer in the time of Charles II. His feats appear to have been elegant rather than wonderful; he was a 'pretty man,' in high favour with the court-ladies. Dryden, about the same time, speaks of a female rope-dancer who

With two heavy baskets drags a dance.

Evelyn, in his *Diary*, under date September 15, 1657, enters a little more into detail concerning a rope-dancer who achieved feats quite as wonderful as those of Blondin, though different in kind: 'Going to London with some company, we stept in to see a famous rope-dancer called the Turk. I saw even to astonishment the agility with which he performed. He walked barefooted, taking hold by his toes only of a rope *almost perpendicular*, and without so much as touching it with his hands; he danced *blindfold* on the high rope, and with a boy of twelve years old tied to one of his feet about twenty feet beneath him, dangling as he danced, yet he moved as nimbly as if he had been a feather. Lastly, he stood on his head on the top of a very high mast, danced on a rope that was very slack, and finally flew down the perpendicular on his breast, his head foremost, his legs and arms extended.'

The eighteenth century had similarly its quota of rope-dancers. Mr Morley, in his curious *History of Bartholomew Fair*, mentions two damsels who, with trousers on and petticoats off, stood on their heads on a tight-rope. On another occasion, 'the famous Mr Barnes danced on a rope with two children at his feet.' Some years after this, when the church of St Martin's-in-the-Fields was finished, an adventurous Italian named Violante descended from the steeple, head-foremost, on a rope stretched thence across St Martin's Lane to the Royal Mews. He was honoured with the presence of some of the royal family. It would appear that his wife became equally distinguished for the art. In an old volume of the *Caledonian Mercury* for 1736, is a curious paragraph to the following effect: 'While Allan Ramsay was preparing his playhouse, an Italian female rope-dancer, named Signora Violante, performed in Edinburgh and some other Scotch towns. It was asserted that she danced a minuet on the rope as well as it could be done on the floor—danced on a board placed loosely on the rope—danced on the rope with two boys fastened to her feet—danced with two swords at her feet; the rope being no thicker than penny whip-cord.' Those little fellows, the 'two boys fastened to her feet,' must have had a queer life of it.

The wheelbarrow trick of M. Blondin is not more new than the rest; for Mr Morley quotes an old Bartlemy Fair placard concerning a 'great Italian Scaramouch, who will dance on a rope, with a wheelbarrow before him, with two children and a dog in it, and with a duck on his head; who sings to the company, and causes much laughter.' Later in the century there were several exhibitors who had become proficient in sliding down a rope; they had a board fastened to the breast, with a groove running down the centre of the outer side; this groove was placed on the rope, and the man, having established his balance, started off with great rapidity, head downwards. The *élite* among these performers not only avoided touching the rope with their hands, but blew trumpets and fired off pistols during their descent. One of these men performed this feat at Hertford in 1750, descending from the steeple of All Saints Church. Another, about the same time, was 'the famous Cadman,' who belonged to the unlucky class represented

by poor Scott the diver. He was killed by his rope-achievements at Shrewsbury. His cord stretched from Shrewsbury Church tower across the Severn to the meadows on the other side. The epitaph on Cadman's tombstone tells the cause of his death in a very straightforward, matter-of-fact way :

'Twas not for want of skill,
Or courage, to perform the task, he fell :
No, no—a faulty cord, being drawn too tight,
Hurried his soul on high to take her flight,
Which bid the body here beneath good-night.

A 'copy of verses,' in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, recording Cadman's sad fate, immortalised some of his exploits in the following way :

The proudest spire in Salop's lofty town
Safely he gains, and glides as safely down ;
Then soars again aloft, and downward springs,
Swift as an eagle, without aid of wings ;
Hangs suspended by his toe :
Undazzled, views th' inverted chasm below :
Invites with beat of drum brave volunteers ;
Defies Jack Spaniard, nor invasion fears.

It was a volunteering time, and the poet managed to bring the volunteers and the rope-dancer together in his verses.

There is one matter which, so far as we know, belongs exclusively to the seventeenth century, and leaves our present age far behind—this is a *horse* walking on a tight-rope.

Mr Morley speaks of a man at Bartholomew fair, in 1778, who exhibited serpents dancing to music on a silken rope ; this we can understand, but we want strong evidence concerning the horse, and all we have is the following. When Malcolm was collecting materials for his *Londinium Redivivum*, he obtained much curious matter relating to the manners and customs of other countries, which he afterwards published under the title *Manners and History of Europe*. One of his scraps relates to certain festivities at Venice on St Mark's Day, 1680 ; when the doge, the senate, the imperial ambassador, and about fifty thousand citizens, witnessed the extraordinary performances of an exhibiter. 'Adorned in a tinsel riding-habit, having a gilt helmet upon his head, and holding in his right hand a lance, and sitting upon a white horse, with a swift pace, he ambled up a rope, six hundred feet long, fastened from the quay to the top of St Mark's Tower. When he had arrived half-way, his tinsel coat fell off, and he made a stand, and, stooping his lance submissively, saluted the doge, who was sitting in the palace, and flourished the banner three times over his head. Then resuming his former speed, he went on, and with his horse, entered the tower where the bell hangs, and presently returning on foot, he climbed up to the highest pinnacle of the tower, where, sitting on the golden angel, he flourished his banner again several times. This performed, he descended to the bell-tower, and then, taking horse, rode down again to the bottom in the like manner as he had ascended.'

Knowing how safely a mule will carry a burden along a narrow precipice of rock, we must not at once disbelieve this Venetian exploit ; yet it would be satisfactory to know a little more of the equestrian Blondin and his wonderful horse.

But even this affair of the horse is not the most marvellous. The reader must prepare himself to believe that the massive and ponderous elephant may be indoctrinated with the mysteries of rope-dancing. Nothing of the kind has been known in recent times ; but there are so many allusions to the matter by classical writers, that we are hardly justified in utterly ignoring them. Although details are not given, the general tenor is as follows : 'According to Pliny, at the spectacles given by Germanicus, it was not an uncommon thing to see elephants hurl javelins in

the air, and catch them in their trunks, fight with each other as gladiators, and then execute a Pyrrhic dance. Lastly, they danced upon a rope ; and their steps were so practised and certain, that four of them traversed the rope, bearing a litter which contained one of their companions, who feigned to be sick. This feat of dancing or walking upon a rope might perhaps be doubted if it rested merely upon the testimony of a single author ; but the practice is confirmed by many ancient writers of authority, who agree with Pliny that the elephants trained at Rome would not only walk along a rope forward, but retire backward with equal precision. Seneca describes an elephant, who, at the command of his African keeper, would kneel down and walk upon a rope. Suetonius also mentions that an elephant, in the presence of the emperor Galba, climbed up an inclined rope to the roof of the theatre, and descended in the same way, bearing a litter. Dion gives a similar testimony to the extraordinary power of so heavy an animal to walk along a rope without any balance—a docility which is the more wonderful when we bear in mind that one of the strongest instincts which the elephant possesses is that which impels him to experiment upon the stability of every surface which he is required to cross before he will trust his body to the chance of breaking down the support which is prepared for him.'*

The four elephants on a rope (or ropes ?), carrying in a litter their friend who pretended to be ill, is a feat that out-Blondins all that we know in the present degenerate age.

LEIGH HUNT'S CORRESPONDENCE.

In the whole range of English literature, there is no man more loved by those who are acquainted with his writings than Leigh Hunt. Whatever else may be wanting in them, the rare faculty of attaching reader to author is certainly there. In most cases, when a writer is extravagantly admired by a few persons, but unacknowledged by the world, his disciples lose their tempers in defending him. They are irritated by the stupidity or malignity of the public. The lovers of Leigh Hunt, however, are not angry ; and his teaching would indeed be thrown away upon them if they were. 'There is nothing worth contesting here below,' writes he, 'except who shall be kindest to one another.' The world is three centuries off from the time when it shall open its arms, at any width, to one like him. At present, it is only the young who appreciate him, or who (alas !) are blind to his defects. They clasp hands with him across his pages as with a charming friend ; they would have liked to have known him in the flesh, they are sure, and would not have been afraid.

To how many glorious writers does he introduce them, whom, but for him, they would scarcely have had a chance of knowing ! How catholic he was ; how admirably apt to point out what is best in each, and to reject the bad ! The two little volumes, *Imagination and Fancy*, and *Wit and Humour*, have been to many a youth the keys of an intellectual paradise. If his philosophy could be said to be antagonistic to any other, it was to that of the *nil admirandum* school ; for he admired all things written that are admirable, from the works of Archbishop Leighton to those of Rabelais. What he loved himself, he was eager that all should love.

Nor must we forget how much we owe him upon his own account ; for his *Indicator*—than which no pleasanter volume of essays (Messrs Addison, Steele, and Goldsmith notwithstanding) was ever printed—and for his *Poems*, which, as any poet will gladly witness, are far, far better than the booksellers hold them to be.

* THE ELEPHANT : *Library of Entertaining Knowledge.*

The *Correspondence of Leigh Hunt** will probably share the fate of all that has been published of his during life—it will be perused with infinite interest and affectionate sympathy by his admirers, and be neglected by the public at large. The reason of this is truthfully stated by the editor of the volumes in question: 'Although attracting the personal affection as well as the admiration of those readers who took to him at all, Leigh Hunt still spoke with so much speciality of idea and expression, that the circle always proved to be comparatively limited. The intensity of the fervour with which his writing was received invariably gave an idea of a wider success than was ultimately realised.' He was often, as it seemed, upon the point of making his fortune, but the venture always ended in a deficit. He was totally unfitted for the management of any sort of business. 'It was no affectation when he declared himself entirely incompetent to deal with the simplest question of arithmetic. The very commonest sum was a bewilderment to him. He learned addition, in order that he might be fitted for his place in a public office. It was a born incapacity, similar to that of people who cannot distinguish the notes of music, or the colours of the prism. Perpetually reproached with it, very conscious of his mistakes, he took his deficiency to heart, and with the emphatic turn of his temperament, increased it by exaggerating his own estimate of it. Thus, he regarded himself as a sort of idiot in the handling of figures, and he was consequently incapacitated for many subjects which he could handle very well when they were explained to him in another form. A secondary consequence was the habit, acquired very early, of trusting to others. His wife was clever in the special handling of arithmetic, a fact which he knew and admired. She had been brought up by a mother who was a thrifty housewife, and thus became in all domestic matters a business agent for a man who trusted her less like a husband than a child.

His want of punctuality was excessive, nay, absolutely ludicrous. When a clerk in the War Office [fancy *Captain Pen* in the War Office!] he could scarcely command leisure for breakfast, although he seldom reached his desk in time. On one occasion, he was to visit his friend, Charles Robertson, in Lincolnshire, and the young ladies rose early to make his breakfast before he went off, but he was too late for the coach. The next day, he rose in the same manner; he was again too late. But that night he slept at the Golden Cross, and managed to commence his journey on the third day. Yet a friend who knew him well justly remarked, that "procrastination" was not the proper term for the habit; he did not "put off;" it was not entirely the enjoyment of the passing moment that made him defer exertion; it was rather that he became so completely absorbed in the immediate occupation of the moment, whatever it might be—whether it were conversation, music, study, or hard work, that he had no faculty for noting the lapse of time.

On another occasion, writing to his affianced bride from an inn during a journey to Nottinghamshire, he says: 'I happened to meet in the coach, when I set off on Tuesday mor'—

'Marianne (lifting up two bright astonished eyes) On Tuesday morning, sir? You must mean Monday morning, sir.

H. Madam, you must excuse me; I mean Tuesday morning.

M. Why, sir, you took leave of us on Monday morning.

H. Yes, madam, and the coach took leave of me.

M. Why, sir, the coach went off at eight.

H. (with much sorrow) Yes, madam.

M. You were too late, then, sir?

H. (with much sorrow) Yes, madam.

M. And lost half your fare?

H. Yes, madam.

M. A guinea and a half?

H. Yes, madam.

M. Well, sir, you have only paid a guinea and a half for a lesson of prudence.

H. True, madam; some pay as much for a lesson on the fiddle. Which is the more useful of the two?

M. But, my dear sir, why did you not return to Titchfield Street?

H. Why, my dear madam, there is something inexpressibly foolish in going twice on the same errand in vain. I took a place at the White Horse, in Fetter Lane, so I slept in Gray's Inn to be in time next morning.'

Marianne doubtless felt as we do, that it was quite impossible to be angry with Leigh Hunt. One of the very things, indeed, which most unfitted him for the battle of life, endeared him to all who knew him—namely, his conscientious kindliness. Before leaving his cottage at Berkenham, and coming to reside in town, he writes thus to the local house-agent: 'As to the cottage itself, Mr H. can by no means reconcile it to his conscience to let it during the winter. If anybody should be inclined to take it for the summer, which is not likely, considering it is unfurnished and out of the road of coaches, well and good; but it is no more fit to stand rain and wind than a house of paper; and at such times, Mr H. would rather keep it at the expense of his purse, than let it at the expense of his decency.' These very volumes prove how much time, that he ill could spare, was spent in writing letters to the unhappy and the afflicted, conveying the most comforting and affectionate sympathy; and that, too, when his fingers ached with the labour they had already undergone. Notwithstanding the books of his own that might be on hand (and the printing-press—a yawning dragon demanding his virgin thoughts—was ever at his heels), he had still advice, suggestions, and the most encouraging praise and appreciation for other writers far less pressed than he. To Miss Kent he writes: 'Until you told me the other day, I never gathered from your letters that you were at all advanced in your tree book, much less that you had nearly done it. So, partly from illness in the first instance, and partly from occupation with Wishing-caps afterwards, I have only got the following memorandums. I send them to you, rather to shew you I had been thinking about the work, than from any hope of their being useful.

'Preface, vitality of trees—the leaves, their lungs, &c. Many have thought they have sensation; the Arabians, in their imagination, even gave them a language. Trees once furnished altogether the habitations, meat and drink, and clothes of some nations, still supply us with medicine, furniture, houses, food, ships, and instruments of numberless sorts. Furnished wood for the statues of gods formerly, as they do even now for those of saints in the south; were dedicated to gods, and rendered the abodes of wood-nymphs. The insides of our cathedrals are supposed to have been suggested by those noble twilight walks which are formed by stately groves.'

He adds to this a long list of authors to be quoted, and a beautiful description of many trees. Now this, be it observed, was not mere information communicated to a friend, but the giving away of time and thought, which were in his case not only so much money, but the means of procuring daily bread; for this true gentleman, so rich in kindly courtesies, in knowledge, in accomplishments of all kinds, was miserably poor. 'His whole life,' says his biographer, 'was one of pecuniary anxiety;' and in illustration of this, he tells us things which, considering the sensitive nature of the victim, are about the saddest we have

* The *Correspondence of Leigh Hunt*. Edited by his eldest Son. Smith & Elder

ever heard. Matters were sometimes so bad with him that not even a servant could be retained, and he had to help to nurse the child. Doubts often beset him as to whether there would be bread enough for his family from day to day; 'necessity to borrow shillings to get a dinner or a tea with, constant dunnings at the door, withholdings of the family linen by the washerwoman, the sight of my children in rags (except the one that I must send out), and twenty other mortifications and distresses profound.'

'You know,' writes he to one of his most intimate friends, 'how many children I have. They are constantly beside me, without my having the least hope of leaving them a farthing. All I pray for is, to be able to work for them till my last moment. My state of health is so bad that I do not tell my nearest connections how much I suffer from it. I have constantly a bad head, often a bad side, always a leg swollen and inflamed; in consequence, when I am entertaining others in company, such a flow of melancholy thoughts comes over me, that their laughter, if they knew it, would be changed to tears. I never hear a knock at the door, except one or two which I know, but I think somebody is coming to take me away from my family. Last Friday, I was sitting down to dinner, having just finished a most agitating morning, when I was called away by a man who brought an execution into my house for forty shillings. It is under circumstances like this that I always write, and I have more troubles, and great ones. If you ask me how it is I bear all this, I answer that I love nature and books, and think well of the capabilities of human kind. I have known Shelley, I have known my mother, I know my own good intentions, which, of course, millions partake, and I have other friends who partake of Shelley's kindness, though they have not his means, and who console me for disappointments from others I thought such. And so, dear, pardon and think the best of me and my sorry letters, and come and advise me as soon as you can.—Ever truly your obliged and affectionate L. H.'

Conceive what such poverty as this must have been to such a man! He could but seldom afford himself even that one cheap innocent pleasure—which to him was Happiness—a book. As for listening to the generous whispers of his own heart, it was not to be thought of. Once, when he has got his pension, and has only one creditor, and things are a little straight with him, he writes: 'Upon the strength of all this, I found myself enabled yesterday to give a few shillings to a poor man in charity, a luxury that I have not had, God knows how long, and I seemed in consequence to sit in my chair taller and nobler.' As for hospitality, to which such a nature as his was of course inclined, 'for many years,' says he, 'I had not even a crust, as it were, with which even to greet a friend, or a penny for coach-hire wherewith to seek him.'

These revelations are very painful, but they are absolutely requisite to explain what would without them seem to be a want of proper spirit and independence. Most men will prefer poverty to humiliation, so long as they themselves are the only sufferers; but when wife and children are also in the scale, the case is different. Leigh Hunt was obliged to ask for scraps from the tables of men who were infinitely his inferiors; pensions from Whig officials, permission to write from editors, and favours of all kinds from coarse and vulgar hands. Lord Melbourne was not a Mæcenas, nor anything like it. 'The Palfrey,' writes he, 'is a very pretty lively piece, and contains many very quaint and clever passages. In the concluding paragraph, you have made Sir Guy and Sir Grey leave all they possessed to Sir William, long before any man in England could make a will of landed property at all.' If Leigh Hunt had been in his lordship's place, in what a different

manner would such a mistake have been pointed out to a pension-seeking poet, old and poor! The letters of Lord John Russell and Macaulay, on the other hand, are all that, for the sake of the writers, we would wish them to be. To the latter, Leigh Hunt flees for sympathy under the stupid insults of Macvey Napier, to whom, as editor of the *Edinburgh Review*, the great essayist had introduced him. The following sentence forms part of the editorial letter. 'Your phrase, "chatty" [in reference to a proposed article], rather alarms me, for, to say truth, and that in the most friendly spirit, the prevalence of colloquial expressions, nay, of some that are positively vulgar, in the style of an accomplished scholar, who, too, has written many admirable, some exquisite verses, has exceedingly surprised me, and made me sometimes apprehensive of the durability of our connection. [Imagine the proprietor of this sesquipedalian penny-a-lining style dictating to the author of the *Indicator*!] For example, the paltry word "bit" occurred above a dozen times in your last article. . . . If any book or subject occurs to you on which you could write an article of the above-mentioned length, in an amusing but gentlemanlike (!) tone and style, &c. &c.'

Upon the receipt of this elegant epistle, Hunt writes to Macaulay to know what he ought to do, or not do. 'I TRUST I have irritated him somehow, in some way for which I cannot account, unless it be in the cheerful and hearty endeavour I have made to avoid all cause of offence; for I should be loath to think I had written things in my articles, as he pretty plainly intimates, not merely vulgar, but unlike a gentleman. . . . As to his thinking such words as "bit" vulgar, and his not knowing how to discern animal spirits from want of breeding, they are mistakes which I should not wish to characterise by his own phraseology; but, indeed, not being personally acquainted with him, and at the same time being in a delicate position with regard to his authority in the *Review* (between the tone and nature of his objections, and my own—I must get the word out—*poverty*), I feel fairly at a loss in what way to answer him. Is he a very quarrelsome, or a very dull man?'

Alas for poor Leigh Hunt! How one wishes that he had had money enough to afford to kick him!

In addition to the indignities and hardships to which his extreme poverty subjected him, there were dreadful calamities at home; not only death in the house—for with so large a domestic circle as Leigh Hunt's, that could hardly be otherwise—but a disgrace to the family. The violence of conduct and irregularity of one of his sons rendered the lad's stay at home intolerable. 'At a very tender age, and in a very curious manner, he contracted a habit of intemperance. Indeed, he seemed to be devoid of any faculty of self-restraint, and this want of control exhibited itself in the most alarming forms. On several occasions he attacked his brothers with knives; on one, actually stabbing his third brother, who was only saved from a deadly blow by one of his other brothers, who saw the danger, and thrust him down from the knife. It was after this that, in order to extort some indulgence from his mother, whose state of health has already been mentioned, he held the carving-knife over the soft part of the head of an infant brother.' To complete this sad domestic picture, Mrs Leigh Hunt was almost all her life an invalid.

Upon a review, indeed, of Leigh Hunt's entire career, we are inclined to believe that the most careless and pleasant time of it was really that couple of years which he passed in Surrey jail. This punishment, in addition to a fine of £500, the youthful editor of the *Examiner* had incurred through critically comparing the flattery of the *Morning Post*, which had termed the Prince Regent 'the Mæcenas of the age,' and 'an Adonis in loveliness,' with the actual facts. Stone walls, however, did not a prison make, in any

severe sense of the word. By fees to the jailer, he obtained many comforts, and even luxuries. His sitting-room was covered with a paper representing a trellis of roses, and opened into a little garden with pinks and roses in it. For exercise, he played at battledore and shuttlecock, and he chronicles how on one occasion he kept up no less than 1220 with his eldest child. He manufactured also 'a composition called ginger-beer, which has all the pleasantness and usefulness of soda-water, without striking cold upon one.' His bower of roses was perpetually visited by very charming people, and among them Wilkie, Haydon, Byron, Brougham, and Barnes.

No man was ever less adapted for political controversy, or more formed for friendship and the amenities of life, than was Leigh Hunt. 'At present,' writes he, during one of his few intervals of prosperity, 'I have made myself a nook to write in of a morning in the corner of the room where Raphael stood as thus: I have taken his place under the print of Shakespeare, in a chair with a table before me, put his bust on it, with a rose-tree at the side towards the door, and filled the outside of the window with geraniums, myrtle, daisies, heartease, and a vase full of gay flowers; so that, with the new spring green in the garden, my books on the right, the picture of Jacques and the Stag under Milton, and two plaster-cast vases, which have just been sent me, on each side of the Mercury on the piano, I have nothing but sights of beauty, genius, and morality all about me.' His delight in the most innocent pleasures was that of a child. 'What do you think,' writes he, from Italy, 'of the finest large grapes exactly a halfpenny a pound? What of eleven of the finest peaches for three-halfpence? Thirty or forty apricots are to be had for three farthings—they are three-halfpence a gallon!' As for books, Leigh Hunt really spent his life among them, more than in the actual world. 'Oh,' exclaims he at Florence, 'how the book advertisements torment me! It seems as if I should get well and happy could I subscribe to Colburn's, and have a fresh book to read every day. However, I must be content with being somewhat better and less unhappy. Should I be going too far in my book expenses to ask you to put in the box Miss Mitford's *Our Village*? The title takes me, and what I hear of it. I long, long, long—oh, how I long to read about an English village again, English meadows, and English woods. The little book you sent the children, with pictures—rural scenes—I have despotically taken to myself, and keep it locked up, that it may not get torn. This is hardly a letter, but I am late with the Review, and if I do not write to-day, I shall not be able to send till Tuesday.—God bless you, prays ever your affectionate friend, L. H.' Hunt had indeed but few pleasures in Italy. His association with Lord Byron was a most unhappy one, and bore most unhappy fruit. Worse than all, it was in Italy, and just after the two dear friends had met, that Shelley was drowned.

'Dearest Bessy,' writes Hunt from Pisa to his sister-in-law, 'your sister is as well as she can be expected to be; so am I and the children. All of which I tell you at once, at the head of my letter, lest the frightful note I am compelled to strike up should affect you still more than it must. Good God! how shall I say it? My beloved friend, Shelley, my dear, my divine friend, the best of friends and of men, he is no more. I know not how to proceed for anguish; but you need not be under any alarm for me. Thank Heaven, the sorrows I have gone through enable me to bear this, and we all endeavour to bear it as well as possible for each other's sake, which is what he, the noble-minded being, would have wished. Would to God I could see him—his spirit, sitting this moment by the table; I think it would no more frighten me than the sight of my baby, whom I kiss, and wonder why he has not gone with him.' Another friend and poet—who has

now a larger and more increasing audience with us than either Hunt or Shelley—had died a little before this, and also in Italy. Here is a weird, ill-boding extract from one of his letters, written while the end was yet some few years off. 'Does Shelley go on telling strange stories of the deaths of kings? Tell him there are strange stories of the deaths of poets—some have died before they were conceived. "How do you make that out, Master Vellum?" Does Mrs S. cut bread and butter as neatly as ever? Tell her to procure some fatal scissors, and cut the thread of life of all to be disappointed poets. Does Mrs Hunt tear linen as straight as ever? Tell her to tear from the book of life all blank leaves. Remember me to them all, to Miss Hunt, and the little ones all.—Your sincere friend, JOHN KEATS.' To Severn, who accompanied Keats to Rome, and tended him in his last days so lovingly, Leigh Hunt thus writes: 'If he [Keats] still cannot bear this [to be told he may get better], tell him, that great poet and noble-hearted man, that we shall all bear his memory in the most precious part of our hearts, and that the world shall bow their heads to it as our loves do. Or, if this again will trouble his spirit, tell him that we shall never cease to remember and love him; and that, Christian or infidel, the most sceptical of us has faith enough in the high things that nature puts into our heads, to think all who are of one accord in mind or heart are journeying to one and the same place, and shall unite somewhere or other again face to face, mutually conscious, mutually delighted. Tell him he is only before us on the road, as he is in everything else; or, whether you tell him the latter or not, tell him the former, and add, that we shall never forget that he was so, and that we are coming after him. The tears are again in my eyes, and I must not afford to shed them. The next letter I write shall be more to yourself, and more refreshing to your spirits, which we are very sensible must have been greatly taxed. But whether your friend dies or not, it will not be among the least lofty of your recollections, by and by, that you helped to smooth the sick-bed of so fine a being. God bless you, dear Severn.—Your sincere friend, LEIGH HUNT.'

Circumstances denied to Hunt himself the power of shewing his love to his friends otherwise than by words, but not one of them ever doubted the genuineness of his affection. To attack him or his was to set able pens and willing fingers at work in his defence. When Southey attacked *Elia's* religion in the *Quarterly*, and, with excessive ill taste, mourned over the fate of little T. H. for not having more orthodox principles instilled into him, Lamb thus replied for self and friend. With regard to religion, he turns the tables on his antagonist, protesting that any spirit of joking he (Lamb) may have upon the subject, he had imbibed from Southey himself, who had all his life made a jest of the Devil. 'You have made wonderfully free with, and been mightily pleasant upon, the popular idea and attributes of him. You have flattered him in prose; you have chanted him in goodly odes; you have been his jester, volunteer laureate, and self-elected court-poet of Beelzebub.' As to Leigh Hunt, he writes: 'Accident introduced me to Mr L. H.'s acquaintance, and the experience of his many friendly qualities confirmed a friendship between us. You, who have been misrepresented yourself, I should hope have not lent an idle ear to the calumnies which have been spread abroad concerning this gentleman. I was admitted to his household for several years, and do most solemnly aver that I believe him to be in his domestic relations as correct as any man. . . . He is not only a man of taste and a poet; better than this, he is one of the most cordial-minded men I ever knew—a matchless fireside companion. I mean not to affront or wound your feelings when I say that in his more genial moods he has often reminded me of you. There is the same air of mild dogmatism, the

same condescending to boyish sportiveness, in both your conversations. . . . L. H. is now in Italy; on his departure to which land, with much regret, I took my leave of him and his little family—seven of them, sir, with their mother—as kind a set of little people (T. H.), and all as affectionate children as ever blessed a parent. Had you seen them, sir, I think you would not have looked upon them as so many little Jonahs, but rather as pledges of the vessel's safety that was to bear such a freight of love. I wish you would read Mr H.'s lines to that same T. H., 'Six years old, during a sickness'—

Sleep breathes at last from out thee,
My little patient boy—

(they are to be found in the 47th page of *Foliage*), and ask yourself how far they are out of the spirit of Christianity. I have a letter from Italy, received but the other day, into which L. H. has put as much heart, and as many kindly yearnings after old associates and native country, as I think paper can well hold. It would do you no hurt to give that the perusal also.

With such an advocate in Leigh Hunt's favour, it is scarcely necessary for us to 'follow on the same side.' But if any unfriendliness still exists in any bosom against this most unfortunate but noble-minded man, let his own hand remove it. The letter with which we conclude this notice was written by him immediately after the death of his son Swinburne to some near connections who had been estranged: 'You know what took place on Sunday last with my poor little boy. I think if you could see his little gentle dead body, calm as an angel, and looking wise in his innocence beyond all the troubles of this earth, you would agree with me in concluding (especially as you have lost little darlings of your own) that there is nothing worth contesting here below, except who shall be kindest to one another. There seems to be something in these moments, by which life recommences with the survivors: I mean, we seem to be beginning, in a manner, the world again, with calmer, if with sadder thoughts; and wiping our eyes, and readjusting the burden on our backs, to set out anew on our roads, with a greater wish to help and console one another. Pray, let us be very much so, and prove it by drowning all disputes of the past in the affectionate tears of this moment. We cannot be sure that an angel is not now looking at us, and that we shall not bring a smile on his face, and a blessing upon our heads, by shewing him an harmonious instead of a divided family. It is the only picture we can conceive of heaven itself. He was always for settling disputes when he saw them. He shewed this disposition to the last; and though in the errors and frailties common to us all, we may naturally dislike to be taught by one another, we can have no objection to be taught by an angelic little child.'

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

SKENOGRAPHY bids fair to take its place among arts as well as sciences. Professor J. Phillips of Oxford has submitted a scheme to the Royal Society for taking a series of portraits of the moon by what he calls 'eye-drawing.' He would have different observers devote themselves to different portions, working diligently thereat until correct delineations of every part of the lunar surface in all the phases had been taken. Those who know Professor Phillips are aware that he has already made a remarkable drawing of the mountain known to astronomers as *Gassendi*, and that he possesses singular qualifications for the suggested course of observations. He purposes to apply himself

to the work for two years, aided by an excellent telescope, in the hope that other observers will be ready to carry it on. There will be one ready, namely, Mr Warren De la Rue, whose photographs of the moon may be ranked among the highest triumphs of the photographic art. When he first began, from fifteen to thirty seconds were required to take an image of the moon; now, such is the extreme sensibility of his chemical appliances, that he can get a satisfactory image in one second. Even thus, pictures of the moon are far from perfect, but judging from the future by the past, photography will supersede Professor Phillips' eye-drawing before the two years are over. As the president of the Astronomical Society said at their last anniversary meeting on placing the Society's gold medal in Mr De la Rue's hands, 'he had brought to light details of dykes, and terraces, and furrows, and undulations on the lunar surface, of which no certain knowledge had previously existed.'

From an interesting paper on the late great solar eclipse, read before the Royal Society by Mr De la Rue, we learn that he has been as successful with solar as with lunar photography. One of his heliographs (sun-pictures) is thirty-six inches diameter. By taking images a few hours apart, it is possible to examine them with the stereoscope, and get thereby a more intimate knowledge of the sun than we have hitherto had, especially as regards inequalities of aspect. It appears to be certain that the facule occupy the highest regions of the sun's photosphere, for they have been seen sailing far above the spots and penumbra. Mr De la Rue has added to his admirable collection of astronomical portraits—we mentioned that of Mars a short time since—an engraving of the last great comet, which equals the preceding portraits in beauty and effect. It is indeed excellent.

The enthusiasm with which Bunsen and Kirchhoff's experiments in spectrum-analysis were received has not subsided; and not a month passes without some further enlargement of the theory and practice of this interesting method of chemical and optical investigation. The consequence is that first conclusions have to be modified or altogether abandoned, and that those experimentalists who thought we were immediately to discover and determine the physical constitution of the sun and its atmosphere, are now made aware that severe labour and logical induction are as essential in using the spectrum-analysis, as in any other process of human invention for the discovery of natural knowledge. M. Fizeau, whose reputation as a physicist ranks among the highest, finds that in burning sodium to produce an intense homogeneous light, the line in the spectrum which appears luminous when soda is burnt, becomes perfectly black on a bright ground. In fact, the whole of the spectrum rays from the red to the violet are luminous excepting the black line in question. This observation opens a wider field of inquiry, and enjoins caution. Meanwhile, those who wish to gain accurate knowledge of what has been already done in this branch of science, will find it in a book just published by Messrs Macmillan, containing Professor Roscoe's translation of Kirchhoff's *Researches on the Solar Spectrum, and the Spectra of the Chemical Elements*. In addition to the two subjects mentioned in the title, the book treats of the reversal of the spectra of coloured flames; the chemical constitution of the solar atmosphere, and the physical constitution of the sun. Professor Kirchhoff is of opinion that, in experimenting on the polarisation of light emitted from the sun, sufficient account has not been taken of the assumed fact, that the mass of

the sun is mainly liquid, forming seas in continual motion. 'That such motions should occur in the solar oceans,' he says, 'seems anything but improbable when we consider the enormous changes of temperature occurring in the solar atmosphere, and the force of the currents which, in consequence, must be produced.'

Naturalists and physiologists have been much interested in the hatching of eggs by the python at the Zoological Gardens, because it appears that here, in the last half of the nineteenth century, a physiological fact occurs which they are quite unable to explain. This fact is the surprising increase of temperature in the great snake, a cold-blooded animal, during the process of incubation, simultaneously with entire abstinence from food, and an unaccelerated circulation. It is a question which they will probably have the means of investigating; for as we hear, the five score young pythons will be allowed to grow up in the same cage with their parents, and of these some will perhaps be spared for experimental research. It will be a novelty to many spectators to see how snakelings behave themselves.—Mr Durham has been trying to discover what takes place in the brain during sleep, as he explained in a lecture delivered at the Royal Institution. He bored holes in dogs' skulls, and inserted a piece of glass so as to be able to make observations, and noticed that the brain becomes pale during sleep, owing to the diminished quantity of blood circulating through it, and that on waking, or under the influence of an emotion, it becomes flushed or red in proportion to the amount of excitement. Hence, for repose of the brain and healthful sleep, the blood must cease to circulate actively through it; and to insure this result, there must be an absence of anxiety, and of keen long-continued excitement. We see, in the case of fever-patients, how the continued quick circulation through the brain occasions long periods of sleeplessness. Those readers who wish for more information on this subject than can be conveyed in a lecture, should consult *The Philosophy of Sleep*, published many years ago by Robert Macnish, in which all the phenomena of the subject are discussed.

In a paper read before the Ethnological Society, by Mr G. W. Earl, he describes mounds of cockles found in the Malayan peninsula, the formation of which he ascribes to an ancient diminutive negro race, whose representatives still exist in the scattered families of the Semangs. The size of these mounds may be judged of from the fact, that one of them contains 20,000 tons of shells, concreted together by carbonate of lime acting through long ages. The Chinese, who burn these shells to make lime, have dug away 2000 tons from the heap above mentioned, and made an excavation twenty-five feet deep. In such enormous quantities, Mr Earl sees evidence of a numerous population.—A rumour has been heard of the discovery of another 'ruined city' in Guatemala, which for extent and magnificence surpasses all as yet known in Central America. Here, again, the question of an extinct civilisation arises. In another paper that came before the Ethnological Society, it was shewn on philological grounds that those mysterious American antiquities were the work of the Aztec race. Mr Oliver, in his recent lecture at the Royal Institution, argued that America was peopled by tribes passing from west to east across the neck of land that once traversed Behring's Strait, that plants and animals migrated by the same path, and concluded by stating that, 'taking all the evidence into consideration, the probability is far greater in favour of an Asiatic migration than by an Atlantic continent, and every point in our knowledge confirms this view.'

We all know the large sum which we have to pay annually for the maintenance of our army; it is a prodigious burden. It is some compensation, however, to know that some of the recent increase is not in

vain; for, looking at the question from the sanitary point of view, we find, on comparison of the six years ending with 1860, a marked improvement over the former six. The deaths among the household troops are reduced from 14 in the 1000 to 5; in the cavalry of the line, from 15 to 6; in the royal artillery, from 15 to 7; in the foot-guards, from 21 to 9; in the infantry, from 17 to 8. At Gibraltar, the rate has fallen from 22 to 9; in Canada, from 20 to 10; in Ceylon, from 74 to 27; and in Jamaica, from 128 to 17. Clearly, the army is better cared for than it used to be.

Among inventions recently submitted to the Franklin Institute at Philadelphia, we notice a patent universal square which combines the try-square, the mitre, the T-square, the centre-square for finding the centre of a circle, and the graduated rule. Another is a detector-clock, which, by the absence of certain marks, infallibly betrays a watchman who forsakes his post. Another is a machine which makes envelopes at the rate of thirty thousand a day. Some American inventors, captivated by the remarkable properties of hydrated silica, are calling on the government at Washington to use this indestructible substance in the construction of forts, and public works.—We noticed, a year since, M. Deville's ingenious method for melting and casting platinum in large masses: it appears that a somewhat similar method has been practised for several years in New York in preparing the metal on a large scale for commercial purposes.—In Ohio, one Mr Watson has invented a machine for draining land, which seems entirely to dispense with hand-labour. He fixes a cutter to the ploughshare, which cuts down to the required depth in the subsoil, and forms a proper channel for the flow of water. Besides this, the plough carries a hopper filled with hydraulic cement: this cement flows downwards while the implement is in motion into a spiral conical trowel, which, moving slowly round, leaves behind a complete tube, which requires but a few hours' drying to become a permanent drain. With such a machine as this, the reclamation of new lands ought to proceed rapidly.—In California ingenuity finds scope; for Mr Cole has there shewn that a locomotive may be made to supply the steam for the turning of its own turn-table. A pipe from the steam-chamber to the cylinders, which impart motion to the working-gear of the turn-table, suffices for the operation.

Brother Jonathan has given the world a lesson at his own cost in demonstration of what can be done with iron-plated ships in action. While we have been expending hundreds of thousands sterling in building *Warriors*, and in elaborate scientific experiments at Shoeburyness, he with his rough and ready practice has fenced one of his frigates with a gable of 'railroad iron,' which sank a heavy wooden frigate by jamming in her sides; and built a battery with sides of 'white oak' three feet thick, covered outside with six-inch iron, and inside with thin iron plate. If trustworthy reports of the results of the action can be obtained, naval engineers and architects will have important data for their guidance. Meanwhile, there is matter for consideration in a recent experiment at Shoeburyness, which was undertaken to ascertain whether a thick-sided iron ship could be depended on without an inner support of wood. The decay of wood is so rapid when in contact with iron that it is said the *Warrior* will have to be taken to pieces and rebuilt every seven years, a prospect by no means encouraging for payers of income-tax. Hence the desire to try whether iron alone will suffice. Judging from the experiment above mentioned, it will not; for the massive plates were all loosened from the bolts after five or six shots. A few shots more, and the target would have tumbled to pieces. A suggestion has since been made that the wood of such a ship as the *Warrior* might be protected by placing

between it and the iron plates a fibrous layer, three inches thick, of coir, or of the *Urtica nivea*, a plant which India produces in inexhaustible quantities.

It will perhaps be a surprise to some readers to learn that the Danube Commission, which has now and then been mentioned in newspapers, is a working fact. They have been improving the navigation of the great river, so as to facilitate access to the vast corn-growing countries that border it. In time of flood, the Danube pours 600,000 cubic yards of solid matter—diluvial detritus, as the engineers call it—into the Black Sea every twenty-four hours; and at other times 15,000 cubic yards. As a consequence, shoals are numerous, and at the Sulina mouth (the one most frequented), the depth of water was rarely more than nine feet on the bar. Vessels could only cross it by being lightened at great expense and much vexatious delay. Such was the state of things when, in pursuance of the Treaty of Paris, works were begun in 1858, under direction of Mr C. A. Hartley, chief engineer, to improve the Sulina mouth. As he informs us in a paper read before the Institution of Civil Engineers, in the course of thirty-seven months two piers were built, one on each side of the channel, comprising a total length of 7631 feet, in which 12,500 piles were used, and 200,000 tons of stone, the latter brought from a distance of sixty miles. The results are satisfactory, for the bar has been washed away, and the channel is now 17½ feet deep, and 500 feet wide; and it has been accomplished at a cost 'not exceeding the sum that has been paid in one year only for lightening vessels over the bar.'

A rumour has been heard that the Federal government at Washington are so desirous for quick communication with England, that they are willing to undertake a large share in an attempt to lay down another Atlantic cable. That such a communication will be established some day, no one doubts who is competent to form an opinion; but whether the art of preparing and sinking a telegraph cable is yet sufficiently advanced to insure the integrity of so great a length of wire, is a question—a question soon to be solved, if we judge of the past progress of electro-telegraphy; as a proof that they have an eye upon the West as well as upon the East, congress have voted 100,000 dollars for surveying a telegraph route from San Francisco to the Amoor river, which is to be carried along the land as far as Behring's Strait, and there cross from island to island to the Asiatic continent. As the Russian government is to construct a line from Moscow to the mouth of the Amoor, New York and Petersburg will be able to communicate when all the proposed works shall be complete.

It was in 1837 that Cooke and Wheatstone took out their patents; the first electric telegraph was established in 1839; and now we have in the United Kingdom 14,500 miles of telegraph. There are about 100,000 miles on the continent of Europe, and nearly 50,000 miles in the states of North America. The restoration of a portion of the Red Sea line may be regarded as a fact of hopeful significance: already our Indian telegrams come earlier. The next news will probably be that the line is repaired as far as Aden; and after that, by means of the coast-line to Kurrachee, the swift messages will be flashed without interruption from Calcutta to London, and readers of the morning papers will read every yesterday's news from the far East. It appears, moreover, by late accounts from Egypt, that, to avoid the risk of failure, an attempt is to be made to extend a line from Lower into Upper Egypt, whence it would be carried across the desert to the mouth of the Red Sea. The pacha approves the scheme, and is to keep the Arabs from injuring the wire; and thus we may hope that our sole reliance will not always be upon a single cable resting on the rocky and rugged bottom of a dangerous sea.

THE SONG OF DEATH.

Ye call me a cruel reaper,
And say that I love to mow
The fairest and sweetest blossoms,
And lay their young beauty low;
But, oh! if ye knew the heart-aches
That all who live long must know,
Ye would hail me a pitying angel,
Your best friend, and not your foe.
Ah, yes! I'm a pitying angel of light,
On a mission of mercy sent;
And whene'er I see a smile too bright,
And a heart too innocent,
Too tender and warm for your world of ice,
I waft them away into Paradise!

Mine aspect is pale and chilling;
Cold, cold is my marble kiss;
But it seals the awful passport
To a world of eternal bliss.
Oh! if ye but knew, ye mothers,
The misery my stroke may spare
Your babes, I should be the watchword
Of hope, and not of despair!
Ah, yes! I'm a pitying angel of light,
On a mission of mercy sent;
And whene'er I see a smile too bright,
And a heart too innocent,
Too tender and warm for your world of ice,
I waft them away into Paradise.

O'er a bud of the Bordighiera,*
A sweet little maid I passed,
Going, after long years of school-life,
To her palmy home at last.
When all round were weeping and wailing,
I said to myself, and smiled:
She'll have holidays in Heaven,
'Mid the immortal palms, sweet child!
Ah, yes! I'm a pitying angel of light,
On a mission of mercy sent;
And whene'er I see a smile too bright,
And a heart too innocent,
Too tender and warm for this world of ice,
I waft them away into Paradise.

On a delicate orphan flower
With cold prospects, but heart of fire,
I breathed in an east-wind, and bore him
Away to his heavenly Sire,
While his mother was sobbing in anguish;
I thought she should weep with joy!
For 'tis God himself hath provided
For her poor dear fatherless boy!
Ay! to hearts like his I'm an angel of light
On a mission of mercy sent:
He hath bidden a stormy world good-night,
And now sleepeth in sweet content.
What has he to do with a world of ice?
Whose climate and home are in Paradise!

R. D.

* The Bordighiera is a beautiful spot, celebrated for its palm-trees, in the Rivière de Gênes.

The Editors of *Chambers's Journal* have to request that all communications be addressed to 47 Paternoster Row, London, and that they further be accompanied by postage-stamps, as the return of rejected Contributions cannot otherwise be guaranteed.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH. Also sold by all Booksellers.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL OF POPULAR LITERATURE

Science and Arts.

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 435.

SATURDAY, MAY 3, 1862.

PRICE 14d.

LONG AGO.

FORTUNATELY, in this free country, people may differ in opinion without any very serious consequences beyond supernatural redness of face, superhuman vehemence of speech, superfluous violence of language, and supererogatory expressions of derision; and therefore I do not much care if the majority of readers should think it was not so very long ago. For my part, when a man has no hair on the top of his head; when that which he has straggling over his ears and about his bump of philoprogenitiveness would be creditable to the grayest of badgers; when his eyes are sunken in an agglomeration of puckers, and dim withal; when his chin has doubled itself, like the supposititious capital of an advertising bank, in an incredibly short space of time; when his life is a burden by reason of bunions; when he hasn't a single sound tooth in any part of his head; when he suffers agonies of rheumatism; when the end of his nose is covered with pimples (the fatal consequence of drinking nothing but water); and when he is a great-uncle before he is forty, I really do maintain that he may consider the days of his youth as long ago. I speak of the time when I was fifteen.

The scene is laid in the country; in the county of Kent; in fact, not a long way from Gravesend; it would be as well, perhaps, to say at once in Gravesend. The *dramatis personæ* I may describe generally as a captain in the army, a young ladies' 'boarding establishment,' and your humble servant. Now, it has just struck me that long ago the last-mentioned personage acted unwittingly the very undignified part of a blind in the matter of the gallant officer's proceedings with respect to the 'boarding establishment;' and I should like to have your opinion. But, first, I must shew how I became connected with the 'establishment.' I was not an inhabitant of Gravesend; I was not even a native of Kent. To London belongs the honour of having been my birthplace; and though the sound of Bow-bells did not reach my baby-ears, and add their din to my infantine screams, I was to all intents and purposes, with the exception of an attachment which no lapse of time can alter for the letter *h*, a Cockney. I was the only son of a widowed mother, but I had sisters—I thank Heaven that I had sisters. They, of course, required my mother's more constant attention, and her income was, to say the most of it, limited—extremely limited; so that when

my midsummer holidays came round, and did not coincide with my sisters', I was obliged to be sent into the country alone. For I went to a London school in the heart of the city, where, under gloomy cloisters paved with flagstones, amidst smoke and noise, with a free circulation of bad smells, and a confined circulation of air, we daily played those glorious games which consist chiefly in the big boys throwing the little boys down on the backs of their heads on the flags, and where the chances were so many in favour of our growing pale and sickly and old before our time, that it was considered absolutely necessary by the medical men that we should spend our vacation near the fields. And thus it was that I went to Gravesend: it was sufficiently close to London to allow of my mother's coming down frequently to see how I fared; it was sufficiently far from London to give me the benefit of country air; and it was sufficiently full of popular (not to say vulgar) amusements to prevent my feeling dull. But who at the age of fifteen years thought of the vulgarity of Windmill Hill, of Rosherville Gardens, or of the Elysium where one gathered fruit and water-creases at Springhead? If anybody will be good enough to point out that boy, I will do my best, even in my present miserable condition, to thrash him. My mother's chief anxiety was of course to place me where I was not likely to get into mischief; so she made the acquaintance of a lady who kept a young ladies' boarding-school, and arranged with her that I should live there as one of the family. It strikes me forcibly that my mother had never been to a boarding-school, or she would as soon have thought of plunging me straight into Charybdis' mouth, to keep me away from Scylla.

First, there was the— Well, I know you shouldn't do it and tell: and it looks mean to say it wasn't your fault, and they would do it, and you didn't care much about it; but then truth very often does look mean; it is mendacity, I have heard cynics say, which presents the fashionable exterior. So I shall tell the truth, and shame the elderly gentleman. They did do it, and they would do it, particularly the elder ones. There was some excuse for them, I admit; for it is my sad fate, ladies and gentlemen, to be undersized; and at the age of fifteen, I was of particularly small stature, and didn't look nearly so aged as I was. Moreover, I had—may I say without rudeness?—the misfortune to look exactly like a girl (don't suppose I look now like an old woman; things haven't come to

quite that pass), for which my school-fellows paid me out both by verbal taunt and fistic application, though I am sure nobody regretted more than myself that I should have been born before the fates had made up their minds to let me appear what I really was. Again, old Mrs Frump, who kept the 'establishment,' herself set the example, for as soon as I entered the breakfast-room on the first morning after my arrival, she called me to sit by her, and kissed me publicly; and the more forward of the young ladies not unnaturally imagining that I should like something to take the taste off my lips, took the earliest opportunity after breakfast of following Mrs Frump's example privately.

They led up to it after this fashion. Clara asked me if I had any sisters, and as she called me 'dear,' I answered rather sulkily: 'Yes, many.' Then Laura said: 'Oh, aren't they fond of you?' to which I replied, with the air of one conscious of his merits: 'I should rather think they were.' Thereupon, Lucy wished she had a brother; oh, she was sure she should love him so. Upon this, Emily supposed they were always kissing me, and I assented to the hypothesis with the slight modification 'Pretty well.' Hereupon, Blanche demanded of me whether I liked it; and upon my rejoicing that I didn't mind, Clara caught me round the waist, and said: 'Oh, you little rogue, you know you like it;' and proceeded to assume several privileges. The rest immediately followed her lead, and in a short space of time all traces of Mrs Frump's motherly salute were obliterated. 'Pooh!' says somebody; 'all that was harmless enough; I don't see any mischief in that: it is done in all light-hearted, however well-regulated families. I've been kissed myself, by George! and tickled too, when I was about fifteen, by young ladies a few years older and many inches taller than myself.' My dear sir, you speak, as the Vulgate hath it, like a book. I perfectly agree with you, there was no mischief in that. But, pray, was there any mischief in introducing contraband of war into Mrs Frump's establishment? For Mrs Frump, like all school-mistresses, was at daggers drawn with the traders in waxes and cosmetics (she got her own secretly from London), and dyes, and sweetmeats, and French novels (she did not understand the language), and *modistes* (who sell many false helps to beauty besides wreaths and other arsenical preparations), and did her best, I must say, to keep the young ladies committed to her charge in that state of ugliness to which it had pleased Providence to call them. But after I had got upon the agreeable footing already alluded to, confidences were soon showered upon me, and young hearts were opened to me. It was their school-time, it was my holidays; consequently, I went out and came in as I pleased, with the proviso, that I was never to be in later than nine in the evening, unless I could bring with me a voucher of sufficient age or position to satisfy the scruples of Mrs Frump. Now, as there were several day-girls whose parents lived in the town, and with whom I became speedily acquainted, there was no great difficulty, I found, in confining the days upon which I was home at nine to two in the week at most; and as my escort upon other occasions was generally some easy-going young fellow of twenty or thereabouts, I found no great obstacle in the way of my performing the whole of the thousand-and-one small commissions which had been intrusted to me, such as dropping suspicious-looking notes, with several tiny drops of wax surrounding the seal proper, unseen into the post-office; calling at Madame Chose's for a little parcel addressed to Miss Clara Capillary; gathering together at the chemist's innumerable packages containing everything that is nice from scents to sal-volatile; asking at the jeweller's private door for something in a box (I feel pretty certain it was a ring) for Miss Lucy Lilywater, and at the hairdresser's for a packet

(I guessed it was what they call the *Leucochiropeon* soap) for Miss Julia Ruddyfinger. Indeed, my escort was not unfrequently an accomplice, and parted from me with a menace, that if I allowed 'Old Mother Frump' to see me give Laura Mittins the note he had given me for her, he would treat me as Apollo treated Marayyas, which I knew, from my researches in the classical dictionary, was a polite way of threatening to skin me alive.

Now, wasn't this mischief? I thought it great fun at the time; but now that I am so subject to rheumatism, it strikes me it was aiding and abetting the young ladies in keeping up a clandestine correspondence, and generally in counteracting, to the best of their ability, the good results which might have been expected from the Frumpian method of education. Moreover, of course, we sinners were obliged to take into our pay and confidence the servant who opened the door to me, for I was laden like a young porter: not that she had the very least objection; I believe she would have done it for nothing, such is the natural antipathy which exists upon the part of all servants at schools towards 'missus,' and such is the innate love for intrigue and innate hatred for constituted authority implanted in the female domestic. Nevertheless, I cannot but think, now that I have become prematurely bald, that mischief is even a light term to apply to our course of conduct. I am not at all sure that it was not wicked; but whether we call it mischief or not, it didn't stop here. Some of the elder young ladies were occasionally allowed on half-holidays, or on particularly fine evenings, to walk out with me, instead of with the school, in that double-file fashion which is so lowering to the spirits, and which caused a would-be wag to remark that they were 'like a flute, because they went two-two-two.' They were ostensibly to take care of me; and certainly, to see their demure faces as long as they were within ken of Mrs Frump's eye, you might have thought they had some idea of performing that duty; but—it makes me laugh now to think of it—to *take care of me!* Why, who encouraged me in buying (upon credit) light-coloured kid-gloves, and essences, and a scouple-jack cane with a gold top? Clara. She said I looked so nice, I ought to have them (a mode of reasoning not uncommon among young ladies of eighteen); and she liked to walk with me under those circumstances in the public gardens. Ah! but who stared when the bill came in? Why, Mrs Frump. And who lectured me so kindly, but so seriously and entreatingly? Why, she who could ill afford to pay for them—my mother. And who urged me to smoke cigars upon the promenade? That unsophisticated-looking Lucy; she laughed and giggled, and said I was a darling. And who supported my motion that we should adjourn to the confectioner's upon the Terrace Pier, and expend our allowances in ices and sponge-cakes? Why, every mother's daughter of them. And I must do them the justice to say, that would my boyish gallantry have allowed it, they would have cheerfully defrayed my portion of the expenses from their own slender purses; just as I have heard that young women who keep company with full privates are in the habit of defraying the expenses of their gallant protectors. All this I think tended to mischief.

But I fell into greater mischief than this—in fact, I fell in love. That, I think, was mischief greater than my mother had ever contemplated anywhere for me; for, as I have said, I was only fifteen, and—woe is me that I must acknowledge it!—under-sized. I must not be understood, if you please, to scoff at love; indeed, I know

Of no more subtle master under Heaven
Than is the maiden passion for a maid,
Not only to subdue the base in man,

But teach high thoughts, and amiable words,
And courtliness, and the desire of fame,
And love of truth, and all that makes a man.

But then I think one should have left school, and should have reached at least the age of twenty, or, at any rate, should find a maid somewhere about his own age. As for me, it was not with Clara, or Lucy, or any of my kissing acquaintances that I fell in love—it was with the English governess. She was only about ten years older than I was, but my present mature judgment assures me that was too much. If time has treated her as it has me, such hair as she has left must be snowy white; she must be toothless, deaf as a post, and wholly given over to the whims and vagaries of rheumatism. On the whole, then, I am glad that Captain Percy cut me out, and that I did not lead Miss Lindley Murray to the altar. I'll maintain, however, that I never saw a face that pleased me more. I don't know what it was like, for it changed about so, it bewildered me; and you would have been obliged to take ten thousand photographs, and then fancy what they would all look like blended into one harmonious whole, if you wanted to get her portrait. The colour of her eyes you had better guess, for I haven't the least idea: whenever I looked into them—and that was very often—they seemed to be not quite sure what colour they should assume, and they flashed, and twinkled, and softened till mine were dazzled, and began to water, so I gave over attempting to divine the colour. Then her hair, though it was always soft and fine, never had quite the same hue, and never quite the same 'set'; one day it was perfectly straight, another it was wavy; now a little curl escaped upon one side, and refused to be confined, and now upon the other; but there was one thing which was always the same—a parting present from the small-pox. That much-abused disease had treated her with the utmost consideration; it was hardly to be expected that a disease of such taste could abandon the charming quarters he had inhabited without leaving some memento of himself, and his regret at being obliged to depart: this memento consisted in a little white spot, exactly like a dimple, just below the tip of the nose. The effect was ravishing, for her nose (I wish there were another name for it) was of the *retroussé* order; and that I might have been able to touch that dimple, I would willingly have undergone transformation into a cambric pocket-handkerchief.

But the desired contact was to be attained in a more simple manner. I had worshipped Miss Murray at a distance, for she never treated me after the sisterly fashion of the young ladies, or the motherly of Mrs Frump, when one evening I found myself alone with her in the drawing-room. She was at the piano; she talked kindly with me as usual, and played airs for which I asked. At last I requested her to sing *Long, long ago*. I forget now whether it is a pretty song or not, but I am under the impression that at the time of which I am writing it was very much in vogue; at any rate, it sounded very delicious to me from Miss Murray's lips. She sang two verses, when I perceived her voice tremble; suddenly she dropped her head upon her hands on the keys, and I could hear her sobbing. A boy is but an awkward consoler, and nothing makes him so timid as sorrow; however, I stole towards poor Miss Murray, put my arm softly round her neck, and kissed her on the shoulder: her face was hidden from me. For a moment or two, she did not move; then suddenly turning round, she threw her arms about me, drew me to her close, and kissed me over and over again.

'What is the matter, dear Miss Murray?' said I.

'Never mind, dear,' said she, smiling and drying her eyes. 'Only once upon a time I had a little brother, who would have been just your age had he lived, and

you and the song together put me in mind of him again. There, that will do; now let us talk about something else.' And she questioned me gaily about my doings that day.

After this evening, Miss Murray and I grew daily more and more friendly; I used to call her early in the morning, and we used to take walks together before breakfast, for her duties, poor girl, were so many that I could not obtain her company at any other time. I became a close acquaintance of the dimple, too, without becoming a pocket-handkerchief. But soon came Captain Percy on the scene, and thus it happened:

I was one day looking with great interest at the embarkation of troops for India, and with great admiration at the officer who was superintending it. He observed my evident interest, beckoned me to him, put his hand on my shoulder, and said: 'Well, my little lad, you seem to take a great deal of notice of us. Did you never see troops embark before?'

'Never, sir,' said I; for though he spoke kindly and cordially, there was an authoritative sound in his voice, and I always said 'sir' (just at first) to authorities.

'Perhaps you'd like to go on board, and see how the fellows are stowed?'

'Oh! indeed I should,' said I expectantly.

'Very well, then, stay by me, and we'll see what can be done.'

Didn't I feel proud as I stood by the gallant captain, who was six feet high if he was an inch! I should have said he was about two-and-thirty, a fine-looking fellow, with dark close-curling hair, straight nose, and gray eyes. And he was to be my rival; the rival of four feet and a half, light brown hair, no particular nose, and blue eyes! Poor four feet and a half! And now the men had all passed, and we got into the boat to row to the ship. As soon as we reached the ship, forgetful of manners, I rushed at the ropes, swung myself up, and had just finished touching my cap respectfully to the quarter-deck, when the captain's hand was laid once more upon my shoulder, and his sonorous voice said kindly, but reprovingly: 'I say, young fellow, don't you read in some Latin book at school *seniores priores*, eh?' I could have sunk into the water through the planks. Oh, thought I, if we only had masters like this gentleman, how we should get on in everything! There was such a manly tone in his quiet reproach. What a joyous afternoon I spent, lunching off biscuits, and butter, and sherry, talking to the grinning black cook, inspecting the soldiers' stowage, and climbing up the rigging. I only made a fool of myself once, which is saying a great deal, for I was born with a tendency to melancholy reflections, than which nothing is more conducive to what men of the world (correctly, I doubt not) call folly. It was while the roll was being called. Captain Percy accused me of having tears in my eyes. This accusation I repelled with indignation, but the tremor of my voice betrayed me. I was forced to explain, and when I said with a sob: 'I couldn't help thinking how few of these fine fellows would come home again,' Captain Percy, and Major Brown, and Lieutenant Jones exchanged glances of blank astonishment. Major Brown (who was going out with the troops himself) was seriously angry; told me he had been out once before, and come home all right; didn't see why he shouldn't do so again, and gave his opinion in plain, not to say profane language, that I was 'a (profane adjective) little fool.' I did not answer that my tearful emotions were not aroused by a prospect of the loss of Major Brown, but I might have so answered truthfully. Lieutenant Jones, after his kind, gave me a poke in the ribs with his thumb, made a peculiar sound, as though he were driving horses, and suggested brandy and water. But Captain Percy, when the roll was over, took me aside, put his

arm round my neck, and said, as a father might have said to a son: 'My boy, my boy, you must check this sort of thing, or you'll never get through the world; you may have too soft as well as too hard a heart, and the former is more likely to get you into trouble than the latter. Mind you, my good fellow, I don't advise you to harden your heart, but keep the softness until it is needed. You'll have plenty of opportunity, depend upon it.' And then he asked me where I lived, and said he would walk home with me, and get Mrs Frump's leave for me to go over and see him at Chatham.

When we reached 'the establishment,' I shewed him into the drawing-room, and who should be there but Miss Murray, practising. She informed us that Mrs Frump was out; and my handsome acquaintance prevailed upon her, by some fascinations which I could not at the time understand, and which I have never been able to acquire, to continue her playing. He stood by her, with his foraging-cap in his hand, and ultimately sung us a song; then he took his leave, promising before long to write and ask Mrs Frump's permission for me to visit his quarters. Miss Murray was evidently charmed with him, for she took a studiously formal farewell of him, which, young as I was, I perfectly understood, and then stood looking after us from the window, as I walked down with him to the stables, where his horse was at bait. On our way, he sounded me, and soon elicited from me that I was in the habit of walking at a certain hour, generally in a certain same direction, with Miss Murray; and as I live, the very next morning he met us. He was relieved from all embarrassment by the cordial manner in which I ran up to him and greeted him; but not so Miss Murray: she blushed and stammered, and was anything but entertaining, I thought; and I lagged sulkily behind; but Captain Percy seemed to be rather glad than otherwise that I did so, and he talked—nonsense, I dare say, but still he talked—for two. And this sort of thing lasted for more than a fortnight: every day, nearly—more than every other day—we met Captain Percy in our walks; we all thought it very extraordinary—at least we *said* we did—but still it continually happened. I was rather piqued that he hadn't written to 'Old Mother Frump' on my account, and with the frankness of youth, I one morning reminded him of his promise. He declared he would write that very day, and he did. Mrs Frump inquired of me how I made his acquaintance, and I told her categorically. She asked if I had ever seen him since, and I mentioned that I occasionally met him out walking of a morning. 'Mother' Frump asked 'with Miss Murray,' and I answered frankly 'yes;' whereupon that elderly instructress coughed dryly, though she had never complained of cold, and proceeded to enunciate curious notions with respect to the British army. I gathered from what she said that there was a paucity of drummer-boys in that gallant body, and that she had been informed, on good authority, that the officers had received orders to entrap any likely lads that came in their way, and that Captain Percy designed to make me a drummer in his regiment. She was quite sure, she said, that my mamma would not like that, and she should therefore write to Captain Percy, decline his invitation to me, and explain her reasons why. I combated her absurd notions as well as I could, but it was of no avail; she did write, and did explain; and as with her rested the supply of ready money, without which I had no idea at the time that Chatham could be reached, I was forced to acquiesce. Moreover, I should have been deterred from trying to walk, from the knowledge I had of Captain Percy's dislike to anything like insubordination. I caught a sound, also, when I was retiring to rest, of high words between her and Miss Murray; and whether that sound were connected with a subsequent unpleasant circumstance or not, I can't say,

but next morning Miss Murray, when I called her, came to the door in a charming state of dishabille, kissed me affectionately, but said that she could not go out with me, and that I must be a good boy, and not ask the reason why. So out I went alone.

I met the noble captain: he was very much hurt, I could see, but whether at Mrs Frump's absurdity on my account, or at the absence of Miss Murray, I will not take upon myself to say. 'So the old lady was afraid we were going to make a drummer of you, my boy, was she?' said he. 'We don't take your sort for drummers;' and he excused himself from walking in my direction, but gave me a note addressed to Miss Murray, charging me strictly not to let any one see me deliver it. It seemed to me at the time strange that he should have concluded Miss Murray would not be with me, but at my present time of life I am not so much surprised at his having so good a nose for a rat. I was not particularly pleased with his very clear manifestation of desire for Miss Murray's company rather than mine; but he had given me a commission, and there is no one more honourable than a school-boy in the execution of anything like clandestine commissions. I delivered the note. Miss Murray read it, kissed it, and wept. I ground my teeth, for I saw that she cared more for him than for me; I even began to abuse him, but she told me to hold my tongue, or she wouldn't love me. That I could not bear to contemplate, so I smothered my wrath, and went out as usual every morning for my walk, every morning met Captain Percy, every morning was greeted with cold commonplaces, and every morning went back, grief at my heart, and wrath in my liver, the ignominious bearer of a letter to Miss Murray. But it did not last long; my holidays were soon over. I took an affectionate farewell of my fair instructresses in mischief, and was not long forgetting them in the bustle of school. What was the upshot of Miss Murray's correspondence with Captain Percy, I never knew, for my mother was not so much pleased with the results of my sojourning *chez* Frump as to send me there again; and though Miss Murray once or twice visited me at school, and caused jealousy in the hearts of many a sixth-form boy by publicly kissing me in the playground, I could not get her to talk upon the subject of Captain Percy. Still I put it confidently to an intelligent public, whether I am not right in the misgiving which has lately come over me, that I acted the undignified part of a go-between.

WORK.

WORK is divine. No doubt; but not more than Rest is. Do not let us be called off from a quiet wholesome estimate of work by any big epithet which, as likely as not, suggests an idea of it at variance with dry daily experience. There is nothing more true than the first three words of this little essay, and yet there is in some who accept them with a mental shrug, and raising of the eyebrows, when they pass back from the loftiness of the adjective to the fatigue of the noun. Work is divine. Perhaps; but the outward sensible signs of it are sweat, blisters, headache, ink, chips, dirt, noise.

Don't let us, however, affect to slight the reverse of the fabric; don't let us exclaim, when the exhibitor displays it: 'You have made a mistake—that is the wrong side!' To some unaffected eyes, this is probably as interesting a phase as any. I don't care what the work is, whether it be a glove or the *Warrior*. It is most attractive to some when inside out. The fine ladies and gentlemen, indeed, who so often constitute themselves the sole judges of work, don't think so; to them, the last finished result, when the sawdust has been swept away, the paint-pot removed, the brush, hammer, oil-can, and adze carried off, is the only test of the deed. They promenade on the deck

of the newly launched ship, and compliment—one another. But the true lover of work potters about in the dock-yard, fingering, measuring, calculating, and getting his coat torn and tarred. He is not shocked at the picks, the barrows, and rough fag-ends of the builder's trade, which litter the cradle of the palace. I should not wonder if he looked with greater interest on the toiling organisation of the printing-house, in its daily throes of complicated partition, than on the smooth-ironed sheet upon the breakfast-table: not that he fails to appreciate the result; not that he underrates that which alone the other admires, not he; but *quid* work he enjoys the inspection of the cause as much as of the effect. He dwells with discriminate attention on the converging lines and branches of the process. And even when he admires the velvet and the ribbon, he is as likely as not to think rather of the bare-armed sinewy mechanic tending the loom, than of the persuasive dandy who 'dresses' the plate-glass window of the Regent Street shop, and serves the customer with feigned but courteous sympathy.

But the common preference for the result which marks the majority of observers, has an effect which is mischievous; for every one has some work to do himself. You can't blame a man for skipping over all thought of the trouble which other people have been at, in the way of business, to produce what he enjoys. You are not expected to feel an interest in the construction of locomotives when you take a first-class ticket, or to sympathise with the perplexities of the engineer, while you lounge on a corner cushion of the express which flies over Chatmoss; but when you have got anything to do yourself, nothing is more unwise than to ignore the details of the act.

Never allow yourself to turn away in disgust from the dry minutiae and vulgar drudgery which is required for the perfection of the noblest work. The conception is brilliant. The mind warms with enthusiastic haste, as it contemplates the object you desire to see fulfilled. You feel the loftiness of the aim; you pat your aspirations on the back, and say to yourself, Well done! Not so fast. You must tramp many a tedious mile, and make many a tiresome blunder, and pull to pieces many a day's fabric; you must ink your fingers, lick postage-stamps, conciliate snobs, bite your nails, eat dirt, write after supper, get up with a headache, and keep your temper; you must bear to be interrupted, delayed, misunderstood, opposed, snubbed, cheated. You must make up your mind to all this, and then crawl patiently through it, before you can say, Well done! The conception is very fine. Your ideas are enlarged, and very creditable to you. Your friends applaud your intention, and walk off apologetic. Then comes the tug of vulgar work ere the thing can be done. He will surely fail who does not know that none are really helped except those who succeed of themselves. 'Unto him that hath shall be given.'

The astronomer who maps the heavens, and reveals the planet, must add and watch; he must use his multiplication table, lose his rest, polish his lenses, peer till his eyes ache, confer with his printer, and correct his proofs, before he can verify his hypothesis in public, and claim the attention of the world.

The engineer, who revolutionises the locomotion of mankind, who seams the face of his land with iron ruts, and carries kings, coals, and armies with the speed of a swallow, and the safety of a wagon, has tedious ground to travel before he can realise the grand conception of the locomotive and the railway. He has to make experiments with files, and oil and coke; he has to model, subtract, and divide. He has to convince incredulous philosophers, and educate the prejudiced hand. With patient brain, and cunning finger, he has to peel off the outer husks of ignorance and opposition which hide

his bright idea from the eyes of the world. And then the victory is won.

The general whose name thrills a nation with grateful pride, does not become a hero by the force of lofty conception, but by the patient acquisition of military details, and constant business-like care for the food, dress, and health of his men. Ten thousand tedious trifles attended to, and disappointments borne, go to the making of a triumph. 'See the conquering hero comes,' is an excellent tune. But before this, he has had to march in the mud, pore over crumpled maps, and work vulgar sums after midnight, by a flickering lantern, in a gusty tent. While you were snoring in a feather-bed, he has slept on the ground in wet clothes and with the toothache. He has had to taste rations, economise rum, order floggings, disarm jealousy, hire mules, eat mouldy biscuit, digest opposition. He has studied with buoyant interest during the dull routine of peace, he has met the common-place emergencies of warfare with strong common sense; he has been blessed with a good liver, and has kept his wits at his finger-ends year after year; and now, but not till now, has the steady fire of his life burned up into a national triumph, and the mob claps its dirty hands at his approach.

We must be careful not to confuse work and toil. In toil, there is a haste and strain to keep pace with the exigencies of the demand—there is incessant pursuit and no capture. Work, on the contrary, however severe, involves a certain mastery and progress on the part of the worker. It is the slave who toils; he bends his weary back over that which does not profit him, in which he takes no interest, which brings no gain, but leaves him where he was. I do not refer to Sambo alone. Sambo enjoys himself ever so much more than Smith the overdriven artisan, who hammers or stitches hour after hour, year after year, at the same stale window in the dingy street, till his hair grows thin and gray, but who never gets an inch ahead of his task; whose life is a scrambling dream with the phantom Beggary at his heels. Now Sambo has no such responsibility. He does not care. I will grant you that massa bullies and swears at him sometimes; possibly, if cross-grained, he may have him whipped a little, but he gives him food, clothing, shelter. 'This is what many a free slave in the slums behind Regent Street can hardly get; I don't mean the skilled mechanic, but the man with an improvident wife, and perhaps not over-cunning hand, who is not first-rate at his trade, but has an excellent appetite, a large family equally sharp set, and a scanty cupboard. He is not fed so well as the slave; his skin is not so plump, his muscle not so hard, his pulse not so good, his spirits not so high as Sambo's. It is all very well to talk about the elevation of the poor fellow by the education and development of his finer feelings; but don't you think that, after all, perhaps, for the present, this millhorse in the second-floor back had better remain rather thick-skinned, if possible, than otherwise? Do not let us wonder if such as he do not fill reading-rooms, or in any sense study a book. Suppose that when they do read they want plenty of mustard with their meat—lively stories, strong positions, sensationalism, in fact, to whip the jaded draggled-tailed mind. What then? Elevate the 'masses.' All right. But suppose, Mr Philanthropist, that you had been elevating bricks all day, or carrying hods of mortar up a ladder in sullen succession—what would you be fit for in the evening? The delicate play of wit, or the skilful combat of intellect? Cannot you conceive a bricklayers' club finding some relief in a change from dogged toil to fierce contradiction? Bless you, they can't talk without it. Bill gives Jack the lie within six inches of his nose, and in a voice trained on house-tops; but Jack doesn't care.

An acquaintance of mine was one evening walking down a crowded back-street with a native; as they

passed a public-house, a gust of savage shouts (so my friend thought them) made him stop in alarm. He thought murder was being done. 'Bless my heart,' cried he excitedly, 'do you hear that? What is it?' 'That?' replied his companion—'oh, that is an argument.'

And, I suppose, as with most of us, each thought that he had the best of it. Nay, on reflection, there is something definite, a prospect of some unanswerable ultimatum in the hodman's logic. Somebody will get hoarse first, some windpipe will hold out longest, and win.

Now, tell me honestly, would you have these sturdy fellows refined, as the term is generally understood? Mind you, I would have them sober and honest—they are brave and enduring—but would you have them refined and thin-skinned. Would you wish them to wear gloves, read the *Saturday Review*, and invariably use a pocket-handkerchief? There are exceptions in this class as there are elsewhere, perhaps more than we think, but the main bulk of labourers are happy in having thick skins and coarse feelings. Those who, from natural dullness, never can get above the lowest rung in the social ladder, whose work is little more than hand-labour, who merely wait upon the artisan, would suffer in proportion as their sensitiveness was increased. The man with an eye for the principles of his work, who catches the spirit of the thing—and there are more intellectual differences among the men in fustian and flannel who build a house than you think—will respond to the touch of refinement, and catch it himself.

There is one feature of modern work, however, which cramps the best workman—I mean the minute subdivision of labour. Now a days, a man is tied down to one item in a complicated process. If I could summon the people who have had a hand in making the pen which now scratches over this paper, they would probably fill the room. The restriction to one part of a process, moreover, not only narrows the man's mind, but sometimes whets the desire for a change into fierceness. Nature avenges herself when she has been tied up too tight. How frequently the skilled mechanic 'breaks out,' as it is called, and drinks for a season, as if he were impelled to create some diversity of sensations. Human nature cannot bear such protracted attention to one monotonous act as the present minute subdivision of labour demands; and hence the mechanic denied healthy change of work, is hurried into the violent stimulating contrasts of debauchery.

But although work may degenerate into toil, and so become exhaustive, imperatively demanding pseudo-recreation, there are occupations which depress men by their very emptiness and vanity. The dullest labourer sees his share in the result. The palace stands partly by his aid. Without him, the railway would have remained in the portfolio of the projector. He may point to his deeds. The man who blows the organ must be humoured as well as retained. Those, however, who see no immediate result, who have nothing to shew for it after a day's labour, are sorely tried by the very emptiness of their occupation. A shopman, for instance, works incessantly, but sees no end to his labours. A man wants something more than wages to keep up his spirits and interest in his vocation. Take the professions, too. Can you conceive any post more trying than that of a cemetery chaplain? It is said that he not unfrequently becomes insane. And no doubt the monotonous character of much work, though not so dismal as the forced decorum of incessant interment, tends to multiply nervous and mental disorders. There are undeveloped capabilities of lunacy in all; any man in time and with care might be driven mad. Drink, worry, and vice can produce disease in the strongest brain. In work, there is nothing more trying than apparent want of result. Who can pump heartily at an empty well?

The mere turning of the barren crank in prisons, where it was nothing but a 'hard-labour machine,' degraded prisoners as much as it fatigued them. But they generally saw an end to their labours. There are some, however, who, though legally free, grind on year after year, at full strain, and meet with no response whatever; they work up to high-pressure, but no one appears to regard them. Nothing seems to follow from their anxious toil.

These need the rare faith which can look beyond what men call success, which can steadily bear witness to truth and righteousness in spite of indifference, which does not depend for its energy upon the artificial stimulus of praise or opposition, but draws its life from a divine and invisible spring; bearing up buoyantly in the still deep waters of cold isolation, holding fast to noble principles in the midst of petty stratagems and ephemeral expediency, still blowing at the little spark of right in the great black heap of wrong, aiming high, though all around are mean, suspicious, or unconcerned. This faith is of the divine prophetic sort, but more or less must warm all leaders of the people to their work. There must be some of it in the statesman who looks beyond the commercial prejudices of the day, and dares to act on principles at which the mob are sure to hiss for years and years to come. There must be some of it in the divine who dares the heresy of progress, and rests his title of reformer, not on the victories of men who conquered centuries ago, but on his own solitary struggles against prevailing favourite errors, and respectable corruption.

There is much work, or rather toil, which seems inevitable. Who shall dig the coal? Who shall stoke the furnace of the steam-ship? It is all very well saying that there are employments beneath the dignity of man. But what is to be done with the undignified men? If we are to perform no brute labour, how shall we employ the asses? Had not men better sweep the chimneys and the streets, than see the only work they can do performed by a machine, and themselves shut out by their incurable defects from the great market of labour. Some of them might probably be trained to higher manual work, but in the end most will be found to have done what they could do. There is something very fallacious and productive of disappointment in the incentive to rise, set before men in the example of such men as George Stephenson. All can't rise. Excellence must be comparative; and though the copy-books say that comparisons are odious, we must not forget that they are necessary. In fact, Stephenson did not so much rise, as find his level; he followed his true calling, and nothing would have kept him down. But depend upon it, fewer people are kept down—except it be by their own leaden brains—than they think. Mute inglorious Miltons languish because, in spite of their many admitted good parts, they lack something which the famous possess. Some little defect mars their other excellences. The cannon is complete, all but the touch-hole. The balloon would rise; there is gas, ballast, and a car, but there is a hole in the dome. The engine is elaborate, and would work, if it were not for the grit in the piston. These ambitious fabrics become at last merely oiled silk and old iron, and find a price in the marine store instead of applause in the world. So is it with many men: their labour is valued at as much as it is worth. They bewail their misfortunes, but so, no doubt, would addled eggs if they could speak, which are so like the rest, but so dishonourably inferior. There is some mysterious deficiency inside the most gifted failures.

While, however, we must not be accused of injustice in suspecting a vital fault in most of those who fail, however hard they labour, there are some drawbacks upon the effect of work which can be removed. There are some industrious fellows, for instance, who do nothing because they don't finish up their work as

they go along; they unravel as much as they weave; they sweep the leaves towards the wind. Others exert themselves, but make some great omission: they forget the knot at the end of the thread; they complain that they are condemned to fill a sieve, but, in fact, they have forgotten to stop the bung-hole. Again, many are barren, because they take too long in making up their minds; they think too much. A loaf baked is better than a harvest contemplated. You were within an ace of inventing a steam-plough, but your neighbour dug his field.

Moreover, many people attempt too much. One man sickens over a feast, while another thrives on mutton. It may be well to have several irons in the fire, but you must leave yourself time to hammer one. This eagerness to multiply operations is a fertile source of failure. Much work is abortive, because it is manifold. There is all the difference in the world between the ability to turn your hand to anything, and the attempt to do everything at once; the man who tries the last, generally disappears in a débris of odds and ends. Had he contented himself with one chief work, say cutting hair, he would have become a flourishing hairdresser, had a vote for the borough, and dined, at least on Sundays, in plenty and peace.

It is true that change of work is a great relief; but there must be one governing object in our efforts. Above all, we want more holidays; men live too fast, and labour too hard. They want something more than change of occupation—they want more sleep, more unmitigated play, more unruffled repose. He is a wise man who knows how to idle well. He will do most who knows how to do 'nothing.' Depend upon it, work is forwarded by occasional seasons of judicious vacancy, when we neither read nor think—when we clear out the workshop, and give the entire gang, hand and brains, a whole holiday—when we sweep the floor, and are content to leave the skull silent and empty. The tenants will come back rosy and fresh from their play in the fields. Doubtlessly, this clearness of the intellect is by no means an easy feat, but we may be sure that those will, in the end, prove the best workers who know when and how to rest.

A SANDWICH ISLANDS' NEWSPAPER.

We have before us a number of the *Polynesian*, well calculated to set us thinking. It is a weekly newspaper, written and edited, printed and published, in those very Sandwich Islands which our boyish reading has led us to associate with such very different things. It is only about eighty years ago that Captain Cook made known to Europe the existence in the North Pacific of a group of islands which he named after the Lord Sandwich of those days. About the beginning of the present century, whale-ships began to call at Hawaii, or, as the traders then used to call it, Owhyhee; the island was fertile and healthy, and the traders were glad to exchange European or North American goods for native produce. From the first, the Sandwich Islanders were found to be more intelligent and civilised than most other islanders in the Pacific; and they soon learned to establish rules of trading with the white men. But still, making allowance for all this, it is not a little surprising that Honolulu, the chief town of the islands, is able in these days to achieve what it has done.

Our Honolulu newspaper is a sheet of four pages, with six columns to a page, nicely printed, and on fairly good paper. It purports to belong to the eighteenth volume, and is therefore not quite an infant among newspapers. In no place is the price mentioned, but an Abraham Fornander is named as the editor. Thirteen columns out of the twenty-four are devoted to advertisements, and the rest to general news. This news relates much more fully to the affairs of the Pacific States than to those of the Atlantic, as we may reasonably expect. There is a

report of a suit in the Supreme Court, 'in Equity,' which reads strangely like what we are accustomed to nearer home, save that the plaintiff's name is Keelikolani. There are all the well-known phrases about filing of suits, demurrers, bills of discovery, matters of account, title transmissible by inheritance, and so forth; and there are our familiar friends the 'heirs, administrators, executors, and assigns.' It appears that, thirty years and more ago, Kaiaimoku let half of a wharf at Honolulu to some one else; and that Leleiohoku the son of Kaiaimoku, Keelikolani the widow of Leleiohoku, and Kinau the son of Keelikolani, were all interested in the rental derived from the wharf. The suit is worth notice, not in or for itself, but for the singular manner in which the usages of English law have been thus transferred to the once barbarous Sandwich Islands. When Messrs Harris and Davis are named as counsel for the complainant, and Messrs Bates and Montgomery for the defendant; and when Chief Justice Allen and Mr Justice Robinson severally deliver their opinions, we rub our eyes, and ask whether this is Westminster Hall or not. Then there is a notice of the *Kilanea*, a steamer which maintains commercial intercourse with the windward ports on the island. Commendation is given to the exertions of another newspaper, the *Hae Hawaii*, in encouraging the cultivation of cotton in the island. Then comes an account of the examination of the public free schools, by His Excellency, Governor Kekuanooa, President of the Board of Education. There is an abstract of American news, relating to the struggle between the North and South; of Mexican news, concerning the desperate state of that republic; of Paris news, relating to the Italian question; of New Zealand news, concerning the rebels. But what seems very singular to an English reader, considering the Anglo-Saxon colouring of the whole newspaper, is that there is scarcely a paragraph about England or English affairs.

Noticeable as all these matters are, in connection with such a region as the Sandwich Islands, the singularities are more prominently brought out in the advertisements—those significant tests of the social condition of a people. Most of the names of the advertisers in the *Polynesian* are English—of the John Smith class, whatever may have been the country in which the men themselves were born; but whether the purchasers of the advertised commodities are John Smiths, or Kaiaimokus, we are left to infer as best we may. At anyrate, there are people enough at Honolulu who understand luxuries. There is Bogle's 'Hyperion Fluid,' which Professor J. H. Anderson, the Wizard of the North, certifies to have been the means of saving his hair, when weakened by the climate of America. There is Bogle's 'Electric Hair-dye,' pronounced by Mr Bogle 'the best hair-dye in the world'—language which, as he admits, is 'rather strong,' but justified by the result. Mrs Winalow's 'Soothing Syrup' we think we have heard of before; the wonder is (as in the case of Pope's flies in amber) 'how it got there.' The bark *Yankee* has brought a magnificent seven-octave piano from Boston, to which the attention of the Sandwich Islanders is respectfully invited. Mrs Macfarlane's household furniture is to be sold by auction; and as it comprises sofas, bureaux, &c., we infer that that lady was accustomed to the usages of good society. The Hanoverian brig *Schwinge* brings from Hamburg a splendid cargo of silks, mantillas, cambrics, ribbons, gloves, handkerchiefs, Leghorn hats, lustre Orleans, alpacas, damask, lace, silk umbrellas, and other dainty things for ladies' use and wear; and there seems no doubt on the mind of the advertiser that Honolulu will buy them. The same ship, among its bales and boxes, also brings over a goodly assortment of ivory and tortoise-shell combs, portemonnaies, fancy toilet-soaps, mother-of-pearl buttons,

ostrich feathers, violin strings, playing-cards, and other luxuries, which would never have been sent to Honolulu, had there not been a population accustomed to the good things of life. The 'Hotel de France,' with baths and a *table d'hôte*; the National Hotel, with 'extensive stock of the best brands of wines and liquors, new billiard-saloon, bowling-alleys, and gentlemanly attendance;' the Globe Coffee Saloon, 'opposite the Odd Fellows' Hall,' where 'the best oyster-stews are prepared at a few minutes' notice;' the Merchants' Exchange Bowling Saloon, where there are not merely *two* bowling-alleys, but those of 'superior marble;' the New World Restaurant, 'opposite the Sailors' Home,' where 'Graham bread, corn bread, hot rolls, corn cakes, buckwheat cakes, and flannel cakes are constantly served as ordered'—all these solicit patronage in the columns before us, and that they should do so in one of the Sandwich Islands is puzzling to our school-boy notions of geography and social history.

The plainer and more strictly commercial advertisements are such as commission-agents are familiar with in all newly formed communities. Notices of the arrival of ships, with abstracts of the cargoes; proffers of service as commission-agents and auctioneers; notices of freight wanted for out-going ships, chiefly to San Francisco, Boston, and New York; dates of a regular packet-service to and from San Francisco; of bankers and banking facilities, and the like. English names of persons, native names of places, there abound. Our old familiar *Owhyhee* of Captain Cook's days has been changed into *Hawaii*. If Honolulu contains its Merchants, Queen, Hotel, Fort, and King Streets, so does it boast of Kaahumanu and Nuuanu Streets. It possesses trading vessels with the native names *Moiwahine*, *Ka Moi*, *Halawa*, *Keoni Ana*, *Kekaulohi*, *Manuokawai*, *Moiikeiki*, and *Kilanea*; some of these are commanded by Captains *Kuheaua*, *Kalama*, and *Keoni*; and they trade to and fro between Honolulu and *Kauai*, *Kahului*, *Lahaina*, *Maliko*, *Koolau*, *Molokai*, *Hana*, *Maui*, *Anahola*, *Konai*, *Kau*, *Hilo*, *Kohala*, *Kawaihae*, *Koloa*, *Nawiliwili*, and *Hanalei*—a list of pretty names which the reader is quite at liberty to commit to memory, if so disposed. The consonant *k* and the diphthong *au* seem to be high in favour in this vocabulary. Among the articles advertised in the commercial columns of the paper are Webster's Dictionary, and a volume of Hawaiian law reports.

Honolulu, it seems, has its rifle corps, which is summoned to meet for drill once a week. It has its Odd Fellows' Association, with notifications plentifully larded with mystical words and phrases. It has its 'Dashaway Association,' which meets once a week at the Bethel Vestry; though what this means, we cannot guess. And it would appear as if Sir Cresswell Cresswell were wanted hereabout; for John Pease warns all persons against trusting his wife *Meri Naone*—'she having left my bed and board without just cause or provocation.'

How these things have come to pass in the Sandwich Islands seems simply to be this. When the islands were first explored, their number was found to be thirteen. Of these, Hawaii was soon ascertained to be more than double as large as all the rest combined. Further investigation, however, shewed that a smaller one, *Oahu* or *Wahoo*, is more fertile, and has a better harbour for shipping than Hawaii. Traders became familiar with the place, and Honolulu sprang up as a town. Each island had its own king, besides many chiefs; one of them, however, *Tamehameha*, conquered all the rest about the year 1815; and as some of the white residents at Honolulu aided him in so doing, he took them into high favour. His son, *Rhio Rhio*, became a Christian, and insisted on his subjects becoming Christians likewise in 1819. The same potentate came to England in or about 1824,

and became a hero; if we mistake not, the song of the *King of the Cannibal Islands* was one of the effusions consequent on this visit. But storms were looming in the distance. England was jealous of French influence in the Pacific; America was jealous of English influence; and each endeavoured to gain the ruling hand at Honolulu. This nearly led to a war. The British residents complained in 1843 of something done by *King Kamehameha*; a British admiral demanded satisfaction; the affair, however, was made up; and ever since then the three Great Powers have patted the olive-coloured king in a friendly way on the back, rather than that any two should let the third have the golden prize. Missionaries, traders, and commissioners from the three great states have advised the king to establish a constitution and laws something like those of other civilised communities. He has done so. English influence appears to have been rather strong in this matter; for the Supreme Court is a tiny copy of our courts at Westminster. *King Kamehameha III.*, the monarch over a nation about one-half as populous as the parish of *St Pancras*, has a House of Nobles and a Lower House, of about thirty members each, of whom a few are English and American; and this legislature passes laws like the parliament of England or the congress of America. One of the oddest things is that the prime minister is a woman—the office being hereditary in the females of a particular family. Christian church and chapel services, and free schools maintained by missionaries, are gradually civilising the natives; but the merchants and missionaries, with their wives and children, at Honolulu, of course give the tone to 'court' society.

As we are not aware that there is a Sandwich Islands 'Chair' at any of our universities, we should like to give the reader some idea of the language. One of the advertisements enables us to do this. Mr Colburn advertises concerning the property-tax (they have reached even to this length!) and its collection. In English, it runs thus: 'Notice.—The undersigned, assessor of Honolulu District, hereby notifies all persons who have not reported themselves, or made a return, of their property liable to taxation this present year, to do so immediately at the auction-room of the undersigned in Kaahumanu Street.—J. F. COLBURN.'—Now for the native tongue: '*Olelo Hoolaha! Owai, o ka mea nona ka inoa malalo nei ke kanoha aku nei au i na mea a pau i paa ole i ka heluia, a o na mea hoi i hoike ole mai i ka nui o ka waiwai i ku i ka auhau e pili ana ia lakou no keia makahiki e noho nei, e hele mai lakou, a e loa a no au ma kuu Hale Kuai Kudala, ma Alanui Kaahumanu. E hele koke mai, mai lohi o pilikia auanei oukou.*—J. F. KOLOPANA.'

We trust the reader will be edified by the translation.

WAYSIDE NOTES ON BRITISH BIRDS.

A LOVE of information relating to birds and beasts seems characteristic of man, whether learned or illiterate. Place a biographical dictionary of eminent men, profusely embellished with portraits, and an illustrated natural history, before an unlettered rustic, and the chances are that he will choose the latter. Tens of thousands of copies of Goldsmith's antiquated *History of the Earth and Animated Nature* have been sold, by means of coloured plates, amongst a class of people who have scarcely heard of any other works of the same author. And are not the wonderful pictures displayed in front of our travelling menageries always more attractive to the crowd than the equally wonderful pictures of giants, dwarfs, and pig-faced ladies? It is a pity that this propensity in man has not been turned to better account. If it were only more persistently developed in his education, what a charming pleasure would be added to a country ramble or a sea-side stroll! But a notion seems unfortunately

prevalent that such enjoyments can only be reached through a long course of study, a knowledge of classes, families, and species being thought absolutely necessary; and, above all, it is believed that no one can be properly qualified without being great in Latin names. That this is to a great extent fallacious, all will readily admit, who remember how little White's *Natural History of Selbourne* owes to mere technicalities, and how much to minute observation of the habits of common birds, like sparrows and poultry, for that indescribable charm which has made it so long and deservedly popular.

All, indeed, can soon prove such a notion unsound for themselves, if they will only begin a course of quiet observation on their own account, of such birds as they may happen to fall in with during a country walk. They will soon find, however desirable scientific knowledge may be to those who can obtain it, to those who have no such opportunities, all the knowledge necessary for enjoyment is that which enables them to distinguish the heron from the hawk, or the curlew from the crow. They will soon be able to convert the common rook, for instance, from a noisy nuisance, as it is often considered, into an unfailing fund of entertainment.

I confess to a certain partiality for the rook, not in the only way a certain gentleman thought he could ever be brought to tolerate a midshipman—in a pie—but because of the numberless ways he has, half serious, half comic, of furnishing amusement. During many a long solitary walk, he has proved himself the best of company. To watch him make love to Mrs R. when the two happen to be left in a field by themselves, is in itself as good as a play. The absurd shape he assumes, and the queer way he has of strutting about, throw the high-blown pride of the silly turkey-cock, in all his courting glory, quite into the shade, and are, from a human point of view, thoroughly ludicrous, though from a rookish one they are no doubt highly fascinating and respectable. We must at any rate allow him to be the best judge as to the surest mode of winning his glossy lady's love.

I would not like to go as far as some country folks do, who gravely affirm the rook can *smell* powder, and knows the difference, even at a distance, between a cased umbrella and a gun; but he certainly does seem to possess remarkable powers of discrimination, as any farmer knows to his cost. How often, after exercising his ingenuity to the utmost in constructing something which is not the likeness of anything in the air above, or the earth beneath, and which he expected would strike the rookish heart with terror, is he disgusted to find a whole flock ravaging his potato ground, whilst his poor figure serves but as a bill-wiper for some saucy patriarch? The rookish catechism evidently contains no injunction against picking and stealing, for a rookery during the building season is little better than a fraternity of thieves, among whom there is not even thieves' honour. The foundation of a nest, like many a more pretentious building, is in general the most difficult, as the thief usually directs his disgraceful attentions to those nests which are in a state most backward. As soon as the female has taken possession, and begun laying, his depredations cease. It must be a heavy discouragement to a young couple, just commencing housekeeping for the first time, to find their few sticks of furniture, gathered together with so much care, ruthlessly stolen by those who ought to know better, and set a brighter example. But this propensity to steal in the rook often brings into action another of its qualities, which all Britons delight to honour, and that is pluck. The amount of battering and punishing the rook will bear, in defence of a few sticks to which it has perhaps no legal right, proves, if it has much of the thief, it has also some of the hero in its composition. No one can observe the rook long without being convinced it is a bird of

undoubted bravery. Hunger may stimulate the hawk and other birds of prey to feats of unusual daring, which are often exceptional, and not indicative of natural boldness; but the way the rook will attack birds larger and better adapted for war than itself, shews it to possess a more than ordinary share of real steady courage.

A common kind of gull is, anywhere near the coast, the most constant companion of the rook in its attendance at the heels of the ploughman. They appear to mix together very harmoniously; but a close observation soon shews that this apparent harmony is only preserved by the gull—whose bright plumage always appears to most advantage against the dark, freshly turned soil—maintaining a deference of demeanour towards his dusky friend, which cannot but be highly gratifying to the rookish family pride. If a grub of extra plumpness falls from the moist crumbling furrow, the gull steps humbly aside, if its glossy superior puts in a claim; but should rook meet rook, then comes the tug of war; a few sharp flaps, in the true game-cock fashion, deciding the right of possession to the prize, although not the possession itself, which will be settled by some peace-loving brother removing the savoury 'bone of contention' out of the way by swallowing it.

One of the largest of the wild-birds frequenting the woods and streams of the north of England, is the heron, whose heavy wing, and great length of neck and bill, ought, one would think, to make it a most formidable antagonist to any feathered foe. And yet there is scarcely any other bird that excites the animosity of the rook more, nor one which he will attack with greater virulence. I was one day deeply interested in the efforts made by a large heron, sailing heavily through the air, with its long legs trailing behind like ropes from a ship's stern, to escape from an angry rook, that followed it pertinaciously. As it could not hope to escape by flight, being a slow though stately flyer, it at last took ignominious refuge in a ditch. The rook then perched itself on a branch of an overhanging tree, and immediately started a vigorous *caw cawing*, which had evidently more in it than met the *human* ear, for a couple of dusky friends, far on their way to a neighbouring feeding-field, turned abruptly round, and flew straight back to their acquaintance in the tree. The three then set up a trio of abuse, that was more than birdish flesh and blood could bear, for the foolish fisher once more rose upon the wing. No sooner was it fairly underweigh than its tormentor instantly followed in pursuit, aided most willingly by the two recruits, who joined in the sport with singular alacrity. In vain the heron swerved and doubled—in vain it lifted up its most unearthly voice and shrieked—for as far as the eye could see, the chase continued, one rook on each side, and one behind, like three small policemen conducting a big reeling navvy to the station-house.

I remember a story that used to be current in my early days, which could always command my youthful attention. It was that of a great conflict, which has found no mention in Professor Creasy's work on the decisive battles of the world, but which, in its way, was quite as decisive as Marathon or Waterloo. This engagement was between an army of rooks on the one side, and an army of herons on the other, for the right of possession to certain fine trees; which, as the papers say of waste land, constituted a very eligible site for building purposes. After the combat had raged for a long time—two or three days—and the ground had been thickly strewn with the dead and dying, the herons began to shew the white feather, and were at last driven off, leaving the victorious rooks masters of the coveted situation.

It may be as much owing to the vigilant hatred of the gamekeeper, as to the cupidity of the stuffer, that all our larger birds of prey are seldom to be seen, except in wild inaccessible districts.

The kite, which used to be anything but a stranger to many of our farm-yards, is now rarely indeed to be found—except in seasons of extreme rigour—in any locality tolerably cultivated. But the common or sparrow hawk is still to be met with easily enough, and is as much as ever the terror, in by-places, of the henwife and the pheasant-breeder. Most of our birds seem to have an instinctive dread of this stealthy marauder; let him or her—for the usual order is in this case reversed, the female being the larger and much fiercer bird—approach suspiciously near the poultry-yard, and there is instant commotion amongst the whole feathered fraternity, from the downiest chicken to bold chanticleer himself, whose peculiar warning scream is the signal for a general scamper.

It is somewhat singular, that however much the various kinds of birds may differ from each other in their language, they all seem thoroughly to understand the cry of danger; the sharp clear warning note of the chaffinch, or the harsh scream of the black-bird, is quite as significant to the whole mob of feathered foragers in a farmer's stack-yard on a winter's day, as it is to the members of their respective families.

The sparrow-hawk does not by any means confine its disagreeable attentions to small birds, but will sometimes strike down a pigeon or a partridge. An acquaintance of mine has frequently caught the hawk, when he has found it enjoying a partridge, by driving it away, and placing the remainder of its prey in a trap; when it was almost sure to return to finish its meal, and so be made captive. But though this bold day-poacher, so destructive to young game, is such an object of terror to most of our feathered friends, it certainly is none to the rook, which will any time turn out of its way and attack the hawk single-handed. It is true that the hawk does not seem to put itself much out of the way, as from its superior nimbleness on the wing it can easily avoid its clumsier assailant; still there is no doubt that it mostly beats a retreat before the rook, as I have frequently witnessed, and once in particular, under especially aggravating circumstances.

One fine morning in summer, when every member of the feathered race seemed putting in a vociferous claim to that poor worm with which the early bird is proverbially rewarded, I was walking quietly down an unfrequented lane, when my attention was arrested by the discordant chattering of a magpie, apparently in a high state of excitement. Though warned that the sight of a single magpie in the morning was a certain *sign of sorrow* for the day, according to the proverb, 'One for sorrow, two for mirth, three for a wedding, and four for a birth,' my curiosity got the better of my prudence, and I peeped through the hedge to see what was going on. I found the cause of magpie's excitement was a remarkable fine hawk, quietly enjoying its breakfast a little way up the hedge, while the envious bird looking on was hopping about at a respectful distance, screeching fearfully. The hawk, either for want of time or want of ear, seemed to pay small regard to the eloquent music discoursed on its behalf, but went calmly on with its meal. Presently, however, the noise attracted the notice of one of a couple of rooks, flying close past, which instantly left its companion and flew at the hawk with the greatest fury. Instead of the latter defending stoutly its property and position, as one would naturally expect of a bird of that kidney, it silently retreated without a blow before its bold assailant, leaving the remainder of its prey to the sly bird which had created the whole disturbance. On going to the spot directly afterwards, I found the legs, wings, and a few bones of an unfortunate lark, which had been a much too early bird that fatal morning.

The size of birds, like that of men, is evidently no

criterion of courage. Considerably larger than either the rook or the lapwing, the curlew will turn its tail on them both. Possessing great swiftness and power of wing in flight, the curlew trusts more to that than to the power of the long lance-like bill, which would give it so much advantage in a duel, where the ceremony of measuring weapons was dispensed with. It puts that 'power of beak' to a much pleasanter use, however, than fighting with its neighbours. When leaving the shores of the sea in spring, the curlew and its mate go far among the wild hills and moors for breeding purposes. Here they love to tune their long pipes and 'gaur them skirl,' waking the slumbering echoes of the silent glens with their melodious piping; as if being birds of a highly poetic temperament, they were determined to perform the neglected duties of those piping shepherds, so plentiful in pastoral poems, and so prosaically rare in pastoral life.

The ideal shepherd of plays and poems indeed—who is always supposed to be pleasantly piping to his listening flocks, or warbling his ditty (a four or six part madrigal) to his sweet shepherdess—bears no more resemblance to the shepherd of real life than the shrill treble of the curlew does to the sonorous bass of the moorcock as he rises on the wing, or his deep *cluck, cluck, cluck*, as he drops again among the heather. The traveller through such weary wilds as the curlew loves in summer, may well at first feel startled into the belief that he has 'fallen among thieves,' when he hears, apparently within a few yards, a loud clear whistle, repeated precisely in the same tone at a considerable distance, like the signal of some concealed banditti. Agreeable is his relief to find it is only the curlew calling to its distant mate, which it presently flies off to join, and whilst sailing swiftly through the air treats him to a solo on its long-curved pipe—beginning in a low key, and gradually swelling into a 'linked sweetness long drawn out.'

Of all the British birds, however, that furnish entertainment to the wayside observer, commend me, during a part of the year at least, to the lapwing. All through the summer, or breeding-season, this bird seems to be an ornithological compound of the shrill fishwife, the pugilist, and the mountebank. No right of passage will it grant through its temporary dominions to any other bird. The rook, master of so many, finds a complete master here. The pugnacity of the lapwing is only equalled by its agility. The swiftness of its flight, which at any other time is of a very ordinary kind, can, when roused to action, be increased to something remarkable, and is dreadfully annoying to the clumsy rook, which is often extremely perplexed at the sudden dexterity of the lapwing's charge. Rising with a graceful sweep far above its antagonist, it will come down with a rush and a scream, as if it would bear all before it to the earth. After it has successfully driven away all intruders, it will join its mate in a kind of airy dance, or waltz on the wing, then dash, with loud cry, to within a few inches of the ground, as if struck with a bullet, or a sudden fit of apoplexy. Though the peewit, or peasweep, as it is called in the north, is so very audacious in attacking birds, it assumes a different demeanour towards man. The many curious ways it has of luring people from the vicinity of its nest, or what serves as such, are so well known, that all searchers for its now valuable eggs—which are sold as plovers—are aware that their only chance of success lies in paying no regard whatever to the parent bird.

Numerous as are its wiles, it would have fared hard indeed with the lapwings of one district where they abound, had they not found a powerful protector in that special prerogative of gentlemen, game preserving. Instead of the usual notice from the dealer, that he would be at such a place on such a day, and give the best price for peasweep-eggs, &c., the searchers for this delicacy had one of a more ominous nature from

Sir Gregory Grouse, that all trespassers would be prosecuted according to law. It was amusing to hear the rustic guesses at why such a value should be placed on these eggs by the 'quality.' Some held that the prettily dappled shells were used in printing the fine dresses of the ladies; others, that the yolks were used to give a peculiar richness to the complexion; whilst others, again, stuck stoutly to it that they formed a new dye for the hair. Whatever diversity of opinion there might be on that head, all were cordially agreed it could not be the mere taste that made them so precious. No one could be so extravagantly foolish as to give such a price for the eating of eggs so small, when good hen or duck eggs, double and treble the size, could be had for less than a third of the money.

Few of our familiar feathered friends undergo a more marked change than the lapwing does in autumn. If, as the poet says,

In the spring the wanton lapwing gets himself another crest,

he certainly gets another coat at the fall of the year, his glossy green shaded black, changing to a dingy brown, like that of the female. They now leave their solitary semi-cultivated districts, and flocking together in immense numbers, become silent and inoffensive, drawing more and more towards the coast as winter approaches.

The rambler in the country may at this period see vast numbers of these birds in bare pasture-lands, covering the ground at intervals of a yard or two. Not a cry is uttered by the whole flock, though now and again one will run a few yards in their peculiar graceful style. As you stop to look at them, every head is raised, every eye is watching you, till, at the raising of your stick or umbrella, they will all rise together, in a way that might serve as a model of precision to the best-drilled regiment in Her Majesty's service.

LINA MASON.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

THERE are some persons who seem born to misfortune; from the cradle to the grave, their life is one continued struggle. Of this class of unfortunates was my mother. Left destitute in infancy by the death of her father, a curate in a small village, she was brought up at an 'Asylum for the Orphans of the Clergy,' where she remained until she was fifteen years of age. She was then apprenticed to a Miss Whiffin, 'the principal,' as she called herself, of a school somewhere about Hammersmith, with whom she remained three years. She then obtained a situation as teacher in another school, at a small salary. While in that situation, she became acquainted with my father, who was assistant to a surgeon in good practice, and received a salary of one hundred a year. On this ridiculously small pittance, these young people, I grieve to say it, were imprudent enough to marry. They were not allowed time, however, to discover if their income sufficed to keep them, for my father had offended his 'principal,' by marrying without consulting him; and as Mr Phillips, the aforesaid principal, had the misfortune to notice, about three months after my father's marriage, a wonderful falling off in the number of his young-lady nervous patients—my father being remarkably handsome—he intimated to him the necessity of his seeking another situation. This was a terrible blow to the young couple, and as unexpected as terrible. My father, however, looked about him, and at last obtained another situation, though at a smaller salary. He only had seventy pounds a year this time. Fancy that, ye grumblers on three hundred! My mother and he settled down quietly at Woodfield, a village about ten miles westward of London; and Mr Bainbridge, the gentleman who had

engaged my father, soon had reason to be satisfied with his assistant.

A year after the marriage of my father and mother, I was born, and never was child more fondly welcomed. Neither my father nor mother had any relations, and all their love centred in me. I was named Angelina—why, I cannot imagine to this day, as my mother's name was Caroline, and my father's Edward, two common-place names enough. In addition to his private practice, Mr Bainbridge was parish doctor, and all the hard work of the latter department fell on my father, who, however, never murmured at his lot, but struggled on manfully.

Twelve years passed, during which time affairs began to assume a better aspect. My parents had saved enough to purchase furniture, and remove to a pretty cottage, where we lived happily enough. I went to school; Mr Bainbridge had thrown out hints of taking my father into partnership, if he would qualify himself properly for the office, and fortune appeared to smile on us, when my father, being called up one rainy night, caught cold; the cold turned to inflammation of the lungs, and terminated his life in a fortnight.

I will not attempt to describe my mother's grief; that, alas! she was not permitted to indulge in, for necessity compelled her to consider what were her means of subsistence. She was not accomplished, therefore a governess's situation was not to be thought of; but she had great skill in fancy-work, and she imagined that by this she might gain a livelihood. As there was no market for such wares at Woodfield, she resolved on removing to London, and in this emergency a former servant, who came to see her, proved of the greatest service. She told my mother that her sister, who had been kitchen-maid at some nobleman's, had married the 'valley' there, a Swiss named Perrin; that Mr and Mrs Perrin lived in Compton Street, and took lodgers; and that no doubt they would be glad to take my mother as a lodger on very reasonable terms. She further demonstrated satisfactorily that Compton Street, being in a central position, near the bazaars and the Pantheon, was, in fact, the very place to suit my mother's requirements.

My mother was convinced that she could not do better than take up her abode at Mrs Perrin's, and accordingly sold off her furniture as quickly as possible. With the money it fetched, and twenty pounds with which Mr Bainbridge generously presented her, she and I took our places in a second-class carriage on the Great Western one miserably wet day in February. Arrived at the terminus, we engaged a cab to convey us and our modest luggage to Compton Street. Mrs Perrin received us very kindly, and we were soon installed in our new abode.

I cannot say that the change pleased me—no green fields, no blue sky, and nothing but houses, houses everywhere. Then my poor mother was obliged to work so hard for a mere crust, that I was almost tempted to entreat her to let me go out as nursery-girl rather than that she should live as she did. She persevered in her work, however, and Mrs Perrin was able to procure her some good orders, which enabled her to bear up a little longer. But as winter approached, I saw that unless a change in our circumstances took place, my poor mother must certainly sink from the effects of overwork and insufficient nourishment. Christmas came, and our situation had not improved. About this time, Mrs Perrin lost her first-floor lodger, who was replaced by a violoncello-player named Roussel, a Belgian. Never shall I forget the delight with which I listened to him as he practised the pieces he was to play at concerts. Mrs Perrin told us that he was engaged at the Italian Opera as second violoncello.

About a fortnight after this gentleman's advent in Mrs Perrin's house, my mother, returning home from an unsuccessful attempt to dispose of some

work, tottered into our room and fainted away. I was dreadfully frightened, never having seen any one faint until then, and uttered piercing screams, which brought to my assistance not only Mrs Perrin but her first-floor lodger. The latter appeared very much concerned on seeing my mother's deathlike appearance. He ran down stairs, and speedily returned with a large bottle of Eau de Cologne, which Mrs Perrin incontinently snatched from him, and with its contents bathed my mother's temples. Mr Roussel took my hand, saying kindly, 'Poor little one!' and as my fears had been in some degree allayed by Mrs Perrin having said that my mother had *only* fainted, I looked up at him as he spoke, and saw that he was a tall, thin, pale man, with dirty-looking light hair, and dull gray eyes. I fancied his face looked as if he never washed it; but to make up for that, his hands were beautifully clean and white, while on one of his fingers glittered a large diamond. He had on a greasy, dirty dressing-gown, and appeared to me a most remarkable figure. While I was thus carefully examining Mr Roussel, I was undergoing as rigid a scrutiny on his side, and at last he patted my head, muttering some words in French, that I could not, however, understand, though I had learned French four years at school; but learning French at school, and understanding it, are two distinct things. By this time my mother had recovered her senses, and was able to thank both Mrs Perrin and Mr Roussel for their kindness. The latter looked fixedly at her as she spoke, and I fancied that his dull gray eye emitted a flash or two of strange light. My mother was extremely pretty, though very pale, and there was something so quiet and ladylike in her manner that she inspired respect at the first glance.

Mr Roussel said: 'If I can make myself of any assistance to madame, I shall be much content;' refusing at the same time to take back the bottle of Eau de Cologne Mrs Perrin tendered him. My mother repeated her thanks, and he left us.

For some days after this, my mother was very ill: she could not work; her head was heavy, her eyes ached and swam, and she began to fear that a serious illness was hanging over her. She said in tones of anguish: 'If I were alone, I should not care, but who will think of my child when I am gone?'

Mrs Perrin, who visited us daily, came suddenly upon us one day when my mother was giving way to a burst of grief. The kind-hearted woman did all in her power to console my poor mother, and left her in a calmer mood. The next morning, she made her appearance with a brace of partridges, which she presented to my mother, saying: 'Mr Roussel sends his compliments, and hopes you'll accept these. A pupil of his has sent him a basket of game, and so he thought that they might tempt your appetite; for he asks after you every day, Mrs Mason, that he does!'

'I am much obliged to Mr Roussel for his kindness,' said my mother in a faltering voice; 'but really I do not like to accept presents.'

'Nonsense, nonsense!' exclaimed Mrs Perrin: 'he's give me two, and I took 'em, so why should not you take these? It seems so very disagreeable in you to refuse 'em. I'll cook 'em nicely for you with bread-sauce. Do now take 'em, Mrs Mason.'

My mother, not wishing to appear ungracious, was persuaded to accept the partridges. How I feasted that day! My poor mother, too, appeared really to enjoy her dinner.

Another week passed, during which Mr Roussel sent my mother more partridges and a fine pheasant. As she had accepted his first present, there was no reason why she should refuse the others, and my mother certainly looked all the better for them.

At the end of the week, there came, one morning, a knock at our door. My mother said unthinkingly

'Come in,' and in walked Mr Roussel. When it is considered that we had one room only, it will not be wondered at that my mother looked horrified on seeing him, and her discomfiture was so evident, that Mr Roussel said very humbly: 'I am sorry to incommode you, madame, but I should have to talk you of affair.'

'I will ask Mrs Perrin to allow me the use of her parlour,' said my mother, her face crimson; 'and then I shall have much pleasure in hearing what you wish to say.'

'Ah, ah!' said he laughing, 'you make ceremony. In France, we are not so difficult, *ma foi!* De ladies give parties and play at the cards in their apartment. But I will respect the prejudices of madame; I will descend.'

So saying, Mr Roussel, who had looked into every corner of our poor little room, quitted it, and descended the stairs. My mother followed him, and preferred her request to Mrs Perrin, who instantly granted it, smiling benignantly all the while; I was then despatched to ask Mr Roussel to come down, which he did, holding me by the hand. He entered the parlour, seated himself by my mother, and spoke as follows: '*D'abord, madame*—that is, at the first, I must pray you not to offend yourself at what I go to say you. I have the most best intentions, I assure you.'

'I have not the least doubt of it,' said my mother, seeing that he paused; 'pray, go on.'

'Well, then, madame—mademoiselle your daughter do not amuse herself—you every two very *triste*—you not divert yourself in *aucune* manner—that should not ought to be. I offer myself to marry you, to love your child, just as my own proper daughter.'

Mr Roussel had begun the above sentence very softly and slowly; but as he went on, he spoke *faster* and louder, and brought out the word '*daughter*' most energetically. My mother appeared quite stupefied at what she heard, and her astonishment prevented her from answering him. After waiting a little time, he resumed: 'I am not rich, madame, but I have sufficiently. And mademoiselle will be of a great beauty. We will make an artist of it. Ah, ha, we shall see! But do not press yourself to answer me, madame—you shall reflect, and when you have decided yourself, you shall answer. This evening, perhaps?'

'I will consider your kind proposal, Mr Roussel,' said my mother in faint tones, 'and *will* give you an answer this evening.'

Mr Roussel rose, kissed my mother's hand reverentially, pinched my cheek, said '*Adieu, petite,*' and left us.

After he was gone, my mother sat for a long time immovable. At last, I began to feel afraid, she looked so strange, and I spoke to her. She roused herself to answer me, and we went upstairs again. After dinner, Mrs Perrin came up as usual, and my mother told her of Mr Roussel's offer, and of her intention to accept it. Mrs Perrin was delighted at the idea of a wedding, and congratulated my mother warmly. She said: 'Perrin says there's not another man like him for steadiness and good-temper; and I don't see why you shouldn't ask him to tea this evening in the parlour. I'll lend you my best tea-cups.'

My mother could do no less than express her gratitude for such kindness, and that evening she pledged herself to Mr Roussel.

Few preparations were needed for my mother's humble wedding, but a great alteration was made in Mr Roussel's habits. It was decided that we were to live in his rooms on the first-floor; and never shall I forget how surprised and distressed my mother was when he introduced her into the front room. To use Mrs Perrin's expression, 'it was in a reg'lar litter.' Every chair had music on it, and piles of music were crammed into every available corner. My mother could have excused that, but there were ranges of cages for breeding canaries all round the walls; on

the-table was a large cage containing a pair of Java sparrows; the dust was an inch thick everywhere; and as there was scarcely space to move about in the front room, Mr Roussel had used his bedroom to sit and to eat in. The wash-hand stand served as a kind of open larder, the sight of which really disgusted my mother, who gently remonstrated with him on the state of his domestic arrangements. He shrugged his shoulders, saying: 'Ma foi! I see noting of all dis; but do just what please you; I will debarass myself of all those birds, if you will it.'

My mother replied by a look of affectionate gratitude, and he kissed her hand tenderly, saying: 'My dear, when I marry you, I pretend make you happy.'

So the birds were got rid of, the rooms thoroughly cleaned and purified; and shortly after, my mother became Mr Roussel's wife.

For some time, she was happier even than she had ever expected to be. Roussel was attentive to her slightest wish, and was the kindest of stepfathers to me. He was absent from home nearly all day, giving lessons, and attending rehearsals, so that my mother devoted all her time to my improvement. A good piano was procured for me, a master engaged, and I practised five or six hours daily, besides learning French and Italian, studies that Roussel pronounced 'indispensable for my future success.' He was delighted at the talent I displayed for music, and when the opera season commenced, took my mother and me to hear Grisi and Mario. On our return home, he was much astonished to hear me repeat, almost note for note, all the songs those two great singers had sung during the evening. My mother made a point of sitting up for her husband when he went to the opera, and always provided some little delicacy for his supper, of which I sometimes was allowed to partake. I was very happy then, though living in a first-floor in Compton Street; everything appeared bright in my eyes, and even the hours I spent in practising were pleasant to me. When I was fifteen, my stepfather took me to an Italian, named Perretti, that he might try my voice. Perretti pronounced it a mezzo-soprano, of superb quality, and thenceforth singing became my chief occupation. In order to stimulate me to exertion, my mother and I went regularly to the opera, and there, in a corner of the gallery, at that time frequented by most respectable people, my taste was formed by hearing the best singers of the day.

About this time, I made a discovery; I found a box of books in a cupboard, and naturally enough looked over them. They were mostly French, and among them was Voltaire's *Essai sur les Mœurs et les Coutumes des Nations*, which interested me greatly; but my mother, who had a horror of the name of Voltaire, forbade me to go on reading the work, and in consequence I was very much annoyed. I cried bitterly, and as I was wiping my eyes, Roussel came home. He said the instant he saw me: 'What is it, little one?'

I told him. He laughed at my mother's narrow-minded scruples, and insisted on my being allowed to read what I liked.

My mother made no reply; and he soon after went out. As soon as we were alone, my mother said to me in a gentle tone: 'My dear Lina, you are old enough now to know the distinction between right and wrong, and it is with regret that I must make you judge between my husband and myself. In the first place, he has not such strict notions on certain subjects as I could wish. Foreigners, I am sorry to say, are more lax of principle than we English. And though I can make allowances for my husband, yet, Lina, I trust that my daughter will never belie her English origin. The only disputes I have had with my husband have been on this very subject. You remember that he wished to take you to Madame Mercier's?'

'Perfectly, mamma,' I replied, quite subdued by her earnest manner.

'Madame Mercier, Lina, was not a person fit to be the companion of a virtuous young girl; and yet your papa' (he had earnestly entreated that I would call him by that name) 'wished you to visit her, because she had promised to give you a diamond clasp, and other presents, having taken a great fancy to you, when she met you at that morning concert. I would not allow you to go near her, and my husband was very angry with me on that account. Was I right, Lina?'

'Yes, dear mamma,' I exclaimed; 'and I will not look at the book again.'

And I kept my word.

It was decided by my stepfather that I should become a public singer. My name, Mason, must be Italianised—Massoni would do capitally. And my voice improved every day.

One evening, my mother and myself were sitting in our accustomed corner in the gallery, listening to Grisi as Norma, when a quiet middle-aged man, who was seated next to my mother, asked her some question respecting the singers. His manner was so respectful that my mother replied to him politely; and somehow found herself engaged in a conversation with him. When the opera was over, my stepfather came, as usual, to escort us home, and discovered that our new acquaintance was not entirely a stranger to him. He addressed him as Mr Bergmann, and we walked home together. On our way, Mr Bergmann asked, as a great favour, to be allowed to take my likeness, and my stepfather granted the request instantly.

Behold me now in a new character—that of a model. Twice a week my mother took me to Mr Bergmann's, and in a month he had finished my portrait. It was very like, and seemed to give him great satisfaction. It was three-quarters; and he expressed a wish to take me in profile, which he did. Then he took the full face several times, now looking up to heaven, now with the eyes cast on the ground. In fact, if he was pleased with any attitude I happened to take, he began painting me afresh. I was very glad to go to Mr Bergmann's, for my home was very dull, as we had no acquaintances, and any change was pleasant. Besides, Mr Bergmann always made his housekeeper prepare some delicious pudding or tart for me; and if, as De Balzac says, 'La gourmandise est une grâce chez les femmes,' I had my full share of that grace. I was very free with Mr Bergmann, and talked to him fearlessly; indeed, he always appeared delighted to listen to my prattle, and I always looked forward with pleasure for the days on which I saw him.

All at once, my pleasure came to an end.

One day (this I knew not until some time afterwards) Mr Bergmann began speaking to my mother about the solitary life he led. He lamented his sad fate as a bachelor, said he was tired of being single, and asked her: 'Did she think a young—a very young girl, also very beautiful, would feel an invincible repugnance to marry so plain a man as himself—old enough, too, to be her father?'

My mother, in all innocence, replied that 'it all depended on the disposition of the young girl. For myself,' she added, 'I think a good heart is of the greatest consequence in a husband; but I am not a young girl.'

My mother had given a practical proof of her own way of thinking when she married Roussel. Mr Bergmann, with a smile, said: 'A young girl might do worse in a worldly point of view, Mrs Roussel. You have never been over my house, have you?'

My mother replied in the negative, and he proposed shewing it to her. During their colloquy, I had been looking at some stuffed birds of gorgeous plumage in a little room adjoining the studio, after having demolished an apricot tart, and my mother called me to

accompany her on her tour of inspection over Mr Bergmann's house. A beautiful house it really was, splendidly furnished, and everything in the best taste. I ran in and out of the rooms quite enraptured, for, though I was nearly sixteen, I was very childish in my ways. My mother praised everything—she could do no less; and, as we were preparing to depart, Mr Bergmann said: 'Then you would advise me not to be discouraged, Mrs Roussel?'

'Of course,' said my mother, with a smile. "'Faint heart," you know, "' never won fair lady."

'I will be guided by your superior judgment,' replied he, 'and will try my fate to-morrow. What is the best time for finding Mr Roussel at home?'

'Between five and six,' replied my mother unhesitatingly. We then took our leave of him; and when we reached home, we found Roussel already arrived there. He asked what had kept us so late. My mother told him, and praised Mr Bergmann's house up to the skies. She also related her conversation with him, Roussel smiling sarcastically all the time; and she finished by saying that Mr Bergmann intended to call on him.

Roussel started up, uttering some exclamation between his teeth, and, rushing down stairs, spoke to Mrs Perrin for a time. When he came up stairs again, he said: 'Caroline, you will not go to that old ass any more.'

'Why not?' asked my mother in astonishment.

'Because I will it not,' said he. In spite of the pains my mother took to teach him, he persisted in translating French literally when he spoke English. For myself, I was quite enraged when I found that we were not to go to Mr Bergmann's any more. I cried, I sulked, and was actually saucy to Roussel on the subject, to his intense wonder. He stared at me, and then said: 'Ma foi, it was time!'

My mother told me that Roussel had given strict orders to Mrs Perrin to say that 'nobody was at home' whenever Mr Bergmann (whom he described) should call. There was nothing for us to do but to submit. Time passed, and everything went on as before, when one morning my mother, who was reading the *Times*, exclaimed suddenly: 'Poor man! O Roussel, Mr Bergmann is dead!'

'Well, what then?' asked he.

'He has left eighty thousand pounds!' said my mother. 'What an immense fortune!'

'Diable!' exclaimed Roussel, 'why, that is two millions of francs! Ma foi, if I had thought him so rich, it would have been different; I would have made friendships with the old fool.'

And he grinned at me as he spoke. I took no notice of all this at the time; but the moment he was out of the house, I asked my mother what he meant by grinning at me, and then she told me that my stepfather was annoyed now at having broken off the acquaintance with Mr Bergmann.

'And why did he break it off, then?' I asked impetuously.

'Because, Lina, he fancied that Mr Bergmann wished to marry you, and would not give him encouragement, as he had no idea that Mr Bergmann was so wealthy.'

I burst into tears, and cried heartily, after which, I said angrily: 'Papa has been very unkind to me, for I could have loved Mr Bergmann dearly.'

'My dear Lina,' exclaimed my mother, 'you surely do not know what you are talking about. How could you have loved Mr Bergmann, so plain a man, and so much older than yourself?'

I don't think he was as old as papa,' I said pettishly, 'and I am sure he was not so ugly!'

Never shall I forget my mother's look as I uttered the above words. In a grave voice she said: 'It is time, Lina, that you should know the motives that influenced me to marry Mr Roussel. I was a poor, a very poor widow, without the means of earning a

subsistence for myself and my child. I had not a friend in the world, Lina, and when Providence raised one up for me in Mr Roussel, should I have been justified in refusing his friendship? I paid the price of accepting it in becoming his wife, and he has neither been a bad husband to me, nor an unkind stepfather to you.'

'I know, mamma—I know,' cried I, throwing my arms round her neck, 'and I will always love him and obey him as if he were my own father.'

'Unless he wished you to do what was not right,' said my mother, still in the same grave voice. 'This may seem a strange observation for me to make, Lina, but my husband's notions on some things are very peculiar, as I told you before. You will understand me better by and by. We have said enough on the subject at present.'

So saying, she kissed me tenderly, and the conversation dropped. The next morning, I noticed that my mother had a strange look: her face was white, and her eyes vacant; she also appeared very absent during breakfast, and seemed relieved when her husband left the house for his usual avocations. It was the day for my French lesson, and Mr Préville made his appearance at the accustomed hour. In general, while I took my lessons, my mother sat by, working diligently; but on this occasion she was fidgety, she could not settle herself to work, she moved about restlessly, every now and then appearing as if about to interrupt Mr Préville in his explanations. I could not imagine what caused her unwonted behaviour, until Mr Préville, having finished, rose to depart, when my mother seemed to make up her mind to something, and said: 'I want you to explain something to me, Mr Préville. What do the letters T. F. mean?'

'The letters T. F., madame, when branded on the shoulder, mean *travaux forcés*—that is a punishment something like the hulks here. The galley-slaves are marked with them.'

'Thank you, monsieur,' said my mother; 'I comprehend.'

Her voice sounded so strangely to me, that I looked at her when she had spoken. Her face was if possible whiter than before, and the pupils of her eyes appeared unnaturally large; but she wished Mr Préville good-morning in a calm voice, and he departed. When he was gone, my mother sank into a chair, and uttered a kind of gasping sob. I flew to her, saying: 'Mamma, mamma, are you ill?'

'Very, my poor child,' was the reply, and a stream of blood poured from her mouth. I raised an alarm directly; good Mrs Perrin came to me, and after sending for medical assistance, helped me to undress my mother, and lift her into bed—that bed from which she never rose. Though everything was done that could be done, the doctor shook his head from the first; and when Roussel came home, he was terribly alarmed. My mother lingered on for six weeks, gradually sinking, and then abruptly insisted on the doctor's telling her how long she had to live. He told her—perhaps a week, perhaps more; but if she agitated herself, that her death would take place sooner. My mother seemed relieved when she had heard him, and as soon as he had left her, called me to her bedside. I must here mention that I had thought her behaviour of late to Roussel very extraordinary; though she might have been talking to me (in a whisper, it is true) but the instant before, yet, if he approached the bedside, she would close her eyes, and seem insensible to every word he said. I could not understand her conduct, for she always heard me.

When she called me as I have said, I went close to her, and she began in a faint voice to speak. 'My poor Lina, my days are numbered; but I should not murmur at the decrees of Providence were it not that I leave you in such hands! When I am gone, your stepfather will devote you to a public life—never forget, Lina, that it is possible to remain pure

and virtuous though you may tread the boards of a theatre. You will no doubt be beset with many trials and temptations; but promise me, Lina, promise your dying mother'—here she spoke with energy, and raised herself up—'that you will be a good and virtuous girl whatever happens.'

Dissolved in tears, I promised. She kissed me for the last time, as the exertion she had made brought on a return of the hemorrhage; and she died holding my hand in hers, the expression of anguish that had been lately imprinted on her countenance passing away as death approached.

GUNSHOT WOUNDS.

Of that magnificent force, the Volunteers, which has already been negatively useful to an extent no man can estimate, and which promises so well in case of invasion, we have heard much indeed. The discipline, the arms, the dress of each particular corps, have been held up to public criticism; not a private but has been an object of interest, not a colonel but has been the subject of comment; and yet we have heard not a word about the surgeons. It is true that these are not to be the defenders of our hearths and homes, but if such should be needed, and the defence be of that obstinate character which we expect it will be, the surgeons will be no less necessary than they. As to the appointment of these gentlemen, we know little or nothing about it, and hope for the best; but it is obvious that whereas those who have served in the regular army are the most valuable volunteer officers, so those who have had some experience in the field should be selected for the medical staff.

Volumes out of number, with reference to military duties, have been written by well-qualified persons for the use of Volunteers, but, as far as we know, there have been no books whatever of a similar character addressed to volunteer surgeons. Town and country doctors may have an immense experience with respect to vaccination and childbirth, but such skill would be of very little service in case of the landing of the French. With gunshot wounds they can scarcely be conversant at all. By great good-fortune, they may have been officially concerned in some assize case where murder has been committed, but if firearms have been used at all (and especially in the country), the 'lethal weapon' has almost always been a fowling-piece, and the cause of dissolution small-shot. They cannot possibly be aware of the effects of a cylindrical bullet, which, in case of invasion, would certainly be the chief worker of injury among our Volunteers. To this description of ball have been communicated the greatest conceivable velocity and a rotatory movement on itself, so that a terrible shock, splitting the bone in every way, has replaced the injury done by the old bullet. 'This comminution of the bone has no parallel in former surgical annals. The great number of splinters, the disturbance to the entire bone, the longitudinal cracks, and the necessary consequence of such a shock, exhibit a degree of seriousness proportionate to the injury inflicted.' It is therefore with pleasure that we welcome the *Ambulance Surgeon*,* and notice it in these columns, for which, under other circumstances, such a work would scarcely be adapted.

The fop who angered Hotspur would have now

* *The Ambulance Surgeon*, by L. P. Appia, M.D.; edited by T. W. Nunn, Assistant-surgeon of the Middlesex Hospital; and A. M. Edwards, Lecturer on Surgery in the Edinburgh Medical School.

a days more reason to exclaim against that villainous saltpetre than of yore; the missiles it impels are sometimes found in the body of the wounded person quite flattened out; sometimes they split in equal halves; and sometimes they will strike against a stone, and be scattered in all directions like a shell. 'In Algeria, a ball broke into five fragments on a rock five or six paces from a grenadier; the first fragment struck and broke his right ankle, two others pierced further down, the fourth wounded his right thigh, and the fifth lodged in the skin at the back of his head.' During the revolution of 1848, Dr Appia made many curious observations upon gunshot wounds. The lower limbs, he says, are struck in the proportion of about five to four with respect to the upper. The principal cause of this difference is evidently the greater bulk of the lower extremities, while the movements of the arms presenting a foreshortened appearance to the ball, also probably contribute to it. The following is the relative frequency with which different parts of the body are struck by the bullet: leg, 100; thigh, 97; face, 61; arm, 60; hand, 57; chest, 53; abdomen, 52; shoulder, 42; skull, 37; forearm, 36; knee-joint, 34; foot, 29; elbow-joint, 22; neck, 22; ankle-joint, 15; hip, 6; vertebrae, 10; wrist, 2. The treatment of a gunshot wound is often much complicated by the foreign bodies which the bullet carries in with it—pieces of wadding, of cloth, of shoe-leather, of worsted, of hair, of linen, and of wood. A citizen of Lyon in 1835 had twenty napoleons in his pocket, which, struck by the ball, were driven into his stomach, and, adds the practical Laroche, 'all more or less spoiled.'

Bullets have a knack of imbedding themselves in the body and limbs, so that the surgeon and the wounded man are both alike ignorant of their presence; for pain, be it remembered, is but a late symptom of a gunshot injury, coming on as inflammation is developed. Larrey relates minutely of an artilleryman who was struck by a ball on his right thigh. The femur was broken; as for the ball, it pierced the thickness of flesh, turned round the bone, and ended by dipping into the hollow of the thigh. 'When he was brought to the ambulance, neither he nor his surgeons suspected the presence of a foreign body. The patient even was of opinion that the same ball had passed on and struck another bombardier. It was only when performing amputation that Larrey discovered a ball five pounds in weight. Dupuytren relates that a ball of nine pounds' weight was so completely concealed in a patient's thigh that the surgeon did not at first discover its presence. On the morrow after the taking of the Mamelon Vert, a soldier applied at the ambulance said to be wounded in his left thigh. About its middle was found a small circular aperture, like that from a round ball not a wound of exit. On examination, they could feel an obscure swelling in the popliteal space, but otherwise there was no swelling, redness, or especial amount of pain. A large incision enabled them to discover and extract an enormous shot, which had run round the femur without breaking it. From the external appearances, perhaps, out of a hundred surgeons, fifty might have thought no ball had entered, but assuredly a hundred would have denied that there lay there a biscuit; but it was so, nevertheless.'

Sometimes, again, the bullet will wind in a wonderful manner. 'One frequently meets with two apertures so placed with regard to each other as to appear quite independent. Thus a ball which has entered the ankle-joint, goes out at the knee; another, piercing the forehead, escapes at the temple.'

Among the more general remarks scattered about the volume, and interesting even to the non-professional

reader, we learn that the average mortality among those wounded by firearms is about 1 in 8½; and that those who are fated to do so, die soon.

The moral condition of the wounded has a great deal of influence in the matter; and soldiers depressed by defeat or privation easily succumb. Dr Appia himself is probably a conservative in politics, for he asserts that the insurgents in 1848 were found more difficult to heal than the defenders of public order. 'Dr Serrier, senior assistant-surgeon, speaks of a wounded soldier in 1834 at Metz with merely an abrasion on the front of his leg. He was so affected by the description of an amputation some persons discussed before him, and which he thought applied to his own case, that cerebral symptoms appeared, and in two days the poor fellow died. Another man was admitted, in 1839, to the Hôtel Dieu of Marseille for a gunshot wound of his leg. Everything appeared to do well, when a visit from one of his daughters, who wept for two hours on his pillow, affected him so much, that he died from mental excitement in a few days.'

The wound of exit, says our author, is generally larger than that of entrance, although this is much disputed. In the case of the heart, it matters but little, for any injury whatever to it is fatal, and the same is true of the spinal marrow. M. Jobert, indeed, cites an instance where a bullet remained three years in a heart without producing suppuration—but the patient must have been an exceptionally hard-hearted person. A ball may pass right through the face, and the wound heal without great exfoliation; but the case becomes serious when it involves the frontal region and the eyes. 'At the capture of the Mamelon Vert, an officer of the Turcos had his face completely taken off by a ball—chin, mouth, nose, cheeks, eyes, tongue, all had disappeared; only the skull and neck remained. The wretched man breathed; and by his changes of posture, and the significant movements of his hands, shewed he was aware of his condition. He sank twenty hours afterwards.'

The question discussed at some length in this volume, as to the relative advantages of primary and secondary (or delayed) amputation, is of immense importance, but it will scarcely attract the non-medical reader; on the other hand, the directions for bearing away the wounded should interest every man who aspires to be a volunteer. No wounded man ought ever to be suffered to walk away, nor, if it can be avoided, be intrusted to one man only. It is especially necessary that the surgeon should indicate to the bearers in what manner their charge should be carried, since every case will demand a different method of procedure. 'There is one point,' says Dr Appia, 'on which I most strongly insist, because it is one too often disregarded—namely, never to proceed to the removal or transport of the wounded before having agreed with the bearers on their line of conduct. This is the time for the surgeon to prove that he is a calm, determined man, who silences all useless talk and discussion, cautious and reflecting in the midst of the excitement and thoughtlessness by which he is often surrounded.'

Immediately upon a ball striking a human body, a convulsive trembling supervenes, to which presently succeed all the symptoms of extreme nervous depression. Insensibility, however, does not generally accompany this, unless in the case of extensive mutilations, and not always even then. Guthrie tells of having seen a young sailor in London who had had his entire upper extremity carried away by a round ball, fired from one of the forts of Guadeloupe, in March 1808. 'His body felt no special sensation, and his senses were noways embarrassed.' We suppose, however, that this young man's 'entire upper extremity' must mean something else than his head.

It is some slight consolation to find that modern

science, which has devised so many new and fatal methods of dealing death, has exploded one very disagreeable notion upon the subject. Nobody can be, nor ever has been killed, it seems, by the solid of a ball. It is really a pleasant thing to be assured of, that the 'ping' of a bullet, or even the whir of a common ball, is no more dangerous than thunder. 'It had been observed that heavy projectiles, especially balls, could produce deep and serious injuries to the soft parts, and even to bones, without necessarily breaking the skin, and these undeniable facts were accounted for by the extreme pressure which the air in front of the projectile underwent. But one need not be a natural philosopher to see that air is too delicate and elastic a medium not to separate on either side of a converse and limited surface like that of a bullet, rather than undergo extreme compression from it.' Internal injuries formerly attributed to the pressure of the air, or wind of the ball, are evidently due to the obliquity with which the bullet impinges on the body, and the diminution of its force at that moment. Another piece of satisfactory information is, that although wounds are worse now a days than they used to be, the remedies are not so bad. It was wont to be believed that gunshot injuries possessed the character of poisoned wounds. Cauteries at a white heat were prepared to destroy the infected tissues, and deep incisions were made to facilitate the elimination of the poison, for which boiling oil of turpentine was considered an antidote. Comparatively easy must have been death in those times to those soldiers who had the good-fortune to die without benefit of surgeon.

We have endeavoured to shew that the *Ambulance Surgeon*, although addressed exclusively to the Profession, is not without interest for the general public; its usefulness to the volunteer surgeon, who can have but small experience in the matters of which it treats, can scarcely be overrated. Dr Appia has been very ably introduced to them by his translators, Messrs Nunn and Edwards.

THE APRIL HOURS.

When the trees shake off their tears,
As a brave man does his fears;
And the violets smile again
Through the glistenings of rain;
And the primrose's pale star
Looks up to where the angels are,
Brightly between the scudding showers
Dance the merry April hours.

When the sheep-bells soothe and lull,
And the buds are nearly full;
When the fair leaves of the rose
Slowly to the sun unclose;
When the larks, through sun and rain,
Glad some soar and sing again;
And the thrushes on the leas
Prate of summer's joy and ease,
Brightly then between the showers
Dance the merry April hours.

W. T.

The Editors of *Chambers's Journal* have to request that all communications be addressed to 47 Paternoster Row, London, and that they further be accompanied by postage-stamps, as the return of rejected Contributions cannot otherwise be guaranteed.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH. Also sold by all Booksellers.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL OF POPULAR LITERATURE

Science and Arts.

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 436.

SATURDAY, MAY 10, 1862.

PRICE 1*d.*

CARABOO, PRINCESS OF JAVASU.

MANY years ago—indeed, very many—being at that time in what Shakspeare would have termed ‘my sallet days,’ I was sojourning for a considerable period in the village of Almondsbury, Gloucestershire. One evening in the beginning of spring, I had been down to the village inn to look after a couple of favourite beagles, which the worthy Boniface there was keeping for me at what we countrymen call ‘walks;’ and returning along the turnpike-road, I met a young woman, whose dress, person, and more than all, her very exhausted and debilitated condition, excited my attention and deepest sympathy.

Weary and footsore, she limped with slow and painful steps towards a cottage, whose open door exhibited a comfortable wood-fire and a bed in view. By signs and gestures sufficiently explicit—such as opening and closing her eyelids, as she leaned her face upon her hand—she expressed her desire to lodge there for the night. The inmates, however, unused to receive strangers of such singular aspect and deportment, one who, moreover, could not speak a word of English, but had addressed them in what they termed ‘a furrein gibberish,’ only stared with open mouth, or laughed coarsely as she repeated her pantomimic efforts. So I interfered, and directed one of them—a flaxen-headed young lout—to guide the poor creature up to Knowle Park, where, in Mrs W——, the Lady Bountiful of Almondsbury, she would be certain to find a kind and sympathising friend. During the interval, I had an opportunity of fully criticising the general appearance of the young woman, which, as well as her gestures, were singularly graceful and prepossessing. Her head was small, and of classic outline; her eyes and hair jet-black; eyebrows finely arched; forehead low, and nose *retroussé*, as the French call it; complexion brunette, with a warm tinge of carmine in the cheeks, suggestive of the sunny side of a ripe peach; her chin was small and round; her hands white, and seemingly unaccustomed to labour; her height perhaps about five feet two inches. A black shawl, in eastern fashion, loosely encircled her head, and a party-coloured one hung from her shoulders. She seemed about twenty-five years of age.

The good lady whose protection she had by my direction solicited, after a vain effort to gain something of the wanderer’s history, ordered her servants

to see her back to the inn, and direct that the best accommodation should be furnished her. Upon being shewn into the parlour, her attention became earnestly fixed upon an engraving representing a banana, which hung there, and which she made those present understand was a fruit of her native land. Supper being prepared, she covered her eyes with her hands, as if repeating silently a long prayer; and at its conclusion, thrice prostrated herself. The vessels used at table were carefully cleansed in pure water previous to their being replenished.

Next morning, Mrs W—— walked down to the inn to see her singular protégée. The village clergyman came also, and fetched from his house several volumes of Oriental travel, richly illustrated with coloured engravings. These were spread open before her; and in turning them over, she intimated by gestures her special recognition of those scenes and costumes which had relation to China and the Oriental Archipelago.

By degrees, her lady-patroness grew intensely interested in this adventure. Still, aware of the possibility of imposture, she again took the stranger up to the Hall, and in soothing and compassionate language, addressed her: ‘My good girl, it is quite possible you may be practising upon my credulity, and that you perfectly understand and can answer me in our common English. If so, and if distress has driven you to this expedient, make me your friend: money and clothes shall be supplied to help you on your way. I am a female as well as yourself, and will never disclose what you intrust to me. But if you continue to deceive, I must explain that my husband is a magistrate, and has the power to imprison you as a vagrant.’

During her appeal, the countenance of this accomplished deceiver rested perfectly immobile, exhibiting not a trace of alarm, or even comprehension of its purport. Mrs W—— then attempted to learn her name by placing pen and paper before her; and having first written her own name repeatedly thereon, motioned that the girl should do the same. She refused, however, shaking her head as she pointed a finger towards herself, exclaiming: ‘Caraboo! Caraboo!’ Upon being shewn through the apartments of the mansion, she affected to be deeply interested at the Chinese figures and landscape decorating the furniture, and, by signs, intimated that they had reference to her native land.

Mrs W— now resolved to give her a permanent asylum at Knowle Park, designing to forward the particulars of her case to a friend at the India House, in hopes that the truth of her representations might be confirmed. A quantity of handsomely figured chintz being given her, she at once set about fashioning a specimen of her native costume. Instead of shoes and stockings, she wore open sandals; on her head, a costly China shawl, rose-coloured, surmounted by half-a-dozen peacocks' feathers; a rapier and dagger, taken from the hall, hung at her side; a bow and quiver, with which she daily exercised, were suspended at her back. Playing at sword and dagger, she worsted repeatedly Mr W— himself, who in his youth had been esteemed no unskilful fencer. To the sound of a tambourine, which she played exquisitely, she danced with endless changes of attitude, occasionally dropping on one knee, and then rising with uncommon agility, she would perform a species of waltz with the most singular twists and contortions, but no way inconsistent with perfect modesty. She pulled in a boat, swam, dived, and rode on horseback with equal dexterity; ascended at sunrise to the house-top into dangerous positions, kneeling towards the east like a Parsee fire-worshipper; dressed all food herself, rigidly abstaining from animal food, and affecting extreme disgust at the bare sight of wine and malt liquor. In a word, her habits were a strange mélange of those belonging to every tribe of Asiatics under the sun.

It will illustrate the tact and facility with which she could avail herself of hints derived from the conversation of those around her, that, overhearing a gentleman assert that the point of Indian weapons were often dipped in vegetable poisons, in a few hours afterwards, while holding a crowded levee, Caraboo rose, and walking to a flower-stand, bruised a couple of leaves from some exotic plant growing there, applied the juice to her dagger, touched her arm, and then pretended to swoon! Many present fell into a genuine fainting-fit, from pure sympathy at her supposed dangerous condition.

The gipsy dialect, aided by a few words of broken English, by which this accomplished deceiver held communion with her friends, was eked out very effectively by a most expressive, animated countenance, and elegance of gesture. Singular to relate, not one word of her native English, however excited or off her guard, escaped her lips during the period of ten weeks she thus practised upon her benefactress's credulity. The housekeeper, who slept with her, never detected any language or tone of voice differing from that she had at first assumed. Overhearing the servants propose that they should lie awake, and listen whether she talked in her sleep, on that night, and for a long time afterwards, she affected to utter her usual gibberish in her dreams. Mrs W—, who occasionally took her to Bristol in her carriage—in which she generally fell asleep—often intentionally roused her abruptly; but in these moments of alarm, no sound or word ever escaped her lips inconsistent with her feigned character.

The fame of this mysterious visitant to Almondsbury of course circulated widely throughout the adjacent country. Oriental travellers, old Indian residents, professors of Oriental literature—amongst them the professor of Oriental languages at one of the universities—came in crowds to Knowle Park, to see, sympathise, and converse with the charming Caraboo. She wrote with great facility from left to right, as we do; and on recovering from an attack of typhus fever, had written, in a strange set of hieroglyphics, what was presumed to be a letter of thanks to the medical man to whose kindness and assiduity she owed her recovery. This letter, the characters of which were formed with a camel's hair-pencil—one of her innumerable ingenious frauds—on being shewn to the literati assembled in Mrs W—'s

drawing-room, of course puzzled them exceedingly; but wholly unsuspecting of deception, they merely declared that it threw no light on the nature of her language, or the race to which she belonged. The very characters might well be an enigma to them. Dr Hagar's elementary letters of the Chinese, Fry's *Pantographia*, and a Polyglott Bible, were all consulted in vain. They suspended the letter during some weeks in the Pump-room at Bath, as being frequented by travellers from all countries; a copy was sent to the East India House, and submitted by the chairman to Sir Stamford Raffles, one of our best Oriental scholars; but while confessing his inability to decipher it, he expressed no doubt of its authenticity.

A gentleman who had been all his life engaged in making Indian voyages, and who knew every creek and harbour of Southern China, wrote down what he conceived to be an interpretation of the girl's pantomimic gestures in reference to her previous history, and in his enthusiasm to unravel it, no doubt unconsciously suggested and aided the imposture. Her name, he said, was Caraboo, the daughter of a person of royal birth, of Chinese origin. Her mother was a native of Malacca. Whilst walking in her garden at Javasu, she had been seized by the people of a pirate proah, bound hand and foot, and carried off, not before she had mortally wounded two of her assailants with a crease or dagger. After eleven days' confinement, she was sold to the captain of a ship named Tappa Boo; that, after anchoring in a port for two days, she sailed for Europe, being four months on the voyage; but when off the English coast, had jumped overboard, and swam ashore, in consequence of some ill-treatment she experienced; that her dress then consisted of a robe richly embroidered with gold, and on her head a shawl of the same description, which were exchanged at a village by an Englishwoman—the door of whose house was green—for plain country attire, in which dress, after wandering about for six weeks, she found her way to Almondsbury.

About a month after her first arrival, 'the Princess of Javasu' was one morning found missing. The *cacœthes errandi* had revisited her. On the Sunday following, we received intimation of the place of her retreat; it was Bath, whither Mrs W— went in the course of the afternoon. We found her standing with an air of queen-like condescension at the upper end of the reception-room, in the house of a lady of fortune and rank. The room was crowded to suffocation by persons of distinction, panting to be introduced to the interesting Oriental princess. One fair damsel knelt at her feet, a second tenderly grasped her hand, a third earnestly begged for the privilege of a kiss! One elderly gentleman, fully persuaded of the reality of her pretensions, declared in her presence his readiness to subscribe L.500 to convey her back to Javasu. A collection was set on foot, bank-notes strewed the table; but with consistent *nonchalance*, she merely gathered them up as so many scraps of blank paper. On her kind benefactress suddenly appearing before her, she rushed towards her, and gracefully prostrating herself, expressed by signs her hopes of pardon for having ungratefully fled from the shelter of her roof. The visitors, captivated by her simulated ardour of attachment, melted into tears, while the fugitive princess triumphantly departed to return to her former asylum. Mrs W— left Bath in company with Caraboo that same night; and while reciting at home the brilliant scene enacted in her friend's drawing-room, the applauses and deep sympathy expressed by that fashionable crowd for her exiled protégée, and her own graceful and contrite exhibition of sorrow, she found her regards more closely riveted, and felt that she indeed had under her roof an unhappy princess of Javasu. The conflict of feelings that struggled within the breast of Caraboo herself was of a very opposite character. With the consciousness

that her last effort at deception had transcended every previous triumph, was mingled the conviction of coming exposure from increased publicity; and so it fell out. Every week the journals had chronicled her adventures and escapades at Knowle Park, until the tale reached the ears of one Mrs Neale, residing in Lewin's Mead, the Alsatia of Bristol, where the *soi-disant* Caraboo had for some period lodged. She of course was both surprised and amused at the pleasant eccentricities and marvellous transformations of her quendam tenant, 'Mary Baker,' the Devonshire peasant-girl, gipsy, play-actress, &c., into a princess of the Arabian Nights, a disciple of Pythagoras and Zoroaster, who eschewed beef, and grew pale at sight of a cup of that cider which was the staple beverage of her early years. The woman lost no time in communicating her suspicions to Mrs W——, who, by confronting them together, easily obtained from the now abashed Caraboo a full confession of all her manifold impostures. In these, the grand agent was of course her native language, in which the multitude who flocked to visit her so freely made known their travelled experiences, or quoted from books descriptive of Oriental usages, little dreaming that their apparently unconscious listener understood English as well as themselves.

An unrivalled self-possession and control of countenance, on which neither the most fulsome compliment nor derisive sarcasm produced the slightest variation, was another of her peculiar accomplishments. Still, it may well excite astonishment in all who peruse this narrative, that an illiterate girl of humble origin, with no other inducement than the invincible propensity to deceive, should so consistently demean herself during many months, that a large multitude of persons eminent for rank and education, ever on the watch to detect imposition, were compelled to believe her pretensions genuine, and that in her they beheld and sympathised with an exile of princely birth.

Her original kind-hearted, well-intentioned benefactress did not desert poor Caraboo in the hour of adversity, when stripped of her brief assumption of royalty. At the girl's special request, a passage was obtained for her in a vessel sailing to America, whence, after about seven years' absence, she returned, and was exhibited as a show somewhere in New Bond Street, London. She afterwards went into the west of England, where the writer saw her, shorn indeed of those romantic accessories which gave so deep an interest to her original *début* there. Still, public curiosity was again excited, and numbers of the aristocracy, English as well as foreign, linguists, painters, phrenologists, physiognomists, and gipsies, crowded to the second levee of this accomplished female Psalmanazar.

THE LIME-LIGHT.

It is said that the age of invention is in its infancy; and notwithstanding the progress science has made within the last few years, we have only discovered that the more we know, so much the more have we to learn. Artificial illumination is one of the instances of this: the oil-lamp and rude tallow urn of the ancients have given place to the unpretending moderator in our dwellings; and our streets, which were formerly dark and dangerous to traverse after sunset, are now lighted by gas. This easy and cheap mode of lighting, not only our streets, but our shops and private dwellings, is now as common as it was once unknown; and yet we can by no means say that we have a perfect light, or that great improvements may not be effected in this mode of lighting within the next few years.

Artificial light the rich may call a luxury, the poor may claim as a necessary; but take from either the means of artificial illumination, and their energies

would be crippled, their intellect impoverished, their time lost, their industrial occupations hindered, the very safety of the community endangered, and the wealth and commerce of nations affected.

If such astonishing applications of gas, and also of steam, had been made in the days of ancient Greece, what magnificent, all-expressive, world-astounding names would have been found to convey their meaning. Instead of such contemptible little monosyllables as *gas* and *steam*, one might have heard of the spirit of coal and the spirit of water, with some superlative adjective to stamp the vast importance of each. In such an age, these conquests of man over the elements, this subjugation of the great powers in nature to his use and convenience, would have thrown all meaner efforts into the shade; for them alone would poetry have strung its harp, and the grandest epic productions of genius might have commemorated the victory of man over the inanimate matter of nature, instead of dedicating her loftiest songs to the art of war.

Artificial illumination is a subject which is endowed with an interest of no ordinary character; and we may truly say, that few inquiries would furnish so profitable a result as a complete history of domestic illumination, tracing its gradual development from the clumsy contrivances of former ages up to the productions of modern times, satisfying the demands both of taste and science. But it is not our object here to enter upon the subject of artificial light generally, but to confine ourselves more particularly to what is known as the oxyhydrogen, or lime-light, and compare it with the ordinary methods of illumination.

This brilliant light was the invention of Lieutenant Drummond, and applied by him in conducting the Ordnance Survey in Ireland and Scotland in 1826. Its intensity was such, that it was proved to be distinctly visible at a distance of 95 miles. It is so purely white, that the most delicate shades of colour may be distinguished by it as correctly as by daylight; while for photographic purposes, it is invaluable, as it enables the photographer to work by night as easily as by day. To what extent this light is possessed of actinic properties, or whether this apparent power is due to the total absence of colour in its composition, we must leave others to decide; we will here only endeavour to describe the best form of lime-light apparatus which is yet known to the scientific world. The lime-light gives out but little heat, and does not in any manner vitiate or consume the oxygen of the surrounding atmosphere. Let us contemplate the infinite advantages of a light of this nature in the sick-room, or in the crowded factory, and indeed in any crowded room, as also in mines or tunnels. The ordinary gas-light, on the contrary, consumes a large amount of oxygen, which is the vital air that, in common with living creatures, it requires to promote existence; nay, it does more than assist us in consuming the oxygen, it *poisons* the air. The atmosphere is composed mainly of oxygen and nitrogen gases, in the proportion of one of the former to about *four* of the latter. It will be seen, therefore, how small a quantity of oxygen we have in any given volume of common air—only one-fifth! Now, nitrogen is a deadly poison, being incapable of supporting either combustion or life; and when we deprive any given volume of air of its oxygen, it will be readily understood that we are setting free *four times the quantity* of the poisonous air, nitrogen.

But this is not all the harm that is done; the wax, the tallow, the oils, the camphine, and the coal from which the gas is distilled, belong to the class of compounds known to the chemist as hydrocarbons, so called because they are composed of hydrogen and carbon. In their combustion, in every case without exception, their hydrogen unites with one portion of the oxygen in the surrounding air, and forms water,

and their carbon unites with another portion of the oxygen, and forms a deadly poison, known as carbonic acid.

Thus we see that by our present methods of obtaining light, we not only deteriorate the atmosphere by abstracting from it the vital air, but, in addition, pour into it one deadly poison, and set free another four times its bulk. Nor is even this the end of the mischief: the surrounding atmosphere is also heated in proportion to the number and extent of the ordinary gas-lights. There are probably few who have not experienced the ill effects of this in the lecture-room, the ball-room, or the theatre.

The lime-light, on the contrary, does not heat the atmosphere, and as oxygen is one of the gases it is provided with, it does not deprive the surrounding air of any oxygen, and as it has no carbon in its composition, it cannot form carbonic acid. It does not therefore require the assistance of the atmosphere, and can be burned just as easily in *vacuo*; in fact, the lime-light is produced by *ignition*, and the other lights we have spoken of are the result of *combustion*. As a proof of the total absence of heating power in the lime-light, we may state that a powerful five-jet lime-light was some short time ago exhibited in the Society of Arts lecture-room, when it was proved that, besides the light being of a purer and *whiter* character than gas-light, it gave as great a light as the large chandelier which was afterwards used. The lime-light lamp consumed thirty-six cubic feet of the combined gases in an hour, and did not increase the temperature of the room in that time, notwithstanding its crowded state. By way of testing the one light against the other, the chandelier was then turned 'full on' for the second hour, and consumed 5000 cubic feet of gas in that time. It was curious to watch the increase of temperature, even after the first ten minutes; the heat and vitiation of the atmosphere made the room almost unbearable long before the second hour was completed. The different quantities of gas required in each case, to produce the same amount of light, are worthy of remark. This is surely sufficient proof of its value in the lecture-room.

The advocate, however, of any rival to a source of light so cheap, so manageable, and so beautiful as gas, must be prepared to adduce something more in its favour than that the one is deleterious, and the other not so.

It is hardly necessary to inform our readers, that in common with all other lights of great intensity, the lime-light may be used for signal-lights, its peculiar steadiness, continuity, and cheapness giving it the advantage over its rival the electric-light. For use at sea, or by the coast-guard in case of wreck, and in all cases where life and property are at stake, cheapness is a matter of no consideration for a light of this nature; still, where cheapness is combined with utility, the lime-light has precedence over all lights, its cost being represented in pence, where that of others is in pounds. Owing to the total absence of colour in its composition, it is not only applicable to photographic purposes, but also for picture-galleries. It is found to separate the most delicate shades of colour, and what is of more importance, it does not in the slightest degree injure the most delicate fabrics, or tarnish gilding.

The lime-light is produced by allowing a stream of mixed gases (one part of oxygen, and two parts of pure hydrogen) to impinge upon the surface of a piece of lime, which it immediately renders of a white heat, and in this state of incandescence, we have what is known as the 'lime-light.' It may here be mentioned that if common coal-gas, or *carburetted* hydrogen, is used with oxygen for producing this light, the light will not be so pure as when hydrogen is used, and it will cause twice the quantity of oxygen to be consumed, the relative proportions of oxygen and carburetted hydrogen being equal, the carbon of the carburetted

hydrogen, as before explained, taking up a portion of the oxygen, to form carbonic acid.

Great, and apparently insurmountable difficulties met the discoverer, Lieutenant Drummond, owing to his mechanical appliances being incomplete; and it is only recently that certain improvements have been made in this respect, by which these difficulties have been overcome. The greatest of these impediments was, that when the lime was too suddenly heated, it cracked and fell to pieces, or, as it is technically termed, 'decrepitated,' when, of course, the light immediately disappeared.

The light emitted from the ignition of the combined gases alone is very faint, though it is the hottest flame known in chemistry, and somewhat similar in appearance to the flame of spirits of wine. The dimension of the required volume of flame for heating the lime, is, however, so small, as to throw out but very little heat.

Our readers are, of course, aware that the two gases required for the lime-light—namely, oxygen and hydrogen—are the constituents of water, which is known to be the greatest antagonist and extinguisher of flame; the one element hydrogen, being the most inflammable substance in nature, while oxygen, the other element, is the greatest known supporter of combustion. Water being decomposed into its elements by the agency of electricity or galvanism, is found to consist of hydrogen two parts, and oxygen one part; in fact, the exact proportions of these gases which are necessary to produce the lime-light. The present mode of lighting a lime-light is to allow a stream of lighted hydrogen to play upon the lime for a few moments; the flame is first of a pale yellow, and afterwards a deep red, caused by the combustion of the metal calcium in the lime; the oxygen is now turned on, and gradually regulated, so as to produce the best result.

Westminster Bridge was recently lighted for some months with lamps of this description, each having two jets. The South Foreland light-house has for three months been lit in the same manner, and in this case there were eight jets. There was never the slightest fault or failure, and the lamps were as easily managed as the ordinary gas-lamp: they were lighted at sunset, and extinguished at sunrise, and never touched in the interim, thus showing how little attention they required. Liverpool landing-stage has also been lit with these lamps, and it was found to be of great assistance to vessels approaching the harbour at night. It was found also that the naked light penetrates fog to an immense extent—some hundred yards—while other lights are quite useless. It has, moreover, been proved that *neither wind nor rain can extinguish it*.

These lamps may be made of any size, from the modulated lamp for the drawing-room table, to the powerful light-house lamp, and the gases may be made with perfect safety in any sitting-room.

A single jet placed near the ceiling is sufficient to light an ordinary sized room. The photometric value of the lime-light will of course depend upon the size of the jet, and the pressure upon the gases. Where the consumption of the gases does not exceed one and a half feet per hour, the light produced is equal to four gas-lights, each burning five feet per hour—or one and a half feet give an equal effect to twenty feet; but if the quantity of gases is increased to three feet per hour, a light equal to more than fifteen gas-lights, each burning five feet per hour, is obtained—or three feet give a light equal to seventy-five feet. Again, if the quantity be increased to six feet per hour, a light equal to sixty of the gas-lights is given—or six feet equal three hundred feet.

We may here mention, that after having made so many and such great improvements in the mechanical arrangement of the lamps, and the shape and size of the pieces of lime, and being able to obtain pure

hydrogen in a variety of easy and cheap methods, we only wanted to make the other of the two gases—namely, oxygen—with equal cheapness. It has long been possible to make it with great facility, in a variety of ways, but the expense of its manufacture was, until lately, a great drawback to the general adoption of the lime-light. It has, however, recently been discovered that oxygen may be made very cheaply from nitrate of soda, the residue being of sufficient value to nearly cover the original cost of the material, the labour, and the wear and tear of apparatus. It is almost needless to mention that hydrogen may be made very cheaply by passing superheated steam over red-hot iron borings.

THE BIGLOW PAPERS.

It has long been a complaint of the American people, both South and North, that we of the Old World are plunged in the grossest ignorance with respect to their Institutions; to this cause, which they entitle 'Prejudice,' they ascribe our dissent from anything to which they may have agreed, and our indifference to anything which excites their admiration: 'a Prejudice,' say they, 'European quite.' Now, with their Institutions, from expectation to slavery, this writer has nothing to do; but, with regard to a particular phase of their Literature, the above remark of theirs is (with the exception of its pronunciation) perfectly correct; Europeans do entertain a prejudice, which could scarcely exist except for their total ignorance of the subject, against American humour.

Emerson, Longfellow, Cooper, and a number of other authors, all more or less (literary) children of England, are welcomed both in England and on the continent readily enough; but the great American humorists, whose thoughts and language are peculiarly their own, can hardly obtain a hearing. There was a vulgar-looking little book, called *Yankee Fun* (we believe), that lay unbought (or, at least, we never saw anybody buy a copy) upon our railway book-stalls, a few years ago, which was full of the most genuine humour. Not Rabelais's, nor Voltaire's, nor Swift's, nor Fielding's, but a humour peculiar to the American people, and no other. It was not the production of one man, but of many living writers, whose names are totally unknown in this country. It would not be possible in this country to make up a similar 'picnic' volume of equal worth; for, although we have one or two good humorists, the genius of our writers does not commonly lie in that direction. Now, in America it does. Even the newspapers of the States often contain such admirable humour as makes one wonder at the frothy and contemptible character of their contents in other respects. All the English public see of this is the reflection of a flash or two, now and then, in the broadsheets of the *Times*, as of late, in the following instance: 'Ethan Spike contributes to the *Portland Transcript* a sketch of his experience as a jurymen. The first cases he was called to try were capital ones, the criminals being a German and a "nigger" respectively. "Hev you formed any opinion for or agin the prisoners?" said the judge. "Not perticular agin the Jarmin," says I; "but I hate niggers as a general principle, and shall go for hanging this here old white-wooled cuss, whether he killed Mr Cooper or not," says I. "Do you know the nature of an oath?" the clerk axed me. "I orter," says I. "I've used enough of 'em. I begun to swear when I was only about"— "That'll do," says the clerk. "You kin go hum," says he; "you won't be wanted in this ere case," says the clerk, says he. "What!" says I, "ain't I to try this nigger at all?" "No," says the clerk. "But I'm a jewryman," says I, "and you can't hang the nigger unless I've sot on him," says I. "Pass on," says the clerk, speaking rather cross. "But,"

says I, "you, mister, you don't mean as you say; I'm a regular jewryman, you know. Drawed aout of the box by the seelick man," says I. "I've ollers had a hankering to hang a nigger, and now, when a merciful dispensatory seems to have provided one for me, you say I shan't sit on him. Ar this your free institutions? Is this the nineteenth centry? And is this our boasted"— Here somebody hollered: "Silence in court." "The court be ——" "I didn't finish the remark," says he, "for a couple of constables took hold of me, and in the twinkling of a bedpost I was shoved down stairs into the street. Naow, Mr Editor, what are we comin' to when jewrymen—legal jewrymen—are to be tossed about in this way?"

The *Times* itself, in this country, could not have commanded humour such as seems to have been at the service of the *Portland Transcript*. What intellect America possesses finds, in short, its most natural expression through the channel of Humour, which (of desirable characteristics) is certainly the leading feature of the American nation. For the great defeat of Bull's Run, the furious and humiliated Northerners—than whom no people more zealous for their Institutions ever existed—published this excuse: 'News unhappily arrived upon the field that two vacancies had occurred in the Post-office; all our officers started off at once to secure them, and our men followed the officers.' What other thin-skinned nation could have given birth to so exquisite a sarcasm against themselves? Conceive, for instance, the Scotch excusing themselves for a defeat upon such a ground!

We English are, for the most part, unaware of this characteristic of our cousins. We are indeed well acquainted with *Sam Slick*, but Mr Haliburton's humour, although original, is different from that of which we speak. It is American, but with a dash of something else in it, which may be peculiar to himself, or perhaps Canadian. The only genuine American humorist whose works have met with decided acceptance in England is Mr Lowell. He has treated his countrymen as no foreigner living among them, and valuing an unfeathered skin, would have ventured to treat them. He has told them the truth about themselves in their own peculiar and inimitable manner. He reproaches them with their filibustering propensities; with their miserable struggles after votes and places; with the pretence of piety which pervades so much of their vulgar newspaper press; with their religious and political cant of all sorts. He points out to the Southerners the infamy of their Domestic Institution, and he removes the veil from its many secret sympathisers in the North. He introduces the first series of the *Biglow Papers* with 'Notices of the Press,' written by himself, because he has observed, he says, that second editions of books are always ornamented with similar critiques. 'These, I have been given to understand, are procurable at certain established rates, payment being made either in money or advertising patronage by the publisher, or by an adequate outlay of servility on the part of the author. . . . Considering this, I conceived that it would be not only more economical to prepare a sufficient number of such myself, but also more immediately subservient to the end in view, to prefix them to this one primary edition, rather than await the contingency of a second, when they would seem to be of small utility. To delay attacking the bobs until the second attempt at flying the kite, would indicate but a slender experience in that useful art.' These criticisms are most excellent imitations of American literary 'bunkum.' The *Bungtown Copper* and *Comprehensive Tocsin* (a try-weakly family journal) is made to say: 'We know of no English author who could have written it. It is a work to which the proud genius of our country, standing with one foot on the Aroostook, and the other on the Rio Grande, and holding up the star-spangled banner amid the wreck of matter and the crush of worlds, may

point with bewildering scorn of the punier efforts of enslaved Europe.

The introductory and prose portions of the *Biglow Papers* are indeed to the full as admirable as the main contents, which are in verse. Mr Ezekiel Biglow thus explains the circumstances under which his son Hosea was accustomed to receive the Muse: 'Wal, Hosea, he com home considerabal riled; and arter I'd gone to bed, I heern him a-thrashin round like a short-tailed bull in fli-time. The old woman, sees she to me, sees she: "Zekle," sees she, "our Hosee's got the chollery, or suthin another," sees she. "Don't you be skeered," sees I, "he's oney a-makin pottery," sees I; "he's ollers on hand at that ere busznes, like Da and Martin;" and shure enuf cum mornin, Hosey he cum down stares full chiggle, hare on eend, and cote-tales flyin, and sot rite of to go reed his varses to Parson Wilbur, since he haint aney grate shows o' book-larin himself. Bimeby he cum back, and sed the parson wuz drefle tickled with em, as I hoop you will be, and said they wuz true-grit.' Parson Wilbur was right. The verses, as will be seen, had wisdom, wit, and the most genuine Christianity to recommend them. Only they must be viewed from the stand-point of those to whom they are addressed. The style, it must be remembered, is not irreverent in *their* eyes. Nor is the matter to be supposed to be directed against *all* wars, but against unnecessary and unjust ones, such as the Mexican, into which the recruiting sergeant he apostrophises has endeavoured to entrap Mr Hosea Biglow.

Ez fur war, I call it murder;
There you have it plain and flat;
I don't want to go no furdur
Than my Testyment for that.
God hez sed so plump an' fairly,
It's ez long ez it is broad;
An' you've got to git up airly
If you want to take in God.

'Tain't your eppyletts an' feathers
Make the thing a grain more right;
'Tain't a-follerin' your bell-wethers
Will excuse you in His sight.
Ef you take a sword, an' dror it,
An' go stick a feller thru,
Guvment ain't to answer for it—
God'll send the bill to you.

Jest go home, an' ask our Nancy,
Wether I'd be sech a goose
Ez to jine ye—guess you'd fancy
The etarnal bung was loose.
She wants me for home consumption,
Let alone the hay's to mow—
Ef you're arter folks o' gumption,
You've a darned long row to hoe.

Mr Biglow, jun., concludes with a withering denunciation against the South, as well as of those Northern States (including his own dear old Bay State) that have truckled to them so long. The last verse, considering the period at which it was written (more than thirteen years ago), may well be considered as a prophecy:

Ef I'd *my* way, I hed ruther
We should go to work an' part—
They take one way, we take t' other;
Guess it wouldn't break my heart.
Men hed oughto put asunder
Them thet God has noways jined;
An' I shouldn't gretly wonder
Ef there's thousands of my mind.

Why this righteous separation has not happened long ago, the poet ascribes to the 'hollerness' of

human nature in general, and of American candida for office in particular:

A marcifal Providence fashioned us holler,
O' purpose thet we might our principles swaller;
It can hold any quantity on 'em, the belly can,
And bring 'em up ready for use like the pelican;
Or more like the kangaroo, who—which is stranger
Puts her family into her pouch wen there's danger.

Not a little of this is applicable to politicians at home as well as in the States; nor is *What Mr Robins thinks* without a direct teaching for us, although we have fortunately not so often as our cousins to submit to that gentleman's opinion in the election of candidates.

General C. is a drefle smart man;
He's ben on all sides thet give places or pelf;
But consistency still wuz a part of his plan—
He's ben true to *one* party—an' thet is himself;
So John P.
Robinson he
Sez he shall vote for General C.

This, of course, decides the matter, although 'Gine C. he goes in for the war,' and entertains the following opinion:

The side of our country must ollers be took,
An' President Polk, you know, he is our country;
An' the angel thet writes all our sins in a book,
Puts the debit to him, an' to us the per contry;
An' John P.
Robinson he
Sez this is his view o' the thing to a T.

Parson Wilbur he calls all these argimunts lies;
Sez they're nothin' on airth but jest fee-faw-fum,
An' that all this big talk of our destinies
Is half on it ignorance, an' t' other half rum;
But John P.
Robinson he
Sez it ain't no sech thing—an' of course so must w

Parson Wilbur sez he never heerd in his life
Thet th' apostles rigged out in their swaller-t-coats,
An' marched round in front of a drum an' a fife,
To git some on 'em office, an' some on 'em votes;
But John P.
Robinson he
Sez they didn't know everythin' down in Judee.

Mr Birdofredum Sawin, a parishioner of Parson Wilbur, is weak enough, despite his pastor's advice to join the war in Mexico, where he not only loses leg and an arm, but suffers from the varying climate which, after a long interval of drought, reminds him a certain pewter teapot at home, which would pour, till suddenly,

The kiver-hinge-pin being lost, tea-leaves, and t' and kiver
Would all come down *kerswoosh*, ez though the dam broke in a river.
The cons'quence is, thet I shall take, when I a allowed to leave here,
One piece o' property along—an' thet's the shaki fever.
It's reggilar employment, though, an' thet ain't thought to harm one,
Nor 'tain't so tiresome ez it wuz with t' other leg a arm on;
An' it's a consolation, tu, although it doesn't pay,
To hev it said you're some gret shakes in any kin' way.

Of the debates in the American 'Sennit,' and the disgraceful recriminations of South and North, Mr Hosea Biglow gives us a striking picture. John C.

Calhoun is on his legs throughout, and the rest of the House are incidentally—but most characteristically—introduced :

'Now don't go to say I'm the friend of oppression ;
But keep all your spare breath fer coolin' your
broth ;

Fer I ollers hev strove—at least thet 's my impression—
To make cussed free with the rights o' the north,
Sez John C. Calhoun, sez he.
'Yes,' sez Davis o' Miss.,
'The perfection o' bliss
Is in skinnin' thet same old coon,' sez he.

'Slavery's a thing thet depends on complexion ;
It's God's law thet fetters on black skins don't
chafe ;

Ef brains wuz to settle it, horrid reflection !

Wich of our 'onnable body'd be safe,'

Sez John C. Calhoun, sez he.

Sez Mister Hannegan,

Afore he began agin :

'Thet exception is quite oppertoon,' sez he.

* * * * *

'The slavery question ain't no way bewilderin' ;
North an' South hev one interest, it's plain to a
glance ;

Northern men, like us patriarchs, don't sell their
childrin,

But they *du* sell themselves, ef they git a good
chance,'

Sez John C. Calhoun, sez he.

Sez Atherton here :

'This is gittin' severe ;

I wish I could dive like a loon,' sez he.

The best part, however, of this excellent volume—
the most original that America has yet brought forth
—is that perhaps which is devoted to the exposure of
the low arts of the newspaper press. The use of
religion as a stalking-horse for political ends is
happily not so common in this country as in America ;
but even by Englishmen the force and vigour of the
Pious Editor's Creed cannot fail to make themselves
felt.

I du believe in Freedom's cause,

Es fur away ez Paris is ;

I love to see her stick her claws

In them infarnal Pharisees.

It's wal enough agin a king

To dror resolves an' triggers ;

But libbaty's a kind o' thing

Thet don't agree with niggers.

I du believe the people want

A tax on teas an' coffees ;

Thet nothin' ain't extravygunt,

Purvidin' I'm in office :

Fer I hev loved my country sence

My eye-teeth filled their sockets ;

An' Uncle Sam I reverence,

Partic'larly his pockets.

* * * * *

I du believe in special ways

O' prayin' an' convartin' ;

The bread comes back in many days,

An' buttered, tu, fer sartin.

I mean in preyin' till one busts

On wut the party chooses,

An' in convartin' public trusts

To very privit uses.

* * * * *

In short, I firmly du believe

In Humbug generally,

Fer it's a thing thet I perceive

To hev a solid vally ;

This heth my faithful shepherd ben,
In pastures sweet heth led me,
An' this 'll keep the people green
To feed ez they hev fed me.

The second and recently published series of the
Biglow Papers is not exempt from the fate of all
literary Continuations : it is not so good as its pre-
decessor, although better than the first series of
almost anything else. The preface, as in the former
case, is written by Parson Wilbur, 'by the express
desire of Mr Biglow himself, whose entire winter
leisure is occupied, as he assures me, in answering
demands for autographs, a labour exacting enough
in itself, and egregiously so to him, who, being no
ready penman, cannot sign so much as his name
without strange contortions of the face (his nose
even being essential to complete success), and pain-
fully suppressed Saint-Vitus-dance of every muscle
in his body.' The contents of this pamphlet (for it is
little more) have immediate reference to present
events in America, the very metaphors being drawn,
in many cases, from the belligerent parties.

This world is awfie contrary : the rope may stretch
your neck

Thet mebbey kep' another chap frum washin' off a
wreck ;

An' you will see the taters grow in one poor feller's
patch,

So small no self-respectin' hen thet vallied time 'ould
scratch,

So small the rot can't find 'em out ; an' then agin, nex'
door,

Ez big ez wut hogs dream on when they're 'most too
fat to snore.

But groutin' ain't no kin' o' use ; an' ef the fust throw
fails,

Why, up an' try agin, thet's all—the coppers ain't all
tails ;

Though I hev seen 'em when I thought they hedn't no
more head

Than 'd sarve a nusin' Brigadier thet gits some ink to
shed.

Again, in a really poetical description of a moon-
light walk, we have an image borrowed from the
sanguine Mr Seward :

An' in the twinklin' villages about,

Fust here, then there, the well-saved lights goes out,

An' nary sound but watch-dogs' false alarms,

Or muffled cock-crows from the drowsy farms,

Where some wise rooster—men act jest that way—

Stands to 't thet moon-rise is the break o' day :

So Mister Seward sticks a three-months pin

Where the war 'd oughto end, then tries agin—

My gran'ther's rule was safer n' 't is to crow :

Don't never prophesy—unless ye know.

The only thing, indeed, not purely political in this
little volume is an exquisitely humorous description
of a Tarring and Feathering undergone in the South
by our old friend Mr Birdofredum Sawin, *by mistake*.
The really guilty party was at length discovered,
and Mr Sawin was released from prison, and
received apologies. The reparation offered to him
is thus described :

Two year ago they ketched the thief, 'n' seein' I wuz
innocent,

They jest oncorked an' le' me run, an' in my stid the
sinner sent

To see how he liked pork 'n' pone flavoured with wa'nut
saplin',

An' nary social priv'ledge but a one-hoss, starn-wheel
chaplin.

When I come out, the folks behaved mos' gen'manly
an' harnsome ;

They 'lowed it wouldn't be more 'n right, ef I should
cuss 'n' darn some :

The Cannle he apolergized ; suz he : 'I'll du wut's right ;
 I'll give ye settisfaction now by shootin' ye at sight,
 An' give the nigger—when he's caught—to pay him fer his trickin'
 In gittin' the wrong man took up, a most H fired lickin'—
 It's jest the way with all on 'em, the inconsistent critters ;
 They're 'most enough to make a man blaspheme his mornin' bitters.
 I'll be your frien' thru thick an' thin an' in all kines o' weathers,
 An' all you'll hev to pay fer 's jest the waste o' tar an' feathers :
 A lady owned the bed, ye see, a widder, tu, Miss Shennon ;
 It wuz her mite ; we would ha' took another, ef ther'd ben one :
 We don't make *no* charge for the ride an' all the other fixins.
 Le' 's liquor ; Gin'ral, you can chalk our friend for all the mixins.
 A meetin' then wuz called, where they 'RESOLVED,
 Thet we respec'
 B. S. Esquire for quallerties o' heart an' intellec'
 Peculiar to Columby's sile, an' not to no one else's,
 Thet makes Européan tyrans seringe in all their gilded pel'ces,
 An' doos gret honour to our race an' Southun institootions'—
 I give ye jest the substance o' the leadin' resoolootions—
 'RESOLVED, Thet we revere in him a soger 'thout a flor,
 A martyr to the princerples o' libbaty an' lor :
 RESOLVED, Thet other nations all, ef sot 'longside o' us,
 For vartoo, larnin', chivverly, ain't noways wuth a cuss.'

Mr Sawin is not, however, permitted to leave the South, because the 'widder' has taken a fancy to him, and compels him to become her overseer.

'I couldn't do no else,' he says ; 'Miss S. suz she to me :
 "You've sheered my bed" [Thet's when I paid my interduction fee
 To Southun rites], "an' kep' your sheer" [Wal, I allow it sticked]
 So's't I wuz most six weeks in jail afore I gut me picked],
 "Ner never paid no demmiges ; but thet wun't do no harm,
 Pervidin' thet you'll undertake to oversee the farm—
 My eldes' boy is so took up wut with the Ringtail Rangers
 An' settin' in the jestice-court for welcomin' o' strangers"—
 [He sot on me] ; "an' so, ef you'll jest undertake the care
 Upon a mod'rit sellery, we'll up an' call it square.
 But ef you can't conclude," suz she, an' give a kin' o' grin,
 "Wy, the Gran' Jury, I expect, 'll hev to set agin.'"

In the Yankee Idyll called *Mason and Stidell*, we have the Northern opinion of British behaviour in the matter. It is not, of course, complimentary, and we deeply regret that a man of Mr Lowell's powers should be led by party-spirit to take so mistaken a view. Yet how admirable (and not altogether untrue) is this sarcastic description of English policy :

Of all the sarses thet I can call to mind,
 England *doos* make the most onpleasant kind :
 It's you're the sinner ollers, she's the saint ;
 Wut's good's all English, all thet isn't, ain't ;
 Wut profits her is ollers right an' just,
 An' ef you don't read Scriptur so, you must ;
 She's praised herself ontill she fairly thinks
 There ain't no light in Natur when she winks ;

Hain't she the Ten Comman'ments in her pus ?
 Could the world stir 'thout she went, tu, ez nus !
 She ain't like other mortals, thet's a fact :
 She never stopped the habus-corpus act,
 Nor specie payments, nor she never yet
 Cut down the int'rest on her public debt ;
 She don't put down rebellions, lets 'em breed,
 An' 's ollers willin' Ireland should secede ;
 She's all thet's honest, honnable, an' fair,
 An' when the vartooes died, they made her heir.

The concluding verses of the 'Idyll' are not so fair. We have doubtless now and then acted arrogantly and inconsistently, but in the particular case of Messrs Slidell and Mason *our* withers are unwrung, whatever galled jade winces.

Who made the law thet hurts, John,
Heads, I win—ditto, tails !
 'J. B.' was on his shirts, John,
 Unless my memory fails.
 Ole Uncle S. sez he : 'I gueses,
 (I'm good at thet),' sez he,
 'Thet sauce for goose ain't *jest* the juice
 For ganders with J. B.,
 No more than you or me !'

The South says : 'Poor folks down !' John,
 An' 'All men up !' say we—
 White, yaller, black, and brown, John :
 Now which is your idee ?
 Ole Uncle S. sez he : 'I gueses,
 John preaches wal,' sez he ;
 'But, sermon thru, an' come to *du*,
 Why, there's the old J. B.
 A-crowdin' you an' me !'

Nevertheless, and all this evil-speaking notwithstanding, which his own countrymen are now beginning to allow is unjust, we cannot but extend the hand of forgiveness across the Atlantic, and wish health and long life to James Russell Lowell ; and may his young friends, Mr Hosea Biglow, and Birdofredum Sawin, Esq., soon communicate with him and us again.

FLOTSAM AND JETSAM.

ALMOST every important nation in the world has striven for the possession of the sea, and each in turn has resigned its dominion before a more powerful or more persevering rival. It has had many masters and many monarchs—Greek and Carthaginian, Roman and Norseman, Spaniard and Frenchman, Englishman and American. A gigantic cemetery, its bottom is crowded with mementoes of man, his strength, his weakness, his commerce, and his battles ; a vast element of life, in groves of algae and fuci sport in joyous and innumerable herds, whilst billions of animalcula colour its waters and work wonders in its purification ; a grand medium of commerce, its waters are flecked with sails of every shape and colour, and its solitariness broken by the speech of almost every nation under heaven. Has it, then, no history, no record, no hint of remembrance ? Poetry has said it has not, and has been believed as speaking the truth, but she has said so unwisely : the language spoken upon its waters is in itself a history and an everlasting remembrancer. Few and faint may be the traces of some nations in its wonderful complexity and grotesque richness, but almost every one has contributed something to the general stock, whereby Dutchman and Turk, Russian and Chinese, Greek and American, Lascar and Englishman, are able to meet on common ground, and make themselves intelligible to each other.

The dialect of the sea is, at present, by no means thoroughly examined or dissected, but there is enough accomplished to invite our attention and stimulate

our research. It is not our purpose here to enter into any very minute or learned examination; but by the collation of a few scattered facts and common terms, we hope to shew that the sea has a history of its own, and point out where each nation has left its mark and sign-manual.

Although it is doubtful whether the word merchant, as used for a sea-traveller, is not a relic of a Phœnician language, and indicative of a very early familiarity with sea-life, we must begin our short excursus with the Greeks, or run the risk of mistaking imaginative conjecture for scientific certainty. Let us take the word Sea itself, first. It is commonly derived from the Gothic *saiva*, and that again from the Greek *seiō*, to shake, meaning the tossed or upheaved water, as distinguished from the simply running stream. It conveyed an image like every ancient word, and hence we are not surprised to find the Gothic word for soul, *saivala*, derived from the same root. In another sense, Plato catches up a similar idea when he affirms that the neighbourhood of the sea is unfavourable to virtue, although many pleasant things resulted from it. 'For,' he says, 'filling it through retail trading with foreign commerce and money-making, it begets in the disposition a moral conduct tossed backwards and forwards, and not to be trusted.' The Pelasgi or Greek progenitors were notable pirates, and cared neither for stone walls nor regular defenders, but swept sea and land, bold, hardy, resolute, and victorious; and the word *pirate* is originally a Greek word that has lost little in its actual orthography, and was not specially restricted to a sea-rover—just as brigand meant simply soldier amongst the earlier Italians—but stood for a violent assaulter, or one who made a fierce attempt upon another. Like all old navigators, the Greeks generally kept in sight of land, but still seem to have felt the unpleasant effects of a rocking unstable motion, to which, from the peculiar construction of their ships, and the strong gusty winds that blew about their coast, they were peculiarly liable. Their word for ship was *naus*, so that in our modern *nausea*, if spelt with an *i* for *e*, we have the original term as used by them for ship or sea sickness. Our words anchor, poop, and prow also come from the same source. In the poop, the pilot was stationed; and at the prow (*prōra*), as the word shews (from *pro*, before, and *oraō*, to see), the man who kept a look-out ahead. The latter was called *proreta* amongst the Romans, and even with ourselves the more correct derivative *proroe* was formerly used for prow; thus Pope, who doubtless got it from Chapman, says in his *Iliad*:

These in twelve hundred galleys with vermilion prores,
Beneath his conduct sought the Phrygian shores.

Our custom of christening a ship on its being launched seems derived from a Greek source, as even down to modern times the Greeks were used to suspend a crown of flowers from the prow, whilst the ship-master raised a jar of wine to his lips, and then poured it out on the deck as an oblation. We also derive from them the figure-heads of our ships, although their tutelary divinity, Isis or Athena, was sometimes placed on the bows, and sometimes on the stern, whither the unlucky sailor rushed and clung when he had done aught amiss, or the ship was going down, and where the whole crew met to take their oaths, and offer sacrifices and prayers.

When we come to the word *oar* and *rower*, we get a glimpse into early history that well illustrates the growth and change of language. The Sanscrit for earth is *irā*, the Greek *era*, the old High German *ēro*, and the Irish *ir*, all simply meaning cultivated land, and leading back to a more primitive root *ar*, to plough. By what process, unless it were a purely descriptive one, the ancients transferred the meaning of plough to sailing through the sea, we do

not know, but it must have been in very early times, when language was extremely fluid and flexible, for the Sanscrit *plava*, a ship, plainly indicates a connection with the Slavonic *ploug*, as well as hinting at the original analogy; whilst in the Greek *eretes*, a rower, and *tri-eretes*, a ship with three or three rows of oars, etymologists trace the old predicative root, and in the use of the word *plow* for a wagon or conveyance, in the Dorset dialect, a further expansion of the image, and confirmation of its origin, may be seen. In the Anglo-Saxon *dre*, or oar, we have a less modified derivative, and Shakspeare uses a corrupt equivalent in the lines—

Make the sea serve them; which they *car* and wound
With keels.

The root *ar* may be further followed out into its many ramifications until it arrives at *art*; and plough, derived by Plutarch from a pig's nose, and its known tearing and boring tendency, may be traced through as many phases from the Latin *porca*, a ploughed field, to the German *furicha*, a furrow, from *surah*, a boar, until we are back again to the Sanscrit.

The noise and splutter of the rowing oars seem to be extant even now in the sibilating Greek word *erethios*, from which we venture to state, without any authority, that we must certainly get our own word *wroth*, as expressive of vehemence, tumult, and passion.

The Romans took to the sea, but not kindly. It was an element they did not love, although they could not do without it, and we can fancy we discern this even now in their sea-terms, which are almost immediately transferred to land-phrases. Every school-boy knows that their *rostra*, or pulpit whence orations were made to the people, was so called because it was adorned with ships' beaks (*rostra*) captured in war, and that our port is derived from their *porta*, a gate, supposed, again, to be so called because the plough was ported or carried where a gate was to be, when the boundary of a city was marked out. Our word velocity comes from their *velox*, from *velum*, a sail; and celerity from *celer*, traced to *cellere*, to impel a boat with oars, although we have quite lost a sense of the uniform steadiness always inferred by them in the first, and the irregular intermittent rapidity conveyed by the second. In *clavus*, a helm, we have our own cleave; and in *antenna*, a yard—meaning held before—we have the descriptive word now used in our own entomology; whilst canvas is from *canna*, a reed or rush, from which hemp was spun by the Greeks and Romans.

The Latin *rudens*, a rope, has a history of its own; and although a sailor might say a rope was not a cable, nor a cable a rope, and that there were, properly speaking, only three ropes in a ship, a bolt-rope, bucket-rope, and man-rope, yet both are alike, and seem to have had a common origin somewhere amongst the sailors of the Mediterranean and Ægean seas. A cable has been traced to a Semitic root, *kebel*, to cord, and Vossius thinks that *kamelos** was used by the Greeks for a cable, either because a cable calls to mind the awkwardness of a camel, or because ship-ropes were anciently made of camels' hair. Now, goats' hair was certainly used by them for that purpose, and the Latin for rope, derived as it is from *rudo*, to roar, bray, or make a great noise—whence we get our word *rude*—plainly points to a roughness of texture that caused considerable noise in the various swayings and convolutions of the rope, if it does not poetically mean that the wind sang and whistled about them, and rattled them with hoarse noise against the vessel. Not only do we derive our word raft from the Latin *ratia*, a light ship, or coaster, or something riven, but from the Low Latin *galea* we get our name for galley,

* Hence in the New Testament, 'It is easier for a camel [that is, cable or thick cord] to pass through the eye of a needle.'

a pleasure-vessel, though certainly never such to a slave. In *Antony and Cleopatra*, our great dramatist has very finely described their richness :

The barge she sat in, like a burnished throne,
Burned on the water : the poop was beaten gold ;
Purple the sails, and so perfumed, that
The winds were love-sick with 'em : the oars were
silver ;
Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and made
The water which they beat to follow faster,
As amorous of their strokes.

Amongst ourselves, the term *galley-foist* was used in a similar sense, the suffix coming from the Anglo-Saxon *fus*, prompt, or quick, and making it more descriptive. The city barge formerly used on Lord Mayor's Day was called a galley-foist, as were all similar vessels used for gallas. Thus, in Ben Jonson's *Silent Woman*, we read : ' Out of my doores, you sons of noise and tumult, begot on an ill May-day, or when the galley-foist was afloat to Westminster.'

The Italians of later times seem to have taken up many of the ideas of their progenitors, making considerable improvements in ship-building. Thus brig, or brigantine, is Italian, and is formed from *brigans*, a soldier, standing for an armed vessel ; pinnace, probably from *pinnazza*, a small ship ; and frigate, *fregata*, a clean, handsome, and well-polished vessel, from a verb meaning to adorn. The old Roman legal spirit was, however, still surviving in their successors, and we owe to them those general terms indispensable in naval tactics and intercourse. The origin of starboard and larboard is very simple, and is another illustration of that merciless clipping and abbreviation of language called by Max Müller phonetic decay, which is so conspicuous amongst seamen and the negroes of the American plantations. Originally they stood as *questo bordo*, this side ; and *quello bordo*, that side ; but were contracted into '*sto bordo* and '*lo bordo*, until the two syllables were finally amalgamated, and became starboard and larboard. The word *port*, used as an equivalent for larboard, is said to be an abbreviation of *porta la timone*, 'carry the helm,' suggesting the analogy of porting the arms on the left hand. Other miscellaneous terms come from the same stock, as mizzen-mast from *mezzano* ; junk from *juncus*, a bulrush, such being used as material for calking ; to pay or pitch, from *pagare*, as in 'Here's the devil to pay, or the ship to pitch ;' and 'to steeve,' as applied to the bowsprit, from *stivare*.

The Norsemen have bequeathed us a rich list of terms, which at once evince their adventurous spirit and their poetic and descriptive powers. In their horses of the wave, as they called their ships, they careered along as boldly as on the level plain, spreading terror and desolation, until even pious French monks inserted a special petition in their Litany : 'From the fury of the Normans, O Lord, deliver us !' From them we get our word *bark*, or barque, which literally means a stout vessel, and the men who manned it were called barkemen, as we learn from Hakluyt. It seems, therefore, to have been a nascent man-of-war, in which the fiercest berserker might dash from coast to coast. Probably the term dock first came into use respecting these barks, being derived from the German or Danish *decken*, to hide or cover, which is a fact our fair friends should remember when they deck themselves so profusely according to every shifting mandate of fashion, so as more to conceal than adorn themselves. Yacht is also of northern origin ; and the Danish *jaght-schip*, which Skinner thinks is from *jaghten*, to hunt, is supposed by Kilien to mean a pirate-ship of incredible celerity. A similar term, *yack*, is still in use in the midland counties of England, as applied to the hunting of birds along hedgerows by boys with sticks and stones. These fierce vikings have given us most of our descriptive terms, as *headland*, *foreland*, *reef*,

bar, *bank*, *ledge*, *shoal*, *spit*, *sound*, *race*, *reach*, *beach*, and *sand*.

The Spaniards must not be overlooked, although, as far as we remember, their contribution is but small. Their word for a sea-waste, *cargasso*, is still in use, and, moreover, we are indebted to them for both the name and the invention of the capstan. Sir Walter Raleigh tells us that the first one was introduced into the English navy, amongst other improvements, during Elizabeth's reign, and notwithstanding that many writers have endeavoured to trace it to a French origin, it is more probably derived either from the Spaniards or the Portuguese. Both of these nations appear to have been acquainted with it in the latter part of the fifteenth century, as the word *cabestanie*, abbreviated afterwards into capstan, occurs in an account of the second voyage of Columbus to America.

A few sea-words derived from the French are not so remarkable for their special origin as their general adaptation. It is true that mainmast, brace, hawser or halser, from *hausser*, to raise up or hoist, with a few others, are French or Norman-French terms, but the most remarkable play of language is seen in the derivatives from the fundamental word ship. Thus, equip is from *équiper*, meaning originally to furnish a ship, although it has now quite lost the special signification, and means fitting up in general.

Moulding and fitting in all these fragmentary phrases was the work of England herself, and may be said to have commenced from the moment that Athelstan ordained that whosoever had equipped a vessel, and made a voyage at his own expense, should hereafter be a thane. As far as we can detach a few of the words contributed by our forefathers themselves, they are such as—mast, which was generally used with *cyp* or *boom*, as mast-cyp or mast-boom, and so may have meant chief beam, or literally most-beam ; stern, from *stearn*, the steering-place, and stem, from the German *stamm* ; mist, from a verb to darken ; foam, spelt by Chaucer *comes*, from another verb to froth ; spit, from a word to throw out ; tar, from the Anglo-Saxon *tare*, or Danish *teor*, soft, meaning possibly a tear of the pine tree ; calk, from the Danish *talk*, to chalk or rub over ; tack, from *tacan*, to take, whence also tackle ; scud, from *scut*, to shoot, whence also sheet ; sail, from the Anglo-Saxon *sepl*, to glide along ; reef, from the Welsh *rhefn*, to thicken or fold ; rack, from *rec*, to smoke or steam ; wave, written *waue* in Chaucer, and *waue* in Wickliffe's translation of the Bible, from *waaf-ian* (Gothic), to move up and down ; tide, or *tidde*, as used by Chaucer, from *tid*, a time, indicating something regular and recurring ; yare, yarn, and even arrow, from *gyro-an*, to yare, or make ready ; and mate, from *metan*, to meet, as expressive of an equal and an associate.

Flotsam, jetsam, and lagan are barbarous law-terms of purely sea-origin. The first means floating goods ; the second, those jettied or thrown out to lighten the vessel ; and the third, such heavy goods as are tied to a buoy when thrown over, in order that they may be recovered. When a vessel is wrecked, if no claimant appear in a year and a day, the king or queen claims all three by an ancient law. Waifs and strays are similar land-terms as applied to the thrown aside or unclaimed proceeds of robbers, thieves, and unknown persons, which were claimed by the lord of the manor as part of his manorial rights.

A Jack-tar is an appellative of no very precise origin, although the two words seem to have been first put in juxtaposition by ourselves. Primarily, the word Jack is either of Italian or Spanish origin, but most probably the former, *giacco* being the name for a short jacket or tunic, such as worn by common soldiers. It then seems to have entered on another stage of its history, and passed to the wearers or men themselves, where it again became crossed with

another interpretation. *Gianni* being the name for the Italian John, whence we get our word zany, it would seem that *giacco* and *gianni* became one, and stood for a servant, or a stupid person, as in our nursery-song about Jack and Gill. How it is that almost every nation should have its representative name and man, we do not know, but the Spaniards have their *bobo Juan*, or foolish John; the French, their *Jean Polage*; the Germans, *Hansnarr*, *dummer Hans*, and *Hans wurst*, Jack-fool, stupid Jack, and Jack Sausage; and we ourselves, Jack-fool (Chaucer), Jack-pudding, roasting Jack, Jack-tar, Jack Ketch, and Jack-ass. The Jack-tar is, therefore, an English creation, and must have crept into use somewhat as above among sailors, who are generally more droll and facetious than most other men of their own rate of intelligence. Although a ship is called a merchant-man, and *man-o'-war*, sailors always personify it as *she*, which may be explained from the usage of common workmen to call instruments fitted for special purposes and persons *she*, and more promiscuous ones *he*, as pointed out by Cobbett.

Such are a few of the sea-words which serve to sketch out a fragmentary history. Used on shore, they have a peculiar kind of wit, nowhere seen to better advantage than in the dramas of Douglas Jerrold, especially *Black-eyed Susan*, and the author himself having been a sailor, they were got at first-hand. Thus, one moment, William, the hero of the drama just named, says his heart 'jumps like a dolphin,' or 'knocks against his timbers like a jolly-boat in a breeze alongside a seventy-four;' and at another, his head 'turns round like a capstan,' he is as if 'half of him was wintering in the Baltic, and the other half stationed at Jamaica;' and he can feel 'one tear standing in either eye, like a marine at each gangway.' And when he falsely thinks Susan is coming, he burst out: 'A little more to port, messmate. There's my Susan! Now, pipe all hands for a royal salute! There she is, schooner-rigged; I'd swear to her canvas from a whole fleet.' Much might still be said about the origin of the cant phrases used by sailors, but we cautiously refrain from so recondite and intricate a subject, fearful of *galleying* ourselves, shivering our own timbers, getting out in our reckoning, and putting on too much sail.

LINA MASON.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CONCLUSION.

WHEN Roussel came home, and knew that my mother was dead, his grief was very violent; he tore his hair, beat his breast, called himself unworthy of the angel that had left him, and for a short time seemed inconsolable. But his grief was of short duration. He asked me if my mother had spoken to me before her death, and I said that she had.

'What did she say?'

'She besought me never to deviate from the path of virtue,' I said, eying him narrowly.

'Ah, she was a very virtuous woman, my poor Caroline,' said he with a sigh. 'Her virtue, indeed, had something ferocious in it; but that is the English fashion of being virtuous.' And he smiled the sardonic smile I disliked so to see.

Three months after my mother's death, he took me to Paris. When we had safely arrived there, and were installed in very nice apartments, the first thing he did was to present the letters of introduction he had brought from England to several persons of high rank; the next, to obtain a situation in the orchestra at one of the theatres. After this, several celebrated musicians and composers were invited to hear me sing. My voice was pronounced 'superb, divine, magnificent!' and as for myself, I was voted a very impersonation of loveliness. I must own that my head was half-turned by the praises lavished on me, and I

began to look forward with pleasure to the time when I should make a great sensation as a prima donna. Roussel was in ecstasies with me; he bought me beautiful dresses, expensive trinkets, and was proud to accompany me to the houses of the nobility, who patronised me by asking me to sing at their private soirées. One lady in particular, a Madame de Rochebrune, took a great fancy to me, and invited me very often to her house, where I spent whole days with her and her daughter. My manners insensibly acquired the ease and polish of good society, and my mind expanded in an uncommon degree. Roussel would stand and look at me, with the utmost delight expressed on his features, when I was dressed to attend some grand party, and would treat me quite respectfully.

At several houses where I sang, I had met a Russian, a Count Czerikoff, who admired my style of singing exceedingly. He was about forty; his complexion was copper-coloured; he was whiskerless, but had a scanty moustache; his nose was flat, his mouth wide, and his eyes slanted upwards towards the temples. I thought him hideous. He would stand opposite to me while I was singing, leaning his elbows on the piano, and never taking his eyes off my face. At first, I was very disconcerted by his fixed stare; but observing him smile as I dropped my eyes, I rallied, and bore his looks unflinchingly. I considered the annoyance they caused me as a trial incidental to my profession as a public singer. The temptation soon followed.

One evening, Count Czerikoff was shewing a beautiful watch to several ladies. It was set with large diamonds, and was a very glittering affair. I was struck with the covetous looks cast on it by young and beautiful girls, and also by the smiles that their mothers lavished on the count. One lady asked: 'Who is the fortunate fair one for whom it is destined, count?'

'Madame la Baronne,' replied the count in perfect French (he spoke every language of Europe like a native, I believe), 'it will be given where I have given my heart.'

'Remember the count's words,' said the baroness. 'When you see a lady with this watch, you will know that she is *la dame de ses pensées*.' There was a laugh, and presently the conversation took another turn. The count often spoke to me in English, for though I was called Mademoiselle Massoni, it was known that I was an English girl, and in the course of the evening he came and sat near me, and began talking. He said presently: 'Did you think that watch pretty?'

'It was magnificent!' I replied.

'Will you make me happy by accepting it?'

I blushed crimson. Something in the tone of his voice, joined to what the baroness had said, struck me painfully. After a moment's hesitation, I replied: 'I beg Monsieur le Comte will excuse me, but I do not accept presents.'

'Will you permit me to visit you sometimes, beautiful wild one?'

'You must excuse me, Monsieur le Comte,' was my reply shortly.

He bit his lip, and shortly after left my side, to my great satisfaction, for I fancied I had got rid of him; and I was confirmed in this idea, for though I met him several times, he never recurred to the subject, though I fancied that a sinister gleam shot from his eyes whenever they rested on me.

About this time, an old white-headed man called on Roussel very early one morning; he sent in his card 'Mr Stephanoff.' Roussel did not know him, but desired that he should be admitted. The old man entered the room where we were breakfasting, and after many apologies for the unreasonable hour of his visit, said that he wished to speak to Mr Roussel on private business. I took the hint, and hurrying over my breakfast, left them together.

They talked a long time in private, and finally left the house together. I should have thought nothing of this, but some days after, I saw the very same old man entering Count Czerikoff's house in the Rue de Courcelles. I said to Roussel: 'That old gentleman who called here the other morning is a friend of Count Czerikoff's, is he not?'

'He is his steward, little one,' was the reply. 'The count intends to give a grand concert, and wishes you to sing for him. He is a very generous man, is the count. What do you think of him, Lina?'

'I cannot bear the sight of him,' was my reply.

'Oh, oh! you cannot bear the sight of him. *Ma foi!* here is another.' And he stamped his foot impatiently.

I could not continue the conversation, however, for Madame de Rochebrune's carriage was to fetch me early, that I might spend the day with her, and I was obliged to get ready. On ordinary occasions, I was sent home in the carriage at about ten o'clock; but on this day an express from Picardy arrived at seven o'clock, stating that Madame de Rochebrune's sister was dangerously ill, and desired to see her without a moment's delay. So my hostess prepared to set out for Picardy by the eight o'clock train, and sent me home without loss of time.

I was not sorry to find myself at home, for all the afternoon I had had a racking headache; and taking off my bonnet and mantle hastily, I threw myself on a sofa in the inner room, and told Julie not to bring lights, as I would try to sleep. I soon fell into a doze, from which I was roused by the sound of voices; they were those of Roussel and the count's steward. Roussel called for lights, and sent Julie out to purchase the dinner for the next day, not allowing her to speak a word. When she was gone, he said to his visitor: 'Now we can talk at our ease.'

I was scarcely awake, and was endeavouring to compose myself to sleep again, when a few words uttered by the steward caused me to start up and listen with all my might. I was tempted to consider it a special intervention of Providence that had brought me home so early that evening, when I discovered that I was to be made merchandise of by Roussel; and that he and Stephanoff had met that evening to settle the terms of their infamous bargain. Fortunately, Roussel made a demand for himself that the steward said he was not empowered to grant, but must speak to the count first, and added that he should not see his master for a week, when he would call, and 'arrange things definitively.' 'In a week, then, let it be,' said Roussel, in no pleasant tones; 'after that, it will be too late; she is offered an engagement at Venice—twenty thousand francs for the season.' They then rose, and left the house together, Roussel extinguishing the lamp before he went out.

I remained motionless on the sofa, reflecting on what I had heard. I had a week's respite. Unhappily, Madame de Rochebrune, to whom I could have applied for advice in this strait, had left Paris, and I knew nobody whom I could trust; I was therefore thrown on my own resources. Julie returned, and fancied I was asleep; but I called her to bring me a light, saying that my head was worse, and that I would go to bed, which I did to avoid seeing Roussel.

The next morning I had made up my mind to avoid at all risks the fate that was in store for me. I did not rise at my usual hour, and Roussel was seriously alarmed; but I said I hoped it would be nothing, and he left me to attend a rehearsal. The moment he was gone, I sent Julie to an English chemist's, who lived at the other end of Paris, gave her a long list of several drugs she was to bring me, besides giving her other commissions, which would take up much time; and when she had started on her errands, I began to put the plan I had formed into execution.

I must here mention that I had preserved as relics

of my poor mother the walking-dress she had last worn. This consisted of a black dress, a plaid shawl, and a large straw bonnet. In these I attired myself, and with a pair of spectacles (which I had bought to act charades with, at Madame de Rochebrune's), my disguise was complete. I went to the English Embassy, and applied for a passport in the name of Jane Wilson, nursery-governess at Mrs Strachan's, Rue de Balzac. This Miss Wilson was no ideal character, but it struck me that my *signalement* would pass for hers, though our features and their expression were very different. I obtained the document without difficulty; from thence I went to the prefecture, did all that was necessary there, and returned home before Julie. I took off my disguise, which I carefully concealed, and then looked in my purse to see how much money I had: three pounds ten and sixpence was all the money I had in the world! I had my mother's watch, which Roussel had given to her, and she had given to me on her death-bed. Perhaps I ought not to have retained it, but my necessity was too great for me to have any scruples in the matter.

When Roussel came home, I pretended to be still indisposed, and he was very anxious and uneasy about me. He said: 'Think, little one, what a terrible thing it would be for you to lose your voice or your beauty by any severe illness! I will send for a doctor.'

I cared very little for my voice or my beauty just then, but I persuaded him to wait another day, when, if I were not better, I would have medical advice.

The next morning, I said I was much better, and ate a good breakfast. During the day, I went on as usual. Roussel, who returned home at five to dine, was enchanted at my recovery, and left me at seven in high spirits to go to the theatre. A quarter of an hour after his departure, I called Julie, told her my headache had returned, though slightly, that I should go to bed; and that if I were not awake in the morning when she tapped at my door, she was not to wake me, but to let me have my sleep out. I added, that she might go and spend the evening with her mother, who lived a few doors off, but she must return at half-past nine. As I had often given her leave to visit her mother, she had no suspicion of anything wrong, but thanked me heartily for my kindness. In ten minutes, she was ready to go out, and having made her put some coffee over a lamp, I retired to my room, and as she left the house, dressed myself ready for my departure. I walked as fast as I could to the terminus of the Chemin de Fer du Nord, took a second-class ticket for the eight o'clock train, and was soon whirling away rapidly towards Boulogne.

My sensations during the journey were of the most peculiar kind. One minute, I fancied the train did not go fast enough; the next, I was afraid of its being stopped. I was sure of being safe, if once I were in England. And as we drew near to Boulogne, I felt more secure, for I reflected that Roussel could not possibly discover my flight until the next morning, owing to the precautions I had taken. At last we arrived at Boulogne. A steamer was to start in an hour, and taking my passage at once, I went on board. We crossed the Channel in an hour and forty minutes, and how fervent were my feelings of deliverance when I trod my native soil! I had made up my mind to go to Woodfield, and ask Mrs Bainbridge—whom I remembered as a very good-natured woman—to assist me. She had a daughter of her own; and I had no fear but that, when she heard my story, and the reasons that had compelled me to flee from France, she would say I had done quite right. I travelled in a third-class carriage from Folkestone, and on reaching the terminus, entered an omnibus which took me to the Great Western Railway. There I took a second-class ticket; and in three quarters of an hour found myself before Mr Bainbridge's door, thoroughly exhausted. I rang the bell, and asked to see Mrs Bainbridge. The servant

looked suspiciously at me (though I had discarded the spectacles), and asked my name. I said: 'Miss Mason; no doubt Mrs Bainbridge will remember the name;' and remained in the hall while she went up stairs to speak to her mistress.

She returned in a few minutes, and said that Mrs Bainbridge would see me. I followed her upstairs, and was shewn into the room where I had often played with Lizzie Bainbridge. Mrs Bainbridge looked at me for a moment, and then holding out her hand, said: 'Is it really Lina?'

'It is indeed, Mrs Bainbridge,' I replied; 'and I have come to you to ask you to help me, for I have not a friend in the world. When you know all, I am sure that you will approve of what I have done.'

'Well, sit down, my dear,' said Mrs Bainbridge, 'and then you can tell me. But where have you been all these years? You look dreadfully fatigued.'

'I have been travelling all night,' was my reply. 'I left Paris at eight o'clock last night.'

'Bless me! you must be tired. Take off your bonnet, and have something. Will you have some wine or some coffee?'

I chose the latter, which she rang for; and then, having taken off my bonnet and shawl, told her what had happened to me since I had left Woodfield with my mother six years ago. She listened most attentively, and said when I had finished: 'You have acted most properly, Lina, and are a very good girl. Mr Bainbridge will be home presently, and we will see what we can do for you. In the meantime, you can remain here, for Lizzie is out on a visit. But now I think of it, you had better lie down, and have a good sleep. You shall go to Lizzie's room—come.' And the kind-hearted woman rose, leading the way to her daughter's neat little room. When there, she said, taking a dress from one of the drawers: 'Here, Lina, put on this when you awake, and come down into the drawing-room. We shall not dine till four.'

I thanked her warmly, and undressing quickly, was asleep five minutes after I had laid my head on the pillow. I slept several hours; when I awoke, and looked round me, remembering where I was, a blessed feeling of security pervaded my whole frame; and springing from the bed, I soon dressed myself, and went down stairs.

In the drawing-room, I found Mr Bainbridge alone. He shook hands heartily with me, saying: 'So! I have heard all about you, my dear, and your conduct does you great credit. I will do all I can for you.'

Not to lengthen my story unnecessarily, I will merely say that it was determined that I should stay with Mr and Mrs Bainbridge until a situation as governess at a good salary could be obtained for me. In the meantime, I could improve Lizzie in her singing and French. I was only too thankful to agree to this; but when Lizzie returned home, matters did not go on so smoothly as I had hoped. Lizzie appeared both surprised and displeased, on finding that I was to be an inmate of the house. She was about the worst specimen of the genus 'school-girl' that it has ever been my fortune to see. She was a mass of affectation, and had one favourite attitude which she considered very effective, and into which she always settled, after a preparatory wriggle. Her mother, however, looked upon her as perfect; and after sundry consultations between Mr Bainbridge and his wife, the latter proposed that I should accept the post of teacher at a school at Harling, three miles off, at a salary of £24 a year! I was unwilling to remain where I was no longer welcome, so I replied that I would be glad to begin earning my livelihood as soon as possible, and I had the pen in my hand, ready to write an acceptance of the munificent salary aforesaid, when Mr Bainbridge entering the room, said gleefully: 'No, no, Lina, don't write. I've done better for you than that.

Miss Price, of Gothic Lodge, has asked me if I knew of any one who would be her companion and amanuensis, and I told her all about you, and you are to call this afternoon.'

I need not say how I thanked the good man; that very afternoon I called on Miss Price, who was pleased to approve of me, and engaged me at a salary of £50 a year. Miss Price was about forty-five, very rich and very plain. She took a liking to me, and we agreed very well. I must not forget to mention that the first Sunday I went to church with her, I saw Lizzie enter very late, escorted by a dapper young man; and on our meeting at the door when the service was over, she scarcely vouchsafed me an almost imperceptible bend of the head. I told Miss Price of her, and we had a good laugh together. I had been with Miss Price for six months, and was quite happy, when one morning, after she had read her letters, she said: 'Miss Mason, we are going to have a visitor. My godson is coming to stay a month with me, and as he does not often honour me with a visit, we must make much of him. He is a dear fellow.'

At first, I thought this 'dear fellow' of a godson must be a boy of about fifteen or sixteen, but I was soon undeceived on hearing Miss Price desire Warren the housekeeper 'to prepare the pink room for Mr Dampier, and be sure to have dinner on table precisely at six o'clock.'

Mr Dampier came. There was nothing of the hero of romance about him. He was not tall; he had not chiselled features; his eyes were not deeply pensive, on the contrary, they were small and twinkling. He was good-looking enough for a man, I thought, but very abrupt in his speech. His voice, however, was really beautiful, and he sang very well. Miss Price soon set us to sing duets, and declared she had never had such a treat before. She said to me that night: 'You and Leonard will get on famously together.'

I should have 'got on' better, only I began to feel uncomfortable at certain scrutinising glances of the gentleman, who kept looking at me, I fancied, as if he had seen me before, and was trying to remember where. Could it have been at Paris? I seized the first favourable occasion to ask him if he had been there. Yes, he had, five years ago. He could not have seen me there then, but still he kept looking until I became quite disconcerted. At last, I said boldly: 'You are staring at me very hard, Mr Dampier.'

'I am aware, Miss Mason,' said he, 'that I may appear rude; but the fact is, that your face is quite familiar to me, and yet I cannot recall to my mind where I have seen it. I think it must have haunted my dreams.'

'I was about to make some light reply, when Miss Price entered the room, with a long roll of paper in her hand. 'Here, good people,' said she, 'I want you to sign this. It is a petition against the new cemetery being opposite the Grove. I told Mr Otway that of course I should oppose it. Come, Miss Mason, put your name down here.'

I took a pen and wrote 'Angelina Mason.'

'Now, Leonard,' said Miss Price, giving Mr Dampier the pen, which he took, but kept in his hand, looking at what I had written. Presently, he turned, gave me an odd look, and said: 'Ah, I know!' Meanwhile, Miss Price had been looking out at the window, but now came towards the table and asked: 'Well, Leonard, have you signed it?'

Mr Dampier seemed suddenly to recollect himself, and saying, 'I beg your pardon,' wrote his name down rapidly. Miss Price left the room with the petition; and Mr Dampier came up to me, seized my hand, and said: 'You knew Mr Bergmann?'

'O yes,' I replied quickly.

'That explains my recognition of your face,' he said. 'Mr Bergmann was my uncle, and at his death left me all his property. On looking over his pictures, I was struck by seeing about thirty copies of the same

face. It was pensive, it was joyous; sometimes the eyes were cast down, sometimes upturned to heaven.

'You mistake,' I said. 'I was drawing up the blind: Mr Bergmann begged me to remain in that attitude while he took a sketch of me.'

'At the bottom of that sketch,' resumed Mr Dampier, 'was written, in my uncle's hand, "Angelina;" and on looking over his papers, I found a few lines respecting the said Angelina, that caused her to become an object of interest to me. How came he to make so many portraits of you?'

'I will tell you,' I replied; 'and inform you truly how you had a narrow escape of having me for your aunt.'

'Heaven forbid that such should ever have been the case!' exclaimed he fervently. 'But tell me all about it.'

I told him what the reader knows already, not forgetting the tarts. He laughed, then said more seriously: 'You little thought how devotedly my poor uncle loved you.'

I blushed scarlet, and said deprecatingly: 'I was quite a child then.'

'That was precisely what made him love you,' said Mr Dampier; 'and he loved you until his death. Some day, perhaps, I may shew you what he wrote about you.'

Miss Price now reappeared, and in great glee he told her that he had just found out that he and I were old friends. She looked at me for an explanation, and I gave it her.

From that day, there was a great change in Mr Dampier's manner towards me; he no longer gave me his scrutinising glances, though, when our eyes met, the expression of his at times troubled me. Miss Price, too, took it into her head to banter him on possessing half a hundred portraits of me; and one day, when she had been teasing him on the subject, she finished by asking him to spare her one. He replied: 'Not *half* a one; indeed, I have not yet completed my collection.'

'What! you insatiate,' said Miss Price, 'do you want more portraits of her?'

'Yes,' said he with a sly look; 'perhaps I do.'

I had been working near the window while the above dialogue had been going on, every now and then looking at each of the speakers. I was surprised at Miss Price's silence after Mr Dampier's last remark, when suddenly I heard his voice close to my ear: 'Are you willing that I should complete my collection, Angelina?'

I looked up in astonishment. Miss Price had left the room, and Mr Dampier was bending over me, so that his breath almost fanned my cheek. I replied, trying to laugh: 'You cannot wish for another portrait of me, Mr Dampier; you have so many.'

'No, I do not want a portrait; I want the original this time. Am I to have it?'

What I answered, or whether I answered at all, I really cannot remember, for I was completely bewildered; indeed, I have but a confused recollection of what passed, until Miss Price came in, saying: 'Well, Leonard, have you arranged about the portraits?'

'Yes,' replied he.

And he actually kissed me before her face. She laughed heartily at my confusion, and said: 'I am very glad of this, and congratulate you both.'

Not to make my story tedious, I will merely say that we were married soon after, and went on the continent. On our return to England, we remained at Lyon for a short time, with a friend of my husband's settled there. One day, I took up a newspaper, and read as follows: 'The body of a man, about fifty years of age, was taken out of the Seine on Thursday morning, and conveyed to the Morgue. On examining it, the letters T. F. were discovered branded on the shoulder, proving that the deceased

had been to the galleys; he was identified as Pierre Francois Charpentier, known also as Pierre Roussel, condemned three-and-twenty years ago to the galleys for ten years, having forged to a great amount. After the expiration of his term, he had led a respectable life as a violoncello player, and had conducted himself well; but latterly he had given way to habits of intemperance, and it is supposed that, in a fit of intoxication, he fell into the river, and met with his death.'

This paragraph revealed the cause of my poor mother's death: the knowledge of being the wife of a galley-slave had killed her.

THE POST BEFORE RAILWAYS

PREVIOUS to 1784, the mail-bags of the post-office were carried by postboys on horseback, at an average rate, including stoppages, of from three to four miles an hour. Of these postboys and their doings we have some curious accounts. Mr Palmer of Bath, who originated some considerable reforms in this department of the post-office, says of them in his report, when introducing his schemes to Mr Pitt: 'The mails are generally intrusted to some idle boy without character, mounted on a worn-out hack, and who, so far from being able to defend himself, or escape from a robber, is more likely to be in league with him.' This testimony, though it might not be unbiassed, seems in the main to have been true. Anybody might rob a postboy, and that by the simplest contrivance. Letters of any great value were so seldom sent by these means that the booty was often found worthless. The French mail on its outward-bound passage *via* Dover was more than once stopped and rifled before it had got clear of London. A string stretched across a street in the borough through which the mail would pass, has been known to throw the postboy from his horse, who, without more ado, would coolly retrace his steps, empty-handed, to the chief office, and report the loss of his bags. About this time, it was a frequent complaint of the officers of the post-office that the runners did a considerable business for themselves, to the great detriment of the public revenue. Post-letters were frequently found upon them, when they would urge in extenuation of the fraud that they had no wages from their masters—the proprietors who farmed the mails. One high official complains grievously that the gentry '*doe* give much money to the riders [for services rendered, no doubt], whereby they be very subject to get in liquor, which *stopes* the *males*.' We have seen upon what a slender thread the arrival or non-arrival of the mails really hung, and that to '*stopes the males*' was by no means a difficult task. Nor did the speed at which they travelled form any obstacle. From old records, we learn that when Mr Harley (afterwards Lord Oxford) complained that an express to him had been delayed, the postmasters-general (two were required in those days) replied, 'that it had travelled one hundred and thirty-six miles in thirty-six hours, which,' added they, 'is the usual rate of expresses.'

In Scotland, about the same time, this work was done even slower, and accomplished with greater hardships. The postboys walked all distances under twenty miles; longer distances required that the person should be mounted, though no relays of horses were allowed, however long and tedious the journey might be. Many years later, the English order of 'post' and 'express' would appear to have been reversed, 'expresses' travelling the slowest. Campbell, the poet, relates a story which shews how things were managed in his younger days in the Highlands. 'Near Inverary, we regained a spot of comparative civilisation, and came up with the postboy, whose horse was quietly grazing at some distance, whilst Red Jacket himself was immersed in play with other lads. "You rascal," I said to him, "are you the post-

boy, and thus spending your time?" "Nae, nae, sir," he answered, "I'm no the post;" and then, as if ashamed of his connection with it, added, "I'm *only* an *express*!"

Thirty years before Mr Palmer submitted his plans for appropriating some of the coaches to post-office uses, we learn that 'flying' coaches were started. The first was established by a number of Manchester merchants, to run between that place and the metropolis. These coaches earned their appellation by an increase of speed of about a mile an hour above the ordinary rate. They were remarkable, however, for the improvements that continued to be made in them, both as to construction and in the matter of speed. Towards the end of the last century, the rate had reached the considerable speed of eight miles an hour. This velocity was not attained without considerable misgivings and distrust on the part of travellers. When the eight miles was increased to ten and twelve miles an hour, principally through the influence of the post-office, the public mind was found to be in different stages of alarm and revolt. Vested interests indulged in the gloomiest forebodings on those who should thus knowingly spurn the ways of Providence! Lord Chancellor Campbell relates that he was frequently warned against travelling in the mail-coaches improved by Palmer, on account of the fearful rate at which they flew, and instances were given him of passengers who had died suddenly of apoplexy from the rapidity of the motion.

Mr Palmer, who complained in his report that the post, instead of being the quickest, 'is almost the slowest conveyance in the country,' proposed, in 1784, that as far as possible the mail-bags should be sent in these improved coaches. He stipulated that they should in all cases be accompanied with mail-guards, well armed and accoutred, and such officers 'as could be depended upon as trustworthy.' He very properly thought that, with the help of the pistol and blunderbuss of the mail-guards, passengers might dispense with the usual precaution of making their will before taking a long journey. To provide for cases of *coach-wreck*, he suggested that the mail-guard should be sent for his first month to the coach-making department, to learn the mysteries of the craft, and be initiated in the matter of axles and springs. This enterprising reformer also insisted that the mails should be timed throughout their journeys—a most needful arrangement, as we have seen. They might thus be enabled to reach London at a given time, when the mails could be delivered together. Again, instead of leaving London at all hours of the night, Mr Palmer proposed that all the coaches should leave together at a specified time; and thus established what was, to the stranger in London, for many years one of the first of city sights.

The post-office authorities made many and vehement objections to the plans for these sweeping changes. One, who doubtless foresaw more work for his department, could see 'no occasion for so much regularity;' another could not tell *why* the mails should travel as quickly as passengers. One more prominent gentleman, content like the rest with the insecurity of the old means of transit, objected to the employment of mail-guards, inasmuch as, instead of affording protection to the mails, 'the crime of murder would be added to that of robbery; for,' said he, 'when once desperate fellows had determined upon robbery, resistance would lead to murder!' Notwithstanding all departmental opposition, however, the Treasury, with Mr Pitt at its head, saw and acknowledged the merits of the scheme as likely to lead, after a time, to a permanent increase of the revenue. An act was passed in 1785 authorising its adoption; and as no one could accuse prime-minister Pitt at that date with any leaning to peace and non-resistance principles, the clause recommending the appointment of mail-guards was fully sustained. Mr Palmer, *ci-devant* theatre-manager, was

at once transferred from the boards at Bath to the general post-office, as manager of the new scheme. He held office till 1792, when he retired upon a pension of £3000 a year, and a subsequent parliamentary grant of £50,000. Spirited reforms, during his few years of office, went on most vigorously. Three hundred and eighty towns, which had had before but three deliveries of letters a week, now secured one daily. On some roads, the mails were conveyed in one-third of the previous time. The time required for the mails to travel between the English and Scotch metropolis was reduced to sixty hours, with a corresponding reduction between towns at shorter distances.

Before any other change occurred in the working of the mail-service, many speculators arose, with the idea of emulating these successes. To this end, at one time, little but 'Montgolfiers,' 'inflammable air,' and 'elasticity of vapours,' was talked about in drawing-room and out. The changes, however, which Palmer succeeded in introducing stood their ground persistently till the advent of railways, when the whole system succumbed before the new giant force of steam. Slowly, but surely, as the leviathan wheel-tracks rise on every hand, the old mail-coach, with its emblazoned coat of arms is gradually becoming a thing of the past. Of all the coaches, those that carried the mails were accorded the foremost place. The coach proprietor was often glad to pay for the greater security which attended them, and the prestige with which they were always accompanied; and he invariably selected and promoted the best drivers from his other coaches to manage his best horses in these.

Had Hogarth's pencil transmitted to posterity the *tout ensemble* of a London procession of mail-coaches, or even of one of those at the door of the customary old posting inn, he would no doubt have given a distinguished place to the guard of the mail. From first to last, whoever enjoyed leisure, he was sure to be in full request. He was regarded as quite a public character. Gathering *en route* scraps of local gossip and district intelligence, he was often 'private,' sometimes 'special' correspondent to scores of different people. The *Middleton Gazette*, perhaps the only newspaper on his line of road, was submissively dependent upon him. The appearance of the mail at a halting-place in a small provincial town, was always hailed with general interest, and the news discoursed, especially in times of war, eagerly devoured by men of all parties. In the earlier days of mail-coach travelling, cheap letters and cheap newspapers were alike undreamed of. The leather bag of the post-office was viewed as the peculiar property of the Upper Ten Thousand. When there was any reason to suppose that some communication was on its way to some member of the commonalty, speculation would be eager among the knot of persons met to talk over the probable event. Letters, before the restrictions subsequently placed upon them, were more worthy of the name than they are now; family chronicles, domestic newspapers, moral essays, that must have taken hours to write, and but few of the slipshod hurried scrawls which characterise this era of cheap postage.

It is to the present era and the events of our own days that we turn in conclusion. The year 1837 was a memorable one in the post-office annals, inasmuch as a reformation was begun in that year by Mr Rowland Hill which has led to most important results. Mr Hill, in presenting his proposal to the government of the day, shewed on general principles that the post-office was at once costly and inefficient; that with trade, industry, intelligence, and population increasing with the greatest strides, the post-office was at least stationary, if it was not falling into a state of decrepitude. With an outlay to the public, for the convenience it gave, enormously great, the returns to the state exchequer were disproportionately small. The legislature was convinced by the sagacious reasonings

of Mr Hill, and in its principal features, at any rate, his plan of a uniform penny-postage was adopted. On the 12th of November 1839, as a preliminary step, the Lords of the Treasury issued a minute, reducing the postage of all inland letters to the uniform rate of fourpence. On the 10th of January 1840, Mr Hill's success was rendered complete by the adoption of the penny rate.

There seems no question that that gentleman based his calculations upon the existing mode of mail conveyance. Had these arrangements continued intact, the increase of revenue foretold would, without doubt, have been reached. The great difference of cost in the transmission of mails could scarcely have been foreseen. The railways, however, have proved a very much more expensive means of conveyance than the mail-coach system which they superseded; and many striking examples of the difference in question are furnished by the successive reports of the post-office.

In 1844, for instance, a coach proprietor in the north of England actually paid to the post-office department the sum of £200 annually for what he regarded as the privilege of conveying the mails, twice a day, between Lancaster and Carlisle. Six years ago, the post-office paid to the Lancaster and Carlisle Railway the sum of £12,000 a year for the same service. This sum, we believe, is far exceeded now. In every district in England and Scotland, immense sums are now paid to the different railway companies for services which formerly cost nothing; in many cases, a merely nominal sum; in all, but a fraction of the present charges. Nor is the weight of the mails so materially different as to account for the increased expenditure. Whilst, since 1839, the letters in the aggregate have increased in weight six or seven fold, the weight of newspapers, in all cases forming the bulk of the mails, has actually decreased. By the abolition of the compulsory impressed stamp on newspapers, the greatest weight of them is now sent over the country by other means than the post, though the service of the post-office is still retained for sending single papers to outlying districts where the transit by other means would be much more costly. The weight even of book-parcels now sent through the post-office—a useful arrangement peculiar to our own day—does not nearly make up for the decreased weight of newspapers. In a report, dated 1856, it is clearly shewn by the Inspector-general of Mails that the present weight of mail-bags might have been carried by the mail-coaches existing just before they were superseded, or by a slight addition to their number. The great and important gain to the public of calling into requisition the iron roads, is in the matter of speed. This triumph, however, over time and space is attained by a large sacrifice of revenue.

We confess, however, we cannot see sufficient reason why every nerve should be strained to reach a surplus revenue, since the success of the system is decided enough in the sums already transferred to the coffers of the treasury. If the sum first calculated by the ingenious founder of the penny-post system must be reached, a far more legitimate way of advocating the interests of the public and the public balance-sheet would be to agitate for parliamentary powers to restrain railway companies from any but ordinary and reasonable charges. We find from official reports that many railways are enumerated that have been, and still are, known to charge per mile for the conveyance of post-office property just exactly double the ascertained and admitted cost of working the whole train. Mail-bags are almost invariably conveyed in passenger trains; a very usual charge for which is found to be four or five times as much per mile as it is for a second-class passenger double or treble their weight. A bill embodying these facts among others, and providing for powers, was actually proposed by Lord Palmerston's first government in 1857, but eventually withdrawn. It appears to have been

nipped in the bud by the overwhelming railway interest in parliament. This defunct bill and its various clauses form part of the appendix to the postmaster-general's fourth report.

AN INVITATION.

NIGHTS are long; the night is late :
Ash-logs crackle in the grate :
Bitter shrill winds howl without ;
Whirl the withered leaves about :
Bright the sudden embers fly :
Would, old friend, your face were by !
Then a happy peace would blend
With the genial warmth, my friend !
Rocking of the leafless trees,
Then, would not disturb our ease.
We should miss the winter's cold,
Chatting of the days of old.
How fine memory, calling back—
Up the half-forgotten track,
Which our feet in those long years
Trod together—smiles and tears
We have smiled or shed together,
Would atone for wintry weather ;
And beguile the tedious nights
With rich stock of old delights !
Some, we could no more recover,
We would scatter rose-buds over—
Fancy's flowers !—as mourners do.
Others we would share anew :
Hearty laugh, and witty joke ;
Honest glass, and curling smoke :
Or read, lingering, o'er and o'er,
Poets' songs that charmed of yore.

So would slip our nights away.
But the dripping of the day
On the misty eastern hills ;
Stormy gloom, and frosty chills ;
Shiver of the barren boughs,
Wailing round the windy house ;
Miry roads, and sop of rains,
In the wood-walks, o'er the plains ;
Fallow fields, and murky floods ;
Dropping of the dreary woods ;
Driving sleet, or chilly ring
Of white hail—friend, come in spring !

Then the nodding daffodils
Fill the spaces of the hills :
Then the wood-anemones
Ripple in the nursing breeze :
Then the wood-ways laugh to you,
With their grasses, green and new :
Then the tiny violet
By the elm-tree root is set :
Then the eager swallow comes,
Twittering in the ancient homes :
Fair pale yellow primroses
Bend above the water-cress :
Bluebells in the hollows crowd,
Like the blue gaps in the cloud :
Cushats coo : gay woodpeckers
Fret the barks : the linnet stirs
In the copses : sparrows cheep :
Skies are sunny ; storms asleep.
Winter days are dull and dumb :
Friend, come when the thrushes come. T. A.

The Editors of *Chambers's Journal* have to request the all communications be addressed to 47 Paternoster Row London, and that they further be accompanied by postage stamps, as the return of rejected Contributions cannot otherwise be guaranteed.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH. Also sold by all Booksellers.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL OF POPULAR LITERATURE

Science and Arts.

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 437.

SATURDAY, MAY 17, 1862.

PRICE 1½d.

THE 'DERBY' OF THE RIVER.

THERE is a certain morning anterior to Passion Week, and dependent upon the falling of Easter, wherein, if you look for a Hansom upon a London cab-stand, you will look in vain. Four-wheelers, denominated, by the voice of Detraction, Grumblers, will indeed be there in plenty, and made even more numerous to the disappointed eye by the absence of their swift-wheeled brethren; but of the far-darting, the close-shaving Hansoms, there are none. Or, perhaps, if it be yet early, there may be one, upon which, in the soft-falling April rain, some traveller, actuated by commercial impulse, fixes his gaze, and beckons, with his umbrella pointed citywards—for the driver is already turning towards the West. That impatient gesture loses for him his contemplated ride. The driver backs his steed again into the rank, and shakes his head, not apologetically, but in reprobation, as though a futile endeavour had been made to rob him of his due. Again the commercial person beckons, and this time with angry vehemence, for the rain falls faster and faster; but that Hansom cabman stares before him, sphinx-like, into space, as though there were no would-be fare gesticulating upon the pavement. 'What is worse than raining cats and dogs?' asks an ancient riddle, to which the apt reply is: 'Hailing cabs and omnibuses;' but when these two misfortunes occur together, the result is loss of temper to the sufferer. The citizen, ejaculating the harmless oath of Cockaigne,* leaves the pathway, and approaches the recalcitrant cabman, who thereupon gathers up his reins, nods to an imaginary fare in the extreme distance, and drives off at a hand-gallop. The whole scene, as once witnessed by the present writer, is a charming Idyll. The coy Hansom will not be wooed by the citizen, but prefers rather even an imaginary swain in the sweet suburbs or by the river-side. To be more explicit, the driver does not wish to take up any ordinary passenger that morning, but to be engaged to go to Putney, Barnes, or Hammersmith, for the University Boat-race.

That great event, which, for this day only, throws the inhabitants of those undesirable localities into a fever of excitement, and compensates them (let us hope) for their position during the remainder of the year, affects even London itself. The human tide in

the Strand—and its adjacent streets—is perceptibly increased by feeders from Oxford and Cambridge. Dark and Light Blue—the respective colours of those Universities—are the prevailing tint that morning among neck-handkerchiefs. Little rosettes of either colour are worn at many a button-hole, and even Oxford and Cambridge fancy-dogs—doomed soon, perhaps, to reappear in the metropolis in the form of Oxford and Cambridge sausages—have dark or light blue ribbons round their necks. The new-comers, their masters, would, however, be recognisable enough without such ornaments. They have not the unswerving, rapid step of the regular passenger. Their gaze wanders hither and thither with lively interest, for the streets to which they are accustomed are quiet, unplaced, unfrequented by pickpockets, and unpatrolled by police—save by a sort of medieval division of theological Al's called Proctors, to which the world happily offers elsewhere no parallel—and, above all, almost entirely vacant of the fair sex. Not mariners from a six months' voyage in Greenland take a tenderer interest in every fair face that passes them, than do these young gentlemen. Since the last long vacation, they (poor Monks!) have scarcely seen one upon whom some fifty winters have not set their mark. No woman is eligible (I believe) for the calling of 'Bedmaker' in either university under that mature age, since Sir Tussaud Ceptible (stat 19) ran away from Christchurch College with Sarah Washup (widow), and married her at Abingdon, in her eight-and-fortieth year. Nor, on the other hand, are even the modest of their sex insensible to the admiration of the strangers; for the latter are all young, and many of them handsome, and have, besides, a certain frank and kindly air about them which is rare in habitual Londoners. These ingenuous youths call each other by their Christian names abbreviated, and slap one another upon the back with a heartiness that is, however, not the least allied to vulgarity. There is also a charming independence about them, contrasting curiously with the assumed indifference of the young gentlemen of the town. The latter present the appearance, more or less complete, of being the proprietors of the universe; but 'this pride is yet no match for theirs' of the Dark and Light Blue, who look as though *they did not care to whom it belonged*. They do not as yet perceive the necessity of assuming a superior position with respect to others; the world is a solid pudding to them (with plenty of plums in

* 'Well, I never!'

it), and mere wafer-biscuits and trifle-froth have no attractions for them. They do not understand that to look weary and ill-tempered is to convey the idea of fashionable beings worn out with the attentions of the aristocracy; and that to take an interest in anything is bad taste. On the contrary, Dark and Light Blue take very great interest in everything, and about this University Boat-race they do more—they are wild enthusiasts.

What the ocean is to the inhabitants of Great Britain, the Thames between Putney and Mortlake is to the two universities; and to lose a race thereupon, is equivalent, in bitterness, to a national defeat upon the sea. There is, however, this comfort in the present case, that the disgrace can never be inflicted by foreign arms. When eight full-sized Frenchmen and one little one embark at Putney in a wager-boat, and win a four-mile race against the crews of Oxford and Cambridge, let Dark and Light Blue be known no more, and the Tricolor flag float from the towers of the two St Marys. It does not indeed lie in the power of a Frenchman to undergo the training to which every member of both crews is necessarily subjected. He could not rise at six o'clock every morning, and scour an undulating country at the top of his speed, for the improvement of his wind. He could not take a cold bath afterwards. He could not make his breakfast upon underdone beef-steaks; nor his dinner without pastry or made dishes; nor his supper upon oatmeal water-gruel. He could not confine himself to a pint of liquid daily, of which hot coffee would certainly form no part. And above all, for two whole months—over which period, at least, this training extends—he could not abstain from tobacco. To all these privations the sixteen British youths of family and fortune do voluntarily surrender themselves up, who take the aquatic honour of their universities into keeping. There is a male nurse appointed, who sees them to bed at ten o'clock precisely, and takes care that neither the smile of beauty, nor the 'beaded bubbles' of the wine-cup, shall seduce them for one instant from their duties. The annals of ancient and modern history are alike destitute of an example of such unegotistic self-devotion, for the very names of this heroic temperance society are scarcely breathed beyond the boat-houses of their respective Colleges. The captains themselves, upon whom more than on the rest hangs the fate of thousands,* are only known as 'Strokes.' The man at the other extremity of the fragile plank that bears up the dauntless nine is simple 'Bow.' The remaining oarsmen have numbers, but no names—Two, Three, Four, Five, Six, Seven; while the ninth man is but the ninth part of a man in physical bulk—the smallest that can be procured (with wits), who sits with his face to the rest, and has *carte blanche* to use any language he pleases to any one of them. The cockswain of a University boat-race, indeed, very seldom attains to any reputation afterwards; the giddy eminence turns his little head. He can never forget that eventful day when Stroke himself was subject to his Supreme Diminutiveness, and from Two to 'Bow' inclusive were the targets for his aquatic vituperation. Moreover, throughout the training the cockswain is a chartered libertine, and (they say) takes a demoniacal delight in tantalising the rest with the sight of his own profligate excess. On the other hand, he has a tremendous responsibility, and if he steer one hair-breadth from his course, ten thousand eyes perceive it, and when he arrives with his beaten crew at Mortlake, five thousand voices (supposing every witness to have two eyes) are lifted up to denounce the sinner and his crime.

The Dark and Light Blues in the Strand are

* Thousands of pounds: there being a great deal of betting on the event.

bound for the steamers, many of which give up for this day their ordinary traffic in order to attend the race. Upon the *Violet* and the *Rosebud*, on the *Snow-drop* and the *Ananans* (pronounced by the water-public 'any money'), these young men cluster like bees upon real flowers. They swarm upon the captain's 'bridge' (which is forbidden), and on the paddle-boxes (which is dangerous), and half-way down the cabin stairs—which, if they want to see the contest, is ridiculous. By these, as at a horse-sale at 'the Corner,' the physical merits of each of the competitors are criticised, and their styles as 'cans' debated; while the state of the wind and tide is as vitally interesting to all as though they were about to cross the Channel. These enthusiasts in the steamers are for the most part, however, regular 'boating-men.' Few others would submit themselves to the inconveniences incidental to this method of transit, or would be content to behold the race (as the great majority on board must do), at second hand; to have it described, that is, in the *narratio obliqua*, by some friend who has managed to secure a post of vantage.

Individuals less actuated by passion, however, are content to go to Hammersmith Bridge, as we have already indicated, and why in Hansoms in preference to any other vehicle will be presently seen. The road thither from town is thronged with these as well as with private carriages, and cavaliers and dames on horseback. The scene reminds one of an expurgated edition of a Derby Day. There are no cooter-mongers, no pleasure-vans, no omnibuses, no advertisement Mammoth wains, no drinking at public-houses, no boys performing 'the wheel' by the roadside. There is a vast deal of aristocracy, and nothing under gentility in the whole procession. Even the pedestrians are M.A.'s, or Undergraduates at the least. The Lawyer forsakes his inn of court, the Parson his cure, the Physician his round of patients, the Swell his forenoon canter in Rotten Row, for this one morning, in order to witness the triumph of his University. Fathers decked out with Dark or Light Blue favours, ride by with their sons similarly decorated; age and youth alike interested in the same contest. Whole schools of boys in Dark and Light Blue colours, according to the University for which they are destined, or to which their elder brothers may belong. And, above all, numbers of the fair sex with Dark or Light Blue bonnet-ribbons, or with elegant rosettes of the same pinned to their riding-habits, as Oxford or Cambridge agitate their innocent bosoms by reasons of fathers or brothers having been *alumni* thereof, or haply because of 'a dearer one yet and a nearer one,' who may be even now at one or other University.

No carriages are allowed to remain upon Hammersmith Bridge, but cross over it, and await their proprietors upon the Surrey side, until the boats shall have passed under, when all resume their seats, and are whirled away at speed to Barnes Terrace, where another view is obtained of the competitors: and Hansoms only are chosen for this purpose because no four-wheel could devour the ground with sufficient rapidity. In the meantime, the occupants of the Bridge are, like the Bridge itself, in a state of suspense, and all eyes straining eastward to the point at which the contending galleys must first appear. The houses that command the reach are filled with spectators, and the towing-path alive with pedestrians, although troops of horsemen will presently gallop recklessly along, to whom riding down a fellow-creature weighs as nothing in comparison with losing sight for an instant of the 'style' of their particular friend, No. 4 or 5. How many fanatics are sacrificed yearly in this manner it is impossible to say; the wash of the steamers, as they pass in double line, entirely whelming the towing-path, and probably carrying the corpses, eventually, out to sea. That pious superstition, and not mere vulgar curiosity, animates many of these persons, is certain, since they station them-

selves far ahead of the boats, begin to run as soon as these have started, and never look over their shoulders until they get to Mortlake: to turn the head, as they are well aware, would be to be tripped up, to be trampled upon, and to find a grave, as I have already hinted, in the depths of ocean. From the Bridge, however, these enthusiasts present an interesting sight, and afford an index to the time of starting; when the first of them runs under Hammersmith Bridge, as though a mad dog were after him, we that are upon it learn that the Dark and Light Blue are 'off' at Putney. Left to ourselves, some of us are a little liable to error; the ladies especially taking all wager-boats afloat (of which there are some hundreds) for the Rivals of the day, and encouraging them to gratuitous exertions.

As the time draws on, the spectators grow more anxious, and seem to fear even to turn round lest at that very moment the boats should come in sight. Glasses advertised to enable us to discern 'persons at a mile, off, and objects at three miles'—which is invidious, to say the least of it—are in many hands, but they cannot help us to see round that corner. So anxious are we, by this time, that the intrusion of a chance passenger who ventures to cross the Bridge at such a moment is resented as a studied insult; and we are vehemently indignant with a solitary Volunteer, not in Dark or Light Blue by any means, who has apparently mistaken the character of the entertainment (as those Volunteers are always doing), and has brought his gun with him.

But see, there is a dark mass looming round the point at last—the first of the fleet of steamers chartered to accompany the race. This mighty phalanx, each with its every foot of standing-room crowded with human beings, is a strange and stately sight, and the huge black hulls have a weird and dismal aspect, as though they were assembled to do honour to some Departed, water-borne to his last home. It is not at once that we can detect, a very little in advance of them, the two fragile boats containing the heroes of the day. 'Light Blue's ahead!' 'No, it's Dark Blue, by Jove!' 'Bravo, Oxford!' 'Confound our luck again!' 'Well pulled, well pulled!' That last, of all cries, is the most appropriate and deserved. Each eight-oar is shot forward as though propelled by a single pair of sculls. The silver splash of the oar-blades, the sharp half-roll in the rowlocks, are each a single sound. The backs of the eight oarsmen rise and fall with the regularity of piston-strokes, and both crews are just now what is called 'putting their backs into it'—rowing their very hardest.

But alas for the Light Blue heroes; they are over-matched altogether for this time, and at least two lengths behind. Their adherents upon the Bridge groan within themselves and shiver, while they mutter something meant to be reassuring: 'Never mind,' or 'Better luck next time.' The Light Blue ladies sigh as they finger their rosettes. The Light Blue boys cry 'Hang it!' and 'What a sell!'

There are not a few Cantabs present, perhaps, across whose mind has flashed the brilliant thought of making their memories fragrant and to blossom in their dust for ever by jumping down into the Dark Blue boat as it went by, and sinking that hated craft. No Curtius was ever dearer to Roman hearts than he who should do this thing would be for aye to Light Blue bosoms. But the wind is east, and the water looks very cold, and the moment for the self-sacrifice is lost in indecision. The Cantab gaze may wander for a moment upon some Dark Blue boy whom it would be luxury indeed to have dropped instead—with his feet tied together with dark-blue ribbons, so that his determination to step on board, if he failed to sink her, might be relied upon—but even this vicarious opportunity has slipped by: the boats sweep on, and sentimental regret must not be indulged in, if we would obtain another view of them.

Each rushes to his peculiar vehicle, and then along the road begins the strife of Hansoms—almost as much a University race as the aquatic one. In addition to the dangers arising from the excessive speed, there is a particular peril in the fact, that the drivers cannot afford to bestow any attention upon their careering horses, their eyes being exclusively occupied in watching the boats, which, although lost to their fares, they can distinguish from their own elevated positions.

At Barnes Terrace, we see the fate of Light Blue finally decided, as well as hear it abundantly accounted for. Never yet was boat-race lost, I believe, but through certain untoward circumstances quite out of the control of the losers. The wind has blown the cockswain out of the boat; or the stroke has broken an oar, or a blood-vessel; or a barge (preceded by expletives) has filled up the identical arch in the bridge selected by the steerer. As in the great classical combats, whenever the occasion seemed to demand it, a god was made to intervene, so in the University contest, some unforeseen and unavoidable influence is ever observed by the friends of the defeated party. Upon the whole, however, Fortune has been singularly impartial: out of nineteen races, ten having been won by Light Blue, and nine by Dark.

I have said that at Hammersmith the procession resembled an expurgated Derby Day. We must confess, on the other hand, that at Mortlake, where the steamers and the trains disgorge their thousands, we find that wicked appendix which accompanies most Bowdlerised editions. Beside the fast and loose, however, common to all metropolitan spectacles, the University element is still distinct and recognisable. The spruce black coat and faultless neckcloth of the youthful divine are especially prominent: he has come up from his interesting flock in town or country to see this sight, so redolent of his palmy college-days, although he has no longer any taste for the gaudy shows of the world in other respects. He will dine with the competing crews in the evening, however, lest there should not be a clergyman to ask a blessing upon that entertainment. It is very pleasant to see him refusing cigars, and offers of a third seat in a Hansom to take him back to town. Twelve months ago, or even less, the lad had an admirable eye for colour, and promenaded 'the High' or the 'King's Parade' in the most brilliant hues; but now, poor fellow, he is reduced to black and white, with the tiniest sprig—and even that is contrary to the canon law—of Dark or Light Blue ribbon in his button-hole. He prayed here to-day in his heart, as though he were reading in his pulpit what is called the 'Bidding' prayer, which invokes a blessing 'upon both our royal and pious foundations, but especially upon that university to which I belong.'

WEATHER FORECASTS.

To talk of the uncertainty of the weather is to admit how little knowledge we have of the laws which govern atmospheric changes. In the present age, when the universality of law is a recognised fact, uncertainty is but a synonym for ignorance. Science, as it advances, reveals more and more the causes of the phenomena which encompass us; and, except that the data are more complicated, there is no reason why we should not foretell the wind and the rain just as we predict eclipses; indeed, in some latitudes, changes in the weather recur with such regularity that they can be predicted with certainty. In the temperate zone, however, this is far from being the case; and the practical difficulties of investigation have led uneducated people to ascribe storms and other unexpected conditions of weather to caprice of the elements, or to supernatural agency. But the true student of nature knows that her laws are constant, and that the signs afforded to man are

invariably true—the want of accurate interpretation of those signs being his real stumbling-block.

Within the last few years, considerable efforts have been made to discover some of the laws which regulate atmospheric phenomena; and we here propose to give a short sketch of the ground that has been covered, in this country at least, and to glance at some of the practical results obtained.

In the year 1855, the first of a series of steps was taken (through the medium of a branch department of the Board of Trade) to extend correct meteorological observations. About sixty poor fishing-places on various parts of the coast were presented with good barometers, the localities being particularly chosen on account of their poverty. It was expected that other and more wealthy districts would soon recognise the advantages derived from the instruments, and be thereby encouraged to purchase for themselves. This expectation has, in many quarters, been realised. In addition to the barometers, a small pamphlet containing directions respecting the proper use of the barometer was forced largely into circulation. This was highly necessary; the popular view, that the barometer rises when it is fine, and falls when it is wet, being very inaccurate. The government left the pamphlet unrestricted by copyright; and so useful has it been found, that many philosophical instrument makers now reprint it at their own cost, and distribute it with their goods.

The next advance was to construct simultaneously at several hundred places charts of observations on the force and direction of the wind, on the state of the barometer (and its necessary companions, the wet and dry bulb thermometers), on the general conditions of the atmosphere and sky; such as the quantity and character of the clouds, and whether mist, fog, hail, rain, snow, thunder and lightning, and so on, prevailed or otherwise. The construction of these charts was confided to astronomers and to the captains of vessels all over the world. The result has been a mass of observations, which, on examination, disclosed some general laws respecting the movements of the atmosphere, without which it would be hopeless to attempt forecasts of weather. To take only one example of the important results thus arrived at. It is now well known that certain storms (cyclones, typhoons, tornadoes) move in a circular direction: in the northern hemisphere, the centre of a cyclone is nearly square to the right (standing facing the wind), and in the southern hemisphere to the left; hence, ships can take advantage of knowing which way the cyclone is moving, and are frequently able to avoid the violence of the storm.

In September 1859, the British Association for the Advancement of Science took up the subject, and the advantage of a warning of storms by telegraph was pressed upon the government. The idea of thus giving warning of storms was not a new one; it was familiar in America in the time of the old semaphore telegraph. To the Association, however, is due the credit of inaugurating the system in this country. Twenty home and six foreign stations were selected, the observations from the outlying stations being daily transmitted to the central one. By comparing the meteorological conditions at each station, it was found possible, through the knowledge gained by means of the chart observations already referred to, to judge pretty accurately of the probable weather for a day or two to come. Had the system been in full operation at the time of the fearful tempest in the Irish Sea, when the *Great Eastern* so narrowly escaped, and the *Royal Charter* was wrecked, it is more than probable that these vessels would have been warned, and have escaped the gale, for it happened that the very centre of that cyclone was in the middle of England; the direction it would take had been fully ascertained, and it was known that the Irish Channel would soon be visited by its fury.

The system originated in 1859 was further developed in 1860; and it has since been maintained with certain additions, the most important of which are the introduction of storm-signals and the publication of weather forecasts.

The 6th of February 1861 will ever be memorable in the annals of the weather; on that day an expected storm was first signalled, storm-signals being hoisted at the various stations, as a caution to mariners. It is a matter of notoriety how scientific advances have been generally met—how, for instance, Galileo was imprisoned for promulgating the heresy that the earth moves round the sun, and how Jenner, the discoverer of vaccination, was scouted as a diabolical enthusiast. It is not to be wondered at, then, that these storm-signals were at first disregarded, and that, as a consequence, much avoidable loss of life and property ensued. Happily, however, subsequently to this, more attention was paid to the signals, and but comparatively few wrecks occurred off our coasts in 1861, though the weather was unusually tempestuous. It may be mentioned as a significant fact, that, at a recent meeting of the shareholders of the Great Western Docks at Plymouth, their serious diminution of revenue during the past year was attributed to the much fewer number of damaged vessels, owing to the storm-signal system. The general correctness of the warnings soon became so manifest that numerous applications were made to the Board of Trade to obtain the exhibition of signals at other places.

The signal apparatus is very simple, consisting merely of a staff and two canvas shapes, the cone and the drum. To a stout wooden hoop, not less than three feet in diameter, is firmly attached a canvas bag, not less than three feet deep, very much resembling an enormous jelly-bag; this, with the necessary ropes for pointing the shape up or down, is the cone. When suspended, it shows a black triangle from any point of view. The drum consists of two hoops, distant not less than three feet, with canvas between. It shews a black square from any point of view. These shapes pack in a small compass, so that samples can be supplied to distant places with a trifling cost for carriage, when similar ones can easily be manufactured by local workmen, the object being to multiply their numbers. The cone with the point up (north cone), indicates an expected gale from the northward; with the point down, the same from the southward. The drum indicates that dangerous winds are expected; if suspended by itself, that they may be expected from nearly opposite quarters successively; with the north cone, that dangerous winds are expected at first from the northward; with the south cone, at first from the southward. The warnings to the principal outports are telegraphed from London, and the signal is immediately hoisted and kept up till the dusk of that day only. The coast-guard, who are in intercommunication all round our islands, extend the notices along the shore.

In August 1861, forecasts of the weather were first sent to the leading newspapers and published. The then arrangement gave the probable weather for the next day or two. This plan has since been improved and modified to the present one, a double forecast for two days in advance. This bids fair to be permanent, for we cannot hope, in the present state of knowledge, to forecast generally speaking for more than two days. The forecasts are sent out each day at 11 A.M., in time for the second edition of the morning papers.

It must be remembered that only the greater and more general disturbances of the atmosphere can be made known by this means, sudden and local changes not being felt beyond a certain distance. And even for general disturbances, it should be distinctly understood that the forecasts are *not* to be regarded as prophecies; they are merely cautions, and mean: 'Be

on your guard; such and such weather is expected.' For the laws of atmospheric action are at present but imperfectly understood, and the predictions are sometimes marred by a sudden down-rush of the southern wind, and by electrical conditions, of which too little is at present definitely known. Still, all changes of weather are *preceded* as well as accompanied by notable alterations in the state of the atmosphere, such changes being indicated earlier at some places than at others; and fortunately, the more dangerous the change, the longer and more decided is the premonition; so, under the present system, no violent storm should take place within the area of our stations without being foreknown.

The warnings of storms which arise out of these weather-casts are of incalculable value, not only to the sailor but to the landsman. The agriculturist may often be guided by them, if he will; and the individual who is about to cross the Channel may, if a bad sailor, avoid unnecessary tossing and its accompanying disagreeables.

Endeavours have been made to extend to the continent the plan adopted in the British Islands, but hitherto this has been found impracticable; for, in the first place, observations to be comparable must be taken at nearly the same height from the level of the sea, or we get confused through the operation of currents lying above, but not influencing each other. This difficulty could most likely be arranged, were it not for the more important obstacle of continental mountain-ranges, which interfere with the course of the currents. In our islands, we happen to possess perfect facilities for meteorological observations; the undulations of the soil are few and unimportant, and we lie alone, as it were, within a ring-fence, bounded by Nairn (near Inverness) to the north; Heligoland, off the mouth of the Elbe, to the east; Jersey to the south; and Valentia, off the south-west coast of Ireland, to the west, with Liverpool and London for centres. The other stations are chiefly of importance in checking and confirming the observations at these.

It is now within the power of any observant and intelligent person to forecast for himself local weather. He has merely to provide himself with a good barometer, and a wet and a dry bulb-thermometer; to consult the daily published meteorological reports, and to compare them with his own observations. He should, at the same time, obtain the valuable *Barometer Manual* already adverted to, compiled by Admiral Fitzroy. The manual gives full directions how to set to work with the instruments and reports, an account of some of the more marked signs of weather, and other useful information.

Many private persons consult the barometer, and even set it daily, and are surprised to find that they cannot rely on its indications, especially on those of the unscientific wheel-barometer, with a face like an underdone clock. The fault, however, is not with the instrument, but with those who use it improperly; 'th' ap'arattus,' as Salem Scudder observes, 'can't lie.' A few words on the practical use of the weather-glass may be found useful.

It is an invaluable fact, and too often overlooked, that the state of the air does not shew the present, but coming weather, and that the longer the interval between the barometric signs of change and the change itself, the longer and more strongly will the altered weather prevail; so, the more violent an impending storm, the longer warning does it give of its approach. Indications of approaching change of weather are shewn less by the height of the barometer than by its rising or falling. Thus, the barometer begins to rise considerably before the conclusion of a gale, and foretells an improvement in the weather, though the mercury may still stand low. Nevertheless, a steady height of more than thirty inches is mostly indicative of fine weather and moderate winds. Either steadiness or *gradual* rising of the mercury

indicates settled weather, and continued steadiness with dryness foretells very fine weather lasting some time. A *rapid* rise of the barometer indicates unsettled weather; a *gradual* fall of one-hundredth of an inch per hour indicates a gradual change in the weather, and moderate rising of the wind; several successive falls, to the amount of one-tenth of an inch, indicate a storm *eventually*, but not a sudden one; and a gale, if the fall continues. These storms are not dangerous, as they can be long foretold; but a sudden fall of one-tenth of an inch betokens the quick approach of a dangerous tempest. Alternate rising and sinking (oscillation) indicates unsettled and threatening weather. When the barometer sinks considerably, much wind and rain will follow—from the northward, if the thermometer is low for the season; from the southward, if high.

For observing barometric changes, the barometer should be placed at the eye-level, out of the reach of sunshine and of artificial heat, as of fires, and out of the way of gusts of wind. It should be set regularly twice a day by a competent person. A card should be accessible close by, and on it should be entered the indication at each setting. For the purposes of the Board of Trade, an ingenious self-registering barometer is used. The barometer tube, as every one knows, consists of a long closed end, and a short open one; into the short end of the syphon is inserted a small glass weight, which is of course raised or lowered as the mercury falls or rises. A spur is attached to the weight, and moves up and down with it, marking a piece of card, which is moved from left to right at a uniform rate by clockwork. The barometric indications thus recorded can easily be read off by those accustomed to it, and they thus obtain an insight into the weather likely to follow, just as a physician can predict, by means of the stethoscope, changes that are about to occur in the lungs of a patient.

The thermometer attached to the barometer should be noticed each time the barometer is set, and its indications of the temperature of the air should be marked on the barometer card. In addition, a wet-bulb thermometer should be kept and consulted, the difference between the wet and dry bulb thermometers indicating the amount of moisture in the atmosphere.

At the same time, the direction of the wind should be marked down. The best plan for insuring true bearings is to mark a true east and west line, about the time of the equinox, by the sun at rising and setting. The direction should be judged from the *lower* clouds (if not very distant), in preference to vanes, or smoke, or any other indication.

Before we explain how to use these observations, we must briefly state the principal causes which affect the barometer. They are three: 1. The *direction* of the wind. In north latitudes, north-east wind (from the north) tending most to raise the mercury; south-west, to lower it; the wind from points of the compass between these, tending to raise or to lower it proportionately as they near one or other extreme point. 2. The *force* of the wind from any quarter. The more violent the wind, the greater the fall, and *vice versa*. 3. The amount of moisture in the atmosphere. The more moisture, the more the mercury falls.

If the barometer has been about its ordinary height, and is steady or rising, while the thermometer falls, and dampness becomes less, northerly winds, or less wind and less rain, may be expected; on the contrary, if a fall takes place, with a rising thermometer and increased dampness, wind and rain may be expected from the southward. An exception to this is, when a northerly wind with rain, perhaps with lightning, is impending, before which the barometer often rises, on account of the direction of the wind simply, and deceives people who from that sign alone expect fair weather. On the other hand,

the glass may rise if the southerly wind is dry with fine weather.

If the barometer has been rather below its usual height, a rise foretells less wet, less wind, or a change in its direction towards the northward. When it has been very low, the first rising usually precedes strong wind or heavy squalls from the northward, after which violence a gradual rising foretells improving weather, if the thermometer falls. But if not—that is, if warmth continues, and especially if the barometer's rise is sudden—probably the wind will back, more southerly wind will follow, and more bad weather may be expected. Sometimes severe weather from the southward, not lasting long, may cause no great fall, because followed by a *duration* of wind from the northward; and similarly, we may have fine weather and northerly winds, with a low glass, precluding a *continuance* of southerly wind or rain, or both.

In judging of changes of the past few hours, when indicating changes close at hand, allowance should invariably be made for the state of the glasses for some days previous, for their indications may be affected by distant causes, as a storm beyond the horizon. Here the daily published reports are very useful, enabling the individual observer to avoid errors from distant causes. And, lastly, in attempting to forecast weather, it must never be forgotten that our present knowledge is but limited, that the subject is full of complications, and that though we may often be right, we shall also sometimes be wrong.

MISTAKEN IDENTITY.

THE above rather paradoxical title is not intended to introduce a general disquisition upon the subject which it involves, but simply to herald a brace of narratives, new to most, if not all, English readers, illustrating the legal question of personal identity, and, collaterally, the uncertainty of circumstantial evidence.

It is by no means unusual to find strong personal resemblances in members of the same family, and there are numerous historical cases where it has been impossible to distinguish readily between twin-brothers and twin-sisters. Shakspeare's two Dromios have often had their counterpart in actual life, when the reality has proved even more wonderful than the fiction of that great master. But, when these close resemblances in person and manner exist in two individuals not allied by blood, and who, having never met, have had no opportunity for assimilation, either purposed or involuntary, the circumstances become more remarkable, and, as they are also unaccountable, are rightly classed among the freaks of nature. The particulars detailed in one of the cases I am about to relate would seem to indicate that nature had 'a method in her madness,' and really resorted to every expedient to bewilder both the objects of her pastime and all that portion of the human family that might witness her strange handiwork.

Hitherto, the most prominent case of mistaken identity on record has been that of Martin Guerre, a mere synopsis of which—most readers, doubtless, being familiar with its details—will suffice in this place.

Martin Guerre, of Biscay, about the year 1570, after ten years of wedlock, abandoned his family, and mysteriously disappeared. Eight years afterwards, a person, eventually identified as one Arnaud du Tilh, presented himself to the wife of Guerre, and was recognised, both by herself and her relatives, as her long absent husband. As the true Martin, he made his peace with Madame Guerre, resumed the marital relation, and they had, in the course of three years, two children. Until this period, no suspicion of an imposture had been excited; for, according to the

record, he had 'exactly the features, stature, and complexion of Guerre.' More than this, he was perfectly familiar with the minutest circumstances of the personal history of all the Guerre family, answering promptly all questions on the subject, and even reminding some of them of trivial matters which they had at first failed to remember. About this time, but from what cause does not appear, his identity was doubted, and he was arraigned before a judicial tribunal. The investigations were severe and protracted. Nearly two hundred witnesses were examined, who were about equally divided in their opinions. The sisters of Martin Guerre, four in number, testified positively that the prisoner was their brother, and he was even found to possess certain secret marks which were known to have been upon the person of Guerre. The result of this trial seems to have turned upon two apparently trivial facts. While in every other particular of person and manner he could not be distinguished from Guerre, it was proved, by a shoemaker, that there was a difference of three lines in the length of his foot; and also by other witnesses that he knew nothing whatever of wrestling, whereas Guerre had been remarkably dexterous in that exercise. He was in the end declared an impostor, but appealed to a higher tribunal, and the examinations were there renewed. Before they were concluded, however, the real Martin Guerre appeared, having been sent home from the wars with a wooden leg. Even then, Du Tilh persisted in his former assumptions, declaring his opponent to be the impostor, and, strangely enough, was able to give a better account of Guerre's antecedents than even Guerre himself; while the numerous witnesses were still divided in their opinions as to which was the real Martin. To end the story, he was finally convicted; and, when he found that his execution was inevitable, he confessed that, on returning from the camp in Picardy, he had met with certain of Guerre's friends, by whom he was mistaken for him, and who, in the course of numerous conversations, communicated to him so many personal particulars concerning himself, his wife, and their two families, as well as their neighbours in Biscay, that, possessing a very retentive memory, and assured of the strong personal resemblance, he felt confident of successfully personating him, and thus securing the comforts of a home and the means of livelihood. He was eventually hanged and burned before the house of Guerre.

The authority for this case is the *Causés Célèbres*, and it is hardly necessary to say that it is difficult to determine, when reading that work, the exact boundary between authentic history and the usual romantic licence of the French writers. Admitting, however, the entire correctness of the narration, we may safely conclude that art had quite as much to do in the matter as nature. It was a splendid piece of deception on the part of a consummate actor. Nature had indeed provided the remarkable likeness, and there probably her services ended. The secret marks were, doubtless, purposely created by Du Tilh himself, who also adopted what he had learned to be the peculiar manners of Guerre. A good memory of the details that had been communicated to him enabled him still further to mislead his dupes; and the lack of suspicion, combined with unrestrained imagination on their part, did all the rest. Still, so great was the natural resemblance between the two men, that, had Du Tilh died without confession, half the community would have denounced his fate as a judicial murder, and ever afterwards regarded the real Martin Guerre with suspicion.

The two cases mentioned in my introduction occurred more recently, and are better authenticated. One of them, although of less importance, and unattended by any serious consequences to the survivor, possesses, nevertheless, a certain degree of interest. It has never, I believe, been made public, but I can

vouch for its entire accuracy, as it occurred under my own personal observation.

In the year 1850, I was one day watching, from the window of my hotel, in the city of Brooklyn (opposite New York), the operation of elevating a 'Liberty Pole' in the square beneath. A crowd had assembled on the occasion, and I remarked the dangerous position of certain individuals, in case any accident should occur. The thought seemed to be prophetic, for the next moment some of the ropes parted, and a section of the shaft fell heavily to the ground. One of the bystanders, an elderly man of the humbler class, received a blow upon the head, which produced instant death. The body was removed to the door-step beneath my window, and the unfortunate man was at once recognised by several of his neighbours who chanced to be present. The coroner was in the immediate vicinity, and was soon brought to the spot, when, the case being clearly one of accidental death, the formality of an inquest was shortly concluded, and the body delivered to the friends of the deceased, who removed it to his late residence. I attended the inquest, which was held in an adjacent room, and heard distinctly the testimony which identified the corpse, no less than five or six witnesses declaring that they were the immediate neighbours of the deceased, whom they unhesitatingly recognised.

The affair produced no other impressions than those natural on witnessing such a sad occurrence, and would have passed eventually into oblivion, had I not, the next morning, heard the sequel, and subsequently satisfied myself, by personal investigation, of the accuracy of the details. They were briefly as follows: The corpse was conveyed to the house of the deceased, and met at the door by the heart-broken widow, who embraced it in an agony of distress, kissing the face that was scarcely cold, and indulging in all those extravagant demonstrations so common in women of her class. She was finally induced to retire to her apartment—kitchen and drawing-room combined, the body was deposited in an adjoining chamber, and the bystanders gradually dispersed. This was about four o'clock in the afternoon. Two or three hours later, while several persons were arranging the corpse, the mourning wife was seated by her fireside, painfully contemplating the interrupted preparations she had been making for the accustomed evening meal, when the outer door opened, as it was wont to do at that hour, familiar footsteps advanced, and lo! her husband stood before her, hale and hearty, as when he had left her in the morning to proceed to his daily occupation. Her consternation and that of her friends may better be imagined than described; and her subsequent joy, when her senses were fairly restored, was almost as frantic as had been her former agony.

The explanation is very simple. The deceased eventually proved to be an entire stranger, from a town some fifty miles distant, who chanced to be in the city on a visit. The personal resemblance between the two men was very strong, and their garments also similar. In the horror of the moment, the recognition by the neighbours was not surprising, while the wife had been already apprised, by a messenger, of the fatal event, and was prepared to receive her husband's corpse. Half-blind from weeping, she did not stop to scrutinise closely the familiar features, but, the first burst of grief over, turned away to indulge her agony, leaving to others the task of disrobing the corpse. Perhaps a subsequent examination of the clothing might have led to a discovery of the error, but the probability is that, if, by any accident, her husband had that day met his death elsewhere, and so never returned again to his home, she would have followed the corpse of the stranger to its grave, upon which she would thenceforth have deposited the *immortelles* due only to the memory of the real partner of her life.

The other case which I have promised may be

found narrated at length in a rare transatlantic volume, entitled the *New York City Hall Recorder*, containing reports of the most important criminal trials which took place in the city of New York early in the present century. The compiler of this volume was an eminent American counsellor-at-law, whose sole object was to furnish a collection of precedents for the use of his profession, and who never dreamed of embellishing his pages with the faintest tinge of romance, but faithfully and scrupulously confined himself to transcribing the details of each case as they appeared upon the official records of the courts. The authenticity of the following narrative is, therefore, unquestionable.

Early in the month of September 1800, a man, calling himself Thomas Hoag, made his appearance in the county of Rockland, in the state of New York, some thirty miles north of the city of that name. His occupation was that of a common labourer, in which capacity he was employed by several of the respectable inhabitants of that county. Shortly after his arrival, he became acquainted with one Catharine Secor, to whom he paid his addresses, and they were legally married on Christmas-day, the 25th of December, in the same year. They lived together as man and wife, and he pursued his daily calling in that vicinity, until about the end of March 1801, when he suddenly disappeared, and never returned, either to his wife or the neighbourhood. On the 22d of June 1804, a man, known as Joseph Parker, was tried for bigamy in the court of Oyer and Terminer, then in session in the city of New York. He appears to have been arrested and examined a year before, but dismissed, probably for want of evidence. The indictment charged that, having, on the 8th of May 1789, lawfully married one Susan Faesch, who was still living, he had, unlawfully, on the 25th of December 1800, under the *alias* of Thomas Hoag, contracted a second marriage with the aforesaid Catharine Secor. Instead of attempting a synopsis of the testimony presented on both sides, I shall adopt the language of the official record, merely rejecting what is superfluous, thus not only securing historical accuracy, but also faithfully shewing the manner in which the trial was conducted. The first marriage, and the present existence of the first wife, being admitted by the counsel for the defence, three witnesses for the prosecution testified respectively as follows:

Benjamin Coe.—I am one of the judges of the Court of Common Pleas, in the county of Rockland. I am well acquainted with the defendant. He came to Rockland in the beginning of September 1800, where he passed by the name of Thomas Hoag. He worked for me about a month, during which time he ate daily at my table, and, of course, I saw him daily. On the 25th of December following, I married him to one Catharine Secor. I am confident of the time, because on that day one of my own children was christened. During all the time he remained in Rockland I saw him continually, and I am therefore as much satisfied that he is Thomas Hoag as that I am Benjamin Coe.

John Knapp.—I knew the defendant in 1800 and 1801. He was then in Rockland County, and passed by the name of Thomas Hoag. I saw him constantly, five months, while he was there. I was at his wedding. He had a scar under his foot. I know it from this circumstance: we were leaping together, and, upon my outleaping him, he remarked that he could not leap so well then as formerly, before he received a wound on his foot by treading on a drawing-knife. He thereupon pulled off his shoe, and shewed me a scar under his foot, occasioned, as he said, by that wound. The scar is very perceptible. I am confident that the defendant at the bar is Thomas Hoag.

Catharine Concklin.—My maiden name was Catharine

Secor. I am now married to one Concklin. I became acquainted with the defendant in the beginning of September 1800, when he came to Rockland. He then passed by the name of Thomas Hoag. I saw him constantly, and, shortly after our acquaintance, he paid his addresses to me, and finally, on the 25th of December following, married me. He lived with me till the latter end of March 1801, when he left me, and I did not see him again until two years afterwards. I am as well convinced as I can possibly be of anything in the world, that the defendant now here is the person who married me by the name of Thomas Hoag.

On the strength of this testimony, which, from the character of the witnesses, and their alleged former relations to the prisoner, must have seemed sufficiently conclusive, the prosecution rested, doubtless with the assurance of a summary conviction. Witnesses were called, however, for the defence, who testified as follow.

Joseph Chadwick.—I live in this city, and am a rigger by trade. I have been acquainted with the defendant, Joseph Parker, a number of years. He has worked in my employ as a rigger a considerable time. He began to work for me in September 1799, and continued to do so until the spring of 1801. During that time, I saw him constantly. It appears from my books that he received money from me, for work which he performed, on the following days: on the 6th of October, and 6th and 13th of December 1800; on the 9th, 16th, and 28th of February, and on the 11th of March 1801. He lived, from May 1800 until some time in April 1801, in a house in this city belonging to Captain Pelor, and during that time, and since, I have been well acquainted with him.

Isaac Ryckman.—I live in this city, and am well acquainted with the defendant, Parker. I have known him a number of years. In the latter part of the year 1800, he was jointly engaged with me in loading a vessel for Captain Tredwell of this city. We began to work on the 20th day of December 1800, and were employed the greater part of the month of January 1801 in loading the vessel, and during that time we worked together daily. I well recollect that we worked together on the 25th day of December 1800, and I remember it because I never worked on Christmas-day before or since. I know that it was in the year 1800, because I know that Parker that year lived in Captain Pelor's house; and I also remember that we that day borrowed from Mrs Mitchell, who lived in the next house to Parker's, a screw, for the purpose of packing cotton in the hold of the vessel we were then loading. I was one of the city-watch at that time, and Parker was then also on the watch. From that time to the present I have served with him on the watch, and do not recollect missing him from this city at any time during that period.

Aspinwall Cornwall.—I have kept a grocery in Rutgers Street a number of years. I knew Parker in 1800 and 1801, when he traded with me. I once missed him for a week, but found that he had been at work on a United States frigate at Staten Island. Except on that occasion, I never knew him to be absent from his family, and I saw him constantly.

Elizabeth Mitchell.—I know Parker well. In 1800 and 1801, he lived in Captain Pelor's house, adjoining the one in which I lived. I was intimate with his family, and visited them constantly. I perfectly well remember his borrowing a screw from me on Christmas-day, 1800. I am the more positive of the circumstance of lending the screw to Parker, because he broke it while using it. He never lived but one year in Pelor's house, and from that time to the present I have been on the same terms of intimacy with his family. I never knew him to be absent more than a week while he lived at Pelor's house, and think it almost impossible that he could have

been absent from town any time without my knowledge.

James Reading.—I have known Parker from his infancy. In the year 1800, he lived at Pelor's house. I saw him there continually, and never, during that year, knew him to be absent any length of time. I particularly remember that, while he lived at Pelor's house, some time in the beginning of January 1801, I assisted him in killing a hog.

Lewis Osborn.—I have been acquainted with Parker for the last four years. I have been one of the city-watch, and, from June 1800 until May 1801, he served with me on the watch. At first, he served as a substitute, but, a few days after Christmas 1800, he was placed on the roll of the regular watch, in the place of one Ransom. I am certain as to the period, because that is the only time that I ever served on the watch, and he was stationed, while on the watch with me, at the same post. I am certain that the defendant is the same person with whom I served on the watch, and, during that time, he was never absent from the watch more than a week at a time.

The defence here rested, and it is fair to presume that bench, jury, and spectators were all in a state of utter bewilderment. To them may probably be added the counsel for the prosecution, who were, doubtless, unaware of the peculiar developments thereafter to be made by their opponents.

Certainly the case, as it now stood, presented a most remarkable appearance. The prosecution had clearly proved, by unimpeachable evidence, that the prisoner, as Thomas Hoag, had resided constantly in the county of Rockland, from early in September 1800 until late in March 1801—a period of nearly seven months—and that during that time, on a specified day, namely, December 25, 1800, he had married Catharine Secor. The alleged wife, and two of the prisoner's employers—one of them a high judicial officer—had declared their recognition of his identity in the most positive terms, and avowed the utter impossibility of their being mistaken. From the bed of the former he had not been absent for a night after the marriage, until the last date; while he had sat daily at the tables of the others, and had been, during the whole of that time, under their constant supervision. On the other hand, a set of witnesses, more numerous, and apparently equally responsible, recognised the prisoner as Joseph Parker, who, during that particular period, and for a long time before and after, had not been absent from the city of New York for more than a week, and who was certainly on the alleged day of marriage engaged in his usual avocations in that city. Not only did his ordinary employers testify to his continuous presence there, but it was also shewn that he held an official position, from the duties of which he could not possibly have been absent without the knowledge of his superiors and associates, and which duties he faithfully and constantly performed during the entire period in question.

It will be observed that the testimony, as given by the official reporter, is evidently the result of both the direct and cross examinations, but that it is of a uniform character, and that the attempts to shew that the witnesses might be mistaken as to dates signally failed in every instance. Justice Coe remembers the date of the Rockland marriage from the fact that one of his own children was christened on the same day. When Ryckman is asked how he can be sure that Parker worked with him on the particular Christmas-day of 1800, he replies promptly with the reasonable answer that it is because it was the only occasion in his whole life when he had worked on that holiday—a fact which could not fail to impress the date faithfully upon his memory. He also knows it because it was the year during which Parker lived in Captain Pelor's house, and other witnesses prove that the only year in which he did live there was that

embracing the Christmas of 1800. Cornwall, who supplied Parker with groceries during that year, had his books to appeal to, and could therefore be certain about the dates. Mitchell, probably a business-woman, confidently refers to her broken screw—a matter so important that she could make no mistake—especially as she was also sure that Parker borrowed it on the Christmas-day when he was her neighbour in Pelor's house. Chadwick, from his business-books, gives the precise dates when he paid Parker his wages for services rendered at those times, and those dates are embraced in the period when Hoag was in Rockland. Reading, who has known Parker from his infancy, assisted him in killing a hog during the month of January in the only year when he lived in Pelor's house, &c. The testimony on both sides is equally direct, straightforward, and positive, and there can be no question that it was equally honest. Every man and woman would evidently have staked all their interests, here and hereafter, on the truth of that to which they then testified, and yet, one set of witnesses swore to a particular group of facts, while the other as positively deposed to another group, entirely inconsistent with it. We may well conceive the astonishment of all present, and the intense interest with which the subsequent proceedings were watched.

The counsel for the prosecution had other testimony in reserve, which was now produced, as follows.

Moses Anderson.—I have lived at Haverstraw, Rockland county, since 1791. I know the defendant well. He came to my house in the beginning of September 1800, and then passed by the name of Thomas Hoag. He worked for me eight or ten days, and, from that time until the 25th December following, he passed almost every Sunday at my house. During his stay in our county, I saw him constantly. If he is Thomas Hoag, he has a scar on his forehead, which he told me was occasioned by the kick of a horse, and also a small mark on his neck. He had also a scar under his foot, between his heel and the ball of his foot, occasioned, as he said, by treading on a drawing-knife. That scar is easy to be seen. His speech is remarkable: his voice is effeminate, and he speaks quick, and lisps a little. He supped at my house on the night of his marriage, in December 1800. I have not seen him till this day, since he left Rockland, which was between three and four years ago. I am perfectly satisfied in my own mind that he is Thomas Hoag.

It appears from a note by the reporter, that at this point the prisoner submitted to an examination, when it was found that he had the marks mentioned in Anderson's testimony both on his forehead and neck, and also, as he says, 'astonishing as it may seem, he had these very peculiarities in his speech!'

The personal examination was pursued no further at this time, but both the counsel and witnesses for the prosecution thenceforth, very naturally, displayed increased zeal and confidence.

Lavinia Anderson, the wife of the last witness, corroborated his testimony as to the identity of the defendant Thomas Hoag. She further testified that, during his stay at her husband's house, another person, having cut himself severely with a scythe, complained much of the pain, when Hoag told him that he had been much worse wounded, and shewed the scar under his foot. She also stated that about a year ago, after a suit, in which the identity of the defendant's person came in question, had been brought in the Justice's Court in New York, being in that city, and having heard much said on the subject, she was determined to see him, and judge for herself. Accordingly, she went to his house, but he was not at home. She then went to the place where she was informed he stood with his cart [Parker, for some time before this trial, had been following the occupation of a public cartman], and there saw him, lying in it, with his head on his hand. In that situation she instantly

knew him, and spoke to him, when he answered her, and she immediately recognised his voice. It was very singular, being shrill and thick; and his speech was hurried, having also something of a lisp. Hoag had a habit of shrugging his shoulders when he spoke, and this she also observed in the defendant. He then said that he had been told she was coming to see him—that it was surprising people could be so deceived—and asked her if she thought he was the man. She said that she thought he was, but would be more certain if she looked at his forehead. She then lifted up his hat, and saw the scar on his forehead, which she had often seen before, and he then told her that it had been occasioned by the kick of a horse. The witness concluded by declaring that it was impossible she could be mistaken—the defendant is Thomas Hoag.

Margaret Secor.—About four years ago I lived in Rockland, with my father, Moses Anderson. The defendant Hoag came to our house in September 1800, and remained in Rockland five or six months. He had a scar on his forehead. He used to come every Saturday night to my father's, to pass Sunday with us. I used to comb and tie his hair every Sunday, and thus saw the scar. About two years ago, I married, and came immediately to this city to live. After I had been here a fortnight, I was one day standing at our door, when I heard a cartman speaking to his horse, and immediately recognised the voice to be that of Thomas Hoag. Upon looking, I saw the defendant, and instantly knew him. I mentioned the fact to my husband, who told him of it, and the next day brought him to our house. He asked me how I knew he was the man. I replied that I could tell better if he would let me look at his head. Accordingly, I looked, and saw a scar upon his forehead, which I have often remarked on that of Hoag. I am confident that he is the person who passed at Rockland as Thomas Hoag.

Nicholas W. Concklin.—I live in Rockland county. I know the defendant. His name is Thomas Hoag. I cannot be mistaken in the person. He worked a considerable time for me; and, during that time, ate at my table. He was a stranger; and, understanding that he was paying his addresses to Catharine Secor, I took a good deal of notice of him. He lived in a house belonging to me. When I saw him at this place, I knew him instantly. His gait, his smile (which is very peculiar), and his very look, are those of Thomas Hoag. I have endeavoured, but in vain, to find some difference in appearance between the defendant and Hoag. I am satisfied in my own mind that he is the same person.

Abraham Wendell.—In the latter end of 1800, I knew Thomas Hoag at Haverstraw. I was intimate with him, and knew him as well as any man. I have worked with him, breakfasted, dined, and supped with him, and often been at frolics with him. The defendant is the same man. I have no doubt whatever about it. About a year ago, I was in this city, and was told by some persons that Hoag had beaten the Haverstraw folks in a suit wherein his identity was in question. I told them I could know him with certainty, and they said they would send him down to me. I was on board my sloop, saw him a hundred yards off, coming down the street, and instantly knew him. He came up to me, and said: 'Mr Wendell, I am told that you say you will know me.' I replied: 'So I do; you are Thomas Hoag.' I am as confident he is the person as I am of my own existence.

Sarah Concklin.—I live in Haverstraw. In December 1800, a person, calling himself Thomas Hoag, was intimate at my house, and called me 'aunt.' I am sure that the defendant is the same person, and never can believe that two persons can look so much alike. He talks, laughs, and looks like Hoag, whom I would know among a hundred people by his voice. The defendant must be Hoag.

Gabriel Concklin.—Thomas Hoag was at my house at Haverstraw often in September 1800. The defendant must be Thomas Hoag. He had a scar on his forehead, and another small scar just above his lip.

According to a parenthetical sentence of the reporter, the prisoner on trial, in addition to the scars on his forehead and neck previously mentioned, was also found to have this 'small scar just above his lip.'

The prosecution here finally closed, having established a case which, it must have seemed, nothing but the most unblushing perjury could destroy; and the probability is, that there was scarcely a man in the court-room who did not confidently expect that the prisoner must inevitably be convicted, and be compelled to pay the full penalty of the violated law. The defence, however, produced two more witnesses, who testified as follows.

James Juer.—I have known Joseph Parker, the defendant, seven years, and been intimate with him all that time. We worked together, as riggers, until he became a cartman. I knew him when he lived at Pelor's house, and never knew him to be absent from the city, during that time, for a day, except when working on board a frigate about a week at Staten Island. I recollect perfectly that he and others passed Christmas-eve at my house in the year 1800, when he lived in Pelor's house. In 1799, he hurt himself on board the *Adams* frigate, and then went to his father's, in Westchester county, where he remained nearly a month. He was very ill when he left town. I went with him, and brought him back. He was not quite recovered.

Susannah Wendell.—I have known the defendant six [evidently an error for sixteen] years. He married my daughter. When he lived in Pelor's house, his wife was ill. I then visited her often, and saw him there almost daily. He has never been absent from this city more than a week since his marriage, excepting the time when he went to his father's in Westchester.

Here, again, were the two relays of witnesses as widely antagonistic as ever. In spite of the overwhelming testimony that the prisoner had passed the seven months in question in Rockland county; in spite, also, of the crushing weight of the evidence touching his identity, afforded by the marks sworn to as visible on the forehead, neck, and lip of Hoag, and of the peculiarities of voice, speech, and gesture—all of which were plain and palpable in the prisoner—these last two witnesses unhesitatingly swore that he had not been out of the city of New York from 1789 to 1804, except on one occasion for a single week, and on another for a month, both of which absences were fully accounted for. Surely the bewilderment of the audience must by this time have reached an extravagant height. What a frightful amount of perjury has been committed on one side or the other! must have been the inward comment of the court and the spectators. Or, how was this extraordinary state of things to be explained? Did the prisoner really possess a dual existence? and was he, in some mysterious manner, both the Joseph Parker of New York and the Thomas Hoag of Rockland? Doubtless, the honest ejaculations of some of the witnesses, that there could not possibly be in the world two men so remarkably alike, that even the accidental scars on the person of one should be so faithfully reproduced on that of the other, were fully echoed by the awe-struck throng, which waited in nervous anxiety for the next scene in the strange drama then being enacted before it.

The time had now arrived for the counsel for the defence to introduce an unexpected witness; it was a dumb one, indeed, but its silent testimony was more eloquent and effective than all that had preceded it on either side. It was agreed that the prisoner should expose his feet to the examination of the jury, in order

that they might ascertain whether the particular scar upon one of them, which had been sworn to by several of the witnesses for the prosecution, was visible. The reporter says succinctly, that 'upon exhibiting his feet, no mark or scar could be seen upon either of them.'

After this, it was almost an unnecessary formality to call as a witness the captain of the watch; but he was placed upon the stand, and testified that he was well acquainted with the defendant, Joseph Parker; that he had been for many years a watchman, and as such had constantly done his duty; that, upon referring to his books, wherein he kept a register of the watchmen and their times of service, he found that he was regularly on duty during the months of October, November, and December 1800, and January and February 1801; and particularly, that he was on duty on the 26th of December 1800.

The jury, of course, without retiring, found a verdict of 'Not guilty.'

All things considered, this is, beyond doubt, the most remarkable case of mistaken identity on record. It would have been extraordinary enough had the general resemblance of the two men been so great as to induce and justify the very 'strong swearing' indulged in by one set of the witnesses; but the resemblance did not end with the general features of the person. It appears, in the first place, that, in regard to the apparent age, stature, physical conformation, outline of face, colour, and character of hair, &c., the nearest relative—the wife—of Hoag, and those most closely and constantly associated with him, could not distinguish between the two men; next they each possessed a peculiar voice, the tones of which were so marked and unusual, that they betrayed their presence to their acquaintances, even when their persons were not visible. Connected with this was a singular mode of speaking, common to both; and still more strangely, a habit of shrugging the shoulders when in conversation, in which each indulged. Even this combination of peculiarities in person and manner, to go no further, in two men, not only not relatives, but evidently entire strangers to each other, would reveal a 'freak of nature' that would be incredible, if the narrative were not so well authenticated.

But we are not to stop here. Hoag had upon his forehead an ineffaceable scar, resulting, as he declared, from the kick of a horse; on the forehead of Parker, in precisely the same locality, was a similar scar, occasioned in the same manner. Surely, it might be thought that accident had even now sufficiently pandered to nature in her effort to confound the identity of these two men; but no: Hoag had also a scar on his neck; Parker removes his cravat, and lo! on the corresponding spot appears a corresponding scar. Certainly, the casualties of time cannot so expertly reach and smite these two Dromios a third time; they do, however; for Hoag had still 'another small scar, just above his lip,' and, surely enough, the lip of Parker is found to be disfigured by its exact counterpart. Philosophers may account for these facts, if they can; I do not pretend to be a philosopher, and therefore shall not attempt to do so.

At this point, however, nature and accident appear to have concluded their mutual frolic. Poor Hoag could boast of one more misfortune than his double, Parker. At some period of his life, he had chanced to tread upon a sharp instrument, and there was left upon his foot a more formidable scar than either of the others, which it was beyond the power of nature or the skill of art to eradicate. It is not to be supposed that Parker's counsel were unaware of the condition of their client's foot, but, on the contrary, that they were inwardly merry during the progress of the trial, and chuckled over the honest and involuntary perjury of the various witnesses for the prosecution, conscious as they were how blank their

visages would appear when the feet of the prisoner should be finally exhibited to the gaze of the astounded jury, and be found as free from blemish as the cheeks of a healthy new-born babe. We have heard of persons being saved from various catastrophes by 'the skin of their teeth;' but the uncatrised epidermis of Parker's foot was his sole salvation. Had there appeared upon it the slightest mark of an old wound, or had the foot itself, a few months before, been amputated, it would be difficult to imagine the character of the judge's instructions or the jury's verdict after the testimony that has been recounted.

It would be interesting to know whether Hoag was ever afterwards discovered, and whether, if the two men were confronted, the resemblances were so exact as the testimony implies; but the reporter ends his account with the formal announcement of the verdict, and I have failed to discover, in the annals of the times, any other reference to the parties or the circumstances of the case.

TRAVELLERS' LAW.

EVERY man, says Blackstone, should know a little law, and the less, says *Punch*, the better. We, however, think that every man should know sufficient law to enable him to keep out of it; it is therefore our intention to explain so much of the law as relates generally to railway travellers, vast numbers of whom will come to London this year to see the Exhibition, and who will be immediately interested in the subject in question.

As a rule, a railway company is bound to carry all persons who may present themselves; but there are some exceptions to this rule, in which the company may reasonably object to the proposed passenger. For instance, the company may refuse to carry a person who is drunk, because he would be obnoxious to the other passengers. So, if a man have any contagious disease, such as scarlet fever, or the small-pox, or he be otherwise diseased to an extent that may be dangerous, the company is not bound to carry him; and this remark applies also to insane persons, and to those of notoriously bad repute or character. But if the company receive the fare from such objectionable person, and admit him as a passenger, he cannot be expelled from the train, unless he be guilty of some flagrant impropriety of conduct. A case in point occurred not long ago. A handsome-looking man, in 'peg-tops,' and in other respects fashionably dressed, purchased a ticket at one of the metropolitan stations, and took his seat in a first-class carriage, for the purpose of going to Epsom for the Derby. Just as the train was about to start, a detective happening to look into the carriage, recognised the gentleman as one of the most crafty and skilful of the London swell-mob. He was therefore requested to leave the carriage, and refusing to do so, was forcibly ejected. The mobman commenced an action against the railway company, which was afterwards settled in a friendly manner, by the latter paying to the former a small sum of money, by way of damages for the assault in ejecting him from the carriage, and for compensation for the 'loss' and inconvenience he had sustained in consequence of not being able to get to Epsom. By the very fact of the company granting the swell-mobman a ticket, and allowing him to take a seat in the train, they had contracted to carry him to that place; and unless they had sufficient reason for it, they could not then back out of the bargain thus entered into. If, however, the swell-mobman had been guilty of any misconduct, such as practising his 'nefarious arts,' as the penny-a-liners call them, on his fellow-passengers, the contract would have been at an end; but, in the case mentioned, no such impropriety was committed.

We have said that a railway company is bound to carry all passengers who offer themselves; we must, however, add that passengers at roadside will only

be booked conditionally; that is to say, in case there shall be room in the train for which they are booked; and in case there shall not be room for all the passengers booked, those booked for the longest distance have the preference. Those booked for the same distance have priority according to the order in which they are booked. You should always pay your fare, and obtain your ticket, before getting into a train; prepayment of the fare may be insisted on; but if you are allowed to commence your journey without such prepayment, the fare cannot be enforced until the whole journey be completed. If the whole fare be prepaid, you may join the train at any station where it stops. So you may leave the train at any station where it stops, but if you do so, you cannot continue your journey in another train without repayment of the fare from such station to the end of your journey. If you travel on a line without having previously paid your fare, and with the intention of avoiding payment thereof, or, if having paid your fare for a certain distance, you knowingly and wilfully proceed beyond such distance without having previously paid the additional fare, you are liable for every offence to forfeit to the company a sum not exceeding forty shillings. The same penalty will be exacted in case, when you have arrived at the station to which you have paid, you neglect, or refuse to quit the train, or if you get out of the train while it is in motion. You must shew your ticket, when required, to the guard in charge of the train, and this must, if demanded, be delivered up before leaving the company's premises, either to the guard or some other servant of the company. If you do not so produce or deliver it up, you may be required to pay the fare from the place whence the train originally started. On some lines, there is a by-law to the effect, that if you lose your ticket, you render yourself liable to pay for the whole distance that the train in which you have travelled has run. This by-law has, however, been held to be invalid, as being repugnant to the law of the land.

If you cut the strings of the carriage you are riding in, or the window-strap, or break the windows, or carve your name on the panels, or otherwise wilfully damage the property of the company, you are liable to a five-pound penalty in addition to the amount of damage done.

Smoking is, for public convenience, strictly prohibited on all lines (in which there are no conveyances specially set apart for that purpose), either in the carriages or at the stations. If you smoke in a carriage, you are liable to a penalty of forty shillings, and that even although no warning has been given you to desist from smoking; such warning, however, is usually given. If you persist in smoking in a railway carriage, or at a station, after such warning has been given, you not only subject yourself to the forty-shilling penalty, but you may be immediately removed from the company's premises, and, in addition, your fare will be forfeited. So if you are found in a carriage, or at a station, in a state of intoxication, or if you commit any nuisance, or otherwise wilfully interfere with the company of other passengers, or if you obstruct the company's servants in the discharge of their duty, you are liable to the penalty last mentioned.

The company is bound to carry you to the place to which you have been booked, and they cannot, at any intermediate place, refuse to proceed. If they do so, you can recover damages for any inconvenience and expenses you may sustain, together with the whole fare which you may have paid. If a railway company publicly announce, either by their time-tables, or through the medium of hand-bills or the public newspapers, that a train will run at a particular time, they thereby place themselves under a contract to start such train, and carry all persons who may present themselves as passengers, with the exceptions already mentioned. If the train by which you intended to be a passenger does not start, and you

proceed to the station and tender your fare, and incur inconvenience or extra expense in getting to your destination, you may bring an action against the company for damages for their breach of contract.

A railway company is answerable for the smallest negligence on its own part, or on the part of its servants, but not for unforeseen misfortunes which the greatest care and vigilance could not have provided against, such as accidents resulting from the breaking of an axle-tree which was previously sound and perfect. The company does not warrant your absolute safety as a passenger; the understanding between you and it goes no further than this: that as far as human care and foresight can go, the company will provide for your safety. An accident may happen even when everything has been done which human prudence can suggest. The railway company consequently warrants the railway itself to be in good travelling order, and fit for use; and it also implicitly promises to all persons who may become passengers, to provide roadworthy engines and carriages, skilful drivers and engineers, and all things necessary for the safe conveyance of such passengers. Consequently, if the driver of a railway engine drives at a dangerous speed, or, from negligence or unskilfulness, causes the train to be thrown off the rails, or to come into collision with another train, the railway company is responsible for all damages and injuries that may have been sustained by the passengers; and even if both you and the company had contributed to the accident by your and their negligence, you will still be entitled to recover damages, the rule of law being, that although there may have been negligence on your part, yet, unless you might, by the exercise of ordinary care, have avoided the consequences of the company's negligence, you are entitled to recover. If by ordinary care you might have avoided them, then you are the author of your own wrong. It must, however, be borne in mind, that where your own negligence is the immediate and proximate cause of the injury, you will not be entitled to recover any compensation from the company.

If you are injured by the company's negligence, you can recover damages, and if your death be the result of the negligence, your legal representatives may bring an action against the company for a similar purpose. The last-mentioned action, however, must be brought within twelve calendar months after your death; and any damages which may be recovered will be divided by the jury in such manner as they may think proper between wife and husband, parent and child.

Often when an accident happens, some officials of the company will give money to the injured passengers, by way of compensation for the injuries sustained. But with reference to the law on this point, as a rule, it may be said that if you are not aware of the injury you have sustained, an inadequate amount which you may receive from the company will not be sufficient to satisfy your claim for compensation. For instance, some time back, there was an accident at the Bromley station, on the Eastern Counties line: owing to an error in the turning of the points, a portion of the train got on to one line of rails, and the remainder on the other, thereby causing the train to be overturned. A man named Roberts, who was a passenger in the train, had his hat crushed. For a short time afterwards, he was unaware that he had been seriously injured; and when he arrived in London, the station-master suggested that he should have some remuneration for his spoiled hat, and gave him two pounds, for which he signed a receipt. Roberts went to business as usual, but soon began to suffer great pains in the head, and became nervous and sleepless. Eventually, he consulted a medical man, who informed him that he had been more seriously injured than had been at first supposed; and it turned out that he had lost his memory, and

was consequently unable to resume his employment. Roberts brought an action against the company, which they defended on the ground that they had satisfied his claim by the payment already mentioned. But the Lord Chief-Justice Cockburn said: 'It surely cannot be urged that if the plaintiff has been seriously injured, he is to be precluded from recovering damages because he has received two pounds for his hat.' And so the jury thought, for they ultimately gave Roberts a verdict with two hundred and fifty pounds damages.

If your luggage be lost, the company is liable, and it is immaterial whether the luggage be placed in a carriage in which you are seated or in any other part of the train. The company, however, is not liable for the loss of a purse, or a coat, or an umbrella, or a walking-stick, or other like articles under your own personal control, or in your own custody. To make the company liable for the loss of your luggage, it must not consist of merchandise. Luggage, strictly speaking, comprises clothing, and everything required for the toilet or your personal convenience, and perhaps even a small present or a book might be included in that term; but merchandise and materials intended for sale, and to be sold for profit, are not luggage. It has been said that if each passenger be allowed fifty-six pounds-weight of luggage, a man and his wife may carry one hundred and twelve pounds between them, although the husband's personal luggage may be only three pounds.* You should have your luggage securely packed and directed, otherwise the company may refuse to carry it, or be responsible for it. But if the company have an opportunity of seeing that it is not properly packed or directed, it cannot afterwards avail itself of such neglect on your part. When you have arrived at your destination, the luggage must be delivered to you on the platform, and there the responsibility of the company ceases. If, however, they oblige you by allowing their porters to carry your luggage to a coach or cab, their liability continues until that has been effected.

THE FREE-AND-EASY FORUM.

WHEN it reached the ears of my friends that I had become a member of the honourable society of the Lower Temple, and had my eye fixed on the woolpack, there was no end to the kindly and disinterested advice which I received as to the shortest cut in that direction.

'There's nothing like principles,' said Brown—'the principles, sir, of an enlightened jurisprudence.'

'Principles are useless!' cried Jones: 'the fewer principles a lawyer has the better; stick to cases; and master the reports. There are not above five thousand volumes on the shelves, and a score of new ones every year.'

'Look here, old fellow,' counselled Robinson, the man of the world, as we discussed our modest chops at the Cock, to which, as erst the Laureate did, I much resort; 'don't bother your head about cases or principles. You are not much to look at, certainly, but still you are not repulsive nor revolting; so go in for an attorney's daughter. That's your game, my boy. Dooood nice gals some of 'em are, and better fun by far than musty Coke or fusty Blackstone. If you can't get an attorney's daughter, try for his niece (that's nearly as good, if uncle be a bachelor), his sister, his mother, or his grandmother. Only be something or other to an attorney—son-in-law, father-in-law, or what you will—and you will have a thousand times more chance of one day keeping the

* This is, according to the experience of many married persons, not much unlike the actual disproportion.—Ed.

Great Seal and the Queen's conscience, than if you had the statutes at large by heart, and the term reports at your finger-ends.'

As a rule, whatever one said was the best plan, half-a-dozen others pronounced to be the very worst; and each of my professional friends recommended me to practise in that branch of business which was most remote from his own. Nothing could be more glowing and attractive than the pictures which 'common-law' men drew of the rich harvest of fame and fortune to be reaped in those dingy little sheds in Lincoln's Inn where Equity is worshipped, unless it were the dazzling accounts which the Chancery bar gave of the prizes that were going a-begging in Westminster Hall.

I listened to all these good counsels, and some of them I followed. I went in for principles, but found them difficult to lay hold of. Cases were embarrassing. I decline to say whether I took Robinson's hint. It may or may not be true that I am a good deal about old Peachum's house (Peachum and Grab), in Bloomsbury Square, and that Polly Peachum is a very nice girl, and an only child. That's my business.

There was one thing, however, which it was clear I must study, and that was the art and mystery of public speaking. One morning, I saw an advertisement in the *Times*, headed 'Elocution,' setting forth that Mr Snagsby Howler, late of the T. R. Bagnigge Wells, having for the present quitted the boards and pulled off the buskins, would be glad to give lessons in elocution to the nobility and gentry. Clergymen, barristers, and actors were especially invited to avail themselves of S. H.'s services, who was to be heard of at the Magpie and Stump, next door to the T. R. (Did you ever know a theatre that had not a public-house on one if not both sides of it?) I found my way to the hostelry in question, and discovered the great elocutionist smoking a long pipe in the parlour. It was obviously a theatrical haunt. The room was decorated with prints of eminent performers, some in stage-costume, others in plain clothes. The playbills of the metropolitan houses were filed as carefully as bills of sale at Garraway's or the Jerusalem. The *Era* was taken in, and Oxberry's Dramatic Biography was kept for reference at the bar. Mr Howler was an elderly gentleman, dressed in a seedy black coat, tightly buttoned across his manly chest. His closely shaven face, and gray stone-coloured complexion, the result of the pounce-ball and hare's foot, unmistakably betokened his profession. He had a deep sepulchral voice, and turned up the whites of his eyes occasionally in a way that was most distressing. Mr Howler received me graciously, and condescended to partake of a little refreshment at my expense in the shape of hot gin, over which he favoured me with a sketch of his career, from which it clearly appeared that the public, the managers, and the Dramatic Authors' Society had formed a base conspiracy to keep him out of his proper position. Next day, he came to my chambers to give his first lesson. He commenced by expounding the principles of what he called his 'system.' He then gave a recitation of *Hohenlinden* in illustration of his plan of 'suiting the action to the word.' 'On Linden, when the sun was low' (here lowering his voice as near as he could to the pit of his stomach, and pointing to the ground), 'all bloodless' (pronounced 'beludless') 'lay the untrodden snow' (he owned he had a difficulty with 'untrodden'—had it been the positive, he could have stamped his feet, but the negative posed him—for 'snow' he chattered his teeth, clasped his arms round his body, and shivered), 'and dark as winter was the flow' (a rapid decisive wave of the hand, expressive of the stream hurrying on) 'of Iser, r-r-rolling r-r-rapidly' (billowy motion with both hands). 'By torch and trumpet fast arrayed' (left hand aloft, as if

rearing a torch, right hand to the mouth in imitation of a bugle), 'each horseman drew his battle-blade' and 'furious every charger neighed' (here a toss of the head, like a wild steed champing the bit) 'to join the dreadful revelry' (this was roared out so as to give emphasis to the idea of the last two words); and so on. It was a most oppressive performance.

'There was life and colour in that, I flatter myself, sir,' he said complacently, when he had concluded. Next he gave Walpole's speech on 'the unpardonable crime of being a young man,' in a rollicking, light-comedy style; and Chatham's last speech after the fashion of a heavy father.

'Don't suppose you ever want to pipe your eyes in your line, young gentleman; that's what the parsons as I attend are all mad after: you see it goes down well with the ladies. Daresay you recollect what the Swan of Avon says on that 'ere point, sir:

If you have not a woman's gift,
To rain a shower of commanded tears,
An onion will do well for such a shift,
Which, in a napkin being close conveyed,
Shall in despite enforce a watery eye.

The worst is onions ain't like lavender on a handkerchief; so it's best to try strong salts instead. But the great art is to do the breaking of the voice, and the preliminary sob bursting through the words; and then comes the water-spout business. Law! it's easy enough when you're used to it.'

After one or two lessons, I came to the conclusion that Mr Howler's system was not adapted for either judge or jury; so we parted. That old conspiracy against genius seems still in force, for the other night I saw the great master of philosophical elocution carrying a banner in a stage procession, and devoting his mighty intellect to the task of always keeping the painted side towards the audience when he wheeled in the march.

I now cast about for another mode of acquiring the 'gift of the gab.' One night, passing along a well-known thoroughfare, I observed a large placard at one of the doors of the 'Snapping Turtle,' announcing that the 'Social Ciceronians' were to meet that evening. Subject for discussion—Is government by party a pillar of the British constitution? To be opened by Mr Rufus Badger. Chair to be taken at nine. Another placard on the other side of the door bore a poetical address, setting forth that—

Whatever can be questioned, we debate.
Is there a theme on which you would dilate?
Come in; propose it; only wag your jaw;
We'll hear you out—that's 'Ciceronian' law;
And whether right or wrong, we do not care a straw.
The feast of reason and the flow of soul
Are made more pleasant by the flowing bowl;
Then if to jolly Bacchus you're inclined,
All liquors o' the best you here will find.
Even teetotallers are welcome here
To whet their whistle with our ginger-beer.

Who could resist such an invitation? So I went in. The forum was a large well-lighted room, with seats and tables, at which a numerous audience was seated, drinking and smoking. Through a cloud of vapour could be discerned, at the further end of the chamber, a raised dais, in the centre of which sat the chairman, a spare, elderly man, of a solemn aspect, the shake of whose head, as he listened to the speeches and smoked his long clay-pipe, of the kind known as church-wardens, expressed as much as Lord Burleigh's nod. On each side of him sat the magnates of the assembly. There was a clatter of glasses and spoons as I entered. Mr Badger had just resumed his seat amid great applause. There was a lull for a few minutes. The regular orators (after the fashion of 'another place') were of course reserving their thunder till the room was quite full and the debate drew to a close. No

one seemed inclined to continue the debate, till a young man, evidently a stranger, rose. He had taken thought of his first two or three sentences, and delivered them glibly; then he grew confused, stammered, stopped, cleared his throat, took a gulp out of his glass—not an idea, not a word would come to him in his need. He had lost the thread of his discourse beyond hope of recovery, and so sat down. This is the common fate of young speakers. There is nothing so difficult at first as to keep up a flow of continuous thought, and see not only to the end of one sentence, but the beginning of the next; the inspiration of the moment is to be distrusted.

After this, the debate was carried on with warmth and spirit. On this and other evenings—for I repeated my visit—I found that all the different types of oratory were fully exemplified in this free-and-easy forum. There was the 'indignation' speaker who struck his clenched fist on the table, making all the glasses jingle, and bellowed, and was always prepared at a moment's notice to denounce the unspeakable baseness and unfathomable villainy of the man who held opinions the least shade different from his own. There was the historical speaker, who began at the beginning of the subject, like the gentleman who commenced the history of Little Pedlington with the doings of Adam and Eve in Eden, and who begged leave to go back a century or two to illustrate a singular feature in the history of party, as, for instance, that the crown-prince had nearly always been on the side of the Whigs. There was the comic man, who aggravated the company with the most atrocious puns, declaring that whatever might be their principles, they were all devoted to the same great party—Number One ('Oh! 'Shame!'); and that it was only wasteful and ridiculous excess in the case of the hair (heir) apparent to resort to wigs ('Order!' 'Turn him out!'). There was the satirical speaker, who thought the honourable gentleman who had just sat down must in early life have had a difference with the parts of speech, which he had never been able to make up again, for his grammar was as false as his logic, and his *hs* as misplaced as his facts. There was the wordy speaker, whose sentences had a false ring of sense, but when analysed, proved wanting even in the shadow of an idea. In short, there were speakers of all kinds, good, bad, and indifferent, and of all classes. There were aspiring shopmen, who would one day, no doubt, make the vestry ring with their sonorous declamation; lawyers' clerks, keen, flippant, and dogmatic; a sprinkling of newspaper men; and an occasional barrister, on a short allowance of 'soup' at Sessions, and eager to relieve the enforced idleness of his restless tongue. It was amusing to observe how the speakers aped the etiquette of the senate. The attorney's clerk was styled the 'honourable and learned gentleman'; the tradesman was spoken of as the 'representative of the mercantile interest'; and a full private in the King's Cross Fencibles rejoiced in the title of 'my honourable and gallant friend.'

The bulk of the company, of course, were merely listeners. Many of them were regular attendants. They came there every Saturday night, and made up their mind on the questions of the week from the discussions they had heard. The manner in which the various views of an exciting topic were received was a capital index to the current public opinion. It has been said that cabinet ministers might often save themselves from a fatal blunder if they would only ride about in omnibuses and penny steam-boats now and then, and listen to the casual talk of their fellow-passengers. To that excellent advice let me add a recommendation to spend an occasional hour at one of the free-and-easy parliaments of the metropolis. If the speaking at these places does not influence, it clearly reflects the mood of the multitude.

I don't know whether any of my readers were in court that day I made my great speech in the case of

Grimshaw v. Bagshaw. It was by practice among the Social Ciceronians that I strengthened my pinions for that flight of oratory. Perhaps the hint may be useful to some other modest, tongue-tied young gentleman of the Inns of Court.

THE ROBBERY AT RICHFIELD.

BEFORE Mr Kraft got into the morning up-train at Richfield, he had heard of the robbery at his neighbours, Mr Goodman's. Mr Goodman's servant had told John, and John had told his master when he came in to clear the breakfast-things away. So when Mr Kraft got into the morning train, he knew that the thieves had made an entrance by the library window, which opened on the lawn, had thence found their way into Mrs Goodman's dressing-room, and taken some jewels, which were valued at five hundred pounds, leaving no marks or implements behind them by which they could be discovered.

Mr Kraft did not know his neighbours, not at least to speak to, but he had several times passed them on the road, and they had sat in the pew next his at church for the three previous Sundays; indeed, on one occasion he had lent them a hymn-book. But Mrs Kraft and he had not called, for the Goodmans had taken the house furnished for the summer alone, and seemed a quiet sort of couple, who did not care much for the society of Richfield. John told his master that they lived very comfortably, but always dined at one o'clock, and expected the household to become settled for the night by ten at least; hence the thieves had plenty of time for their purpose.

But when Mr Kraft saw Mr Goodman get into the same carriage with himself at the station, he could not resist offering his condolences.

'Yes, sir,' replied his neighbour, 'it is too true. Mr Goodman and myself retired to rest at our usual early hour, and I saw the house properly secured, with my own eyes, when I went to bed; but the rogues were too clever for us. We did not hear a sound. I did not expect such treatment in your quiet little place, when I took the Cedars for the summer.'

'What steps do you propose to adopt?' said Mr Kraft. 'I suppose you will communicate with the London police?'

'Not at present,' he replied. 'The local authorities are already on the alert; but I am going to employ an unofficial detective, who has been very successful on several occasions, not only in discovering the offenders, but in causing the restitution of the property. You see,' he continued, 'nothing can be better organised than our police, but they naturally have so great a wish to bring the rogue to justice, that the majesty of the law is often more consulted than the pocket of the loser. An unofficial detective, on the other hand, consults the interests of his employer alone, and if he gets scent of the robber, is frequently able to make him disgorge, when the officer of justice would have missed the gains of the thief rather than the thief himself. His object is first to convict the offender, then, if possible, to recover the property which has been stolen.'

'True,' said Mr Kraft, 'I see. The detective comes to the housebreaker, and says: "I know what you have done. I have evidence which would insure your conviction. Make restitution. I am not compelled to arrest you."'

'Exactly so,' replied Mr Goodman; 'I am now going up to town to see this Mr Dogwell, who has already proved useful to a friend of mine who was unfortunate enough to be robbed, as I was last night.'

And Mr Kraft went to his office, thinking much of the wisdom of Mr Goodman's procedure.

'What difficult questions arise,' he reflected, 'in the administration of justice. How impossible, for instance, it must be for an officer to forego the credit of convicting a criminal against whom he holds

sufficient evidence; and yet, how provoking it would be for me, if robbed, to lose my property, when a little quiet pressure would have made the thief disgorge it. Would he not be, in truth, as severely punished by a compulsory restitution as by a judicial, but barren revenge? I wonder whether Mr Goodman will get the jewels back before the authorities catch the robber, and make him reckless and conservative.'

The wonder of Mr Kraft was satisfied, when about three days afterwards he met Mr Goodman.

'Here,' said that gentleman, opening a case which he had in his hand, and shewing some jewellery, 'here is the property which I lost. Dogwell soon struck the scent, and followed it so closely up that the thief made restitution this very morning. I hear, too,' he added, 'that, suspecting the vengeance of the regular authorities, he has left the country. Thus, you see, I have recovered my property, and the rogue is transported. And all has been done for a ten-pound note.'

Mr Goodman was so pleasant and neighbourly, that Mr and Mrs Kraft called the next day, and left their cards.

The visit was returned in due time, and grew into an invitation to dinner on the part of the Krafts, which their new friends accepted.

'How do you think,' said the host, as they sat over their wine, 'the robbers who broke into your house got the information which tempted them to the burglary? Did Dogwell find that out?'

'Not exactly,' he replied; 'but I have every reason to believe that a man who called for the ostensible purpose of mending crockery, reconnoitred the place. He found his way into the garden, pretending that he was looking for the kitchen-door. I saw him myself, and ordered him out.'

'Bless my heart!' said Mr Kraft, 'there was a knife-grinder here to-day, who came up to the breakfast-room window while I was sitting close by it. He was very civil, and begged pardon for the intrusion, saying that he could not make any of the servants hear.'

'One of a gang, I have no doubt,' said Mr Goodman. 'Should you know him again?'

'Yes,' said Mr Kraft slowly. 'He had on a fur-cap, and a loose spotted neckcloth, and there were a number of mother-o'-pearl buttons on his waistcoat—a double row—I remember that distinctly; and he had a dog with one eye.'

'Upon my word,' said Mr Goodman, 'you marked him well. Did you give him a job?'

'Yes; he ground Mrs Kraft's garden-scissors, and brought them to me as I was snipping some dead roses off a bush. I remember he looked about him very much; indeed, he remarked that he didn't know "as how he had ever seen a more beautifuller 'ouse, axing your reverence's pardon for being so bold." I should certainly know him again, the rascal!'

'Ah,' said his friend, 'he shewed himself too much to come again; but he took the measure of your place, I'll be bound. What means, now, do you adopt for protecting your shutters?'

'Oh, nothing but your common bolts. I tried bells once, but the wind or the cat rang them, and they frightened us out of our wits so I have had them put away in the lumber-room.'

In about a week, Mr Kraft found among his morning packet of letters one rudely directed, and sealed either with a thimble or a very rough thumb. It was as follows: 'if i was yew Ide keeper Sharp Luke hout on tewside nite from A wel whisher.'

After breakfast, he trotted off to Mr Goodman's, to shew him the note, and take his counsel as an experienced thwarter of thieves. They examined the envelope and the writing, but beyond the fact that it was posted somewhere in the district S. W., they found no more clue to the writer in half an hour than they did in five minutes. So there was nothing to

be done but keep a sharp look-out on 'tewside nite.' They consulted the almanac, and found that it would then be dark. 'On the whole,' said Mr Kraft, 'I think I shall have Dogwell down to look at the place.'

'Hardly necessary,' replied his friend. 'You have only to sit up, or even to have lights burning in two or three of the rooms, and then the thieves will keep off, if there are any—which I doubt.'

But Mr Kraft set his heart on Dogwell, and so did Mrs Kraft, and that settled the matter. Dogwell, whose address was furnished by Mr Goodman, came and examined the weak points of the house, advised Mr Kraft about a fresh arrangement of his valuables—and made a most excellent luncheon.

He said he would watch the place if Mr Kraft liked, but that really there was nothing to be alarmed at—no thieves would break into premises where the inmates were evidently on the alert.

Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday came and passed away without any sign. Till then, however, Mr Kraft never knew the customary noises of the night. He had had no notion of the restlessness of horses in the stable, and of the horribly sudden knocks and rattling which came from it. The very sparrows who turned in their beds when he peered out of the dining-room window into the contiguous shrubs with a candle, made him jump. Distant dogs, too, answered each other, like shepherds in an eclogue, hour after hour; and in the gray of the first morning that he watched, such a universal twitter arose on all sides, that he thought the birds had gone mad. But nothing came of it all. The only capture he made was a bad cold.

The summer passed away, and Mr Goodman's tenure of the Cedars along with it. They were now great friends, the two families, and still occupied neighbouring pews at the church, Sunday after Sunday. They arranged, therefore, two parting entertainments. The Krafts were to dine with the Goodmans on Tuesday, the Goodmans with the Krafts on Thursday. On Saturday, Mr Goodman was to leave Richfield. There had been a little pleasantry between the two Paterfamiliaes about the alarm concerning thieves which had disturbed the Krafts for some fortnight in the early part of the summer; but the matter had passed now; indeed, had not been mentioned for a long time, till the first parting dinner, when Mr Goodman reminded his host that it was 'tewside nite.' 'Ah, yes,' said the other, a little ashamed of his apprehensions—to be sure. I believe it was nothing but a hoax.'

But that very week Mr Kraft's house was robbed. On Thursday evening, he had locked everything up, and slept famously till half-past six o'clock the next morning; then he was wakened by the knocking of the maid at the bedroom door, not the tentative equivocal knocking which accompanies hot water, but nervous repeated blows, given apparently with the handle of a broom—a knocking which went on without waiting for an answer, till Mr Kraft flung the door wide open, and was met by

'Robbers, sir!—they've broken into the house, and carried everything off. They have taken your'—

'Clothes?' said Mr Kraft.

'O no, sir—much worse than that. They have taken all the things out of the library.'

As this must have comprised a whole printed page in an auctioneer's catalogue, Mr Kraft felt that though something was wrong, allowance must be made for Betty's looseness of language; so he dressed, or rather wrapped himself up, and went down stairs. It was too true. The thieves had visited him at last, and carried off valuable booty. Having received a heavy payment the previous day, he had locked it up in his desk—an unusual thing with him, as he almost always paid large sums into a bank—and now the desk was rifled. He was afraid to think of the amount of his

loss. Searching his pocket-book for the entries of the numbers of the notes, he found that page torn out. He could not recollect—no, not positively. There were four 'hundred pound notes,' and six or seven of smaller value, but he had no means of knowing their numbers or date. One of his first impulses was to send for Mr Goodman, who came, with unaffected concern at the robbery. 'Can I help you in any way?' said he.

'Thank you, I am sure,' replied Mr Kraft. 'I have told the police here; perhaps you would write to your private detective.'

'With all my heart,' said Mr Goodman. 'No,' he added suddenly; 'everything depends upon striking the scent at once; and'—looking at his watch—'as it wants half an hour to the first up-train, I'll go myself, and bring him down directly. There is no time to be lost.'

So Mr Kraft, with many thanks, saw him depart, full of reiterated advice to keep the police up to the mark meanwhile; and he prepared to offer a large reward for the conviction of the robbers. Presently, he saw the inspector, who had already arrived, and added in his interview that Mr Goodman was assisting him by a communication with a private detective at the same time.

'I should not wonder if he were to throw some light on the case,' said Mr Stock, the inspector. 'We shall be very happy to put ourselves in communication with him; these men often get behind the scenes, while we remain outside.' So saying, he looked at his watch, partly out of a habit he had, just as if it were a prisoner in a cell, which indeed it was.

Mr Stock looked at his watch, and then returned to the trail of the thieves. This was tolerably distinct in the garden; they had crossed a soft, newly-dug bed in the dark, and left the marks of their feet there very plainly. The next post brought a line from Mr Goodman, saying that he had not succeeded in finding Dogwell at his usual address, but that he should be sure to see him in the afternoon, and bring him down with him that night. Mr Kraft told Stock this, who looked at his watch again, and went out. In a few hours, the house had apparently exhausted all its information, and the inspector went away, leaving only one constable, who steadily blocked all the little boys who bowled themselves at Mr Kraft's gate like a wicket.

Mr Kraft walked out into his garden, and conversed with the constable, the little boys in the meanwhile taking advantage of the partial engagement of the constable's attention, and coming dangerously close to the gate.

'Do you think, policeman, that the inspector has any clue to the thieves?'

'Don't know, sir.—Keep back, you there' (with a motion of unbuckling his belt.) 'Don't know, sir.'

'Didn't he tell you when he left?'

'No, sir.'

'Do you know where he has gone?'

'No, sir.' (Another menace at the boys). 'No, sir.'

So Mr Kraft gave the constable up, and tried to read the newspaper. He did not half like the inspector going off without saying a word to him; indeed, what with the negative stupidity of the policeman on guard, and the reserve of his superior, Mr Kraft felt rather helpless in their hands. The inspector had asked all manner of questions, and answered none; and now, just when he ought, as it seemed, to consult with his client, he had disappeared without a word. The day seemed very long, though, according to the almanac, it was shortening fast; but Mr Kraft watched and listened with an anxiety that would have made a Russian summer tedious. The day closed, but no sign or message came from the inspector.

Mr Kraft passed from impatience to irritation. He was quite sharp with his wife when she told him dinner was ready; and he could eat nothing. 'Plague

on these inspectors!' said he; 'I wish I had never told them anything about it. Goodman will be here in a few minutes now, I should say, and then we will see if Dogwell can't shew more intelligence than the police. I wish he was come.'

Just then, there was a ring at the door.

'The inspector, sir, wishes to see you.'

Mr Kraft went out.

'Sir,' said Mr Stock, looking at his watch, 'we have succeeded in recovering the property, and have apprehended the thief.'

'Ah!' cried Mr Kraft, 'where is he?'

'In custody, sir; but I don't think we should have found him unless we had happened to meet Mr Goodman, who set us on the right track at once, and saved us a deal of trouble.'

'Bravo, Goodman!' said Mr Kraft.

'Yes, sir,' remarked Mr Stock; 'he is really a very clever gentleman. But I have come to say that your presence will be required to-morrow at the prisoner examination.'

Next day, Mr Kraft went up to town betimes. 'By the way,' he asked of Stock, while he waited in the court, 'who is the prisoner?'

'George Brown, sir; that is his name. He is the leader of a gang we have been wanting for a long time—a wonderfully cunning fellow. The property was found on his person; indeed, we took him before he had time to dispose of it.'

At about half-past ten, the magistrate arrived. Mr Kraft's case came on as soon as some half-dozen night charges had been disposed of—dissolute penitent with headaches and crushed hats.

'George Brown,' said some official, looking at paper; when in a moment, introduced with silent promptitude, Mr Goodman was placed in the dock.

EARLY RISING.

Through my wide window streams the sun,
For lo! the morning hath begun;
With his rays, me, prone, carressing,
Calls me to be up and dressing:
Sluggard! see how I am working,
Where the fresh night-dew is lurking,
Raising vapour for the showers;
Giving colour to the flowers;
Unfolding buds into green leaves;
Peeping under the homestead eaves;
Warming all her children callow,
That I may delight the swallow;
Calling the bees to quit their hive,
And in those golden baths to dive,
Where the dew still fills the flower,
Ere the sun asserts his power;
They, in the cold tears of the night,
Refresh their limbs for labour's flight.
Throw up the window! open wide!
Odours on air will sweetly ride.
The mavis sings from horny bill,
And sounds of day the country fill;
The handle clicks against the pail,
And milkmaids each their own kine hail.
So, forth into the morning air,
Where cheeks grow ruddy, round, and fair.

CHARLES EDE.

The Editors of *Chambers's Journal* have to request that all communications be addressed to 47 Paternoster Row London, and that they further be accompanied by postage stamps, as the return of rejected Contributions cannot otherwise be guaranteed.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH. Also sold by all Booksellers.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL OF POPULAR LITERATURE

Science and Arts.

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 438.

SATURDAY, MAY 24, 1862.

PRICE 1½d.

REMINISCENCES OF THE SITE OF THE GREAT EXHIBITION.

CHANGE in a great and populous city like London is of such daily occurrence, that the inhabitant who keeps his winter months within its boundary, and goes to look for spring buds on suburban trees, may very probably find the trees all gone, and a row of houses in their place. So rapidly has London spread, that the memory of comparatively young persons can record more great changes than took place in the long lives of their own parents. The thirty years from 1790 to 1820 produced not a tithe of the change that has been effected since then. Railways and cheap steam-boats were then unknown; omnibus-riding was not invented, or the New Police; the west and east of London were little visited by their inhabitants reciprocally. It was a country walk to the Regent's Park; cows grazed in Rhodes's Farm, where the Euston Square railway terminus is now located, and it was a long and serious coach-journey to Hampstead and Highgate; a few murders have been committed in the fields midway between those places and the New Road not twenty years since, so lonely and dangerous was a locality now paved and lighted, with shops established, as if they had been there nearly a century.

On all sides, London stretches out its streets, and the end none can foretell. To the east, they go far into Essex; to the west, they connect themselves with Brentford; while to the south, Camberwell and Peckham, as well as villages once considered in the far-distant country, are tacked on to the never-ending streets; but in no suburban district have the changes been more complete and more recent than in that where the International Exhibition rears its head, surrounded by palatial edifices in extraordinary contrast with the cabbages, to which the ground was so lately devoted.

At the commencement of the present century, Knightsbridge could hardly be said to be joined to London; the houses in Grosvenor Place looked upon an open field at the back, with nothing to interrupt the prospect but the backs of other houses in far-off Sloane Street. Through the marshy, useless land between, trickled the West Brook, or West Bourne, one of the small streams which flowed from the Hampstead district, making its way to the Serpentine in

Kensington Gardens, passing through it, and emerging at the Hyde Park end; then crossing the main road near the Albert Gate, a bridge was thrown over it, giving the name of Knightsbridge to the district, though why it received the name is not clear, inasmuch as Kingsbridge was its old name, according to good Mr Davis, whose *Memorials of Knightsbridge* are pleasant reading for topographers. After crossing the road, it reassumed its brooky character, meandering through open fields until it reached the Thames by a double mouth, one at the Grosvenor Canal, the other close to the grounds of Chelsea Hospital; the canal occupies the place of one, the great Ranelagh sewer represents the other—that is to say, as well as a common sewer can represent a pleasant brook.

All the district toward the Thames through which the brook passed was dismal and disreputable. The Five Fields, as the waste ground was called where Belgravia now asserts a fashionable dignity, was the haunt of footpads, and the rotten, lonely cottages the abodes of those who avoided the proximity of 'old Father Antic, the Law.' A footpath led from the bottom of Grosvenor Place to Sloane Square, but nobody trusted it after dark. Further on, damp market-gardens occupied the land from Toothill Fields to Chelsea, through which passed a lonely embanked causeway, known as 'The Willow Walk,' leading to a ruined house reported to be haunted; to an equally dreary house of entertainment, called 'The Monster,' near which was located, in gloomy dignity, one William Aberfield, who was ultimately hung for coining. This worthy was known among his friends as 'Slender Billy;' and he had the power of drawing to this den peers of the realm, to witness dog-fights and rat-hunts, then in popular favour.

The innkeepers of Knightsbridge had by no means a good reputation in the olden time. They knew and winked at robberies, considering highwaymen as gentlemanly heroes, who honoured their inns by making them houses of call. Sir Henry Knyvett once fought for his life on the bridge itself. We read of one killed by thieves there in 1687; and as late as 1715, Lady Cowper notes with delight in her diary that she could get safely from Kensington to London, a camp being then in Hyde Park, 'and the roads being so secure by it.' The entire ways were in an unpaved condition, lighted along a small part with dingy oil-lamps; deep ruts and pools of mud abounded; a 'half-way house' took in wayfarers

in more senses than one, and Kensington was a summer visiting-place only.

Where the road forks at Sloane Street, a little triangular green still gives a suburban air to the locality, but with the characteristic love of ugliness that distinguishes parish guardians, the lilac and laburnum trees that grew there five years ago have been destroyed. From hence to Brompton Square, ten years ago, was a wide pleasant road, with long gardens in front of the houses on the south side, and enclosures with large trees on the north. Gradually the gardens have been covered by shops and warehouses, and the last of the trees cut down but a month ago, to widen the road for the traffic anticipated from the Great Exhibition. A noble acacia, the height of the house, flourished with others opposite No. 46 Brompton Row, where the comedian John Reeve died; and the last field opposite Rawstorne Street is now being covered with dwellings.

In 1844, the late T. Crofton Croker commenced a series of papers in *Fraser's Magazine*, entitled 'A Walk from London to Fulham,' illustrated by a series of sketches of houses and sites having historic or literary associations; and it is curious to note that scarcely twenty of these places are now in existence, so rapid and continuous have been the changes on this road.

But the greatest transformation, and the most recent, as it is the most complete, has been effected between the space from Brompton Church to the Gloucester Road, westerly; and from thence northward to the Kensington Road. In 1844, the stumps of a few old trees stood in front of the Bell and Horns Tavern, at the corner of the old Brompton Road, telling of its once rural character; opposite, and close to the church avenue, was a noble group of old trees, shading the garden entrance to Mr Pollard's school; a garden always pleasant to look upon, as it was crowded with flowers, through which the visitors went some distance to the old brick mansion. At the back, was the boys' playing-ground, bounded by the wall of Brompton Churchyard. The property being Mr Pollard's freehold, was purchased of him, in 1849, by the representatives of the confraternity known as that of the Oratory of St Philip Neri; and their church and establishment now occupy the site. The Kensington Museum adjoins this, and is constructed on part of the grounds of Brompton Park estate; the old trees remaining are samples of the greater number that once occupied the spot; the house remains also, and is converted, with others, into temporary schools of art. These houses were formerly at a considerable distance from the main road, which was narrow, bounded by the small cottages close to the Bell and Horns on the south, and the dead-wall of these gardens on the north. Long avenues between trees and shrubs led to the houses. From the cottages just named to the turn of the road opposite Cromwell Lane, there was nothing in 1844 but a hedgerow, bounding an extensive market-garden (where Thurloe Square now stands), and from Cromwell Road a pathway led towards Sydney Street, nearly crossing Onslow Square. A very old public-house, known as the 'Hoop and Toy,' stood at the corner of Alfred Place: it was a very quaint and picturesque edifice, with bow-windows, wooden front, and tiled roof, and was embowered in noble old trees, having a skittle-ground and pleasure-garden in the rear; just such a place as a London tradesman might come to for a 'country holiday' now and then in the days of John Gilpin. It remained, as it must have looked for a century or more, until 1843, when the whole was removed for new buildings. A winding lane led into what was then termed Brompton Vale, a collection of cottages in gardens of varied sizes, the larger number occupied by persons who lived by supplying vegetables from them to the London green-grocers. It joined Cromwell Lane near the Alma-houses (still standing), and

so pursued a devious course, literally 'between hedges and ditches,' entering the Kensington Road at Gore Lane, and the Gloucester Road at the southern side of St George's Terrace, from whence an uninterrupted view over garden-ground was obtained to Brompton Church, the spire peeping among trees and shrubs in a perfectly rural style. About midway in this lane, the largest and most modern-looking house was for some time the residence of G. L. Craik, Esq., a literary gentleman long associated with Mr Charles Knight in the production of his valuable works, the best known being *The Pictorial History of England*. Exactly opposite was Blandford Cottage, a charming cozy house in a garden abounding with flowers, and fine old mulberry trees, for which this district was famous. It was long the abode of Townsend the artist, whose happy conception of 'Puck,' induced the Queen to add that picture to her collection. Mr Townsend's garden came up to the extensive grounds of Gloucester Lodge, the house itself occupying the angle where the new 'Cromwell Road' now meets the old Gloucester Road. This house was a large and elegant mansion, with an extensive park, bounded by thick plantations, the favourite resort of song-birds. Winding walks lead to pleasant summer-houses, where no reminiscence of near London lurked. It was somewhat suddenly razed to the ground in 1852, after having been untenanted for years. No representation of it exists, except a view of the garden front, engraved on steel, and used as a vignette to the title-page of the second volume of the Autobiography of William Jerdan, so long the editor of the *Literary Gazette*. That gentleman speaks of the house in its palmy days, when it was the residence of George Canning, the premier of England, and resorted to by the greatest politicians and wits of that day. He records a remarkable visit he paid to the house while the unfortunate Caroline of Brunswick, wife of George IV., was there to consult Canning as to her future course. He waited for her departure, and then walked into the reception-room, leaning on the chimney-piece till Canning returned, much excited, and at once addressed Jerdan: 'Take care, sir, what you do! your arm is bathing in the tears of a princess.' Jerdan adds: 'I immediately perceived that this was the truth, for her Royal Highness had been weeping plentifully over the very marble spot on which I rested; and it was on this day that she came to the resolution to leave England.'

Behind Mr Craik's house, stood Cromwell House, in a very large garden; the house standing on the very spot where the south-west tower of the Great Exhibition is placed, at the angle of the present Albert Road and Cromwell Road. The tradition that the house was once the residence of the Protector, whose name it bore, was not substantiated by any antique features remaining in the building. It rather appeared to have been a mansion erected about the time of William III. or Queen Anne, an opinion that might be confirmed by the quantity of Dutch-painted tiles that lined the walls of the lower rooms, after the fashion of tapestry, and which depicted huge vases filled with tulips and sunflowers, and perched on pedestals of Dutch solidity. The most interesting fact connected with this house was the temporary residence within its walls of the great orator and author, Edmund Burke; he had come here with an only son, in whom all his worldly hopes had centred, a man of talent and promise, who had reached the age of thirty-four, when consumptive symptoms appeared, which induced his father to remove him to the mild air of Brompton. The son died in Cromwell House, and the father never recovered the blow.

Close upon the grounds of Cromwell House on the north were those of Gore House, a mansion looking toward the high-road at Knightsbridge, where a high gloomy wall greatly belied the really pleasant character of the place. The garden front was cheerful, with

bow-windows and verandahs, covered with creeping plants, and overlooking a large and delightful garden, which descended gradually from the house; the windows commanding a prospect across the Thames to the high lands of Surrey. When Wilberforce resided here, he wrote with zest of the advantages he possessed within a mile of Hyde Park corner: 'We have three acres of pleasure-ground around our house, or rather behind it, and several old trees, walnut and mulberry, of thick foliage. I can sit and read under their shade, with as much admiration of the beauties of nature as if I were two hundred miles from the great city.' From 1808 to 1821, he resided here, visited by the great philanthropists of the day, conducting those plans of slave-emancipation which have made his name immortal. Sixteen years afterwards, a very different circle assembled round the brilliant Lady Blessington. The fashionable, the literary, and the artistic, made her home their rallying-place; and among the number, a somewhat sombre, thoughtful, and comparatively obscure man, who is now seated on an imperial throne as Emperor of the French. When reverses of fortune clouded the last days of Lady Blessington, she suddenly left Gore House; its contents were soon afterwards publicly sold; and it remained untenanted from 1849 until 1851, when M. Soyer fitted it up for what he termed 'a Symposium of all Nations;' redecorating the rooms, which were intended to be devoted to dining, and adding to the gardens a wooden building, called 'the Hall of all Nations;' with various fountains, grottos, and other adornments rather in a 'tea-garden taste.' The good-natured cook was never remarkable for a severe attention to his duties, and the Symposium dinners were sometimes found to be expensive and bad; altogether, the establishment did not succeed, and closed with the Great Exhibition. Soon after, the royal commissioners purchased the estate, including Gray's nursery-ground to the eastward; and within its bounds now stands the great conservatory of the Royal Horticultural Society, the garden attached, and the (second) Great Exhibition building of 1862.

The terraces of large and expensive houses that now surround the spot, and emulate the glories of Tyburnia or Belgravia, have all been the work of the last few years; but the great change which has covered Gore House and grounds, Cromwell Lane, and its neighbourhood, with the Horticultural Gardens and the Exhibition building, has been the work of the last two years. It has so utterly altered the whole aspect of the spot, that few who walk in either place now, could imagine that a London suburb possessed so short a time ago country-land and market-gardens of primitive simplicity, bringing to their proprietors the lowest rental, where now every foot of space bears a highly artificial value, and the whole world is thronging to see the art-manufactures of all nations.

A DEATH-BED PROMISE.

FROM the darkened chamber where Philip Stourton's wife lay sick of a mortal disease, the doctor had taken his departure, after gentle but ominous words, and husband and wife were face to face in 'the valley of the shadow of death.' Buoyed up to the last with hope, that might ebb and flow, but had never wholly forsaken them, the doctor's warning fell heavily indeed on their hearts; and the pangs of parting came upon them with premature and unlooked-for bitterness.

'I could have wished to live a little longer with you,' said the sick lady, in a momentary lull of tears, 'and not to leave the bonnie little children so soon with no mother to care for them; but, Philip, you will promise me this, it is my dying request—do not put them in the power of a mother who is not their own; such are always cruel. For the memory of me,

dear Philip, and for the sake of the children, promise me not to marry again.'

Philip Stourton was silent; he felt all the onerous conditions which a promise of this nature involved. However much he loved his wife—and he loved her devotedly—yet he saw what his partner could not see, that in depriving himself of his freewill to act, he might be creating for himself a life-long burden and sorrow. But his wife renewed her entreaties, and clasping him round the neck in a passion of tears, besought him not to refuse the request of one so near to the grave. With those dark beseeching dying eyes upon him, he could not deny the petition: he promised. Nay, she begged him even to swear that he would be faithful to her memory, and never wed a second wife; and Philip Stourton took the oath, his reluctance vanquished by an importunity which it seemed almost cruelty to resist.

The nurse who tended Philip's wife was a woman of a peculiar temperament, strictly upright, but fanatical in her notions of duty, and with a strong self-will. She was an old servant, had been in the family of Mrs Stourton's father many years, and had been selected to accompany the young lady at the marriage. She had a sincere attachment to her mistress, who trusted and favoured her, and when the fact became known that Mrs Stourton could not recover, her grief was violent and uncontrollable. On the day following the scene above described, Philip Stourton walking almost noiselessly into his wife's sick chamber, observed the nurse bending over the poor invalid, and taking from her hands a letter, whilst some whispered instructions were being given as to its careful delivery. His entrance seemed to disturb them somewhat; but he was too heavy of heart to heed anything except the pale face which looked wistfully at him from the pillow. It was a sorrowful day, for before it closed his young wife died in his arms.

During the months of desolate solitude which followed his bereavement, the circumstance of the promise he had given never once recurred to his mind. The great grief swallowed up all minor responsibilities of life. His loss was irreparable, his sorrow inconsolable; with his heart sealed up, as he fancied and wished, against consolation, he went on his cheerless way. But the influences which nature brings to bear upon us in our misfortunes, though slow and silent in their operation, are in the end irresistible. Grieving constantly over his loss, Philip's sorrow grew less poignant. His children became more dear to him, and to a greater degree than he had thought possible grew to supply the place of his dead wife. By degrees their merriment became less grating to his ears. There were times, too, when his disposition recovered its natural tone; intervals of forgetfulness of the past, of hopefulness for the future. The children found a kind but strict foster-mother in the nurse; and his household was a fairly ordered household yet, though not the bright and complete one which he knew before the spoiler had trespassed upon it.

So Philip Stourton lived through his trouble, and found, after a while, in his children, his calling, and his books, both comfort and tranquillity.

In his profession of an architect, he worked steadily and successfully; he loved it because he excelled in it, and labour of any kind blunted the sense of pain and loss. A wealthy manufacturer had employed him in the erection of some extensive business premises, and afterwards of a private mansion; and on the completion of the latter, arranged a pleasant party to celebrate the circumstance. To this festive gathering the architect received a kindly worded invitation. Philip debated with himself whether he should accept it, and finally concluded to do so. His wife had now been dead two years, during which time he had altogether refrained from society. In his happier days he had been anything but a recluse, for a gay and buoyant temperament had

made him the favourite of many circles; and now the natural desire to mix with men once more began to find a place in his mind. His promise occasionally recurred to memory, but had hitherto caused him no embarrassment or uneasiness. It was no fear on this score that had influenced his mode of life hitherto; and he thought not at all of the circumstance when he consented at last to break in on the seclusion which had become habitual. Once under the roof of his hospitable friend, Philip's mind quickly took a colouring of cheerfulness and gaiety in keeping with the scene. This gaiety was, in fact, its most natural phase, and long constraint served no doubt to make each pleasurable impression more vivid. It has been said that he was well fitted to shine in such gatherings; he seemed to regain all his old powers on this occasion. Had the reunion been specially and cunningly planned (as it was not) to allure him back into the circle of living sympathies, the object could scarcely have been accomplished more effectually. The lights, the music, the wine, conversation and repartee, the fair and happy faces about him, made up an atmosphere which a nature like his could not long resist. And when Philip returned to his sombre hearth, the shadows seemed less dense, and life more lovable than before; for we look at life through the colouring medium of inward feelings, and to these human intercourse is like sunshine. But was there no special reason beyond for this revulsion in Philip Stourton's mind? He might have answered there was no other; but it was whispered that bright glances had shone upon and fascinated him. Pshaw! glances indeed. Yes, but they were Honor Westwood's glances, and Honor was a very lovely girl.

She was the niece and ward of Mr Westwood, their host; his heiress, also, it was said. Philip admired her beauty, felt perhaps a little flattered by her favour. But he was not to be taken by the first pretty face that chanced to look his way. Not in the least.

But Philip had or made an errand to the great house within a few days, when an opportunity was afforded to him of judging whether he had not overestimated the young lady's beauty and courtesy on his first visit; a matter which curiously interested him, and exceedingly favourable to the lady were the conclusions he came to.

Then more than once or twice or thrice did he repeat his visit, and gradually from his heart and from his hearth faded the dark shade which fell upon them when his dear wife died.

One night, after a prolonged visit to the Westwoods, Philip Stourton returned home, and sat down in his silent study with a flushed and troubled brow. He tried to read, but after turning a page or two the book was thrown aside, and he sat with thoughtful eyes before the fire, absorbed in reverie. Not very pleasant were his reflections, to judge from the muttered words that escaped him now and then, betraying the theme on which his thoughts were busy. He had subjected himself to an influence which few can long resist, more especially when the mind has been acted upon by sorrow and solitude. He found himself suddenly in a forbidden realm, tempted by beauty, affection, companionship, feelings universally welcomed as the highest good of earth. But he was under disabilities; he was not free to choose like others; his promise stared him in the face. A wild mood of passion and remorse, and unavailing repentance perhaps for his rash promise, took possession of his mind, and made the long hours of that night sleepless. He was not so deeply enslaved but that he still retained sufficient control over himself to take what was undoubtedly a wise resolution, if he desired to preserve inviolate the pledge he had given to his lost wife.

Honor Westwood wondered when the summer evenings came and went, but brought not the wanted and

welcome guest. To wonder succeeded disappointment, and to disappointment, the bitter, though only half-acknowledged, pangs of slighted love. Would he ever come again? What discourtesy had she been guilty of? She searched her memory and tortured her mind in vain. In Philip's absence she brooded over his image, and, as we are all apt to do, overvalued the merits of what she seemed to have lost, till in this way her half-formed attachment ripened into absolute love.

Mr Westwood missed Philip Stourton too, and, unacquainted with the true state of affairs, at last sent a pressing summons for him. And what did Philip? With the faculty for self-delusion which is common to us all, he resolved to visit his friend; it was but a pleasant intelligent intercourse he sought; was it manly to shun the society he valued because of this shadowy danger? Honor Westwood was nothing to him; he would go. He went, and in that peculiar mood of mind it may be easily guessed with what results. His early impressions were intensified, a passionate love took root in him, against which all his struggles were unavailing. But the lady was changed too; now, Philip had come back, she manifested a certain reserve. He felt the change, and was piqued. Instead of accepting the opportunity thus offered, and placing the intimacy on a footing more consonant to his sense of duty—as had he been at one with himself on the subject he would have done—he determined to combat and overcome this estrangement. He succeeded. As his visits grew more frequent, Honor Westwood's manner resumed its old grace and warmth, till her uncle began to take note of such small circumstances as led him to suspect that his niece and his architect were—well, no matter—Honor was of age, mistress of a small fortune, and Philip Stourton was an estimable man and his good friend. Smooth as regarded outward influences was the course of Philip's love-making, but his own mind was irresolute and distracted. He felt the fascination which had seized upon him grow day by day in power. He knew that he was paltering with a sacred engagement which he had never proposed to himself to break through, yet he would not terminate the dangerous intimacy, and he dared not look beyond the present hour. He worked hard at his profession, crowded task upon task, purposely allowing himself little leisure for reflection, but he gave blind way to his impetuous feelings whenever chance or choice led him to Honor's side. He did not neglect his own home; but the nurse (now housekeeper), to whose management his domestic concerns were intrusted, was far from being satisfied with the state of affairs, and spoke out her mind as she was in the habit of doing. 'The motherless children were slighted. Business—if it was business that absorbed Mr Stourton—should not swallow up home duties; and if it was gay company that attracted him, it was still less excusable.' These remonstrances she did not scruple to make to Philip's face, and far from being silenced by his rebukes, let fall expressions which shewed a knowledge of the attentions he paid his fair acquaintance, and inveighed bitterly against second marriages. This was sufficiently insolent, but Philip did not care to resort to the obvious remedy. Her well-tryed fidelity, and the anxious care with which she watched over the welfare of his children, forbade her being sent away; so her insubordination was endured, and her prate and caprices passed over as necessary evils.

There came a time, however, when Philip's vacillating purpose became fixed, though probably in an opposite direction to what the real balance of his confused feelings inclined him. On a quiet winter evening he and Honor met once again. It might be she was kinder to him than usual, or he himself more susceptible. However that might be, her beauty and the scarcely concealed favour with which she regarded him so far conquered, that before they parted he had

asked her to become his wife. And on the morrow, while his mind was filled with conflicting emotions of love and remorse, Honor wrote to him, consenting. It made him very happy of course. Poor Philip Stourton.

He had taken a step, however, which seemed irrevocable, and he rushed blindly on to the end. Like a man engaged in the commission of a crime, he resolutely evaded reflection on the course he was pursuing, though he could not prevent his thoughts from playing at a distance, as it were, round the forbidden point. In incessant labour he endeavoured to escape self-examination, indemnifying himself with long evenings of delicious companionship, when conscience, which should then have stung the sharper, was laid to sleep by the all-powerful blandishments of the hour.

After a while the marriage-day was fixed, and the preparations for it were begun. The fact was whispered about, and reached the ears of Philip's housekeeper; but strangely enough that ready tongue of hers for once was mute, though her feelings were anything but placid, to judge from her stormy face.

One evening, after a laughing dispute about some intended matrimonial arrangement, Honor suddenly remarked: 'By the way, Philip, what was the nature of that promise you made your late wife? I have received a curious anonymous letter about you, which I suppose I ought to shew you.'

Philip's face grew white; he was not able to affect unconcern, the onset was so unexpected, and so deadly. He remained silent, breathing hurriedly like a man in pain.

Honor was rather startled when she observed the effects produced by her words, and said: 'I am sorry, dear Philip, if I have grieved you by my question, but I have indeed received a letter containing some vague accusation or other against you. I give not the slightest credence to it, however; neither do I ask you to explain anything, if to do so would be disagreeable to you. I can trust you, Philip.'

'You have trusted me, Honor, more than I deserve,' said Philip; 'let me look at the letter.'

She handed it to him; it contained but a few words, penned evidently by an illiterate person, and ran thus: 'You are about to be married to Philip Stourton, I hear. You have no right to him. Ask him about the promise, the oath he took to his wife who is dead. God will visit you both.'

There was no signature. Philip read it thrice, and lingered over it, as though endeavouring to take some resolution in his own mind. He looked at Honor at last, and said: 'Could you marry me, Honor, if you knew I had broken a promise such as the letter mentions?'

Honor trembled a little; but after a short pause smilingly said: 'Well, perhaps I could, provided it were not a very bad case.'

'A death-bed promise—an oath?' said Philip.

The lady was silent for a moment, and her eyes began to fill with tears. 'What have you been doing, Philip? What do you mean? Must you break an oath in marrying me?'

'I must,' groaned Philip. 'I promised my wife on her death-bed not to marry again. She had no right—I feel it now—to impose such a burden upon me. I had no right so to pledge myself; but I did. It is irrevocable; no one can relieve me of it.'

'I will not marry a man who has perjured himself,' said Honor. 'You have been cruel, very cruel to tempt me so far for this. I cannot marry you now, Philip,' she repeated; and covering her face with her hands, she sobbed bitterly, and left the room. Philip, too, stole away, crushed and miserable; in his own eyes, hopelessly dishonoured.

Truth, loyalty, self-respect, you are but thin shades dwelling in a human breast, lightly esteemed, seemingly of little power; but when you depart, the pillars

of the world seem to have fallen in, so weak and desolate are our lives without you.

If Philip had been less scrupulously honourable, if in his heart he had attached as little weight to the promise made to his wife as his recent course implied, he need not have seen his hopes fall in ruin about him as they now appeared to do. It was not that he lacked the ingenuity to avert it. It had crossed his mind, of course, to deny the vague accusation contained in that miserable scrawl, to impute malice and falsehood to the writer. Who was to know what transpired between him and his wife at such an hour? And Honor Westwood would have been a lenient judge, although in her secret heart she had believed him guilty; but when confronted with his offence, conscience reasserted itself, and constrained him to admit the truth.

Philip went straight home to his study, and there sat down. By and by he got up hastily, unlocked a secretaire, and drew out something which glittered in the dull light of the lamp. It was a pistol. He placed it on the table at his elbow, and turned his pale cheek and absent eyes towards the fire. Did he see faces there, as we all do occasionally, when imagination is busy and judgment in abeyance? Perhaps he did. The gentle face, it may be, of his dead wife, earnest, loving, deprecating the evil deed he meditated. The faces, perchance, of his children, touched with dread and wonder, appealing to him not to leave them helpless to the scant mercy of the world. However that might be, a change came over his face before long which augured a better mind, and he put the shining loathsome weapon back.

On the morrow, though his reflections were bitter enough, the despair which had given birth to that dark thought of the previous night no longer haunted him. It was true that there was an end for ever to his hopes for Honor, but now at least he could face conscience once more. He was even glad, amidst his disappointed passion and poignant sense of humiliation, that he had been prevented from completing his design. The authorship of the anonymous letter perplexed him, though his suspicions finally narrowed down upon his own housekeeper. Yet how could she have possessed herself of the secret? His wife, he felt certain, would never have communicated to her what took place at that troubled interview, but it was possible she might have overheard. He took measures to ascertain, if he could, the truth; but they were of no avail. The woman's sullen answers revealed nothing, and Philip ceased at last to question, though not to suspect her.

With stern self-discipline, Philip weaned himself from everything connected with his unfortunate passion, hoping to find, as once before he had found, in labour, solace and forgetfulness. The struggle, though sharp, was in a measure successful, and he calmed down by degrees into content. It would have been harder to him had he seen how dim the fair face of Honor grew beneath the cruel blow dealt her in her trustfulness; and had he heard the apologies she made for him to her own heart, he would most surely have been tempted back. Her sex naturally, it may be assumed, would deal lightly with such an offence. A woman perhaps was wronged, but a woman was the gainer—and promises are but words. Honor was angry with him, it must be confessed; but rather because he faltered than because he allowed himself to be tempted. 'She had no right to exact such a promise; he had no right to give it; but the fault was hers. O Philip had you urged this as some would have urged it, I think I should have forgiven you.' So mused the woman he loved; and it was well for Philip he could not know.

With great chivalry of character, Honor never disclosed to her guardian the cause of the abrupt termination of their engagement; and he naturally attributed it to some petty quarrel originating in a

difference of disposition. 'You must make it up, Honor,' he said more than once. 'Write to Philip, and bring him back.' But of course Honor never wrote, and Philip never came.

Several months had passed away, when Philip Stourton's housekeeper was taken seriously ill. Meeting the doctor after one of his visits, Philip asked how his patient progressed. 'I will not disguise from you,' was the reply, 'that she is in great danger, I fear she will not recover.'

'I trust you are mistaken, doctor,' Philip said; 'I could ill afford to lose her, she has been a most faithful servant.'

The same evening Philip visited the sick-room, and perceived too plainly that he had heard the truth. A peculiar expression came over the pale hard features of the housekeeper when she observed his entrance, and there was an anxiety in her manner of replying to his inquiries which attracted his attention.

'Are we alone?' she asked.

Philip replied in the affirmative.

'I wished much to see you. I know I shall not live long,' she continued; 'and there is a matter nearly concerning you, of which I feel it my duty to speak—something about your late wife, my beloved mistress.'

Her voice was steady, her manner resolute; but she paused, as if debating with herself whether or not to proceed. Philip asked if she referred to the letter received by Honor Westwood.

'Yes, to that, and something beside. Mark, sir, I do not confess I have done wrong. I do not believe it, and I do not repent of what I have done. But if I had lived, I should have broken silence some day, and I feel I have no right to take my secret out of the world with me. Listen: I nursed Mrs Stourton when she was a child, and I loved her. Before she died, she called me to her, and confided to me how in the first dreadful moment when the knowledge of her fate came upon her, she had exacted from you an oath that you would never marry again. She told me that in a calmer hour she had considered and repented of that act, but that the subject was too painful to be revived betwixt you again. She intrusted to me a letter which she had written to you, and enjoined me to deliver it to you when she was dead. That letter I never delivered.'

Philip was struck dumb by the avowal; the old affection and the new hope, both starting to life at the sound of the dying woman's voice, clashed together within his heart.

The housekeeper went on: 'Of second marriages I do not approve, and I do not believe they are happy ones. It was enough for me that my darling wished you not to marry again. She might unsay the words, but she could not unsay the wish, and I followed her wish. Had you not your children to console you, and was I not better to them than a stepmother could be? However, I am leaving you now, and you may work your will. I wrote the letter to Miss Westwood. I do not say forgive me for all this, for I have prayed to heaven for guidance, and my conscience does not condemn me.'

'Nurse, you have acted a strange part; I might reproach you, save that you are so near to the time when you will be judged by a higher power. Where is the letter you have withheld?'

The sick woman put her hand beneath the pillow, and drew it forth. Philip took it, and silently left the room.

In the silence of his study, with a beating heart, he opened the letter, which seemed in truth like a message from the dead. With difficulty he deciphered the loving, sorrowful words that his wife's dying hand had traced to free him from his fetters. Amongst many a blurred passage of tenderness and regret, there was no word of reservation; he stood fully absolved from his oath.

Men's hearts will not cease to beat with love and passion though never so faithful a friend or dear companion is spirited away from their sides. The dead are not forgotten, nor are their memories profaned because we who are left, impelled by irresistible instincts, seek out in the living world those who can best compensate us for our loss. It is but selfishness, after all, that commands us to remember yet forbids us to restore, and

Set our souls to the same key
Of the remembered harmony.

It was not long before Honor Westwood had to weigh another proposal, urged with greater earnestness and new credentials; nor was it long before the bells rang out a merry marriage-peal for Philip Stourton's second nuptials.

WITH AN OLD FAMILY.

'THESE curious records of a bygone age, my dear Charles,' I began with secret exultation, placing on the table a large packet of excessively brown and gritty manuscripts, 'were found in an'—

'Old oak cabinet,' interrupted Charley Trigger. 'They always are. I never heard the history of these particular documents, but I'll bet an even penny that I describe their discovery to the letter. A housemaid engaged in dusting with that destructive energy peculiar to her calling—which has divorced from an innocent reputation so many English cats—assaulted the cabinet in question with a violence from which its years and infirmities alone should have protected it. Heard something move inside; thought it was money, or a mouse; knocked it with the handle of dust-pan—"sounded" allow; no apparent dror;" screamed for housekeeper; back of cabinet forced open; out fell a roll of manuscripts, worm-gnawn, but perfectly legible.—I wish it wasn't.'

'So far, fiction,' was my temperate reply. 'Fact, in the person of Mrs Forsyth, the housekeeper, opened the door of the charter-room, and introduced me to generations of letter-writers, from the days of David IL to the present. These are a few specimens caught up at hazard. Shall I read?'

Charles did not immediately reply; his eye wandered round in search of the chair that seemed to promise the profoundest slumber; while he is deciding, I will describe our whereabouts.

Domestic architecture has changed since G— House, like the stone keep of some old robber-chief retired from business, rose frowningly above the dark belts of oak and fir that form the only woodland of the district. It is no longer deemed necessary that a bell-wire should connect my lady's boudoir with a crypt beneath the beer-cellar; nor is it essential that a sort of sepulchre should be delved in the corner of your dressing-room, and ventilated surreptitiously through an orifice in the outer wall; nor that a well should be sunk in the library; nor a money-chest let in behind the stove; nor a staircase arrived at only by walking straight through your grandfather, full-length, equestrian, as he fought at Landen.

G— is truly a house of mysteries. In one bedroom, a door with a smiling, hypocritical face, as of a clothes-press, discloses, when opened, a narrow stone passage, winding upward, with stairs, into a gloomy little turret—downward, by a stone slope, through which lifeless bodies might be (I don't say were) easily lowered into a very decided dungeon. What feeling it is that induces me to keep this door double-locked, I do not pretend to fathom. I make the remark for what it may be worth. Such is my practice.

In an unexpected corner of another room, there

is another rather commodious and comfortable vault. This we explored one day, in company with our excellent friend and landlord; but nothing terrible rewarded our search, except the half of a pair of snuffers, a flattened thimble, and a mysterious hook. Other dungeons have, however, yielded up more formidable secrets. In one of these was found a huge stone coffin; in another, a skeleton; in a third, a human scalp, with long fair ringlets; and, finally—but this is a little apocryphal—a remarkable granite block, upon which it was customary with the remoter lords of G—to strike off the heads of insubordinate dependents.

Fame has, I believe, loudly reported of that cellar, on the door of which frowned, in great black letters, *Plague*, and that defied the curiosity of generations, until the present proprietor, impatient of a riddle of two centuries, burst it open, and found nothing but empty beer-tuns, across which narrow planks were laid, extending from wall to wall. Seldom is a discovery made without a legend to fit it. It was at once remembered that a former lord, who had a taste for amateur brewing, and lived upon indifferent terms with the Dame Alice, Joan, or Judith of the period, was accustomed to confine that noble shrew in his beer-cellar, restricting her locomotion to a walk along the planks aforesaid. As there is no record of any misadventure, it is to be concluded that this remarkable instance of the ordeal by beer was triumphantly passed.

To mention that there are ghosts in G—would be superfluous, albeit the number of authenticated appearances is diminished by a very singular circumstance; namely, that, by hereditary custom, no blood-relation of the House of G—, nor any domestic actually in the receipt of vails or wages, in their service, can witness one. Charley Trigger and myself, labouring under no such disqualification, sat up many a night in trembling hope, even until the second cock—had that energetic fowl been near—would certainly have sung, but nothing came. Ay, though noises were manifold—and I never knew an aged mansion that did not wheeze and groan at two in the morning—no spectrum ever came to reward our vigil.

Did I observe that no dependent of the House of G— could see its spectres? This rule does not apply to tutors or 'dominies,' since to one of these gentlemen we are indebted for the latest unmistakable vision. Thirty-five years ago, the present popular laird, then a high-spirited youth of fifteen, was, with his brother, accustomed to pay occasional visits to G—, under the tutelage of their dominie, Mr M'Walter. Such, at that period, was its condition of neglect and disrepair, that some of the earliest hunting experiences of these young gentlemen consisted in the pursuit of the wild-cats, whose town-houses were established among the decaying rafters of the upper drawing-room!

Dominie M'Walter was a seer; he was, besides, a man of sense and simplicity. Habitually reticent as to his supernatural experiences, while they pointed to himself alone, he never scrupled, whenever the fate of others seemed concerned, to speak out, like Cassandra herself, in defiance alike of ridicule and disbelief. One instance, in which fulfilment really followed prophecy, is worth recording.

On that side of G— which fronts the Moray Firth, the eye falls on a succession of green knolls, gradually increasing in elevation until the last looks steeply down upon the bay. A grass-grown track across these, bordered here and there by furze-bushes, is called the green road. Up this, one bright July noon, the dominie was thoughtfully moving, on his way to the sea to bathe, when he observed, at some twenty paces' distance, a little old woman in a red cloak seated by the side of the path.

Letting fall his eyes for a moment, and raising them

again when, as he supposed, opposite the woman, he beheld her, to his extreme surprise, in the same attitude, but full fifty yards ahead! This occurred a second time, and the dominie, his curiosity now fully excited, fixed his gaze unswervingly on the little old woman, and once more essayed to come up with her. Just as he had arrived within speaking-distance, in his agitation, the dominie winked. It was enough. Whiah!—There was the little old lady perched on the summit of the next acclivity, three hundred yards distant.

On the occasion of which I write, the apparition—for such it was, or the dominie fibbed immeasurably—vanished altogether, but, on a subsequent day, again revealed itself to the seer, who was permitted to approach and talk. Mr M'Walter always declined to report the conversation in detail, averring that part of the old lady's remarks were unintelligible even to himself. Their tenor appeared to be of a prophetic character as regarded some one he could not identify, and of warning as respected himself, each of her observations concluding with the emphatic words: 'But take you care.'

The impression on the dominie's mind was, that some danger attended the visits of the household to the little bathing-cove; he accordingly spoke boldly out in caution, notwithstanding which, the unfortunate cook of the establishment ventured as usual to the spot, and was there drowned, the present laird recollecting the poor woman's pointed cap being washed up over the rocks among which the body was subsequently found.

I don't mean to say that shooting wild-duck in a black swamp averaging four feet deep, with supplementary pitfalls of uncertain fathom, is not delightful, and especially the sitting down to dinner afterwards, clothed and sane; but even *this* will pall, and I call attention to it simply for the purpose of recording a circumstance which seems to indicate that the preternatural characteristics of this haunted property extend even to the web-footed denizens of the loch. The ducks of the place are utterly unaware when—according to prevailing rules—their existence is terminated. I have seen one stretched on his back, with his yellow webs out of the water, and his head under it; I have floundered leisurely to the spot to pick him up, and the treacherous fowl, who was no more dead than Gustavus Vaughan Brooke when transfixed on the field of Drury Lane by the vengeful Richmond, has shaken himself suddenly together, and escaped before I could raise my gun.

'Never you confide in them big loch ducks till they're in your bag, sir,' was the solemn charge of a keeper to one who returned exhausted from a waist-deep waddle after one of these deceivers. With the next duck that fell, the warning rushed upon his mind; pouncing upon the game, he grasped it by the head, and rung it round with such hearty good will that that important organ—together with an inch or two of green and golden neck—detached itself, and remained in his hand. To his utter amazement, the headless remainder started briskly off, and had covered ten or twelve yards, before the sportsman—fancying it might actually escape, and forgetting in his excitement the material guarantee that still dangled from his fingers—discharged his second barrel into the fugitive trunk, and settled the question beyond further cavil.

Again, the writer's brother lately shot a duck and a widgeon, right and left. These birds accepted their doom with an amount of resignation that ought at once to have awakened distrust. As it was, the sportsman placed them decently on their backs, on a dry spot, and proceeded in quest of other game. When he returned, the widgeon had disappeared. After a long quest, he was detected, and brought back, but now the duck had vanished! Unluckily for him, that peculiar ripple which indicates something swimming

just below the surface, betrayed his crafty course; thereupon the gallant duck, as a last resource, placed his head under his wing, and affected to take a nap; but this, under the circumstances, was too much for human credulity. He entered the fatal bag.

Proud as one might be to hunt creatures of such a feather, the pursuit, as I have before hinted, is apt, if prosecuted unceasingly, to become monotonous. It occurred to me that an agreeable variety of chase might be instituted among the dusty chambers of G—, so, one drizzly day, friend Charley went forth to his delusive pleasure alone. Charley had an unlucky time; his gun missed fire thrice—the duck appeared invulnerable. A flight of geese (rare visitors) availed themselves of the moment Charles dedicated to lunch, to sweep over his head in a cackling tornado; and Rose, his retriever, finding the swamp in that precise condition which precludes either swimming or wading, walked off home, picking her way as she went, as if she, all water-spaniel as she was, had an especial objection to damp feet; so that Charley that evening was ruffled in spirit, and hence that peevish answer which I have recorded some pages back, ending (you will remember) with 'perfectly legible.—I wish it wasn't;' and I dare say Charley thought it very smart, for he smiled. Like other witty speeches, it lacked nothing but truth. I had obtained possession of my roll of manuscripts, by simply entering my friend's charter-room, and laying hands on anything I fancied, from David II. downwards. Thousands of letters, memoranda, account-books, agreements, half-penned essays, scraps from old newspapers, &c., filled up a score of drawers. Dive into any part of this dead sea of brown paper you would, proof enough floated up that these old G—s were bustling people in their day, and had no idea of letting the world slip by, without elbowing themselves into a noticeable position; and something like this appears to have been their more recent history.

Nearly three centuries ago, in 1580 (a period at which the ink in which they corresponded begins to fade altogether), was born Robert G—, the immediate ancestor, 'a man of excellent parts, who, by reason of his singular endowments and remarkable affability, became a mighty favourite of King James VI., who appointed him one of the gentlemen of his bedchamber, anno 1606. He was likewise in great favour with Charles I., who created him a baronet of Nova Scotia, and appointed him vice-chamberlain.'

'In the year of God one thousand six hundredth fourtie-one,' writes a descendant of his, 'the king being at Edinburgh, did send Sir Robert G— to his citie of Glasco, with power to choos the magistrates of that town, where he was received and feasted by the magistrates; so, having chose the provost and bailies for the ensuing year, he returned back to Edinburgh, and gave the king a good account of his jurnie.'

In spite of this prosperity, however, Sir Robert (to be sure, he was now sixty-three) became 'heartily wearied and highly dissatisfied with the proceedings of those troublesome times; and returning to his own country, spent the remainder of his days in remarkable acts of benevolence.'

There was no limited express in those days, and the journey was not rapid. They wisely went by sea.

'Sir Robert, having perswaded his mother-in-law (though far stricken in age) to accompanie him, with his wyf and familie, took shipping at Gravesend the twenty-fyrst Aprill, and landed saifly at Cowsie the thirtie-fyrst of May.' About the time now required to reach Panama!

Sir Robert's penmanship was not remarkable; scarcely one of his many papers remains legible; and the most lucid among the archives of his time is a memorandum, in good round text, probably by his

valet, from which we learn that the outfit of a vice-chamberlain of that day was not extravagant:

'*Ane compleat list of my Lord his cloaths.*—Four suits, with breeches and westcoats; five perrywigs; three pair of thread stockings; five pair of silke stockings, and two of worsett stockings; two pair of shoes; twelve Holland shirts; three point cravats; eleven pair of laced ruffells; two night-cravats; two comning (combing) cloths; ane velvet towlet, and all things conforme to st.'

To the above respected gentleman succeeded (in 1656) his son, Sir Ludovick, who appears to have been a sturdy supporter of church and king. He was extremely obnoxious to the Covenanters, then in great strength in the north, and had to withdraw for a time to England. Sir Ludovick must have perused with much content the following letter, just decipherable, from one who was apparently an eyewitness of the battle of Bothwell Bridge:

'June 25, 1679.—Upon the 21st instant, about two of the clock at night, our army decamped, and in the morning, verie tymously arrived in sight of the rebells, and attacked the bridge of Bothel, where there was ane considerable party of rebells, consisting of 900 foot and 3 troops of horse. After some debate, the rebells were forst from the bridge, and thereafter the Duke of Monmouth, general commanding, caused the whole army to go alongst the bridge, and draw up in battalia; and the cannon being situat in ane convenient plas, began to play, which so annoyed and confounded the enemy, that their haill body of horse did most cowardly flee and rinne, and left their foot to be destroyed and cut off, whilk accordingly was done, by killing seven hundred or more upon the plas, and taking twelve hundred prisoners.

Our armie did pursue the horse (who instantly did separate themselves), and particularly the Earl of Airly for 3 or 4 myles. There was no loss on our part, save the killing of 3 or 4 common souldiers.

The generale, before the ingagement, was addressed to by two comissionars from the rebells, in name of the covenanted army, craving that presbytery might be [*illegible*], Episcopacy throwne doune, and all the lawes anent supremacy, and whilk are contrar to Presbyterion government, be abolysed.

This the generall received with all moderation, and desyred to know if they had any further to say—for the message was not pleasant—whereupon they sent new comissionars desyring an assationesse for fower dayes, whilk was denyde.

The generall gave order to assault the enemy, who, without strok of sword or shoatt, did quickly rinne and flee. There is one Kier, aue minister, and one Cathcart, ane capitan of hors, prisoners. All honest men are amazed that this country should be so much cheated and ill advised of this rebellion, so differently reported, in asserting the rebells to be 20,000 strong, whereas, at the ingagement, they were not 5000 in number. The prisoners of the popish perswasion at London are all upon their tryal; and who are not condemned allready, are thought to be found guilty. The Earle of Pearth arrived this morninge.'

Excellent Sir Ludovick was reported a 'great economist'; and that he did not, at all events, allow his sons unlimited credit at their tailors', is proved by a little brown note, about two inches square, addressed 'To the Right Worshipful Sir Ludovick G—, these.'

'Aug. 24, 1679.

'DEARE FATHER—I have visited Mr John Lauder since your going hence, and given him in ane account of the disbursment, the copy whereof I have hereunder writt. I do earnestly desire that, at the varie first, you will be pleased to send some cloth for coats to both Charles and me. My shirts are verie bad, wherefore I hope shortly you will cause send me some good ones, wherewith I may goe abroad. Being, sir, your son and servant,

GEORGE G—.

Copie—	
Imp. ane black hatt, ...	00 04 00
A paire of showes, ...	00 12 00
For dressing ane old hatt, . .	00 06 00
For mending old showes, . . .	00 07 00
For mending my lantern, . . .	00 04 00
For repairing anither old showe, .	00 03 00
	1 16 00'

The little boy whose 'accompts' were thus carefully audited must have been at this period about twenty-five; but good Sir Ludovick wielded the parental sceptre with patriarchal severity.

Here we have a file of the *Edinburgh Gazette*, a publication of which Sir Ludovick seems to have been fond, and from which he might read, at his breakfast, such items as these:

'Wednesday last was execute in the marcat-place three most prodigious traitors—viz., James Skeen, John Potter, and Archibald Stewart. They avowed that prodigious and treasonable covenant, found with that accursed traitor Cargill—one of their most seditious field-preachers—wherein they declare the king an usurper, and the devil's vicegerent. They also owned that traitorous bond found amongst the papers of that arch-traitor Cameron, their great apostle, alledging that they looked upon *Charles Stuart* (so were they pleased to term his sacred majesty) as the head of all malignants. In their prayers upon the scaffold, they spent more time in threatening wrath and denouncing judgments against the king than in praying for their own souls. So, after they had vented a deal of treason and nonsense in their unhallowed prayers, they were hanged upon a high gibbet, and Potter and Stewart's heads chopt off, to be affixed on the West Port. It is remarkable that all these bloody villains have been the intimate acquaintances of the sacrilegious murderers of the late Lord St Andrews. The lords are very busie in inquiring after these canibals.' It must be owned that the *Edinburgh Gazette* did not mince the matter.

Glancing over the miscellaneous news, Sir Ludovick observed: 'Here has been seen a comett every night since Tuesday. Thursday, at five of the clock, the hight of the adjacent stars and body of the comett being taken, 'twas found to be about the Leg of Antinous.'

A friend 'at London' forwards to the baronet a copy of his majesty's most gracious speech to both Houses of Parliament, which only differs from other such gracious addresses in that the royal speaker dwells somewhat pertinaciously on the condition of his private exchequer, and descends to what, in a less exalted person, might certainly be called 'wheedling,' in order to replenish it. Thus: 'You will find that the last supply you gave me did not answer expectation for the ends you gave it—the payment of my debts.' To which hint the wily chancellor adds: 'Let us bless God, that hath given this king signally the hearts of his people, and in an especial manner of this parliament, who in loyalty to their prince have exceeded all their predecessors—a parliament with whom the king hath many years lived with all the caresses of a happy marriage. Has the king had a concern?—You have wedded it. Has his majesty wanted supplies?—You have cheerfully provided for them. You have never been tempted to exceed your bounds, or to impose upon him. . . . And let me say, that though this marriage be according to Moses' law, where the husband can give a bill of divorcement, and put her away; yet I can assure you, it is as impossible for the king to part with this beloved parliament as it is for you to depart from that dutiful behaviour you have hitherto shewed towards him.'

Let us hope the lady-parliament responded to the spur, and came down with the needful in a manner

to render unnecessary any resort to the distressing alternative so delicately conveyed.

A lady's letter! Dare we venture? Two hundred and four years have elapsed since the hopes and fears of the fair writer were conveyed to her powerful 'coussing' by the hands of him who sought to transplant the fair 'White Rose' (for under that name she still blooms in the House's history) into his own home-garden in the south.

'This is of Janv. 1637.

'To the Right Worshipful Sir Ludovick G—, of G—, in Cromertie, these.

DEAR COUSSING—This gentillman, the berer, has bein att me, making offer of himself and fortoun, and I not being wholly att my own disposing, hæe sent him to spek my father and brother, and yourself and Skibo, with any other freinds you think fit—hopeing you will see to my good in itt. His effect is five thusand mark a yeir, and he offers me the half for my [*illegible*], which I think is very fair. It is good takeing ane fair occation when ofered. He does profes a gret deal of love to me. For my own pairt, I could led my lyf with the man, for he sime to be a very diserving gentillman, and I hop of a good disposition; and anything he has is frei, so that, coussing, when ye hæe considered thereanent, how much you can see it tend to my good, then, accordingly, I expect ye will be my freind and his both, for he intends to put it a poynt as soun as possibly can be. So leaving this busines, coussing, I shall, for all your favours, indeavour to aprouve myself as becometh her who is your most obedient coussing to serve you.

JEAN G—.

'Leaving this busines!' And did your 'coussing,' Sir Ludovick, imagine that was indeed all? O Jean, Jean! In what age did a young lady ever waive her privilege of P.S.?

'Coussing—If ye conclud on this, I intreat you move my brother to spek with me in busines, for I know not how to get münia, and there is ane necessity for having itt att such a tyme, for what he owes me of my mentinence he must advance itt befor hand, and more if itt goe on. I intreat you move my lord to tak me hom and match me out of his own hous, albeit never so privatly, for it will be a trubile to your mother to have itt solemnised heir. Doe this as ye think fit, soe that ye diminish none of my portion --ogment it as ye will.'

The White Rose grew and flourished, for here is another note from her, tied up with the former by Sir Ludovick's successor—though thirty-five years have elapsed—and the Rose is an old lady, and writes in characters which, though her 'coussing' of G— might guess at, we cannot.

Sir Ludovick sleeps with his fathers in the little haunted chapel, known as Saint Michael's Kirk, at the end of a haunted avenue, skirted by a dark pine-wood, haunted also, and his son, Sir Robert the Wizard, reigns in his stead.

If sorcery consists in a knowledge of mechanics and chemistry, a scientific correspondence with philosophers of the day, and the invention of a pump, it is a marvel Sir Robert escaped the stake. As touching the pump—which was a machine for raising water on board ships—whether the authorities united in ascribing its conception to a power commonly associated with another element, cannot be known; certain it is that 'neither the inventor nor the present [1740 A.D.] possessor, had ever an offer of any encouragement suitabell to the merit and usefulness of the thing—which therefore still remains a secret with the family.' And very well they have kept it.

Sir Robert the Wizard, or, as he was usually styled, 'Ill Sir Robert'—his indisposition consisting probably in his being a little in advance of his time—died about 1701, and his correspondence having been spirited away, no doubt, by imps acting as executors, we know no more than that he was the originator of those

mysterious tuns heretofore referred to; that he did a little business in the smuggling way, having constructed a subterraneous gallery (long since choked up) from the east wing of G—to the shore, involving the necessity of a tunnel only about a mile and three-quarters long; and that he rather encouraged than repressed the popular opinion which pronounced him the companion of unauthorised spirits, as indeed he was.

Furthermore, from the discovery by Charley Trigger of a file of about three hundred receipts, by different persons, for innumerable 'bols' of 'good and sufficient bear,' we were on the point of coming to the erroneous conclusion that Sir Robert the Wizard had established an amateur brewery, and supplied the whole of the north with that invigorating fluid, when the actual living laird of G—instructed us that 'bear' was barley, and his ancestor's rents being principally paid in that coin, it had of course to be resold.

The Wizard was succeeded by his eldest born, Robert, who appears to have been a gentleman of military tastes, and though brave, not to have forgotten that discretion which prompts the prudent soldier to reserve his energies for 'another day,' inasmuch as, though present with the Earl of Mar at the battle of Dunblane, yet 'observing some confusion in the deliberations, and dreading the consequences, he retired to the north country, and put himself under the protection of his cousin, the Earl of Sutherland,' who doubtless made all square.

One hundred and sixty years since! Why, that is yesterday. We must be close and careful. It is possible—hardly probable—some one might still be in existence whose feelings, in relation, say to his great-great-grandmother, might be wounded by any indiscreet revelation. A sketch, therefore, almost photographic, of the bundle of brown letters, once white, laid on Sir Robert's breakfast-table, 1712 A.D., will suffice.

Little Christmas bills:

'Account of monies layed out by W. G. for some necessaries to Robert G—, his pupil:

Imp. To two pair of shoes, ...	2	12	0
To mending of sd shoes, ...	0	16	0
To further repairing sd shoes, ...	0	12	0
To new healing sd shoes, ...	0	16	0
To a scarlet bonnet, ...	0	15	0
To six qu ^{rs} plaiden for an under-westcot to wear in winter time, ...	0	12	0
For board and attendance, ...	63	0	0
	69	3	0

Hollo, here hath been a disturbance! A memorandum from Sir Robert's agent shews us that the laird, having sent his officer in a legal manner to 'poind' John Anderson, that gentleman, disliking the process, whatever it may mean, not only interpellated the said officer, but also beat and bruised him to the effusion of his blood; that the laird thereupon requested the bailie to amerciate the pugnacious John in fifty pounds, but that John, finding it desirable to be 'presently sickly,' is allowed three weeks to think about it.

The following is not without interest, as shewing how slightly the language of the tailor varies from age to age. We forbear the bill, but there is subjoined: 'My LORD—Above is your accmpt, being one hundred and thirteen pounds two shillings Scots, whereof I have severally acquainted your servants, but could never yet procure any payment. Your lordship may see this accmpt hath been long running; and therefore, as I am hard putt to it to make up ane heavey sum by Tuesday-week, I heartily beg you would please to order me payment of the same. D. M'CROSKY.'

The compliments of the season from a correspondent whose span must have extended well back towards the Conquest.

'SIR—Your absins did me soe great prejudis, that if I should saie to you how much I long to see you, it might be thought my intrist led me. It gives me much content to heir you are in helth, and much moar to see you living heir to keep my frind your grandfather's good memorie alive; soe, hoping to be favored with a lyn frō you, I rest, sir, your most affectionate friend,
KATH. G—.

This 24 Decem. 1712.'

How! Poetry, good Sir Robert? Yes; 'tis your autograph, and none other. Will you pretend to deny this corrected couplet—this vacillation on the subject of 'sphere' being an allowable rhyme for 'care,' and its ultimate dismissal in favour of 'fear?' You are detected, my right worshipful and venerable friend; and here, just a century and a half after you concealed this little effort of the modest muse in your cabinet's most secret drawer, you make your public bow.

A wicked satirist of your time has propounded the theory, that man is a compound of bear, dog, deer, and monkey. Sir Robert is up and at him—thumps him into a jelly, and thus finally knocks him out of time—his time and ours.

'That human nature is corrupt, I grant;
But was't the use of reason, or the want,
That puff't out the warm breath of love? From whence
Sprang murther first, but from malicious sense?
Which, having once usurpt Queen Reason's throne,
Was not contented with one sin alone.
Hence the acutest wits, when once defiled,
Turn most extravagant, profane, and wild,
Defend debaucheries, and sense advance,
To reason reason out of countenance.

But must humanity be quite erased,
Because it is from what it was defaced?
Or must the little reason men yet hold
For their improvement, be for dogs' flesh sold?
O, let me, sir, request, before you slip
Into your dog, deer, bear, or monkeyship,
Whether you think their brutish form procures
Any advantages exceeding yours?
Both dog and bear, as well as men, will fight,
And (to no purpose, too) each other bite.
And as for puggy, all his virtues lie
In aping man, the only thing you fly.'

'Charley! Charles Trigger! By Jove, he's asleep!'

THE FOELESS FIGHT.

FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.

EASTER MONDAY, April 21, 1862, will ever be memorable on the south coast of England. It was the first time (within the memory of the oldest inhabitant) that a large town has been taken by assault in that region since the landing of William the Conqueror. This achievement was effected by no means by a sudden surprise. On the Saturday previous, large numbers of the attacking force were poured into the devoted city, and appeared therein in the very fullest uniform of which each corps was capable. Arrangements were openly made for the reception of their coming friends; while the inhabitants on their part took the usual precautions of men threatened by siege, in getting together as many provisions as possible, and concealing them in their own houses. Those who omitted this prudential act, were—*crede experto*—Starved. The hotel-keepers sent out foraging-parties to secure not only everything fit for human consumption, fresh and salted, pickled and preserved, and (particularly) on draught and bottled, but even beasts of burden. They provided horses sufficient to mount whole regiments of cavalry. They even increased the already extensive resources of the place in donkeys and goat-carriages. In one particular

instance—but this was in a circus—three camels and a camelopard were added to the ordinary means of locomotion; and the last was the only animal not subsequently made use of by the invaders. It being understood that the attacking force of all arms was passionately attached to driving about five in a fly (which turned out to be the case), many hundreds of these attractive vehicles were provided. Even yellow post-chaises were dragged forth from their tombs, and paraded in the places that had not known them since the era of George the Magnificent, APC—that is, in the Year of the Building of the Pavilion. The very town, which was Brighthelmstone in their day, has changed its name to Brighton, famous for its Steyn (which is not a wine, but a *place*), for its baths (supposed to have been instituted by Mohammed), and for its magnificent railway accidents.

But for its deserved reputation in these respects, and for its indisputable Fashion, your special correspondent, as a temporary lodger in the place, is of opinion (but then he was starved on Easter Monday), that it is the very worst salt watering-place in the island of Great Britain. It has no sands, it has no ships, it has no coves (by which he does not mean residents, of which there is a great overplus, but retired spots by the ocean suitable for persons of a poetical or dreamy disposition); it has no trees—no, not so much as a juniper-tree—within miles of it; while the visitors who throng its Parade, and make a perpetual-motion machine out of the turnstile that leads to its Chain Pier, are the identical people one has just left in Regent Street, and whom one has come down to the sea-side to avoid. It is the weak boast of the inhabitants that their town extends its white wings east and west for three miles and more; and there is certainly no overstatement in the assertion. No moderate pedestrian dwelling in the centre of the place can ever escape from it unless he walks away from the sea and into the country, which is infested in all directions by Notices against trespass, and is adorned by Windmills only. Whenever your correspondent has ventured to make these remarks to an inhabitant (which it requires courage to do, for the aborigines are prepared to go to the stake for their locality), the reply has invariably been: 'But where do you ever get such excellent air? Tell me *that*, sir.' To give Brighton its due, its air (when it is not sea-fog) is a perfect air, invigorating as a tonic, and appetising as sherry-and-bitters; but then, what is the good of appetite (the mind of your S. C. is reverting to Easter Monday) when there is nothing whatever save whelks (a number of which may be found sticking to the pier at low-water) wherewith to satisfy it?

The invaders of Brighton, upon April 20th, did not, however, come down for its air; and as for their appetites, it is certain that they brought them along with them. Tickets for seventy thousand extra persons had been bespoken of the railway company for that day, and every one of these (as far as the observation of your special correspondent went) commenced eating and drinking within the first quarter of an hour of his or her arrival. It was not only, as you will observe, by that mention of the two genders, the licentious military who descended upon us, but an enormous horde of camp followers, with no alight sprinkling of vivandières—females who carried baskets of provisions to distribute to the warriors when they should become exhausted upon the field. That Brighton was subjected to some of the very worst horrors of a town taken by assault, is very true—for is not a Starvation a great evil?—but it is fair to state that no unnecessary violence was used. The original intention of the invaders was, indeed, to act together,* but providentially—or, as it has been darkly hinted, through the

innate quarrelsomeness of the 'Devil's Own,' or Inns of Court Volunteers—the legions disagreed upon their way down, and eventually fought with one another instead. This corps enjoys a very high reputation among all its members (whose nature is forbidden by their vocation to be diffident), but a Sussex spectator within your correspondent's hearing passed upon them the following verdict: 'Seedy?' observed he in answer to his ancient dame (the corps were tired and dusty, poor fellows, and ascending at that moment one of those Precipices termed by the inhabitants of the locality Roads)—'Seedy? yes; they're lawyers, you see. They goes at it at sixteen, bless yer, and they keeps at it as long as they lives.'

The uniform of this regiment is serviceable, I trust, for it has not much artistic beauty to recommend it; but I venture to express this hope in a far stronger sense with respect to the 1st Hants Volunteer Cavalry, who wishing, I suppose, to meet the views both of Garibaldi and Quakers, have adopted a compromise which combines the cut of the former with the hue of the latter. Another body, of an economical and domestic turn, had borrowed for the nonce the chinchilla muffs of their wives or other female relatives, and wore them instead of the ordinary 'Busby;' while a third detachment, actuated by singular feelings, wore those 'well-known Turkish dressing-gowns at one pound ten,' abbreviated—to suit the requisitions of active service—a little above the knee.

With these and a few other exceptions, however, the uniforms of the strangers were not only doubtless adapted for warfare, but made a very admirable appearance. As regiment after regiment arrived at the railway station, and marched, 'each moving like one,' to the different gardens appointed for their respective *rendezvous*, the heart of your special correspondent leaped within him. It is useless to conceal any longer from the sagacious Reader that these invading forces were nothing more (indeed, how could 'more' be possible?) than British Volunteers; men who had risen before daybreak to undertake a toilsome journey, the beginning of a toilsome day, in order that their country might have assurance of the fitness of its defenders; men, moreover, to many of whom Easter Monday was the one holiday of the year, which they had thus voluntarily devoted to duty instead of pleasure.

Fill high, then, maids of Sussex, the full-measured pewter, and crown it, not with flowers indeed, but with the sparkling foam. Carve, deftly carve the sirloin and the round, and not too thick the pungent mustard spread, nor with too lavish hand the salt. And if you will wrap it up, please, in foolscap paper, instead of the *Brighton Guardian*, you will oblige, as print is apt to come off upon the backs of sandwiches, and local information to be thus digested when not required.'

Never did the Pavilion Gardens—no, not when the licentious king held highest revel there—look half so charming as when the sun, reflected from belt, and rifle, and scabbard, glinted through its trees, and all its sward was strewn with various hues—the gray men, and the scarlet, and the green—and from it, and from the crowd that pressed against the rails to see the sight, arose a mighty murmur of welcome and good-will—a sound as of a nation rejoicing in its strength and in its well-knit bonds of mutual love.

Hour after hour passed by, and in every square the public gardens filled still more and more with the strangers that were yet such friends. It was high noon before the whole vast array was set in motion, and by different routes marched up to the windy down.

At this period, your special correspondent was joined by one Fineairs—let us call him—a man who is justly celebrated at his club for the possession of the very earliest and minutest information upon all

* A review only was originally contemplated, the sham-fight which concluded the proceedings being an after-thought.

public affairs. An individual who in St James's Street is to be avoided above all others, but at a Volunteer Review, when in possession of a pass signed by a Great Military Authority, admitting self and friend to 'the Reserved Enclosure,' is by no means to be despised. Under this gentleman's direction, we took that road which, he said, would be used only by the crack corps, to the exclusion of those less famous. It turned out, however, to be reserved for the general public only, the sole persons at all resembling warriors thereupon being Torsos from town—professional beggars without arms and legs, or with only one of each, who had come down (probably first-class) from the metropolis, to excite provincial sympathy. Their excessive cleanliness (astounding to the Sussex mind), their numerous good-conduct badges, and the pictorial presentments (panoramas) of the battles in which they had been so grievously misused, were worthy of all praise. A band of three, with only one leg (visible) among them, chanted together in a manner which would not have disgraced the cathedral church of Brighton; and after each stave was concluded, the leader of the choir observed in a pathetic voice: 'There is really no deception *here*, ladies and gentlemen.'

The racecourse presented a more charming appearance than it is possible even for your special correspondent to represent without his paint-brush. Carriages four and five deep upon both sides of it, filled with all that is worth fighting for—wives, children, and excellent provisions; the Grand Stand crammed with expectant faces, making a great light and shadow as they turned this way and that to watch the arrival of new troops in the valley beneath; the mighty curve of gorse and down-land carpeted with human beings; and the horizon beyond sprinkled with thousands of men and horses, looking gigantic and statuesque against the sky-line; the rest of the beautiful panorama closed by the illimitable sparkling sea; and in the centre the ever-increasing array of Volunteers, column after column marching on to take the place appointed for them, and halting with their faces westward in a long variegated unswerving line. The redcoats were certainly most perceptible (notwithstanding what is adduced for them to the contrary); and next, the green, which, in masses, becomes as black as night; but the gray were more difficult to recognise, as they wound across the down and past the ploughed land into the springing wheat.

It was easy to behold this spectacle from all points, but your special correspondent and his friend were naturally anxious to obtain a position where their own exclusiveness should be recognised by their less favoured fellow-creatures; they therefore perambulated the ground, presenting their pass from the Great Military Authority indifferently to soldier and policeman, and requesting peremptorily to be led at once to the Reserved Enclosure. Unhappily, nobody had ever heard of such a place; irreverent persons suggesting Haystacks—a limited arena into which all the bands were to be huddled, and to remain in which would have been to be deaf for life—the judge's box—and even still more improbable spots. Eventually, they paid five shillings each to go into the Grand Stand, at the entrance of which they narrowly escaped being taken up by the police from the persistence with which Fineairs contended that the Great Military Authority's Pass should admit them gratis. This difficulty succumbed to, Fineairs once more resumed his habits of authority; he pointed out the various persons of distinction who were perpetually passing at full gallop upon messages of the last importance: the Duke of Wellington, whose likeness to his illustrious father he bade your S. C. especially remark, and who was eventually found to be connected with the local constabulary; the Earl of Cardigan, a middle-aged person of commercial appearance, with a bugle at the back of him, who subsequently made himself very useful; and the commander-in-chief himself, for whom he

mistook the surgeon of the Seahorse Volunteers, through the embarrassing circumstance of their both having cocked-hats. In justice to Fineairs, however, it must be stated that the majority of the spectators fell into similar or worse errors; and here your special correspondent would suggest that, for the satisfaction of the public, on all future entertainments of this kind, placards should be affixed to all persons of eminence, with 'This is ye Lord Clyde,' &c., in legible characters; and perhaps where mistakes are almost inevitable, as in the case of drum-majors and others in more than ordinary splendid habiliments, some with: 'This is *not* ye Lord Clyde,' &c., might be judiciously distributed. Upon the present occasion, there were at least seven Dukes of Wellington in the field, each of whom your S. C. heard pronounced to be genuine, and each with that remarkable likeness to his illustrious father.

The real staff did, however, come at last, when the ground had been swept for it beforehand by a line of hussars, who cleared the forbidden fields, as a gentleman in the neighbourhood observed (whom your S. C. took to be in the hair-line), like a *small-tooth comb*, alike of the stubborn citizen standing upon his rights, and of those agile boys whom policemen fail to quell; it came at last with a little sea of tossing plumes and a sparkle of epaulet and golden sash, and with it, and accompanied by a great following of cavaliers and dames, the bare gray head and iron face came up, that has looked at death so often with unflinching eyes. At his approach, each corps, presenting arms, seemed to blossom into light; and then the great masses began to pour towards your special correspondent—each leaving their late positions, mapped out by myriads of sandwich papers, which they had snowed down while standing at ease—and to march by, one after one, before the ancient chief. For an hour and a quarter, the Volunteer host flowed on unceasingly under the April sun, and no spectator tired; on the contrary, all were alive to the peculiar excellence of each individual corps.

First came the cavalry; and then the Inns of Court, with steady but elastic tread; and then the scarlet of the Middlesex and Tower Hamlets engineers; and then the Sussex artillery with their guns. The artillery of the coast had their guns drawn by stalwart wagon-horses, supplied by farmers, who guarantee to perform that patriotic duty whenever it shall be required; and the smock-frocked wagoners walking at their heads, and controlling the steeds, so unaccustomed to the clash of martial music and the thunder of tramping feet, formed a feature Volunteer indeed. Where all were good, and many excellent, it seems invidious to pick out any for especial praise; but by the plaudits of the spectators, one might gather that the marching of the 1st City of London was unexceptionably good. The Civil Service also evoked ringing shouts. Lord Ranelagh, who is partial to reviews at Brighton, was hailed with a burst of cheering; so, too, were Hants and Sussex, wherein local feeling may have partly swelled the acclaim. With the London Scottish, however, this could certainly not have been the case, yet the kilts—with their band playing 'Where ha' you been a' the day?'—could not have been more enthusiastically welcomed if all that mighty throng of onlookers had come from the other side the Tweed. At sight of them, one could not but revert to that other great day at the city of the castled rock, when Arthur's Seat was black with myriads, and the Queen's Park alive with even a more numerous host; and it will be the boast of your special correspondent to his grandchildren that he has seen both these days.

The intelligent Fineairs had added to his own peculiar sources of information by purchasing, for twopence, an official programme of the order of march (issued, I should imagine, by the same Great Military Authority who gave him the Pass), wherein the Inns of Court were placed last instead of first.

This slight substitution put him a little out—causing him to aver, among other rash dogmas, that the Tower Hamlets were identical with the Cinque Ports—but the white horses of Kent started him once more fair again, and the hussars were always charmingly unmistakable.

After the marching past, commenced the sham-fight, which is scarcely fit to be described by your special correspondent (to whom accuracy is everything), but rather by some writer accustomed to works of the imagination. Even the parties engaged were expected to be gifted with an enormous amount of that faculty, and to 'make believe' with all the energy of 'the Marchioness' in the *Old Curiosity Shop*, who concocted wine out of orange-peel. Some of them threw themselves into solid squares, and received, with the greatest steadiness, supposititious charge of cavalry; others extended themselves as skirmishers, and kept up a continuous fire upon the retreating horizon; while those fortunate bands who were not at the moment required for imaginary slaughter, lay down in the young wheat, and partook of the pipe of peace amid the horrors of war. The echoing boom of the guns, and the rattle and spurt of the rifles, gave your special correspondent a headache, without imparting to him any very accurate intelligence, and, in particular, although perambulating the field with praiseworthy diligence, he was unable to learn from any actual combatant, or even from Finears himself, whereabouts the *enemy* was supposed to be.

Cannon to right of us, cannon to left of us, cannon in front of us, volleyed and thundered, and at one period we were even in as evil a plight as the heroes of Balaklava, for we had cannon behind us; and yet no enemy could we discern. Surely the observation that has been already made in respect to the necessity of Placarding, is especially applicable to this case. The invaders against whom all energies ought to be devoted, ought, above all, to be distinctly ticketed: 'This is the remorseless Foe!'

We have subsequently learned, that by an admirable piece of humour, the Inns of Court Volunteers were elected as the common enemy; but it is our hope and prayer that no haughty Invader may be ever more distinguishable on British soil than on Easter Monday, 1862.

NATIVE INDUSTRY IN INDIA.

THOSE who wish to form some idea of native industry in India can hardly do better than to hire a palanquin, and come along with us on our visit this morning to the Thieving Bazaar, Black Town, Madras. The name is rather an ominous one; but though we termed it the Palladium of Asiatic Industry, or gave it any other high-sounding and euphonious title, the place would still retain the essential qualities of being exceedingly hot, filthy, and noisy; the startling fact, too, would remain, that the most of the goods exposed for sale have been either stolen or lost—in all which qualities it may aptly represent a branch establishment of Petticoat Lane in London. Armed with this knowledge, we are jolted upon the shoulders of four sturdy Palkee boys, and in due course get set down at this 'world's fair' in the East.

In the dingy low range of thatched godowns or shops which, stretching on either side, constitute the lanes or streets, we shall find offered for sale samples of almost every handicraft in India.

The first shop on our left-hand side exhibits specimens of every article that can be constructed out of the useful and elegant bamboo bush, so grateful a shade to the wearied and footsore native traveller from

the oppressive mid-day heat, and so much resorted to by the beautiful bulbul, that noted eastern bird of song. Falling under the ruthless axe of the woodmen, its various members here make their appearance in multifarious useful shapes. In the first place, we observe that the entire balcony, supports and all which project from the upper story, is made wholly of bamboo, some of which retain the green hue of the younger branches, whilst the old ones have been polished up into a bright chrome-like yellow, whilst a few, again, have been split and gaily painted. The whole constitutes a light and elegant building, which detracts from the ugly chunam-smeared walls of the shop itself. Ascending up stairs—which we do by means of a strong bamboo ladder—to what serves as a kind of show-room, we find the room choke-full of bamboo furniture. Those light and neatly painted couches and chairs have not an atom of foreign material in their composition. They are exclusively made of bamboo—seating, joints, rivets, and all, and, with the aid of a superficial coating of varnish, are proof against wet and heat, and, what is a great consideration in India, against the invasions of white ants and other vermin. For a verandah, or for garden arbours, they are admirably adapted; as also for the bungalows which form the up-country cantonments, being light for transport, as well as strong and durable; their usually small size, too, adapting them for the general run of rooms in officers' bungalows. Next to these, our observation is attracted by an immense variety of bird-cages, of all sizes and shapes, painted and in a natural state, and all made out of the invaluable bamboo, from the huge habitation suitable for a cockatoo or parrot, down to the delicately worked and elegant cage, with swings innumerable in it for perches, swarming with beautiful, restless, chattering adivivats and Java sparrows. Here, then, the solitary sub, having supplied himself with the requisite chairs and couches, adds to the decoration of his bungalow and his own amusement by a choice of bird-cages full of birds.

On an upper shelf, all ranged in order, is, moreover, what will add to his creature comforts—pickles and preserves—all made out of the tender shoots of the young bamboo. Rolled up in the corner, is a quantity of coarse matting, which will answer well for use in the outhouses or godowns of the bungalow, and even for the open verandahs, to shelter which from the glare and sun are also a number of blinds, made of bamboos split in half, and joined together with twine, which, being lined with a coarse blue cloth, afford a pleasant gloom when hung up, and worked by means of blocks and pulleys, so that they can be drawn up or let down at pleasure. Heaped in the same corner are a great variety of fans and tubes, all made of bamboo, and intended for blowing the charcoal fire used in the kitchen. Here, again, the new arrival, who has been ordered up country to join his regiment, finds strong and substantial crates made of bamboo in which to pack the glass and crockery-ware requisite for domestic use, as also those indispensable caviory-boxes, made of tin, and carefully covered with bamboo, which are suspended to either end of a strong pliant bamboo, and so carried or balanced over the shoulders of one of the bearers, who is set apart from the rest for this special service, and distinguished by the appellation of Caviory coolie. In these boxes he carries the necessary changes of linen, &c., for the journey, as also his groceries, and perhaps a tea-cup or two. Suspended from nails in the wall we see a number of pellet-bows, of sizes adapted to all ages, from the child of four years old to the adult. These are made of well-seasoned green bamboo, which are very pliant, and which have two strings separated at either extremity by a stout, short piece of bamboo, which is inserted and strongly lashed at either end to the bow-strings. In the centre is a piece of coarse wool-work,

securely fastened on, and whence from the thumb and forefinger of the right hand is projected those well-baked earthen pellets which fly with such velocity as to kill even Pariah dogs with the wound they inflict. Great skill is evinced by Englishmen in India in the use of those bows, some being so expert as to knock over snipe on the wing. In this shop are also those strong male bamboo trundles which, having spears attached to one end, form the javelins so much used by sportsmen in India in chasing the wild-boar or the less ferocious jackal.

To those who have houses at Madras, with extensive grounds laid out as gardens, this shop has many attractions. Here may be purchased ready-made trellis-worked bamboo, to erect as arbours or summer-houses in any chosen spot; over these will be entwined the choicest jessamine, roses, honeysuckle, and the brilliant red Burmese creeper; whilst, to facilitate the watering of the plants and shrubs over so large a space of ground, here are sold deep, well-scooped-out bamboos, which will rivet one into another, like the joints of a flute, and so carry the water from the cistern near the well or tank to the other extremity of the compound, as fast as the two Pocottale men can, with dismal song, see-saw themselves on the pivot-supported beam, which alternately brings a huge leathern bucketful of water to the surface, and emptying itself, dips again for further supply into the water. Spring-traps there are, too, all of bamboo, for the extermination of rats and bandicoots, those hideous Indian rats which are as big as half-grown kittens.

The old chitty who lives at the back of this neighbourhood, in some walled-in dungeon of a place, comes here for a fresh supply of inkhorns made of bamboo, and for chatteries, or huge umbrellas, made of the same material. The poultry-yard is supplied with bamboo hencoops, and large round open-work baskets to secure chickens from the incursions of Brahminy kites and hawks; and yonder strange-looking thing, consisting of slits of bamboo, highly polished, and about a foot in length, but varying in thickness all through, is a Burmese piano, from which, as it is suspended from a framework on either side, can be emitted the most dulcet notes, by striking them with a well-rounded kind of a drumstick. There are more uses for the bamboo both here and elsewhere. In Sumatra, they cook on bamboos, and by friction make them serve as a substitute for matches; whilst in Siam, the whole of the vast capital of Bangkok is floated upon bamboo-rafts.

Next only in usefulness is the display made in the shop opposite, where the greater mass of commodities exposed for sale are made of the rattan. The flooring of the upper apartment is covered with an elegant matting made of split rattans, the upper surface of which is beautifully polished, each rattan being between thirteen and fourteen feet in length. The whole is carefully stitched together by means of a stout sail-needle and strong cord; and what may be rolled up into a foot or a foot and a half of circumference, will, when opened out, cover the largest rooms in India. Nothing can be more agreeable, in a hot and suffocating climate, than the cool, clean appearance of these mats, which are easily swept or rolled up, and carried out to be beaten, and which, moreover, will admit of being washed with warm water and soap. Made out of finer strips of the younger shoots, we see a great variety of small table-mats for dishes or lamps to stand upon. Yonder strongly wrought circular basket, which stands full four feet from the floor, and the lid of which can be secured by a stout padlock, is very much used by Europeans as a receptacle for soiled linen; affording, at the same time, a by no means disagreeable-looking addition to the light furniture used generally in Indian dressing-rooms. There are a great variety of smaller baskets also, some made in the shape

of an hour-glass stand, and all found most serviceable and useful in the wash-houses, attached to an establishment. Neither is the nursery overlooked in the assortment before us, for there are a prodigious number of rattan rattles, filled with fine pebbles and other noisy material; the racket occasioned by which must of a necessity astonish and silence fractious babies, and drive any sedate old bachelor to the very confines of insanity. Here are men hard at work fresh bottoming chairs with strips of rattan. There are goglets or water-bottles, and glass bottles of various shapes and descriptions, all carefully protected by an outside armour of rattan. Yonder open-worked nondescript-looking things are Indian imperials, which are carried upon the poles of the palanquin, and fastened to the body of it, and in which are stowed goglets of water, and bottles of wine and beer for the journey. Those rattans, cut of an equal length, of about three feet each, are destined for the use of schools; a moral and physical digest for the boys, to be taken with their Eton Latin grammar.

Chinnah Agu, the proprietor of the next shop we visit, is a kind of Pariah commercial traveller, who has collected in his store some very beautiful specimens of the workmanship of the natives that inhabit the shores of the Coromandel and Malabar coasts; as also from Colombo, in Ceylon. Here we find an immense variety of beautifully finished desks, work-boxes, work and flower baskets, card-cases, &c., all executed by the natives of Vizagapatam, with porcupines' quills set in ebony and ivory, and mostly lined with sandal-wood. The porcupine is so plentiful in the country lying between Vizagapatam and Waltam on the one side, and Vizagapatam and Chicacole on the other, that I have been assured by the native manufacturers of these beautiful things, that they seldom, if ever, are compelled to resort to the necessity of killing the porcupine for its quills; the natives of the inland villages collecting a sufficiency of such as have been shed to supply the annual demands of the market. Great taste is displayed in the arranging of the quills, so as to form curves and angles with the different shades, which, blending together, have a very beautiful effect. There is quite a little town just outside of the fort at Vizagapatam, which is exclusively devoted to the making of these porcupine-quill boxes and baskets, which go through an amazing number of hands, and a great many intermediate processes, before they are fit for shop-windows. In the first place, the women and children have to well air and cleanse the basket-loads of quills brought in from the interior from the many impurities of dust and filth that adhere to them, before handing them to a set of men whose special duty it is to wash them in hot soap-nut water before placing them in the hands of the polishers; from the polishers, they go to those well skilled in the art of arranging and blending the colours, and are inserted by carpenters into the ready-made framework of ebony and ivory; the carpenters pass them on to cabinet-makers, who skilfully line the interior with sandal-wood, and set up the various partitions requisite for the desks and work-boxes; this done, these latter are handed over to looking-glass manufacturers, who insert a looking-glass inside of the lid; and finally, the boxes go to the silversmith, who puts on a little lock with a silver key, which completes the operation. For eighteen rupees, or about thirty-six shillings, you may purchase a beautiful little box.

The exquisitely carved and chased sandal-wood inkstand, pen, pencil, and paint-brush holders, card-cases and snuff-boxes, ranged side by side with the above, are manufactured by the Nyah and Moplah tribes inhabiting a district on the Malabar coast, not far from the Portuguese island of Goa. A vast amount of labour and patience is evidenced in this

art, the work being mostly accomplished with a penknife and a tool not unlike a blunt sail-needle. Although their notions of parrots and butterflies may not exactly suit the descriptions given by naturalists, the open-work filigree and the leaves and flowers are admirably executed; and few can begrudge ten or a dozen rupees for such elegant and fragrant ornaments for the drawing-room. In the same shop are some very fair specimens of Cingalese workmanship, consisting chiefly of paper and dispatch boxes made of satin-wood, inlaid with ebony, and a great variety of beautiful tortoise-shell combs, ribbon-boxes, and card-cases—all from Ceylon.

The delicious odour which assails us, and which is so much at variance with the usual smell of this place, proceeds from the little store before us, where some score of men, women, and children are busily at work making blinds out of that most fragrant of grasses the cuscuss, the sweetly scented wild-hay of the inland hills and valleys. The inestimable boon conferred by these upon Europeans residing in India can only be appreciated by those who have had long practical experience of their value during the prevalence of the scorching land and long-shore winds, which last for months, and are literally as the breath of a furnace. Then to every window and door are these blinds affixed, to every palanquin door or carriage window, and even sometimes to the stabling for horses. Being kept wet, they cause the hot surging wind to blow through them, iced and fragrant. On every window-sill and at every door are ranged earthen goglets of water, and bottles of beer or wine, besides plates full of mangoes and other fruit—all of which, during the course of the day, get nearly iced, so that the beebies sahibs (the ladies) who have no business to call them out of doors, can lounge upon sofas and read, setting the outside atmosphere at defiance. But there are sometimes days in India against which even the cuscuss blinds are of no avail; days of terrible languor, when not a breath of air of any description is stirring. Then it is that those huge vicerics or fans which we see standing up against the corner of this shop come into play; they are at least five feet in circumference, and are attached to poles as long, which, resting on the ground, are worked backwards and forwards by a chokera or valet on either side of the couch, and so fan pleasantly the fevered and wearied cheeks of the fair invalid, who would otherwise succumb to the heat. Over our head is a cuscuss punkah, a specimen of such as we shall find hung over almost every dining-table, and even in the pews of many of the churches.

But the day is growing late, and our space is limited, so that we cannot afford more than a rapid casual glance at the remainder of the samples of native industry exposed for sale. Here we have beautifully constructed models of houses, huts, kutcharies, bungalows, and capital helmets and wide-a-wakes, all made out of pith. There we find an amazing variety of gaudily painted toys, constructed of clay on wooden frames, and representing bullocks, camels, elephants, tigers, jackals, sepoy, horses, sheep, and so forth—all very attractive to the eyes of children, but not exactly done after nature. Neither are the paintings on yonder white canvas screen, which folds into four, and is serviceable enough and gay enough to partition off bedrooms, so as to leave the doors open in sultry weather. We are constrained, however, to admit that the flower-pots with cabbages in them, and the invariable sporting character, whose gun, according to the laws of perspective, must be five times the length of his body, and the bird he is shooting at, at least twenty times as big, are not the most magnificent of paintings.

On the other hand, the jeweller next door shews us some filigree-worked card-cases and boxes in silver

and gold, all designed and executed by himself, which are really marvellous achievements of scientific skill.

We hurry through the last fifty yards of mud and filthy rubbish, and are just rejoicing at the prospect of being carried into a fresher atmosphere speedily, when the sign of an isolated house, inscribed *Verasawney*, Portrait-painter to his Highness the Nabob of Arcot, arrests our further progress. We must have a look at these portraits. They are mostly painted on circular pieces of ivory, and are really very fairly executed, some being of persons we have seen. But they are invariably profiles, a circumstance which makes us wonder, as we quit the Thieving Bazaar, whether the rogues that infest the place arrive at the same conclusion as a native consular agent we once knew in Syria did, when upon looking over an ancient illustrated history of England, he exclaimed in amazement: 'Wonderful! Why, all the kings and queens of England have only got one eye.'

TIDE-CAUGHT.

On a fine May morning, not many years ago, I left the town of Ayr, on the west coast of Scotland, bent upon making a zoological examination of the half-tide rocks about four miles down the coast to the south of the town. Persons acquainted with the locality of which I speak will recollect that south of the town of Ayr, and overlooking the far-famed 'Banks and Braes o' Bonny Doon,' is Brown Carrick Hill, an eminence of no great height, but having for its western termination a series of steep weather and water worn cliffs, locally known by the name of the Heads of Ayr. These form a mighty sea-wall, against which the sea, when landward driven by a westerly gale, foams and chafes madly. At right angles to them, and trending seaward, are trap-dykes with softer rocks between. Upon these last the tide ebbs and flows, giving life to the curious animals which form interesting occupants of aquaria, and good subjects for physiological study.

In former seasons, I had hunted on the same ground with considerable success; and setting out for the first day of the season, I felt all the novel feelings and sensations known to field-naturalists only thrilling within me. What a joy was mine, after having traversed the shingly beach near Greenan Castle, and the sand-banks that lie between it and the Heads, when once again I stood upon the sea-formed terrace of rocks, surrounded with glittering wrack and tangle, and rock-pools all astir with animal life! My coat and stockings were soon deposited upon a large block of stone that had fallen from the cliff, at whose base I was about to commence my pursuits. My boots—a pair of old ones—I kept on, to save my feet from the pointed rocks and shells, and to prevent my slipping on the sea-weed. As the tide receded, I followed it seaward, working from pool to pool, and cranny to cranny, carefully, earnestly, enthusiastically, only raising my head at times to gain relief from the pressure in my forehead. It was coming near the turn of the tide, and I had got to a considerable distance from the shingly base of the cliffs and high-water mark, when I discovered, adhering to the rock in a darkened cranny, a beautiful pink daisy anemone, a kind rare upon the Ayrshire coast. To secure it carefully was my first impulse, and I stretched my arm into the fissure of tangle-draped rock to secure the prize. As I laid my shoulder to the rock, stretching in my arm, I experienced a slight jolt; at the same time my arm was compressed firmly, but not painfully, just above the wrist. Not feeling any alarm, I carefully manipulated the radiate animal-flower till it came off the rock into my hand. Then, as I endeavoured to withdraw my arm and the coveted anemone, was my position made known to me; my arm was caught hard and fast. Move it to and from me a little, I could; move it round or withdraw it entirely, I could not. At first, I felt no alarm—my

own strength being sufficient to move the stone a little, though I could not do it in such a way as to relieve my hand and arm; and I was also quite hopeful that some person would come along the beach to whom I could call, and from whom I would receive assistance. My being caught was simply enough to be accounted for. The large stone to which the anemone was clinging had been leaning slantingly on the rock in such a way as to cause the slightest impulse to it in a particular direction to make it fall more flatly—the necessary impulse I had accidentally given it. Try, reader, and imagine my position. Prostrate upon a sloping rock, dank and clammy with fronds of oar-weed and bladderwrack; my right arm shoved underneath the boulder which had slipped down upon it; my head resting sideways on the same mass of rock, and my left arm at liberty. I tried first to raise the stone, but I had not purchase enough to enable me to do this in such a way as to permit me to relieve my hand. I wasted my strength in vain efforts to free myself. No one came along the beach to whom I could cry for help. Some boys I saw gathering shell-fish at the Deil's Dyke, but they were beyond call, and failed to understand the meaning of my wavings.

Presently, little bits of tangle and waifs, dried by the sun during ebb of tide, were lifted by the now advancing waves, and hurried up into the small water-worn bays of the rocks. I felt my feet turn cold as the water came up on them; and from these certain indications, became aware that the tide was flowing. Oh, the agony of the brief space of time which followed the discovery of that fact! The most fearfully excruciating physical pain, I thought, would be more endurable than this horrid death creeping upon me. What had I done, that my life should thus be cut short just when the realities of existence seemed to be broadening more and more daily to my view, and my power to grapple and throw the forces opposed to humanity, civilisation, religion, seemingly but attaining to its maturity? Was that some one moving on the beach? Yes; thank God! yes; and as the poor old whilk-gatherer, whom, from the peculiarity of my position, I had been unable to see sooner, approached the stone whereon were laid my coat and stockings, I cried aloud for help. She heard the cry evidently, and, in apparent amazement, looked all around where she stood, endeavouring to discover whence it proceeded. In the direction whence the sound proceeded, however, she was deceived. My shout, carried landward by the sea-breeze setting in with the tide now running fast, smote the bare cliff at whose base she stood, and fell thence upon her ear. All up and down the rock-face she looked attentively for a time, and hearing the sound coming down so clearly, she never cast a glance seaward, where, possibly, she might have caught a glimpse of my wide-awake frantically waved beckoningly in my left hand. After standing for a time, she raised her bag of shell-fish on her back, and deeming that the clothes were the property of the person shouting, the poor stupid old woman went on her way, and was soon beyond the reach of hearing.

Exhausted with shouting, I lay quiet for a time; but though my body was quiescent, my mind was not. I thought of those who had died at the stake in the times of the Covenanters in Scotland, and particularly of a young girl, Margaret Wilson, who had been so drowned on the coast of Galloway. My thoughts, too, fled homewards, and my imagination making the grief of my friends my own, increased the agony of my feelings. My mother, whom I loved so well, and by whom I was so beloved; the companions of my idle hours; and, above all, a dear one whose life I thought had already become a part of my existence. The water was now all around me, rising, rising, and up the left side of my body, on which I was lying, to my armpit. My state of mind

was painful in the extreme. To lie there, almost incapable of motion, and death stealing upon me inch by inch perceptibly, yet with the blood circling warm in my veins, my body in full health and strength, my consciousness complete, and my will capable of directing my exertions; God's blessed sunshine all around me, the cool sea-air fanning my temples, hill and dale stretching out before me in the beauty of spring. The arm beneath the stone was chilled with the rising brine, which had already drawn nearly all the sensation out of the lower part of my limbs. Could nothing be done? Once more I put forth my strength upon the retaining mass of rock, which, owing to its specific gravity being slightly reduced by the water, I managed to lift further than before; but I felt that to endeavour to withdraw my arm would be to get my hand crushed, and even more firmly detained than it was. Suddenly a gleam of hope, bright, strong, cheerful, and hailed with joy as great as the advent of the sun by the shipwrecked in an open boat at sea, shone into my heart. Where was my chipping hammer? Lying just beyond my reach on the flat rock. Oh, for something to reach it! My wide-awake flattened did so; and gladly did I clutch its ashen shaft. Again I put forth my strength upon the stone, and as I raised it with my right hand, I inserted the cleaving wedge-like part of the hammer head between it and the rock. Still my hand could not be got out. Another effort—steadily, sturdily, and quickly, for the water was now covering nearly the whole of my body diagonally, and would, if I failed, soon choke me. A little move—again a little move—again, again—I was free. Oh, the blessedness of that release! Had any one been near me, I should perhaps have fainted; but not till I had reached the narrow green slip of grass above high-water mark did I lie down, and allow my feelings to have vent. Ever since that day have I been particularly careful about putting my hand into narrow crannies of half-side rock.

THE VIOLET GIRL'S SONG.

VIOLETS in the sunshine,
 Violets wet with dew,
 In the autumn twilight
 Oft I think of you—
 You, the Spring's frail children,
 Born 'mid April's grief,
 I think of you when Autumn
 Yellows every leaf.

Violets in the hedgerows,
 Lingering till May,
 Where the wind-swayed cowslips
 Love to kiss and play,
 Bringing hopes of summer,
 Not unmixed with grief—
 I think of you when Autumn
 Yellows every leaf.

The Editors of *Chambers's Journal* have to request that all communications be addressed to 47 Paternoster Row, London, and that they further be accompanied by postage-stamps, as the return of rejected Contributions cannot otherwise be guaranteed.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH. Also sold by all Booksellers.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL OF POPULAR LITERATURE

Science and Arts.

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 439.

SATURDAY, MAY 31, 1862.

PRICE 1½d.

CIRCUMSTANCES UNDER WHICH AN ENGLISHMAN'S HOUSE IS NOT HIS CASTLE.

WHEN we first took possession of No. 2 Albert Villas, what a delightful prospect lay before us! Agreeably situated, not quite out of town, and yet not in it; away from the smoke and din, in a pleasant little world of our own; with fresh air for the children, and delightful walks into the now easily attainable country; what could have been better? So very convenient, too, it was to find that every requisite of domestic economy would be brought to the door by the kind-hearted venders! I did not think that remark of mine called forth any ecstasy from the household authorities, which at the time rather surprised me; but, in the emphatic words of the Artful Dodger, I was 'so jolly green, you know.' Beautiful in its neatness and simplicity, and in the quietness and repose which would be obtainable there after the worry of business, I was about to enjoy—after office-hours, of course—a veritable retreat.

During the first fortnight, indeed, whenever I happened to be at home, I was disturbed by the incessant ringing of the door-bell, but I concluded that probably my family had not quite 'settled down,' as the phrase is: there were little matters connected with the furnishing department, perhaps, not finally arranged. By and by, there would be peace. 'By and by!' I look back upon myself, indulging as I was in a hope so forlorn, with sardonic enjoyment. My little boy once asked me anxiously, on the occasion of my putting off some juvenile desire with the above idiom: 'When is by and by?' As the weeks rolled on, I felt disposed to ask the same question with respect to the cessation of that horrible bell. First, there was the roll-boy, whom I didn't mind; then a dozen or so of fish-venders, with each of whom there ensued an irritating wrangle before he could be induced to believe himself declined with thanks. Then the vegetable carriers and small fruit-merchants, varied by an occasional wretched old man, who required of us that we should buy bad cakes of him at double the price of good ones, because he was old! I should have thought that one reason why he ought to have done with such mercenary tricks. Then came irritating imps who would not believe that we were supplied with 'family bread,' best salt, flowers a-growin' and a-blowin'—which, by the way, were no more growing or

going to grow than I was, having been stuck in for the occasion. As to itinerant merchants of all denominations, they were endless, and the worst of it was, that the march of civilisation and refinement having reached them, they no longer simply brought their wares and offered them; that is too old a dodge. No, they left polite notes in elaborate envelopes, for which—'with your esteemed order'—they would call again in the space of an hour. You might issue a general order that nothing be bought from these wandering Jews, but you can't tell your servants to take in no notes. Then there were the callers who wanted to know the way to Victoria Place, or Napoleon Buildings; or to ask if Mr John Smith lived here, and if he didn't, where did he live? And if I didn't know anything about Mr John Smith, could I direct them to some one who did? But of all worries that pluck a sensitive man's nerves to pieces, the worst is beggars!

For whole nights together I have been haunted by dismal cries and distorted faces, which were in reality only want travestied. Poverty exists, I know, but not amongst street-beggars. If you would see poverty, you must go into the wretched homes of those who work night and day to keep life and soul together, but who never think of tramping the streets for the daylight to shine upon their rags. Have you got a suburban villa, my friend, and what do you think of the beggars? Do you know the decayed opera-singer, who imitates stage-tricks for you, and represents piety? I am sorry to tell you that, as I came round by the corner gin-palace, near Victoria Place, one evening, I saw a mass of something in the gutter. I touched it with my cane; it rolled up hideous eyes at me; it opened a cavernous mouth, from which there issued thickly sounds like this: 'Go to er devil an lerrem alone.' That mass was the decayed opera-singer; and the next day she was calling down blessings upon the head of any deluded victim who might chance to fling her a half-penny. But even she is not the most irritating of her tribe. I remember one impudent young vagabond, who, when the door was closed in his face, as a mild hint that we did not receive, would lie down with his mouth to the crack, and howl out his requirements for hours, in defiance of comers and goers. Then the number of decent miners, and respectable but oppressed weavers, whom it has fallen to my lot to encourage! Sometimes they have mutilated

limbs and large families, both of which they insist upon displaying; and sometimes a gentleman of this description, having failed to hire a family, comes to the door alone—and sings! Does any one understand the force of those two words, as applied to a destitute miner or weaver?—he sings! I declare it is enough to make one envy the sleep of the marvellous Seven. I come now to a style of beggar from whom I do constantly suffer loss. This is a widow, neat and clean, but hopeless. She is not noisy, though she sings. She does not ask for anything, but walks down the street dejectedly, rolling her eyes from side to side, and at about every third step, giving vent to a prolonged note of a ditty, which I conclude is original, since I never heard anything at all like it. That spotless white kerchief, and the checked linsey apron, so exquisitely clean and comfortable-looking! Might not such a lap have nursed your infant limbs? Draw an imaginary picture of her desolate condition; think of her praiseworthy neatness in extreme poverty, and of the fact that even now she does not beg, but offers musical sounds for sale, and you are lost. I am, at least; for I confess that widows are a great stumbling-block to me. Thrice, I have paid the fare of a neatly-got-up old lady, with a little basket in one hand and a handkerchief in the other, in order that she may go and see her only son, who is dying. When I hear a gurgling in her throat on that last word, and see the handkerchief in motion, I know all about it, and she knows I know all about it; but yet, I can't help myself in the face of a widow's cap.

It is different in the case of a gentleman, who, with his family before him, informs the public in a voice which I can still hear, but cannot describe, that he has lost his eyesight; 'which, my friends, you may lose yours at henny time, which, therefore, I hask you how you should like it, and which I have no money, and my pore children [hired for the day] cry to me for bread [whereupon the said infants set up a dismal howl]; and I hask you to relieve them, which, if you will not, is your own fault and wickedness, and I do not care, but you will some day.' During which propitiatory address, the dismal infants worry all the door-bells they can reach, and when there is one too high for them, they howl at a chance passenger to worry it for them. And I stop my ears, and cry out that I won't bear it; I'll cut the tongue of that bell out. An ingenious young friend of mine once succeeded in hampering it; but after that, kind-hearted mechanics were perpetually sending up to know if they might mend the door-bell; besides which, the hammering of the knocker was very little better.

I stay at home one morning for the purpose of transacting some necessary business; and here is the result. I hear the bell, but imagine naturally that there can be nothing to disturb me: I am mistaken. 'A note, sir, for you, if you please.' I do not please, but that is of no consequence at all. I open the note, which is addressed in a good business-hand to—suppose I say—John Hamilton, Esq. As I am assuming a name, I may as well have a well-sounding one. I find, 'To the Holy Land, *via* Italy. Grand Diorama. Herr Gottheimar begs to present Mr Hamilton with the enclosed ticket for his unrivalled entertainment. The ticket will admit three persons on their paying half-a-crown only; *without* a presentation ticket, admittance for three would be five shillings.'

I have done nothing that I know of to merit such liberality; but it is very touching. There goes the bell again. 'For you, sir, with Mr Drinkwater's compliments.' I don't know Mr Drinkwater, nor why he should send me a book. It is a pretty little book, pink, and is called *A Refreshing Shower*. I don't see what one wants with such a thing indoors myself; but let us examine. It is the history of the conversion, by the Water-cart Temperance Society, of a very ugly individual whose portrait is enclosed,

gratis—as a warning, I should think. Why does the 'Water-cart' send me pink books with pictures of ugly sinners and stories of their conversion?

An hour of my precious morning is gone, and there goes the bell again. Once more it is: 'A note, if you please, sir.' I request the servant very mildly not to irritate me further by saying 'if you please,' because my pleasure has evidently nothing to do with it. No address on this envelope, only 'with Mr Van Umbug's compliments.' Is it a *carte de visite*, and who may Mr Van Umbug be? It is a card, certainly, but not a portrait. 'Mr Van Umbug presents kind regards, and will feel obliged if Mr — will look out his old clothes, boots, &c., for which Mr Van U. will call in, in the space of half an hour. N.B.—The highest testimonials can be given.' Testimonials of what, I wonder: Mr Van Umbug's impudence? Was ever 'Old Clo' shouted in a more gentlemanly manner? He will call again in half an hour. Of course he will, and ring the bell. There it is! 'A person—no, sir, not the gentleman for that note—wishes to see you on business.'

'Tell him to go to the office.'

'He says he won't keep you a minute, sir, but he would be obliged if' &c., &c.

He comes up, and bows, and says: 'You will pardon me sir; I believe you are the chairman of the — Institute.'

'Never heard of it.'

'Indeed! I have been misinformed then. I have heard of you, however, as a patron of learning and genius. I am, in fact, canvassing for names, and have called to ask for yours, sir.'

I looked at him; his hands were dirty, and an odour of stale tobacco reached me.

'Merely for the sake of the autograph, of course?'

'Why, no, sir; that is, not exactly. We are about to bring out a new and splendid edition of the Bible.'

'I have got a Bible,' I said grimly.

'But, excuse me, you might like' —

'Not on any account, thank you. Good-morning.'

After he had left me, I sat disfiguring my newspaper with various triangular devices, and thinking. I took counsel with my household fairies, and for many reasons we determined to relinquish the conveniences of Albert Villa, and to go further into the country. The legitimate quarter's notice was given, and 2 Albert Villas was to be let. I write of it calmly, as I have written of other circumstances under which my house was very far indeed from realising the received idea of an Englishman's castle. I had yet to learn that my previous experience was quietness compared with what might be. Morning, noon, and night there was no peace. If I chanced to move from one room to another, I stumbled upon some party in the state of being 'shewn over the house.' My privacy, or the privacy of any individual of my family, became a mere joke.

Was all the world unhoused and mad for Albert Villa? How on earth did the people get to know about it, and what *did* they want? I began to keep dreary count of the enemies who took my castle by storm; but after a time I gave that up, the head-work was too much. Were they idle people who liked the fun, or is there some unnamed mania for house-hunting? Why *did* they come? It is my firm conviction that not one of those who thronged to inspect every nook and corner of Albert Villa had the least idea of taking it. I believe that they made up parties to look at it; and certainly it was instituted as a place of rendezvous in the coolest manner by two young ladies, who came alone, and were very timid. Everything was 'very nice,' and 'would do admirably,' no doubt, but they were distracted by an *arrière pensée*. It came out at last. Their compliments to the lady of the house, and would she permit them to wait half an hour in the drawing-room, as a young gentleman had promised to meet them at

Albert Villa? Very pretty! a love appointment, probably clandestine, in my drawing-room!

Of course, they had the drawing-room to wait in, and of course, when the young gentleman made his appearance, no one disturbed the interesting trio. That room, then, being in a state of siege, or rather given up to the enemy, another exploring-party arrived, as I knew from certain sounds outside my door. Presently it opened, and a head appeared. 'Please, sir, a gentleman wants to see the study.'

'Tell him I am engaged.'

Exit head, to reappear in the twinkling of an eye: 'Please, sir, the gentleman wants to know *when* it would be convenient to you, as he couldn't think of taking a house without seeing the study.'

'Oh, if he is to come again, let him in now, that it may be done with.'

Enter gentleman, with his hat on. I go on writing with calm politeness. Gentleman screws a glass in his eye, looks at the table and under it, feels the legs as though they had been the legs of a horse, then pokes his stick in amongst the book-shelves, at which I look up.

'Ar—thought they might be false books, you know,' says gentleman. He looks round again: 'Ar—small, *very*!' Saunters to the window: 'Ar—stabling—ar—out there?'

'Yes.'

'Small, too, very—confined, wretchedly. Ar—won't be the thing for my carriage-horses—ar.'

Presently, with an 'Ar—morning,' he takes himself off, muttering that 'Mrs—ar—Something (I couldn't catch the name) should come and look at it.'

I have seen a lady go into a shop and look over all the articles the unlucky assistant pulls down for her, after which she says: 'Thank you; I'll call again, by and by.' I know what that means; consequently, I quite understood what any gentleman or lady meant by telling me Mr or Mrs Somebody should come and look at Albert Villa; it only proved that he or she wanted nothing with it, and had only been having a little amusement. The night after this gentleman's visit, a furious knocking and ringing woke me out of my first sleep, and I hastened to hold cautious parley with the besiegers through the lobby-window.

'Who's there?'

'Oh, we heard that this house was to be let; but if the family's gone to bed, it doesn't matter, we can come again.'

'Can you? That's very kind of you, I'm sure,' I responded, fastening the window rather noisily.

As after this I no longer considered any enormity impossible, I was more exasperated than surprised when, in the middle of the second lesson one Sunday, I heard a heavy breathing behind our pew, and the voice of our only male domestic, a boy, not in buttons, wheezed out: 'Please, sir, cook knows the rent, but she can't tell 'em what the taxes is, and could you come?'

REWARD AND PUNISHMENT.

SOCIETY, after all, is very like a school. It may be Imperial or Republican, it may be swayed by a Caesar or a 'caucus,' but, in some form or other, government is a necessity of its existence. The principal duties of a nation's rulers have hitherto been esteemed to coincide pretty closely with those of the late lamented Dr Busby, to reward, restrain, and punish. Now a days, in theory at least, a fancy has sprung up that something more than all this is due from the governor to the governed. A cabinet minister is expected in our age to be a sort of Prometheus, shedding enlightenment on the masses, adjusting the safety-valves of the state, and trimming the sails of the common-wealth, so as to catch the fitful gusts of popular opinion. Yet the normal duties of the chief magistrates of a country are those of which the need is

most widely felt, and to the demand for which the national conscience is in a manner moulded.

Our forefathers, the earlier life-tenants of that world which has now lapsed to us in the regular course of entail, were not remiss in their attention to the manifest necessity for repressing vice and encouraging virtue; but in their zeal they were apt to overshoot the mark; they bent the bow till it snapped. Their violent efforts to make mankind and woman-kind good, pious, sober, self-denying, by dint of edicts and restrictions, produced the most disastrous effects. The reaction was always terrible. It has been left for us of the nineteenth century to remove the cumbersome apparatus of manacles, chains, and strait-waist-coats, with which our blundering ancestors tried to shackle poor human nature. We have had to breach the walls, all spiked and incrustured with jagged scraps of broken glass, with which our predecessors insisted on decorating life's highway; we have sprung our forefathers' steel traps, drawn the charges of their spring-guns, filled up their pitfalls, and pensioned off old Dogberry and his brethren. This policy has been crowned, up to the present time, with signal success. But to appreciate the change, we must be fully aware of the wide gulf that separates us from the well-intentioned, but meddlesome and erring past.

I have said that society had much in common with a school. This comparison holds good in many petty details, as well as in its wider sense. Did you ever attend on one of those solemn days when Dr Swisher, just before the holidays commence, distributes prizes and commendatory speeches among the more deserving of his pupils? One by one, as their names are called, the model-boys go up to receive the richly bound books, or the great silver inkstand, or that tremendous writing-desk that contains half a hundred-weight of mahogany and brass mountings. The boys blush and duck their heads; the unsuccessful pupils titter in the background, parents and guardians, proud fathers, loving mothers, fond sisters, murmur applause and delight from the cloth-covered side-benches, and Dr Swisher nods and smiles approval, with bland wisdom, from his Olympian arm-chair. How pleasant to be Hogg Major, or Sapp Senior, or Fagg Minimus, and to receive in public such gorgeously bound works, and so honourable and distinguished an ovation. This complimentary business, however, this affair of smiles and smooth words, of gifts and gay bonnets, of cake and wine, is but a very ephemeral affair at best; like the oyster-shell grottoes and Boxing-night, it is 'only once a year.' Dr Swisher's learned face is not invariably bedecked with sunshine; those beetling brows of his have a trick of frowning to some purpose, and the doctor's voice is deep and harsh, and there are lines around the doctor's firm mouth which tell of anything but smiles and serenity. Nor is the academical year quite so agreeably passed by Dr Swisher's young friends as superficial visitors on the gala-day might be apt to suppose. Hogg Major gets a prize, let us say, but those two young scapegrace brothers of his are never out of hot water. They are writing tasks for ever, a pair of Sisyphe in the stationery department. Sapp Senior will receive a copy of Virgil, whole bound in Russia leather and gold; but that formful of little urchins, whose dusty jackets shew transverse streaks of black where the nether's cane has been active, view school in a different light. And, in truth, there is much more flogging, caning, locking-up, and setting of impositions at Bircham College, than of bestowing rewards on the steady and the industrious. Master Goodchild gets a prize once a year; Master Badchild has not to wait so long for tokens of the disapprobation of his pastors and masters; Jones, the porter, is hardly able to supply the brisk demand for birchen fasces.

In society, too, the punishments bear a most immoderate proportion to the rewards. I can get myself

hanged, imprisoned, or transported beyond seas to such colonies as will oblige the Home Office by receiving me, very much more easily than I could obtain any national recognition of the most brilliant merits. If I desire a peerage, I know very well that I shall have to win dazzling victories in the battle-field; to hold high office for years, with credit and success; or, at any rate, to own many thousands a year, and return sundry members to parliament—before I can see my hope blossom into fruition. If I am more modest, and wish merely for some minor spray from the fountain of honour, such as a baronetcy or knighthood, I am aware that unless I am a general or a diplomatist, or a monster railway contractor, or mayor of a city where the sovereign deigns to dine, my chance is a frail one. But any blue-coated minister of Themis can procure me the pains and penalties attendant on a breach of law: I have but to break a window or smash a street-lamp, and Z 58 will act as Lord Chamberlain of the powers that punish, and introduce me to Nemesis. So it has ever been.

Eastern monarchs have been accustomed, from the earliest times, to bestow very sudden and startling promotion on those who pleased them, and to abase, with equal precipitation, the disgraced favourite of yesterday. Haman, Mordecai, and Daniel furnish good illustrations of this abrupt transition from the pillory to the steps of the throne, or *vice versa*. We still read how, in Turkey and Persia, the rich and trusted minister, the general who has been loaded with favours, falls in a single day. Tear the jewelled badge from the wretch's turban, strip him of his wealth, degrade him before the people, off with him to jail! Well for him if the bastinado or the bow-string leave him the use of limbs and life. And now bring forward yonder poor man, a slave yesterday, to-day a ruler, before whom satraps shall tremble. Quick! the rubies, the shawls, the robes of state, the khillut of dignity, the high place on the silken musnud, for this is he whom the king delights to honour! And so the wheel spins. We are apt, most of us, to follow with wondering eyes the triumph of the new vizier; we do not compute how much suffering and severity must be endured as a make-weight to that proud pageant. But the imagination of kings and their courtiers was busied, from a very early date, in devising torments for offenders: hence the brazen bull of Phalaris; hence the molten gold that suffocated Crassus; hence impalement, boiling alive of human beings in caldrons of seething oil, sawing in twain, crushing under the massive feet of trained elephants, and other Oriental cruelties. The classic republicans, on the other hand, though sparing of recompense, were not very inventive in punishments. They gave but a poor crown of leaves to their bravest and best, and they did not seek, in general, to add bitterness to the doom of death. To be hemlocked out of existence was a mild ending, after all. A traitor might be walled up, and left to perish in Hellas, as in Rome the parricide was thrust into a sack containing a live cock, cat, and viper, and in this strange company flung into the sea. But the Greeks and Romans did not, till they endured the purple of empire, shew any peculiar taste for excessive barbarity.

The great Jewish punishment was that of stoning; the Romans reserved decapitation for citizens, while thieves, slaves, and foreign offenders were liable to hanging, and to the more painful death of crucifixion; and women were commonly strangled. To be reduced to slavery was a habitual penalty for rebellion, riot, or insolvency; the slave-market constantly competed with the executioner. Vestals who had infringed their vow were buried alive, as nuns, in the middle ages, were immured and left to starve; and to be pressed into the ranks of the gladiators, and devoted to the beasts, was not a rare chastisement after the Empire had begun. The Roman

character, sternly simple at first, gradually became more ferocious as conquest succeeded to conquest, broil to broil, and proscription to proscription. The cruel tortures inflicted on some of the early Christians, and with which persecuting Cæsars amused the depraved multitude in the arena, would hardly have been to the taste of those plain yeomen who fought against Tarquin; but we always find that nation which has attained to a high state of pseudo-refinement, without any moral improvement, is more addicted to savagery than a semi-civilised race. Downright barbarians are not more merciless than those who affect the intellectual superiority of the Roman or Chinese, while degenerating hourly.

We may notice that among the nations of antiquity the punishment of death was more common than with us, from sheer lack of means for inflicting less penalties. The spirit of Draco has been widely spread among legislators. The Romans had the resource of ordering off gangs of their criminals to the dark and unhealthy labour of the mines, or of allotting them to execute the draining-works of pestiferous marshes, but they could not keep them in prison. The Orientals, too, with their scourgings, mutilations, and habit of selling offenders into slavery, were wont to make sharp jail-delivery with the scimitar's edge. Prisons in the East have always been ill used; they have been huddled into dismal dens, and left to subsist on the food supplied them by friends, or by the casual compassion of strangers. Our costly convict establishments, our reformatories, penitentiaries, and the rest, with their wholesome diet, good clothing, and arrangements for securing the moral and physical health of the culprit, would have seemed impossible to a consul of old Rome.

While the Quirites were throwing murderers to the lions, making pilferers bear the forks and grind the mill, and strangling noble matrons, the German nations had established a very curious code of their own. Their punishments were fines. There was money value for everything; so much 'geld' for murder, so much for fire-raising, for a cow killed, for a hurt given in chance medley, for a simple or aggravated insult offered to man or woman. The lander, Goth, Teuton, Dane, and Saxon had the regular tariffs; every conceivable injury to person or property was appraised in the remarkable list of current prices which the wisdom of the great council had ratified. At first sight, it would appear that a practical impunity was afforded to the wealthy evil-doer, and that a rich man might coolly weigh his purse against any crime which he cared to commit; but a practical check was imposed: the injured person was not bound to accept the compensation, and in that case the direct vengeance of the *lex talionis* was permissible. Still, this habit of commuting revenge for coin, and of assessing wrongs at a money value had the effect of making the manners of our ancestors less fierce than they would otherwise have been, and also of inducing habits of calm and temperate reflection. In all these things, there was a spirit which we should now deem grossly unjust. We esteem the life of the humblest vagrant equally sacred with that of the proudest peer. The old Anglo-Saxon law made the death of a person of rank a very costly matter, while the slaying of a churl was much more cheaply atoned. But the theft-boot, a graduated scale for the restoration of stolen property with heavy interest, was that in most frequent requisition. That a monk-ridden and superstitious race such as the Anglo-Saxons undoubtedly were, should have tested guilt by the ordeals of fire, water, and the sacramental wafer, is not surprising. But there was one strange circumstance connected with the system. The accused person was not obliged to appear alone at the bar. A powerful or popular defendant might bring up a host of compurgators, who shared the test and were at once bail and hostages. The order

itself was in the hands of the monks, and it was shrewdly guessed that those who were liberal to Mother Church were less likely to stumble as they walked blindfold among the red-hot ploughshares. The Normans introduced no peculiar novelties in the way of punishment. Throughout all Europe, the gallows was for low-born criminals; noble offenders had the dreary privilege of block and axe.

English common law made a broad distinction between grand and petty larceny: he who stole eleven pennyworth of goods, was in no danger save of the beadle's whip, the jail, the branding-iron, the pillory, and stocks; but the purloiner of a shilling was to die on a gibbet, unless the judges of our sovereign lord the king shewed mercy. To do the latter justice, they very often did shew mercy; but they had no model prisons, no colonies whither to transport culprits, no possible means of reforming a jail-bird. The jails were dreadful dens, where hunger, riot, and oppression prevailed, and where fever in its worst shape was chronic. Nor were counties and boroughs very willing to be taxed for the maintenance of evil-doers. The judges were of necessity compelled to use sharp substitutes for penal servitude. The nailing and cropping of ears, whipping, and exposure in the pillory, with its attendant pelting—no joking matter in those days—were familiar resources. Heretics were simply burned at the stake; witches shared the same barbarous doom. It would appear that, before the Reformation, witches were to a large extent protected by the Romish ecclesiastics from the popular fury. Pope Innocent did certainly pen the terrible tract, *Malleus Maleficarum*; but it was reserved for the earlier Protestants to bring to the stake every poor old crone who had been heard to mumble against an obnoxious neighbour. England was honourably distinguished by an innate abhorrence of torture to extract a confession—the 'question extraordinary'—which was universal on the continent. To be sure, there was a rack in the Tower, and it was used by a few unscrupulous kings upon a few state prisoners; but our judges and parliaments always set their faces steadily against the whole system. Torture, repeatedly denounced as illegal, and never practised but by a direct royal command, and in a royal fortress, was last inflicted in England in 1642. When we read of the punishments which the middle ages witnessed, we are struck by their capricious nature. In one case, how much severity! in another, what strange laxity! Thus, Caillet, the leader of the French Jacquerie, was simply beheaded by the king of Navarre; while the Maid of Orleans was burned as a witch, and the cross-bowman who slew Richard I. of England was flayed alive. The wretch whose knife robbed France of her great Henri was tormented to death like a red Indian at the stake; while it is but a century since Damiens, for his attempt on the life of the Bourbon Sardanapalus, Louis XV., was torn by wild horses in the presence of all Paris.

England was never willing to admit innovations of this cruel kind. It is true that our ancestors were inconsistent; they would not nationalise the rack, but they would chop off the hand that wrote a libel on the sovereign. Yet the spirit of the country revolted from the excessive severities which courtiers devised; and although Oates and Dangerfield were scourged well-nigh to death in 1685, a few more years beheld the two Houses pass a bill for the prevention of 'Cruel and Unusual Punishments.' It is remarkable that, from very early days down to a century and a half ago, women were treated more harshly by law-makers than men. Thus, while multitudes of witches perished by fire in North and South Britain, very few wizards were executed at all. Even when the guilt of sorcery was supposed to be shared among many, Themis was not impartial. Shakespeare makes a nobleman in high

authority pronounce the following sentence on Margery Jourdain and her male colleagues:

The witch at Smithfield shall be burned to ashes,
And you three shall be strangled on the gallows.

Scottish poetry breathes the same spirit: 'She's to be brent, and he's to be slain,' says the fine old gaberlunzie ballad; and the metrical legends collected by Bishop Percy afford proof that the dreadful death of fire was deemed peculiarly appropriate for females. Not only were witches thus treated, but women convicted of clipping the coin of the realm, down to the very end of the seventeenth century, endured this cruel doom. 'Three men hanged, and a woman burned, at Tyburn, for clipping of half-crowns,' was a not uncommon entry in the news-letters, and attracted small notice and scanty sympathy. It is true that, throughout Europe, the executioner was often permitted to strangle culprits, immediately before kindling the pile, and in other cases gunpowder and brushwood were occasionally disposed so as to give a speedy end to the sufferer's pains; but this was by no means general. James II. caused Elizabeth Gaunt, an aged woman of the most pious and benevolent character, to be burned alive at Tyburn, in 1685, for sheltering a Sedgemoor fugitive; and Lady Alice Lisle was condemned by Jeffreys to the same hideous fate, at Winchester, on the very day on which sentence had been pronounced, for a similar act of tender pity. The latter victim was not burned; the outcry of the stanchest friends of the hard-hearted king was too loud and universal to be wholly withstood, and a grudging order from Whitehall changed the punishment to beheading.

Drowning was not, at one time, a very uncommon sentence in continental Europe. It was never lawful in England. Scolds were solemnly ducked, suspected witches might be hurled into rivers or ponds by a mob, but no judge was competent to pass such a sentence. In Scotland, there are instances of women having been drowned for adultery; and in the annals of the religious persecution of the last Stuart reigns we have one alleged example of this punishment having been imposed—namely, upon one Isabel Wilson, and some other young female recusants—on the sands of Wigton, but with a want of authentic information on the subject which warns us to say little about it. The use of torture was in great vogue in Scotland during those reigns, in order to extort confession, and it did not cease to exist till some time after the Revolution. The barbarous punishment of 'breaking on the wheel' has never been permitted to take root in any portion of the British Isles. The Dutch General Ginkell, afterwards Earl of Athlone, was desirous of subjecting an obnoxious rapparee, taken in his Irish campaign, to this treatment. But the English officers of his army were resolute that not even a proclamation of martial law, and the need of quieting the country, should excuse such a barbarous act; and Ginkell gave up his wish.

Abroad, this punishment was very common, when the law had clutched some incorrigible or formidable malefactor. In Germany, it was in constant operation; and the Grève of Paris afforded many sanguinary spectacles of this kind. The wheel was the ultimate doom to which the highwayman, the coiner, and the church-robber, looked forward. It produced a powerful impression on the populace, but one rather of curiosity and animal excitement than of pity or terror. The patient was firmly tied to an enormous wheel, which was slowly turned round, while the hangman, with an iron bar of great weight, broke the culprit's bones one by one. A humane or well-feed official might give the *coup de grâce* almost at once; but in most cases hours were consumed by this sickening spectacle, as one wearied man after another resigned the crowbar, and still the wheel revolved,

and the blows fell, dull and heavy, on the crushed and battered body, breathing still.

The Count de Horn, a man of princely rank, suffered this horrid sentence for murder and robbery, during the Orleans Regency; and an equally remarkable sufferer was Perez, prime minister of Spain. It has always been esteemed noteworthy by pathologists, that the latter, after receiving one blow of the heavy bar with groans and tears, laughed aloud when the second stroke fell on his injured arm. 'Why do you laugh, my son?' asked the confessor, who held the crucifix before the eyes of his penitent. Perez simply replied that he laughed at his own foolish fears, and at his having dreaded the second stroke, when he ought to have known that the nervous system would be shattered by the first blow, and pain thenceforth cease. It may be that this theory accounts for the stoicism with which many French criminals underwent the doom of the wheel. It was currently reported that the highwaymen possessed some secret whereby they deadened their nerves, and proved nearly insensible to the violence endured. But it is not unlikely that this revolting method of execution was less terrible to the sufferer than to the spectators, and that life lasted after sensation was extinct.

It has been conjectured that burning at the stake was less dreadful than is commonly supposed. Physiological theorists will have us believe that surfaces have a monopoly of feeling, that pain is only skin deep, and that our nerves are so curiously constituted that the utmost anguish of body may pass by an easy transition to apathy, or even to pleasure. Burning has certainly been endured with great courage, and even cheerfulness, not only by religious martyrs, whose faith sustained them, but by the victims of tyranny, and by the sinful as well as the innocent. Excitement, a violent tension of the nerves, will often, as we know, render us not only callous to minor kinds of pain, but almost unconscious of injuries received. The soldier who is mortally hurt in battle is often the last to recognise the incurable nature of his wound: the languor of fatigue, famine, loss of blood, all have been forgotten in a moment, when the roar of fight began, a thousand times in the world's history. And so it may be that Providence is more merciful to us than we are to each other; and that a sufferer has often, by the very fact of his inability to feel acute pain for any length of time, escaped the worst malice of a tyrant.

It is a trite remark, that almost all who perish on the scaffold, die well. From the Highland cattle-lifter who 'played a spring and danced it round,' beneath the fatal tree, to the young queen stooping her white neck, like a drooping lily, to the headsman's axe, nearly every person whose execution is on record has met death without flinching. Kings, whose life had been one of self-indulgence and timid caution, hoary philosophers, delicate maidens, ferocious criminals, have died without shewing any sign of fear. As for the stoical aborigines of North America, not only have they been known to sleep during the intervals of the torture, but they have often refused to avail themselves of the means of escape.

Louis Seize, a soft-hearted, though a most ill-starred monarch, had practically abolished the wheel, even before the revolutionary deluge did away with it for ever. The Revolution also put an end to the cruel and fantastic punishments which the barbarous local parliaments of France were accustomed to mete out according to their caprice. The famous instrument which supplanted the axe of the noble and the gallows of the plebeian, may have been a real invention on the part of its supposed author, the Doctor Guillotin. But in Rome and Naples there existed a ruder copy of the same form; the Maiden of Halifax, which the Regent Albany introduced into Scotland, and by which he himself and his turbulent sons suffered in turn, was a guillotine to all intents and purposes.

Spain has the credit of having devised that garrotte, or strangling windlass, which is peculiar to the Peninsula.

The national punishment of England is undoubtedly hanging. If we did not seek, as others did, to impress the public by the horror of our legal vengeance on criminals, at least life was held at a low rate. Not only did the king's judges, twice a year, sentence scores of offenders to the halter, but miserable little local tribunals, sitting in close boroughs, consigned swarms of petty criminals to the gibbet. It was death to steal a sheep or a shilling, death to pass a bad half-crown, death to fire a stack, death to purloin from a counter or a warehouse. Those shoplifters who now get off with six weeks' seclusion in Coldbath Fields, would then have been summarily disposed of. The jury would have brought in a verdict of guilty, the judge would have written *su. per coll.* on his notes, and so blotted them out of the roll of the living. Every Black Monday saw its doleful cart-loads of the condemned on their way to Tyburn. Sixteen persons were hanged in one day in front of Newgate.

Strangely enough, though our ancestors justly boasted that England was hostile to torture, political prisoners were very hardly dealt with. The traitor was not allowed to die of simple strangulation. It is painful, even now, to read how the prisoners of '45 were publicly mangled in their last moments, at Kennington and Carlisle. Old men are yet living who saw the heads of Thistlewood and his fellow-plotters held up by the executioner, amid the jeers of a brutalised crowd, none the better in mind or soul for the warning example thus afforded them.

One kind of torture only was permissible. The prisoner who refused to plead, and who was pronounced 'mute by malice,' could not be hanged, by some strange scruple of English law, but he could be pressed to death on the prison floor. To be chained down, to be fed daily with either one morsel of barley-bread, or one draught of 'any water, except fresh water, taken from the pool nearest the jail door,' to have 'as much iron or stone as he can bear, and more,' laid on the labouring chest, till its panting ceased for ever, was strange usage in a Christian land. Yet there were several who, with inherent obstinacy, preferred to die thus, rather than pronounce a legal formula, and earn an easier ending. One reason for this obduracy was, that the goods of convicted felons were forfeit to the crown; while the wretch who was squeezed out of life under a ton of iron, could bequeath his property intact to his children.

Certainly, in society as well as in a school, among grown persons as well as children, the rewards bear no sort of fair proportion to the punishments.

A LITTLE SPECULATION.

JEAN BERTRAND and Joseph Anatole Ravel were cousins. Their relationship was so well known, and well established a fact, that nobody doubted it, either in the village of Vaucluse or the city of Carpentras. But the cousins were far from being equal in the eyes of the world. Bertrand was the son of a poor peasant; Ravel's father was a well-to-do shopkeeper, who had long been a town-councillor of Carpentras, and had some pretensions to the dignity of mayor. Still, although Joseph wore a spruce jacket in boyhood, soon to be exchanged for the smart uniform and tightly buckled belt of the Lycée, while Jean was to be seen at work among the vines, in blouse and wooden shoes, Jean and Joseph were cousins. The one got a tolerable education, and though by no means brilliant in his mental powers, returned from college with an amount of classical and mathematical learning which delighted his parents; the other picked up a little writing and ciphering at the

normal school of Vaucluse, and contrived, by painful study, to master the contents of an occasional newspaper. It was the old fable of the town mouse and the country mouse over again.

But if the contrast had been great between the kinsmen in their boyish days, it was much greater when they were both middle-aged men and fathers of families. Jean Bertrand had inherited little more than an unsullied name and a few acres of meadow and vineyard on the picturesque bank of the Sorgue, within a short walk of Petrarch's grotto and fountain; Ravel, on the other hand, had not only succeeded to all the savings of his parents, to a house and shop in Carpentras, and an estate at no great distance, but had been enriched by an unexpected legacy which enabled him to double his landed possessions. A French provincial with twelve hundred pounds sterling of annual revenue, is a much more wealthy person, relatively speaking, than an Englishman of the same nominal means, and Ravel had as much as this, or more. He shut up the shop where his father and grandfather had sold woollens for many years; he altered his house, bought new furniture, set up his carriage, and gave solemn dinners, twice a year, to the principal inhabitants. An Englishman in Ravel's position would perhaps have ruined himself by taking to the turf or some other expensive pursuit; but a Frenchman, when undazzled by the glories of Paris, has a thrifty instinct which keeps his expenditure within bounds; accordingly, Joseph Anatole Ravel was able to capitalise at least ten thousand francs a year, and grew richer by mere force of living and saving. He was thought a happy man. His wife, who had not, we may be sure, come to him empty-handed, was a notable housekeeper; his three daughters, though no beauties, were healthy and tractable; and his only son, Hector Ravel, was really a fine young man, tall, handsome, and high-spirited, with sparkling black eyes and a winning smile that charmed half the feminine world of Carpentras. Monsieur and Madame Ravel were wonderfully fond and proud of this jewel of a son, who was clever as well as pleasing in manner and looks; they predicted a grand destiny for him. The Ravel property was increasing; and though, by French law, girls and boys share alike, the two younger and uglier of the young ladies had already exhibited a desire for a conventual life, and with very little encouragement from their parents, were sure to end their days in the quiet nunnery at St Eustache. This would reduce the future heirs of the estate to two, and it would bear dividing. Hector might go up to the University of Paris, take his Bachelor's degree, practise as advocate in the Imperial Court of his native department, keep company with the highest in the land, and marry—but there was the rub.

Hector Ravel, who might have aspired to mate with some member of the ruined aristocracy of the province, who might have wedded one of the old marchioness's daughters now pining at the Château de Lissolles, whom the Countess of Cambressin always welcomed graciously to her *salon*, whom the Baron de Bassemain smiled upon, chose to give his heart and plight his troth to a poor, humble peasant-girl. No wonder that his parents were pained, angry, furious; that his sisters were vexed and spiteful; and that all the artillery of family wrath was brought to bear upon the young man. Catherine Bertrand, the only child of poor Jean, Ravel's despised kinsman, was a good girl and a pretty girl, much prettier than any one of the six gaunt Demoiselles de Lissolles, or than Mademoiselle de Cambressin, or than the heiress of Baron de Bassemain, who had passed a winter in Paris, and gave the law in dress and deportment to all the untravelling misses of the district. I think Hector made pretty Catherine's acquaintance one day when he was out shooting among the mountains, and coming down thirsty and

tired, stopped at a cottage door to ask for a draught of the common country wine, cider, water, anything. They are hospitable folks, the peasants of the old papal province that had Avignon for its capital in elder times, and they made Hector welcome without knowing him in the least, for there was little or no intercourse between the families. But Catherine hastened to draw the wine from the best cask, and to set what modest refreshments the house afforded before the stranger, and Hector could not but admire the dark-eyed, peach-cheeked village beauty, in her simple rustic dress. Conversation followed, of course, and lo! the peasant maid proved to be the cousin of the elegant young townsman. Hector went home more than half in love; he came again and again, and presently he spoke his mind, and Hector Ravel was the accepted lover of little Catherine.

The young man's parents were very angry and bitterly vexed. They tried prayers, they tried threats; they argued, sneered, pleaded, menaced, all in vain. Their wrath and sorrow were not absolutely unnatural: all their hopes were bound up in their son. But the young man's strong love rendered him deaf to threat or cajolery. As for giving Catherine up, he spurned the notion; he would wait. His 'grand majority' would come in a few years, when he should be twenty-five, and then he could marry, even if his parents still continued to refuse their consent. Before that time, the code stood sternly in the way, and French law forbade the young couple to be happy. There were many stormy scenes, not a few stolen visits to the cottage of the Bertrand family, vows repeated a hundred times, and love that burned the brighter for the clouds of difficulty and trouble; and the end of it was, that Hector Ravel volunteered for the army, put on the blue and scarlet of the Imperial Zouaves, and was draughted off to Algeria. 'I shall come back before very long,' said the young man, as he kissed his weeping little *fiancée* for the last time; 'I shall write often. When my term of service is over, even if my father does not relent before, I shall be a free man; so dry your eyes, little wife: I shall think of you every day and hour, and you of me, darling, though I shall be in Africa, and you in our own France.'

'But if they kill you, *là bas*—ah! Hector, I have heard those Bedouins are very wicked!' answered the little maid, as she clung, trembling, to her lover's strong shoulder.

'You must pray for me, dear girl, and then I shall be sure to come back,' answered Hector simply. And we may be pretty sure that when Catherine went to the gray little church on the rocky platform above the village, Hector's name was always foremost in her innocent orisons.

She was loving, tender, and constant, a good little thing; but not in the least clever. She was able, though, to read and admire Hector's fine letters from Oran or Constantine, describing the wonders and stirring adventures of a soldier's life in North Africa, the productions, scenery, and people of the province, and those wild campaigns against Kabyle and Arab, which renew the early experiences of the Crusades. Poor Catherine wrote short and simple answers to these epistles; she was no great correspondent, and she had not inherited the odd, undeveloped talent of her father. Not that Jean Bertrand had the reputation of being a clever man; on the contrary, being rather taciturn and unemonstrative in manner, he was looked on by his neighbours as an honest, dull fellow, never likely to distinguish himself in any way. French peasants esteem bargaining as the highest flight of the human intellect, and the surest test of genius, and Jean was only tolerable at a bargain; not one of those adroit and voluble higglers who always have the best of a transaction. There was something quiet and modest, too, about the man: he never bragged, and was

averse to wordy arguments, so that he was by no means regarded as an oracle at Vauluse. No judges are so severe as a man's own relatives; and so it turned out that in the whole district there was no one who despised the abilities of Jean Bertrand so heartily as his rich cousin, Joseph Ravel. This feeling of scorn increased tenfold when Hector committed the unpardonable folly of falling in love with his poor kinswoman, and M. Ravel never spoke of Catherine's father without dubbing him 'booby,' 'blockhead,' or the like. It was impossible for even anger and spite to find a flaw in honest Jean's armour of integrity, but he was now abused as an idiot and a dunce on all occasions; yet one or two persons, M. le Curé and M. le Docteur, in especial, whose superior education enabled them to take a juster view of their neighbours' characters than that of the rest, felt pretty certain that Jean was no fool. Had he not been the first of all the farmers in the parish, when the dreadful *oidium* was ruining the hopes of the vintage, to apply the new sulphur-dressing to his vines, while many mocked his credulity who were sorry afterwards that they had not followed his example. When the Sorgue rose in flood, too, and threatened to inundate the valley, Jean had been most useful in devising methods of strengthening and raising the embankments, although, when the peril was at an end, noisier talkers had unscrupulously appropriated the whole merit of his suggestions. The curate and the doctor, then, looked upon Bertrand as a sensible person enough; but the neighbourhood had a poor opinion of his brains. One thing was certain, whether Jean were above or below the average standard of intellect, he was by nature the calmest and most unambitious of men. He had never been known to envy his cousin the prosperity and promotion which made the latter so inflated with pride; he was always, to all appearance, cheerful and contented, and worked steadily from day to day, without anxiety or repining. But since Hector Ravel went away, and since Catherine's gay spirits began to grow dull and depressed, and her bright eyes to grow thoughtful, a change, too, came over Jean Bertrand. The peasant became meditative and gloomy; he would often watch Catherine as she moved about the cottage, noting that her cheek was paler, and that her smile was more rare and less joyous than it had once been. Then Jean would sigh, and push back his chair, and go out, and stride along the bank of the river, with his brows knit, and his shoulders stooped, thinking deeply, with a restless, unquiet eye.

'*Bien sûr*, thy father is planning something,' Madame Bertrand would say to her daughter, as they plied their classical-looking distaffs: 'he has the air of one who seeks—I know not what. But be sure of this, *petite*, it is for thy good he is thus puzzling his poor dear head.'

Madame Bertrand was one of the very few people who believed in Jean's hidden talents. This was in itself strong evidence. That man is no fool whose wife puts faith in his abilities. Some time elapsed, and whatever the peasant might have sought, apparently remained as far off as ever. He said not a word; he went about the work of the farm as regularly as ever, but he was perturbed and ill at ease. It was on a certain Sunday afternoon, while sitting in the open doorway of his cottage, slowly spelling through the contents of a provincial newspaper, that Jean suddenly started up, and, with a loud and triumphant exclamation, slapped down his broad hand upon the paper. And what was this exclamation? Had Jean Bertrand been a scholar, he would probably have cried 'Eureka!' as it was, he merely exclaimed: 'I have it!' which comes to nearly the same thing. Then, without answering a syllable to the questions of his wife, whose curiosity was piqued by this unusual ejaculation, he tucked the journal under his arm, and left the house with a step

far more elastic than common. Jean trudged down to the village, and Madame Bertrand watched him as he went. For a moment, she imagined that he might be bound for the *cabaret*, where, at that hour, a knot of stanch topers and jovial companions might be found; but Jean was a paragon of sobriety, and this idea was dismissed as quickly as formed. 'He has gone to buy something,' said Dame Bertrand. Catherine said not a word. She had not heard her father's speech, nor noticed his departure; she sat gazing at her gilt-edged Book of Hours, open in honour of the day, but her thoughts were far away—far away among the yellow plains of Sahara, where the tents were pitched among the sand-wreaths, and where the evening watch-fires were beginning to flicker already, as the dusk and the dew fell, and the jackal's howl told of the coming night. Thus it fell out that Catherine did not share her mother's emotions of curiosity or surprise, which occupied the good woman until her husband came back, with the same brisk step, and with a bright but steady eye. In his hands he carried writing-paper, pen and ink, freshly purchased for the occasion, since the houses of poor south-country farmers are seldom overstocked with such matters. He had something else, too—a stamped and printed piece of paper, in which Dame Bertrand recognised what the French style a *bon*, and we a post-office order.

'Ah, ah, *notre maître*, are you going to write a letter?' asked the housewife, rolling her eyes at the stationery, a rare sight in the old papal patrimony. In truth, since their marriage, Dame Bertrand had only seen her consort pen, with much toil, two such epistles—one to a grazier near the foot of Mount Ventouse, who bought his heifers and calves; the other to the notary, who had invested the humble savings which were to constitute Catherine's modest dower. Jean answered his spouse's query with that bland, sheepish, mock-simplicity which a French peasant generally assumes when he wishes to baffle inquiry.

'Eh, it appears so, my wife. Open only the shutter of that window to the west, so that I may have light enough for the task.'

Dame Bertrand did as she was bid. She asked no more questions. The connubial relations are different in town and country throughout France. The Frenchwoman of the towns, she who keeps the keys, who buys and sells, and rules undisputed mistress over till and purse, has usually a will of her own. When she calls her husband *mon ami*, she does so in rather a condescending tone, as if she wished to convey the idea of complimentary encouragement. She is mistress in her own sphere, and it is only at the *café* that M. Bonhomme can do as he pleases. But the farmer's wife, when she calls her husband by the respectful title of *notre maître*, really means it. The strong man who can plough, and dig, and manage horses, is truly the master, and the inequality of the sexes is an article of faith. So Jean Bertrand was allowed to write his letter in peace, without question or comment. An awful business it was: it was painful to see how slowly the pen formed the irregular characters—how awkward was the manipulation of that great brown hand which wielded the hatchet and spade so dexterously, and how the worthy man glared at the page as he toiled on from blot to blot, from smear to smear, erasing, altering, or retouching his handiwork. All things must come to a close, and so did Jean Bertrand's letter. The good fellow gave a sigh of relief, wiped his forehead, and proceeded very deliberately to fold the document, enclosing in it the post-office order, to address it, and to secure it with a heedfully moistened wafer. Then he took his hat, and went forth and dropped it into the box at the post-office.

A day or two after this, a neighbour, hoeing his potatoes, was surprised to see Jean Bertrand at work

in quite a neglected corner of his little domain. This, though the prettiest, was certainly the most unprofitable bit of the whole farm, consisting as it did of about three acres of stony soil, where the patient she-goat tethered there had much ado to pick up a living; but this strip of land went close up to the mountain-side, and was traversed by a limpid stream that leaped in a natural cascade from the brow of a crag, and fell into a rocky basin below. What was the amazement of the neighbour when, lifting his head from his occupation to have a friendly gossip across the low fence, he saw that Jean was actually at work deepening this basin in one part, clearing it of weed in others, and constructing a kind of dam or breakwater, so as to divide it into two unequal parts.

'Good-morning, *compère*,' said the neighbour, leaning on his hoe, and coughing a little inquisitive cough.

'Good-morning; how goes it with your good wife and the children?' civilly returned Jean, digging away gallantly the while, and up to his knees in mud and water.

'Quite well, *mon brave*, said the neighbour—'well and fresh. But you, Jean, what fly has stung you, man? Do you hope to catch eels, that you wet your feet in that fashion?'

'Better than that,' answered Jean, with a happy chuckle. The other stared at him with a bewildered air. Two or three more questions did he essay, and then gave it up as a bad job, for Jean chose to be mysterious, laughing good-humouredly, but baffling all inquiry and conjecture. The next day, and the next, and the next, every moment that Jean could spare from the regular work of the farm, he devoted to his strange voluntary labours among the rocks. Thanks to his persevering toil, the rocky basin was soon divided into two portions by a dam artfully built of osiers and loose stones; the smaller half received the foaming waters of the cascade, the larger spread itself out in a broad and shallow pool, with a bottom of pebbles and fine yellow sand, and where the force of the current was gentle and subdued. Nor did the alterations end here. Jean chose the softest spot in the little stony meadow, and carefully dug a broad and deep hollow, into which the stream being conducted, soon formed a pond, and this was connected in turn with a third pool, after which the water, gushing over a rude weir, ran into the sparkling Sorgue. All these toils of Jean Bertrand's, executed in the hours of repose or relaxation, did not fail to attract considerable attention in the parish. At the cabaret, at the church porch, wherever gossips congregated, this novel topic was certain to be discussed in all its bearings. What was, what *could* be the meaning of these remarkable proceedings? Was Jean mad, or had some malign witch or wizard—they believe still in witches and wizards in the Comtat—thrown a spell over him? It was an unheard-of thing that any farmer should task his muscles, and waste his time so unprofitably. The whole affair was incomprehensible to the last degree. It may seem at first sight as if the curiosity of the neighbourhood might have been gratified by the simple process of asking a question; not so, however. Those who have dealt with the peasantry of France, best know how impenetrable is the reserve of those honest Gauls, a quaint impassibility, sprung partly from caution, and partly from long habit, which foils the most crafty cross-examiner. Nobody thought it worth while to ask Jean roundly why he devoted his leisure to such odd pursuits. A half-joking hint was thrown out, now and again, and baffled with ease. When the wits of the parish bantered Jean for the trouble he took, the worthy man joined in the laugh, merely rejoining: 'Neighbours, what will you? One does what one does.' Nor could the women of Vaucluse elicit the truth from Dame Bertrand or Catherine: they knew

nothing whatever of Jean's intentions or projects: the secret remained intact, because it continued to be the sole property of its originator.

Presently, Jean's self-imposed labours were over; four pools existed where only one had been of old, and still the clear runlet of water murmured gently by, as it wound among the stones, and subsided at last in the little reedy creek that communicated with the river. About this time, Jean Bertrand became immensely interested in the Carpentras diligence, a shabby green vehicle, drawn by three rawboned jades, which was the only public conveyance known to the neighbourhood. Whenever this rattling vehicle arrived, Jean was sure to thrust his stalwart person, and his calm, well-shaved face, into the midst of the group of lounging idlers, who suspended their game with stone bowls to stare at the new arrivals. To be sure, the farmer did not seem to be much interested in the aspect of the few passengers, but he always patiently waited until the last package had been unloaded, and then heaved a little sigh, and turned on his heel. At last, his perseverance was rewarded.

'*Hein!* Monsieur Bertrand, I've got something for you,' cried the bloused apology for a conductor, as he scrambled down from the dusty roof of his omnibus. Jean stepped forward: his eyes brightened.

'*Tiens!* where have I put it, this parcel of bad-luck?' grumbled the rustic guard, as he tugged at the sheepskins and matting that choked the entrance to the 'boot' of the diligence.

'Here it is, see then,' squeaked the urchin driver, as he dropped the weather-beaten reins on the necks of his lean nags, and bestowed a sounding kick upon a box that occupied a place on the footboard.

'Hand it down, *enfant!*' cried Jean eagerly; 'so—carefully there. Nothing to pay, is there?'

'No; free to destination,' rejoined the guard. 'Nevertheless, Monsieur Bertrand, if your goodness could spare a man some *sous* to drink'—

'Ah, good-for-nothing!' said Jean with a kindly smile; 'who should have *sous* to give thee, and where should they be got from, glutton?' But for all that, the farmer put his hand in his pocket, and handed over to the grinning petitioner a few bronze portraits of Napoleon III. Then Jean tucked the box under his arm, and strode sturdily off. The idlers—there are always a few unoccupied persons, even in a village—gazed after him with wide open eyes, but all they could see was a wooden box of moderate dimensions, damp and dark of hue, as if something moist were packed inside it. That evening, the carpenter of the village, on dropping in at the cabaret, where a circle of choice spirits had assembled, wore an expression of mystery and importance which attracted all eyes towards him.

'Ha! you others, 'tis a singular world we live in,' said the carpenter, as he took his seat. People in the provinces are not much given to theory, so every one looked to the man of wood for a practical illustration of the doctrine he had just broached. 'A singular world!' continued the carpenter. 'You know, you others, I told you the other day how Jean Bertrand had ordered me to make a lot of boxes, queer shallow things such as I never put together in the course of my days, never?'

Yes, they all remembered. They were all dying to know the sequel, and after tantalising them to a slight extent, the carpenter went on:

'Jean, as you know, neighbours, is as close as wax—no babbler, *allons*—he did not say what he wanted the boxes for, and I puzzled my head to no purpose to guess what for. Once I thought of cucumbers, but then, where was the glass? No; it decidedly could not be for cucumbers. So I cudgelled my brains in vain, until this evening Jean comes to my workshop, with old Antoine, you know, his day-labourer?'

'Yes, yes,' cried the company; 'we all know old Antoine; but what of Jean? Be quick, neighbour.'

The carpenter was not disposed to part with his information without a little coaxing; he coughed, and said he was thirsty, and story-telling was dry work. The company grew hospitable to a bewildering extent; every man pressed his *cason* of wine, full or half full, on the carpenter. Had that artisan possessed eleven mouths, he might have quaffed eleven eleemosynary draughts at one and the same time. He chose a full stoup, drank, and after a little persuasion, went on:

'Jean and old Antoine his man, you must know, had come to fetch away the boxes I had made, and for which Jean paid on the nail, as every honest customer ought to do. Well, seeing the boxes were heavy, I offered to help to carry them up, and Jean hesitated a moment, and then said to himself: "After all, why not? it must be known now." And then he accepted my offer, and we carried the boxes up. I thought they would be put into the house or garden; but no! Jean must needs have them placed—neighbours, you'll never guess where—in the pool where the water tumbles off the rock, where he built that funny dam, you know, for what nobody but the saints above can tell.'

'Ah!' murmured the assembly.

The carpenter cast a proud look around. 'You others, confess you are in the dark completely. But I am *bon enfant*, and you shall know all. Jean put the boxes there, and put gravel into them, sand and stones mixed, and carefully arranged them so that the water should trickle into them and out again. Then he put in what he had taken out of the box that came for him to-day by the diligence—and that, neighbours, was—fish-spawn; *va!* the great word is spoken.'

'Fish-spawn!' repeated everybody in profound wonder. The carpenter nodded.

'And what for? *tron de l'air!* what for?' asked the oldest peasant in the room.

'What for?' repeated the company, with oaths and exclamations that shewed how genuine was their surprise. The carpenter was radiant with the pride of superior knowledge.

'See!' said he; 'you all know that Jean is fond of reading the newspaper, not, like the rest of us, to see what price corn and madder bring at Avignon market, or what tricks the Parisians are up to, but to find out what bran-new inventions are afloat. So, neighbours, it seems that he read a long *rigmarole* about something he calls *pisci*—*pisciculture*, that's the word—which means that they pretend you can grow fish as we grow vegetables, and have only to sow it in a pond—the eggs, that is—to make a fortune by selling fat fish of your own rearing.'

'Those are the stories of Mother Goose, those!' exclaimed, in an authoritative tone, the oldest man present.

'Yes, yes, the Pere Camard is right: that has not common sense in it,' chorused the company. But when the carpenter went on to tell them that Jean had written to the director of the government establishment at Huningue, near Bâle, requesting a supply of spawn, with full directions, and had sent a *bon* on the post-office in payment of expenses, the clamour became deafening.

'It's a disgrace to the parish!' vociferated one.

'He believes, then, in all these cock-and-bull stories, these *billevésées* invented by the towns-people in black coats!' exclaimed another.

'Poor Jean! he ought to be taken care of. I never thought him as bright as most, but now he has turned out an absolute idiot!' bawled a third. And when the assembly fully understood that it was for the reception and artificial cultivation of fish-spawn that Jean had taken the trouble to construct a series of pools, their contempt and anger knew no bounds. Agriculturists in France are not very tolerant of innovation, and least of all when they belong to the

old Comtat of Avignon. That night, Jean and his family were awakened by a rough serenade of kettles and clattering frying-pans, and by the jeers and laughter of a noisy crowd. The peasant wisely kept his doors shut, and the rioters withdrew when their voices were hoarse with shouting. The next day saw Jean Bertrand, quiet and affable as ever, going about his vineyard and potato-field, the same painstaking tiller of the soil that the villagers of Vaucluse had always known him to be. But he had need of all his innate good-humour to withstand the storm of ridicule and expostulation which, by his attempt at *pisciculture*, he had brought about his ears. Derided by some, argued with by others, and booed by the little boys of the village, Jean was compelled to pay the penalty of being in advance of his generation. When he was seen moving around his fishponds, with stooped shoulders and thoughtful eye, the village elders shook their wise heads, the middle-aged men tapped their sunburned foreheads with a significant gesture, and the children shouted a doggerel rhyme which some juvenile poet had elaborated in scorn of Jean Bertrand's new whim.

Still, honest Jean stuck to his hobby, and neither by word nor deed recanted his heresies. When a storm of rain caused an overgreat influx of water, and his miniature dams were injured by the sudden swelling of the mountain stream, Jean patiently applied himself to repair the damage. When witlings bantered, or when rustic sages preached, the experimentalist never suffered himself to be tempted into repartee or debate, but merely rejoined, with one of those indescribable Gallic shrugs that say more than words: '*Dame! qui vivra, verra.* We must all do as we may.'

But the more his new fancy was assailed, the more he clung to it; and his favourite stroll in spare time was to the pools where the spawn lay in the shallow boxes among the gravel, or where, at a later date, the young fry sported about, active and greedy in their first hunger and their first growth. Jean had no particular sympathy at home to encourage him in bearing the censure of his neighbours. His wife, though habitually obedient, was heartily sorry that her husband had made himself the laughing-stock of Vaucluse, and wished most devoutly that the newspaper had never beguiled Jean into what she secretly agreed with the public voice in stigmatising as an act of egregious folly. As for Catherine—young folks in love are sad egotists—I am afraid Catherine thought but little of her father and his ponds and fish-eggs, and the obloquy which he had brought upon himself, so busy were her thoughts with the absent Hector, now a corporal of Spahis.

And yet Catherine was the true cause of the step which Jean had taken.

'It is for you, my daughter,' the good farmer would mutter to himself, as he turned his honest eyes wistfully on the pale pretty face of the suffering girl. But whatever were his hopes or projects, he kept them to himself, and never attempted to dazzle even his nearest and dearest by predictions and rose-tinted dreams of the future. If he were an Alnaschar, in blouse and wooden shoes, it is certain at least that he was the meekest and least presumptuous of the species. When Jean went to market, he found that his reputation had preceded him. Luckily, or unluckily, he was the only man in the department who had essayed the new art of fish-culture, and he was welcomed in the city of Carpentras as if he had been one of those eminent Laputan philosophers who proposed to extract sunshine out of cucumbers. Foremost among the laughers was Jean's wealthy cousin, M. Joseph Anatole Ravel. This substantial burgher was fond of attending the markets, partly to indulge his love of a bargain by personally superintending the sale of the produce of his estate, and partly because a rich man's opinion is commonly listened to with a certain

amount of deference highly pleasing to some natures. Ravel was on speaking-terms with his kinsman, though neither had crossed, since childhood, the threshold of the other's dwelling. He had a grudge against Jean, as the father of the village beauty who had captivated his idolised son, and to whose fatal charms were due the young man's obstinacy and self-imposed exile. It so happened that the characters of Bertrand and his daughter stood so high and well established that no calumny could well be launched against either; but many a man who cannot be branded as an intriguer or a rogue can be derided, and Ravel was glad to see his cousin a laughing-stock. He had always despised Jean's calibre of intellect, and now he never spoke of him but in terms of the most insulting compassion. 'The poor dunce,' 'the bonhomme with the brains of a calf,' such were the flowers of speech which were thickly strewn on Jean Bertrand; while at other times Ravel would bring forth all the stores of his erudition to prove that what the peasant was trying was a sheer impossibility. Nothing but Jean's philosophical sweetness of temper prevented a quarrel, more than once, when the cousins met. Once, when M. Ravel was peculiarly eloquent on Jean's waste of time and trouble, the poorer of the two kinsmen exclaimed with a sigh: '*C'est égal!* My cousin, I wish I were master of the streams on that estate of yours; ponds, cascades, brooks—ah! you might make a use of them if you liked.'

'In nourishing tittlebats!' said fat M. Joseph Anatole Ravel, puffing out his crimson cheeks, and eyeing his relative with sublime scorn—'tittlebats and tadpoles, eh?—is it not so, *mon brave*? Thank you. Not such an ass.'

Jean said not a word more. Six months or so from the date of this interview, and about two years from the time of the arrival of that famous Pandora's box from the government establishment, Jean Bertrand, radiant with good-humour and health, led his laden mule into the crowded market-place of Carpentras. The farmer was dressed with unusual elegance, as if for some festive occasion. He wore his Sunday coat of brown cloth, a span-new sash of red silk, a figured waistcoat, and leather shoes: he had a flower in his button-hole, and his bright eye and cheery smile matched well with his holiday clothes. In the centre of the Place stood M. Ravel, with a knot of flatterers around him, passing various kinds of agricultural produce in review. His eye lit on his relation as he came up.

'Ho! here comes the wisacre of Vaucluse,' exclaimed Ravel, who was in a remarkably jocular humour. 'Good-day, Jean, thou Solomon of the country-side! What on earth have you slung on your beast's back, in those covered tubs and baskets, Master Solon? Not tadpoles, *par hasard*, old frog-feeder?'

All the flatterers burst into an unanimous roar of laughter. Jean laughed, too, in his dry way.

'You shall have the first sight of my tadpoles, my cousin,' said he; and he opened tub and basket, and exhibited a tempting show of delicate fish, some alive, but all fresh and glittering, with dainty crimson spots on their dappled sides, and fins that had beaten the water but two hours before.

'Eh! eh! What have we here? *Diable!* they are trout and salmon,' exclaimed Joseph Ravel.

'They are so, my cousin. Trout and salmon of my growing,' said Jean, with a little tinge of triumph in his tone. 'I have not taken out an eighth part of what the pond contains, but I have fifty kilogrammes weight of fish, well told; and it's hard if I don't clear my three francs a kilogramme, which will make up a hundred and fifty francs. Not bad for a poor fellow like me, cousin Ravel.'

Ravel was puzzled. He rubbed his plump hands together thoughtfully, and his brows were knit; all

at once he looked up, and his eyes twinkled. 'Those minnows of yours have cost you more than they are worth in the rearing. Now, confess,' said he.

'Not at all,' said Jean. 'I made the embankments myself in spare time, and I only had the carpenter to pay for the boxes and the two floodgates—a bagatelle. As for the nourishment of the poor dear little things, you conceive, it is not like a calf or a sheep: they find their own food; only when they were very small, I gave them a little dried liver, powdered fine, which cost me some forty sous, not more. *Au plaisir*, my cousin.'

And off went Jean; but Ravel and his flatterers laughed no more. Wherever the peasant went, his finny wares found a ready sale: fish always goes off well in a Roman Catholic country. The porter of a convent bought one great heap, another basketful was secured for the bishop's palace, the citizens' wives disputed with each other for the priority of purchase, and had Jean brought twice as much, he would have sold it all. By the time the mule was lightened of his load, the farmer's pocket was heavy with silver, copper, and gold. His modest estimate had been exceeded; the last sales had had the character of an auction, and the total receipts amounted to a hundred and eighty-nine francs six sous. Ravel followed his despised kinsman about with a face of stupefied amazement, looking first at the dainty fish, that were weighed in scales, and transferred to cooks' aprons or housewives' baskets, and then at the coin that showered into Jean's hard, horny, toil-worn palm. But when Bertrand was about to leave the town, having sold all his fish, Ravel sidled half timidly up to him. 'Jean,' said he, 'upon my word, you are a shrewder person than I thought, and—and—if you would like to come home with me and take some refreshment—eh? because, you know, we're cousins, after all.'

'You have been somewhat late in remembering it, my cousin,' said Jean, with something of reproach in his look and voice; and he went his way, leaving his rich relation blushing and stammering in the public street. Nevertheless, two days afterwards, the combined effects of curiosity and self-interest drew Monsieur Joseph Anatole Ravel to visit the humble abode of Jean Bertrand. The latter received his guest with Provençal hospitality, and willingly shewed him the fishponds which had gained for their constructor such a disagreeable renown. The pools, as Ravel's own eyes assured him, were well stocked with trout and salmon-parr—only parr, though Jean had somewhat grandiloquently called them 'salmon.' But the true salmon, as distinguished from their cousins-german, the parr, had fought and leaped so lustily to gain the stream which, as their unerring instinct taught them, would lead them to the river which would bear them to the sea, that Jean had lowered his dam to liberate the prisoners.

'You see, my cousin,' said the peasant, 'it was heartbreaking to watch the poor things springing and struggling for freedom, after the manner of their kind. I set them free. In due time, when well grown and fat, they will return to the place where they were bred, if they are not killed before they reach me. And if they never do come back, why, it can't be helped. They would have died here. It was the *Bon Dieu*, look you, cousin, who planted that instinct in my little fish.'

And Jean reverently lifted his cap as he pronounced the words, and Ravel did not sneer at him; on the contrary, he said in a sheepish manner: 'Cousin Bertrand, I have not been overkind to you and yours. Well, well, I am not a man for apologies; but if bygones can be bygones?'

'Certainly,' said Jean; 'certainly. I bear no malice. Only my daughter Catherine, with her pale cheek that was so rosy, and those bright looks she used to have all changed—that vexes me sometimes: that is all.'

'Hum!' said Ravel; 'the *petite* is a good girl, and pretty to boot; I never denied that; and they are cousins, too, your child and my young hot-head out in Africa. But I have thirty thousand francs a year, and what father in his senses—There! don't speak. I'm no chatterbox, but I hate to be interrupted. Now, Jean Bertrand, I will own that we who mocked you were wrong, and you were the wise man, after all, with your fish-eggs—there! Now, it has come into my head that I have, as you say, pools and streams in plenty on my property, and if you, with your little bits of ponds, could make so much profit by pisciculture, what could I make? hein?'

'If you had a man who understood the thing to direct affairs and put matters *en train*?' said Jean, timidly, but with a twinkling eye.

'I think that so necessary,' said Ravel, striking the palm of his fat hand gently on Jean's shoulder—'so necessary, that I am willing to sign articles of partnership. If you will undertake to manage all about the construction of the weirs and breeding-ponds, and that, I will pay all expenses, and give you an equal share of the profits. How do you like that? Why, with your skill and my property, I ought to become the richest man in the *arrondissement*.'

A partnership was accordingly concluded, in the autumn of last year, between the cousins. A partnership of a more tender nature was also entered into by Hector Ravel and Catherine Bertrand, the young man having been recalled from the army by the promise of his parents' consent to his union with the faithful village beauty.

The affairs of the firm of Ravel and Bertrand promise to thrive to a most flourishing extent, while nineteen farmers of the department have written to Huninguen for spawn, with the intention of re-stocking the streams of the Comtat. As for poor patient Jean, he is now more honoured and respected in Vaucluse than the *curé* himself.

WILD DEER IN DEVON.

'FORTY-FIVE years ago, one dark, cold, drizzly night, or rather morning—it was two o'clock, rendered doubly dreary by a howling wind, with occasional claps of thunder, and vivid flashes of lightning, I was riding home from my professional visits down a deep lonely bottom, flanked on each side by woods, which even by daylight appear almost interminable—the Haddon bottom. I was trotting slowly along; I will not say, 'Nescio quid meditantur nugarum et totus in illis,' for I was thinking how comfortable the light of my own fireside would be after such a ride on such a night. Suddenly, above the growl of thunder, came a sound proceeding, as it seemed, from the bowels of the earth, so loud, so deep, so passing strange, that I never had heard its like before. I am not what is called a nervous man, I believe, but this sudden, and to me at that moment unaccountable, noise, had such an effect upon me, that,

I care not though the truth I shew,
I trembled with affright;

and it was not until I had galloped half a mile from the spot, that I felt my pulse beat as usual.'

Thus confesses gallant Charles Palk Collyns of Dulverton, Surgeon, who has since made himself pretty well acquainted with that awful sound, the *belling* of the stag, as, sick for love, the noble creature roams in search of the hinds at night o'er the weird North Devon moors. For nearly half a century, says he, in his recently published volume, the chase of the wild deer has been to him the greatest source of relaxation and enjoyment, and on

such a subject we can scarcely have a better qualification for authorship. For intimate knowledge of local incident, indeed, no man is to be preferred to the country surgeon, who, wet or fine, by night and by day, must needs traverse far and near the region in which he dwells; and Mr Collyns is much more than a country surgeon. He is more even than an enthusiastic sportsman of the ordinary type, for what enthusiasm can be evoked by the pursuit of the hare, or the fox, comparable to that which animates the stag-hunter, from the first crash that proclaims the lord of the forest has left his lair, to the moment when, in the mountain torrent, or in the sea itself, the animal stands at bay, defying men and dogs!

The man who has only been 'out with the queen's,' and seen the deer turned out of a 'bus, sometimes requiring the touch of a hunting lash to make it start at all, can never have felt such a flame in his blood as he who has watched the agile creature bound over the fence of his covert, and then, at a long easy gallop, take slantwise the breezy hill. Such a glorious sight is to be now seen in only one district of Merry England, among the lofty wilds of Exmoor, and the open lands about the Quantocks flanking the Bristol Channel; and the time is, we fear, rapidly approaching when the wild red deer will be extinct even there. That beautiful portion of North Devon, with its heathery steeps, its ferny wildernesses, and its pools sequestered by the rushing streams, was always a favourite haunt of those noble creatures. So early as 1598, Hugh Pollard, Ranger of her most gracious Majesty Queen Elizabeth—'herself most excellently disposed to hunting'—had staghounds there; and the sport has been kept up intermittently until this day. A hart hunted by royal personages, and which managed to escape them, was called a Hart Royall; if he pleased their Highnesses, by affording a good run, it was enacted that 'no manner of person or persons should kill, hurt, hunt, or chase him again,' and he was called a Hart Royall Proclaimed. Up to comparatively late times, old customs and hospitalities connected with the chase have flourished in this locality which have died out elsewhere. The two country seats of the Acland family were open throughout the hunting season to all who presented themselves, unbidden but welcome guests; and when neither house nor stable could hold either guest or steed, still the late comer found hospitable welcome at the board, and sought his couch in the homely village inn. A huge china bowl, the clay of which is said to have been expressly taken from England in order to be fashioned with horse, and hound, and horn by the cunning workmen of the Celestial Empire, was regularly filled and emptied to the honour of stag-hunting at Hornicote or Pixton; while at Castle Hill, the mansion of Lord Fortescue, the huntsman would come in after dinner in full costume, on days when a stag had been killed, and sound a *mort*, and drink a bumper with the assembled company. Even now, among farmers and others, the head of the deer, after a good run, is produced in the evening with a silver cup in its mouth, out of which the favourite toast is drunk in the following manner: 'The cup is placed in the stag's mouth, secured with a cord, to prevent its falling out. When it is filled to the brim, the person who is to drink it holds a horn in each hand, and brings it to his mouth, when he must finish it at one draught; and then turn the head downwards, bringing the top of it in contact with his breast, to convince his companions that he has drunk it to the dregs, otherwise he is subject to a fine. In days still more gone by, a fine was imposed on him who left the field before the deer was killed.' The man who sees a stag slain for the first time, no matter what his rank, is always 'blooded'—has a little of the blood laid on his face, or ear, to mark him stag-hunter.

The old pack of Exmoor staghounds were connected, and that not distantly, with the bloodhound. 'In

height they were about twenty-six to twenty-eight inches, colour generally hare pied, yellow, yellow and white or badger pied, with long ears, deep muzzles, large throats, and deep chests. In tongue, they were perfect; and when hunting in the water, or on half-scent, or baying a deer, they might be heard at an immense distance. Even when running at speed, they always gave plenty of tongue, and their great size enabled them to cross the long heather and rough sedgy pasturage of the forest without effort or difficulty. . . . Like the game they pursued, they never appeared to be putting forth all their powers of speed, and yet few horses could live with them on the open. Their rarest quality, perhaps, was their sagacity in hunting in the water. Every pebble, every overhanging bush or twig which the deer might have touched, was quested as they passed up or down the stream; and the *crash* with which the scent, if detected, was acknowledged and announced, made the whole country echo again. Unhappily, these hounds were consigned to the kennel of a German baron, and the thought of them still hunting their old game, the deer, in alien lands, moves our good doctor almost to tears. The present pack is, however, a very fair one, and the manner in which its proceedings are conducted is old-world and interesting.

The first thing necessary to the hunting of the wild red deer is to discover where a 'warrantable' one is to be found in the neighbourhood of the Meets. This forms the delicate duty of the Harbours.

'Let us fix as a date the 30th August, time 4.30 A.M. Scene, outside the lonely cottage of James Blackmore, planted on the outskirts of the deep Haddon woods. The doors open, and forth in the drizzly rain stalks the best and most enthusiastic of his class and calling. We will pass over the four or five dreary miles which lie between the cot and the scene of the morning's labours, and again take up our friend as he peers cautiously through the hedge of the large turnip-field which lies between the road and wood. He turns away after strict scrutiny. There are none of the brown-coated herd to be seen in that favourite feeding-place. Onward he goes down the lane, and carefully examines the field of oats which he knows to be the favourite pasture of the deer. Again he is doomed to disappointment; and after marking the quarter from which the wind blows, and finding that the wind is full in his face, and therefore blows from the covert, he steals into the oat-field, and down he goes by the side of the hedge towards the wood, his eyes bent steadfastly on the ground. He knows, though he has never read *The Art of Venerie*, that the hart hath a propertie that if he goe to feede in a yong spring or coppes, he goeth first to seeke the winde, that he may finde if there be any person in the coppes which may interrupt him, and that it is essential that he should go up wind when engaged in discovering the whereabouts of a deer. There has been no rain lately, and but little chance for any but the most experienced eyes to track an animal less heavy than an elephant over those clods of earth. Suddenly the harbours stops. There is a leaf bent, a blade of grass turned, or some sign which the adept in woodcraft can interpret, but which, to the senses of the uninitiated, would be a closed book. He looks carefully at the outtalks near. From two or three, the ear is gone, bitten off, and recently too, but not by the animal of which he is in search. Those ears were bitten off by a hind, and not by a stag; for Jem knows well by long experience that a stag daintily bites off but half the ear, or even less, while the hind takes the whole. He continues his walk, but nothing further does he find in the oat-field to attract his attention. He retraces his steps, and next the turnip-field becomes the scene of his labours. He stops, and finds the turnips recently bitten; but he remarks that the roots have remained

in the ground, and have been bitten several times. Again he draws on his experience, and concludes that a hind and not a stag has fed there, for he knows that a stag never takes more than one bite at a turnip, and that in so doing he pulls up the root, and throws it over his head; while the hind will take two or three bites at the same root, if it remain firm in the ground, before she leaves it, and passes on to another. Onward goes Jem, and lo! a row of turnips recently rooted up, and that beyond all doubt by a male deer. But was it a "warrantable" stag that did the mischief. Again he consults the ground carefully, anxiously trying to get the print of the hoof well defined: one glance at the "slot" would satisfy him in a moment, but the ground is so dry that it is impossible to come to a conclusion on the point. . . . Suddenly he stops, and down on his bended knee he goes, as if he were seized with an uncontrollable impulse to worship the rising sun. He has found what he wanted in a soft piece of ground—the rounded track, the blunted toe-point, the wide-spread mark—the fresh "slot," in short, of a stag.

The measurements are taken, by which he knows whether the creature be warrantable (that is, fit to be hunted), and finding no sign of its having broken covert, homeward he wends his way with the printed sod in his hand. At the meet Jem communicates the all-important news with becoming secrecy to the master of the hounds, and mounted on an old pony, leads the way to where the precious footprint (scarce less interesting than that which put Robinson Crusoe in such a state of excitement) was found. Arrived within half a mile or so of the covert, the pack is taken to a farm, and shut up. Two couples of tried, steady old hounds are drafted out as *tufters*, and with them the huntsman draws for the deer. If the covert were drawn with the pack, the hounds would probably divide on a dozen deer, leaving the stag of which the field are in search still in his lair. The tufters are stopped as soon as they have driven the stag well away, 'the pack is brought up and laid on, and as they toss their heads and fling their sterns when they catch the scent, and dash away across the moor, the man to whom we are mainly indebted for this auspicious commencement of a day's sport, is seen standing in the centre of a crowd of admiring rustics, the big tears of excitement and joy coursing one another down his furrowed cheeks, as he swears in good Somerset, that "if it arn't as vine a stag as ever he seed, he arn't no zinner." The regular fee of this useful gentleman is a sovereign, and the prospect of gold sometimes induces 'irregulars' to assume the high office of Harbours. Not only have the marks of bullocks' and pigs' feet been mistaken for a stag's 'slot,' but upon one occasion the hounds were taken miles out of their way, and with all the usual solemnities roused from his unaccustomed lair—a donkey!

The cunning of the hunted deer is excessive. It is a common incident for an old deer, when roused, to beat the covert until he can light upon one of his younger companions. When found, the veteran, by a stamp of the foot, or application of the horn, rouses his young friend from his bed, in which he places himself, and putting his head close to the ground, allows the hounds to pass him in pursuit of the dislodged substitute. Mr Collins has known an old stag turn out three different deer during one chase, and lie down in their places; and at length being foiled in that stratagem, to sink himself in a deep pool, whereby the hounds went by him altogether. The invigorating effect of a plunge in the water upon a fatigued deer is almost incredible, and the tricks he will play in it are truly strange. A stag will wade for miles in a stream, taking extreme care to choose the middle of it, that he may touch neither branch nor bank, and so leave scent behind him, which, however, the stream will convey a great way. He will even take 'soil' (that is, water),

and then back upon his own trail, and lie fast in the covert he has just quitted. If forced to leave the stream at last, he will make an effort, as Surgeon Collins and the veterans are well aware, to reach the sea. As they reach the cliffs, they see below them their quarry, dripping from his recent bath, standing proudly on a rock surrounded by the flowing tide, and watching his pursuers with anxious eyes. 'The hounds bay him from the land; one adventurer from the pack takes the water, and already is at the base of the cliff on which the deer stands. Poor victim! Scarce has he lifted himself from the waves, when he is dashed again by an unerring blow, struck quick as lightning by the forefoot of the deer, and floats a corpse in the waters from which a moment ago he emerged.' Endeavours to dialodge the stag from his stronghold are at last successful, and dashing through the water, he reaches the cliffs. But it is evident his race is nearly run. The heavy gallop, the faltering stride, the lowered head, proclaim that his strength is failing. The check has increased his stiffness, though it has enabled him to regain his wind. 'His pursuers are not to be baffled, and their speed now exceeds his. He is unable again to face the open, runs feebly and painfully along the beaten paths, and turning through the woods towards the sea, he reaches the edge of the cliff just above the boat-house and beach of Glenthorne. His foes are close behind. He gives one wild and hurried look of fear, and dares the desperate leap. It is done. He has jumped from a height of at least thirty feet on to the shore, and in the next moment is floating in the salt sea-waves. Fortunately, one or two sportsmen on the beach keep back the eager hounds, or some of the best of the pack would in all probability be sacrificed, or at least maimed in the attempt to follow their quarry in his deed of daring. A few minutes suffice to man a boat, and put a rope round the horns of the deer. The victim is dragged in triumph to the beach, the knife is at his throat, and amid the baying of the pack, and the loud whoo-whoops of the crowd, the noble and gallant animal yields up his life.'

Then come the ceremonies of baptising Tyros, and of presenting the slots or forefeet to such as have earned those trophies. The head is severed and borne home in triumph, to adorn the hall of the master; and when the deer has been cleaned, and the hounds 'blooded,' when those who have assisted at the capture have been remunerated, and directions have been given for the disposal of the venison—to the best parts of which due honour will be done next week at a meeting of all the gentry and farmers of the country-side—the horses are sought for, the slackened girths again drawn, and all seek the nearest hostel, to refresh themselves and 'gruel' their good steeds. From the Rouse to the Finish, the wild deer will run from twenty to forty miles over that difficult country, so that horse and man have generally enough to do: the knife having even sometimes accomplished its deadly work by candle-light. The activity of the deer is indeed prodigious; and even a hind has been known to leap, and that up-hill, a wall of fifteen feet high. The tenderness of the female for its young is almost human; which cannot be said of the stag, who hates and dreads in his male offspring a future rival. When disturbed by hounds, the hind and calf dart away side by side, and trust to their speed for safety. If followed, however, the calf of course soon becomes fatigued, yet still the mother continues by its side, and accommodates her pace to that of her protégé. Then suddenly and unaccountably, the calf disappears, as if by magic. In a moment, on finding a convenient spot for her purpose, the hind thrusts the calf into the fern, or into a furze bush, and standing near until the hounds come close to her, she again gallops off, leaving the helpless creature fast nestled in its hiding-place. Affection between stags even is not altogether un-

known. Two twins* ran together for nearly eight miles, but being much pressed, parted company, probably for the first time in their lives, when one of them was run into and killed. So certain was the forester that the survivor would have pined and died for want of his companion, that he urgently requested that the pack might be laid on the other twin the next hunting morning, which was accordingly done, notwithstanding there were better stags in the neighbourhood.

On the North Devon coast, it is not an unfrequent sight during the season to see the deer *at sea*, with five or six couple of hounds in full pursuit. On one occasion, a single hound leaped boldly on the creature's back, and was carried out a league. But the most exciting chases of all are those wherein a foreign element—that of the pirate or sea-robber—is introduced. Venison is good in the eyes of all mankind, including the mariner; and if a trader happens to be off-shore in the Bristol Channel when a stag takes to salt-water there, a boat is pretty sure to be lowered, and a second chase to commence before the eyes of the baffled hunters on the beach. If a village be near at hand, boats are despatched on the part of the latter also, and an impromptu regatta takes place, of which the prize is the deer. Most commonly, however, the interlopers have it all to themselves; they throw a rope round the antlers of the astonished animal, and notwithstanding the free use made by the gentlemen in pink of 'the woman's weapon,' hoist him on deck, and with three cheers of derisive exultation, trim their sails, and away before the wind to sell him at Cardiff—or perhaps they salt him down, and eat him at sea.

Not even the game-laws of the Conqueror could have contemplated such a proceeding as this; nor do we know whether the proper place to try such offenders would be the Old Bailey or the Admiralty Court.

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

THE International Exhibition is now a month old: the keen edge of curiosity is somewhat worn, and first impressions have had time to grow into sober judgments; but whatever be the opinion as to details, the general effect as a spectacle is admitted to be satisfactory. Some hundreds of foreigners have come and gone; many of the season-ticket holders have satisfied the desire of their eyes, and the great stream of English folk is beginning to set towards Kensington, to view the feats of invention, the improvements of industry, and the embodiments of genius which have accumulated since that year of promise 1851. The Exhibition of the Royal Academy, and Frith's marvellous picture of the Railway Station—a subject to which we mean to return—have had their share of attention, along with the usual May Meetings. Thus, what with fine weather, and troops of money-spending visitors, London looks something like its best.

Science, profiting by the time of year, is, so to speak, taking stock. The Microscopical Society have held their soirée, and the Photographic Society theirs: the one shewing proofs of animal and vegetable tissues coloured by absorption during growth, and the wonderful microscopic writing-machine which writes the entire Bible twenty-two times within the space of a square inch; the other exhibiting sun-pictures

* Mr Scrope—a great authority upon deer—pronounces that the female never bears more than one calf at a time, but this Mr Collins denies: in the case in question, a most trustworthy harbourer beheld the twins immediately after birth, saw them suck the mother, and constantly watched them as they grew up.

which have almost the effect of excellent painting, but not yet prepared with a solution of the problem how to take photographs of landscapes and objects in the natural colours. Niépce St Victor is working at it in Paris with that perseverance which never despairs of ultimate success. The College of Physicians and other learned bodies, desiring to shew hospitality to the foreigner, are planning conversazioni, following the two which have been held at Burlington House by General Sabine, President of the Royal Society. At those gatherings, the objects exhibited are usually of a very interesting character, and more or less scientific. Visitors curious as to the effects of artillery had opportunity to inspect a collection of fragments of ships' armour-plates, of broken bolts and distorted shot, sent from Shoeburyness: all very remarkable, as illustrative of the way in which iron breaks up under a sudden violent blow—an instructive study to a natural philosopher. The appearance of a conical shot after firing is truly surprising, as the piece of metal spreads out into a form resembling the stump of an old besom; the explanation of which is said to be that, when the centre of the cone is stopped by the striking of the point against the target, the surrounding portions continue to move forward, and by sliding over the centre as a core, produce the form above described. Models of iron ships were also to be seen, as also of docks; rare plants, including the cinchona from Kew; and illustrations of ethnology, among which was a series of the remains of the ancient Lake inhabitants of Switzerland, instructively classified by Mr H. Christy, whose reputation as an ethnologist is widely known.

Geologists are talking about a discovery which has introduced an extraordinary fossil into their collection, and extraordinary facts into their science. About a year ago, a German paleontologist discovered in the lithographic slate at Solenhofen a large part of the skeleton of an animal, which, on careful examination, was found to shew impressions of feathers. Doubts were raised; but the slab in which the fossil is imbedded has been examined by the ablest observers, and they all pronounce it to be the remains of some four-footed creature that had feathered wings and feathers on its tail. It is the first and only instance of the kind hitherto met with; and as it appears fatal to a long-established conclusion, it excites no little interest. How shall the strange animal be classed? is the question. Among birds or reptiles? No satisfactory answer can as yet be given; and Professor Wagner proposes to name the creature *Griphosaurus*, a term which embodies the Greek word for enigma: the same gentleman suggests that the so-called footprints of birds found in the trias, which have so long puzzled geologists, may be in fact the tracks of this newly discovered saurian. Hermann von Meyer says: 'This discovery is an event of so much importance in palæontology, that it calls for the most thorough investigation. The animal,' says he, describing the fossil, 'is abundantly endowed with feathers.' It possesses a long tail, has three toes; on the anterior limbs there is a fan of feathers, and also on the tail, on which the feathers radiate, not from the last vertebra, but laterally along the vertebra. The simple tarsus of itself shews that this animal does not belong to the Pterodactyles, and the formation of the tail contradicts the idea, that we connect with our birds, yet the feathers are not distinguishable from those of birds.* Meyer further proposes to name the specimen *Archæopteryx lithographica*. Professor Wagner, in closing his description, takes pains to argue that the newly discovered fossil in nowise supports the Darwinian hypothesis: that it is not 'an intermediate creature, engaged in the transition from the saurian to the bird.'

Sir Benjamin Brodie has just published the second part of his *Psychological Inquiries*; in which the hypothesis above referred to is one of the many questions embraced in the physical and moral history of man which are brought on for discussion. The veteran baronet admits that certain modifications or transformations of the animal structure can and do take place: but he shews, on the other hand, that certain organs are special, and appear to have no prototype; such as the fangs and poison-secreting glands of venomous snakes; the electric battery of the torpedo; and the spinning apparatus of the spider. Speaking through one of his interlocutors, he says: 'You may conclude this, that the thing is so far beyond the limits of my experience, and that in whatever way I look at it, I find the question so beset with difficulties, that I cannot venture to form any opinion on the subject.'

A magnificent telescope, with a mirror eighty centimetres in diameter, silvered by M. Foucault, was mounted about four months ago in the Imperial Observatory at Paris, and rigorously tested, according to the requirements of modern astronomy. The instrument came out of the trial satisfactorily, but so much delay was occasioned by waiting for propitious nights, that M. Leverrier and his aids are convinced that the climate of Paris is unsuitable to optical instruments of very high power. They have therefore resolved that the Foucault telescope, with other large refractors, shall be established in an observatory somewhere in the south, where advantage may be taken of the full power of the instruments. We notice it here as a solace to students of astronomy in this country, who have so often to lament the prevalence of unfavourable weather.

Mr Fairbairn's paper 'On the Law of Expansion of Superheated Steam,' read last month before the Royal Society, gave rise to an unusually interesting discussion. This kind of steam—dry steam, as engineers call it—is produced by an elevation of temperature to 500 or 600 degrees, in which condition it rushes into the cylinder with the ordinary steam, and effects an economy of one-third in the cost of fuel. Another advantage is, that it keeps the sides of the cylinders dry, and prevents the accumulation of water which, as practical men are aware, is detrimental to the working-power of the engine. With respect to a lubricant for facilitating the movement of the piston within the cylinder, it appears that the long-desired substitute for grease is at length discovered, namely, paraffine. In condensing engines, an unusual corrosion of the boilers is sometimes noticed, which arises from the acid vapours of the grease passing over with the condensed steam. With paraffine this objection is entirely avoided; moreover, paraffine, and the class of hydrocarbons to which it belongs, are not destructible by high temperatures, as grease and oil are, but retain their lubricating properties unimpaired. This is a fact which ought to be widely known, especially as superheated steam is likely to be taken into use to a much greater extent than it now is. Let it be well understood that paraffine resists the action of intense heat, and the employers of steam-engines will have at command an important economical element. This property of paraffine may be made serviceable in another way: in experimenting on high temperatures in glass tubes. Oil vapourises and obscures the observation; while with paraffine the transparency remains unblemished.

From recent experiments with heavy artillery, it is becoming apparent, so far as is yet demonstrable, that the size of guns cannot be increased at pleasure. It was thought, not long since, that the bore might be of any diameter, provided the thickness of metal were increased in proportion. But to this there seems to be a limit, for with very large charges of powder, the quantity of highly heated gases developed is so great, and the quality so energetic, that the metal gives

* One of the feathers is figured in the last number of the *Annals of Natural History*.

way. From this point of view, it would appear that the larger the gun, the more likely it is to burst.

For some months past, an ice-making machine has been in operation in Westminster, which effects its purpose cheaply and quickly, by an ingenious process. Sea-water, as most readers know, does not freeze at the temperature of 32 degrees, as fresh water does. Advantage is taken of this fact in the following way. A number of flat, square metal boxes, filled with fresh water, are placed within an air-tight chamber, around which a constant circulation of sea-water goes on, which, by the evaporation of ether, has been reduced in temperature below the freezing-point. This circulation chills all the boxes, and freezes the fresh water into hard solid squares, fit for any use to which ice is commonly applied. A small steam-engine connected with the apparatus maintains a vacuum in the chamber, and condenses the ether, which thus is made to do its work of refrigeration over and over again with but little loss; not more, as we hear, than about eightpence a day.

Another achievement has been made in operative chemistry, which deserves notice, because of the many useful applications of which it is capable, as was fully explained in a paper read before the Society of Arts by the inventor, Mr Frederick Walton. The achievement consists in a process by which india-rubber can be produced and manufactured from linseed oil. This oil is plentiful and cheap. We import as much linseed every year as will yield about 60,000 tons of oil, and this, when converted into artificial india-rubber, would be saleable at about half the price of the real article. A notion of the process may be formed by persons who have noticed that linseed-oil when spilt dries in a thin, tough film, and that a similar film forms on the surface of a quantity of the oil when left for a time undisturbed. Mr Walton takes a mass of these films, mixes a small portion of shell-lac therewith, crushes them, subjects them to a course of rolling at a high temperature, and so produces a substance which closely resembles india-rubber, and is applicable to as great a variety of purposes as caoutchouc itself, and to many of those for which gutta-percha is now used. To notice but a few of its applications: we find clothing, waterproof sheets, tarpaulings, carriage-fittings, saddlery, imitation leather, shoes and boots, printers' blankets, tubing, tank-lining, ship-sheathing, knife and tool handles, picture-frames, and all the articles which are now fashioned of vulcanite and ebonite. The usual way of preparing the so-called American leather cloth involves a period of seven days; with this new substance, a much greater quantity of the cloth may be prepared in one day.

Another attempt has been made to send salmon to Australia, and where so much perseverance is manifested, we cannot doubt of eventual success. Meanwhile, the introduction and acclimation of English birds take their place among accomplished facts; and our colonists at the antipodes may now hear the songs and warblings which gladdened their ears in the days of their youth, and partake of such game as inhabits English preserves. As regards the llama, such prosperous results have been already achieved, that some of the colonial newspapers are predicting the time, about half a century hence, when the vast grazing-grounds of the interior shall be covered by millions of the animal, and the trade in llama wool exceed that in gold.

On our side of the globe, the work of acclimatising is still going on; and the attempts to repopulate the Thames and other rivers with fish are still active. In the course of a year or two, there will be satisfactory results to report, not only of rivers, but of places on the coast, and in Ireland, where the fisheries have sadly degenerated through the lack of intelligent supervision. M. Coste, too, perseveres with his zealous endeavours to multiply the food resources of

France. In a note recently addressed to the Academy of Sciences, he points out the importance of having a severe law which may prevent the enormous waste of spawn which takes place, season after season, to such an extent, that, as he estimates, there is a loss every year, in soles, turbot, and brill, of more than two hundred millions. If all these could be reared, France should have as little fear of famine as England ought to have of invasion.

CREATURES OF THE NIGHT.

POISED on strong wings, with swift yet stealthy flight,
Low in the vale, fresh from the thick dark wood,
The pallid hunter of the gloomy night,
The pouncing owl, swoops upon its food.
His screech oft fills the waking child with fear;
From the day's grave it bursts with a wild moan,
Ill-omen to the superstitious ear,
That dreads in it the future sigh or groan
From friend or relative, whom death's grand night
Draws close around the curtain of the tomb,
To screen the eyes before the morning bright,
That in another world we feel will come.
Loud, as he rushes past, his pinions flap
And vibrate in the vapour-laden air;
He passes, leaving on the sense a gap,
A loss, than the dread presence worse to bear.

The glow-worm shines upon the bank's warm side,
As though the lesser stars in heaven had found
A mirror, that the darkness could not hide,
Wherein to see their faces on the ground.

Lo! through the early shadows of the night,
With webbed hands that clutch the heated air,
The furry bat flits with uneven flight,
As in our life there comes a biting care;
Higher he soars when cloudless is the sky,
Quickly he turns upon his insect prey,
Through the dark grove of trees he loves to fly,
Shunning the faintest ray of parting day.
Strange is his voice, the mouse who apes the bird;
Rarely he utters his small squeaking cry,
By most unheeded, when perchance 'tis heard
In the soft silence as he hasteth by.

The cricket plays upon his horny thigh,
A reedy note with an untiring wing,
Nor wearies till the morning draweth nigh,
Nor ceases when the nightingale doth sing.
Not all the pleasing sounds the earth can yield,
Nor the spring music of the lusty year,
Can charm his bride, who hideth in the field,
As that shrill chirp he raiseth for her ear.
And thus to each is given his own delight,
That less'neth not the others' private joy,
And thus the world hath room, when used aright,
For all who will their special gifts employ.

K.

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CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL OF POPULAR LITERATURE

Science and Arts.

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 440.

SATURDAY, JUNE 7, 1862.

PRICE 1½d.

THE RISE AND FALL OF THE DAILY FLAMBEAU.

TOWARDS the close of 185-, from reasons which the curious are at liberty to guess, I was persuaded to give up my practice at the bar of Ditchville, and amalgamate my prospects with those of the *Daily Flambeau*, a penny paper projected in that city by a limited liability company.

The project sprang, phoenix-like, from the ashes of an old weekly, one of those once well-fed fourpence-halfpenny concerns which turned faint when the stamp-act was repealed, prophesied woes and disasters from the influx of cheap trash, and after subsisting a while on its own fat, died inch by inch. This weekly, the *Saturday Watchman*, was in its day no mean power in the state. Prior to '32, it had hinted at mysterious messages from the sergeant-at-arms; it had been quoted in the Commons by O'Connell; it was seldom for three months at a time clear of the law-courts, and was often mulcted in heavy damages. Few people now a days know, or care to know, the name of the editor of their newspaper; but the *Watchman* was nothing to its readers if not Peter Rusk—one of the olden school who did not so much as know what a literary elegance was, who had only an incidental regard for grammar itself, but who drove his opinions through all opposition with a coach-and-four-like air of overbearing decision. No dyspeptic gentleman who, writing with nervous propriety, 'ventures to think,' or 'takes leave to suggest,' and who is seldom seen except by the printer's boy, was Peter Rusk; his thoughts and suggestions were neither ventured nor submitted, but thundered out with unequivocal dogmatism, as if the stability of the universe depended on them. His nose of beet-root richness, grizzly chin, and gnarled forehead were familiar as the principal features of a head-piece which figured near the chairman at all sorts of public meetings. Farmers, prompted by honest admiration, called on him when they came to town on market-days. Kegs of butter, baskets of eggs, and fresh pork were freely sent him by country subscribers. He had testimonials of handsome clocks, gold watches, writing-desks, and books, for his able advocacy of this and the other cause. The *Watchman* had a kind of executive power which I think few papers have now. It was feared and

obeyed. Even to-day, on this bright June day, some pair of wood-cutters leaning for a minute on their axes; some coterie of blue-aproned weavers sunning themselves for a moment round the shop-door in the village-street; some brace of mechanics working at the same bench in Ditchville; some civic authorities pausing on the street to exchange snuff-boxes and blow their noses at each other—by one or other of these, I warrant, Peter is even now quoted as a party mercifully removed before local affairs had reached this alarming crisis, or as one by whose advice Mr Gladstone might profit; or, generally, as a 'terrible hand,' whose like, take him for all in all, will never be seen again.

Peter died long before the repeal of the stamp-duty, and his decease might be cited as his most politic act; for there would have been little room for him, when newspaper development, escaping the compression of taxes, sprang up a steam-snorting giant, scattering broad-sheets like snow-flakes.

When the *Watchman* expired, the proprietors found it impossible to dispose of the buildings, furnishings, and plant, except at a ruinous sacrifice. It then occurred to them that they could not decently withdraw themselves as public ameliorators; and they projected the *Daily Flambeau* Company (limited), capital £5000, in shares of one pound each. They took out the value of their stock in shares, which amounted to about one-half of the whole capital. Another thousand shares were disposed of by dint of hard canvassing, and the company was registered. The people thus brought together as proprietors were of a very miscellaneous description, and some of them had strange motives for connecting themselves with a newspaper. There were semi-literary people, who believed they would now have an outlet for their genius. There was a confectioner and fancy-baker, who hoped that the reports of the soirees he purveyed would spread his name, and authenticate the superior quality of his goods. There were a dozen composers, determined to prove practically their faith in co-operative principles, and who, I regret to say, were a source of much sorrow afterwards. There was a clique of three gentlemen, who formed a small but determined minority in the town-council, of whose periodical onslaughts upon the magistrates the existing journals had long given over recording a single word. Finally, there were the directly antipathetic elements of licensed victuallers and

other rival tradesmen. The constituents of a limited liability company are apt to be very motley indeed.

From the first, it was evident that some ingenuity was required to marshal the miscellaneous, often conflicting, hopes and wishes of our proprietors. Every one had got it into his head, that he was in some measure responsible for the policy and opinions of the forthcoming journal. Speeches without end were made, full of suggestions—merely suggestions—to 'our Editor.' The more impenetrably stupid kind of proprietor submitted instructions which ought to be laid upon our editor, whom he considered a machine for sorting the sentiments of those whose bread he was privileged to eat. A licensed victualler hinted that the energies of the new institution should be directed against the quarter-sessions, and the detestable system of espionage carried on by the police, both of which he considered foreign to the spirit of the constitution. A teetotaler argued, that the best way to get rid of all grievances of this class, would be to advocate the Maine Law. The president of the Ditchville Reform Association, in a speech of astonishing eloquence, declared that the mission of our journal was to convince the People of their exalted position in the universe, the absolute dependence of society on the People, and the People's consequent right to dictate its own terms to society. One of the semi-literary species, on the other hand, hoped our editor would not be so presumptuous as to break down the eternal barriers of nature. The chairman of the directors, looking towards me, said he had no doubt our able editor would profit by all these admirable suggestions.

Ditchville was already enlightened by two diurnal luminaries—the *Post* and the *Morning Bugle*; old-established journals, which had only abated one penny of their price in deference to the hair-brained spirit of cheapness that was raging through the land. Whosoever had twopenny, and no other, could purchase the *Post* or the *Bugle*. In announcing the *Daily Flambeau*, then, twenty-eight large closely printed columns for a penny, we were justified in heading our posters in the most brilliant reds and blues, 'New Era in the Ditchville Press!' These bills, in the composition of which I protest I had no hand, announced 'original articles by distinguished writers;' which line I appropriated as an indivisible compliment to myself. We promised metropolitan intelligence a day earlier than was hitherto possible—and up to this moment I have no idea of what we meant by that. We also promised the fullest local reports, and intimated that we had laid a net of correspondents over the country, through which only a small event—a mere minnow of an event—could possibly escape.

It was four o'clock on the morning of publication before I left the office with a copy of the first impression of the *Daily Flambeau*, and the day was not far advanced when I returned and hurried into the room of Mr Sorrell, our indefatigable manager, against whom the worst that could be alleged was, that there was not much of him; being, indeed, hardly worth mentioning as a physical fact.

'Well?' I asked, thinking it unnecessary to consume words and time in elaborating an inquiry which a deaf man might apprehend.

'Well!' he answered, innocently surprised, and not with any intention, I do believe, of trifling with my feelings.

'A success?' I suggested confidently.

'Well,' said he, pressing the extreme tips of his

right-hand fingers against the table, and assuming demonstrative attitude; 'the *Daily Flambeau* may or may not, carry on. That's a question for proprietors. But all I have to say is, that this morning's experience proves penny-papers to be absolute necessity in Ditchville.'

'How many?' I asked, a little fearful lest oriental glow that was stealing over me might suddenly frost-struck.

'Fifteen thousand,' he answered in a careless voice.

'It's my opinion,' said I, after a momentous pause, 'it's my decided opinion that we are an *INSURURIO*. An expression, the originality of which so tickled Sorrell, that he invited me and himself to luncheon forthwith in the *White Swan* at the Institution expense. Neither manager nor editor, however, have taken much credit to themselves for this success. The vast majority of our readers had bought *Flambeau*, chiefly for the reason that it was published the previous day. The next impression had fewer readers by many thousands; the next fewer still; and at the end of a fortnight, the morning issue was a fact as unnoticeable as the rise of the sun.

No; we were not, Minerva-like, to take up position in full-proportioned maturity at once. We were to creep and stagger, and meet with innumerable obstacles, as is the manner of extremely youthful concerns. Those who fought the early battle of the penny-press will confirm me here, I am sure. Was it not a tough, exciting, disagreeable, animated struggle? an inch by inch victory? Our enemy was a Prejudice, which may have been natural, which was, nevertheless, excessively stubborn. The character we had given the penny failed to make him respectable. He was looked on as the most disreputable coin going. A first material obstacle to progress was the hostility of the news-agents and booksellers. Looking to-day at the cart-loads of penny sheets that come and go through the premises of these Ditchville gentlemen, I take the liberty of indulging in a revengeful sneer at their blindness in those days. They told us, with aristocratic placidity, that it was not worth the while to finger a coin of which such an infinitesimal particle adhered to them. They continually prophesied that another week would see the end of the thing. They smiled in a superior manner when we ventured to hint they did not know their own interests. A few took the paper, but none, save the individual whose private fortune to the extent of a pound was sunk in it, endeavoured to push it. We were therefore obliged to throw ourselves into the hands of the street-boys. These youths were zealous enough, as I can testify, who was more than constrained to purchase a copy of my own paper in order to have unmolested passage along the street. A circulation propelled through these mediums was, however, very precarious. The first year, we averaged about four thousand daily.

The Prejudice dogged our steps into the presence of advertisers. Our canvassers did not, I fear, score as to a cipher, when it came to figures. But what did it matter? The Prejudice was there to brand a statement, true or not, with its 'Don't believe in it.' The canvassers of the *Bugle* endeavoured to cut the throat, by averring that our ascertained circulation over and above the presentation-copies appropriated by the staff, was twenty-five! Our receipts for advertising during the first year were generally about thirty pounds a week, and a large share of that sum was received in consideration of proclaiming the virtues of certain panaceas, of which, I would think, there could not be a man, woman, or child in these realms ignorant. Many a thriving journal, now stout on its own legs, would never have got through some early days of weakness but for the crutch-help of what are referred to as 'qua-

advertisements.' We need not, therefore, approve of them, any more than of slavery, by the agency of which so many now free colonies were erected; but let the fact be recorded in both cases.

There was no branch of the establishment to which the Prejudice shewed a more decided hostility than to the reporting staff. It was long before anything more respectable than the committee of a scavengers' soiree, or the manager of a penny-show, recognised our existence as an invitable, sight-seeing, tea-drinking, dinner-consuming concern. We had to purchase tickets, and even money failed to procure us admission to some gatherings. All constituted authority frowned on us, or ignored our existence: I suppose no town official higher than a beadle or a policeman had the courage to read a penny paper; and even these had to carry it for that purpose into the deepest privacy, in deference to public opinion. Advice as to the where and when of civic meetings were withheld from us till we hit on an ingenious revenge. We reported, and announced we reported, the observations and speeches of the chief magistrates literally and verbally, and this custom soon bred so many doubts of their sobriety, if not sanity, that the desired *entree* was surrendered with great discretion.

Then the *Post* and the *Bugle*, which had been cudgelling each other from time immemorial, turned, by mutual instinct, jointly against this new thing, the *Flambeau*. In provincial towns, the reporters of rival journals are obliged to amalgamate in friendly union sometimes; for it happens occasionally that half-a-dozen railway meetings are fixed for the same hour of the same day; it will also fall out that that day, of all days in the year, has been selected by the Gorilla Mission for its annual exhibition of tamed specimens; by the Trades' Tribunal, on which to consider the great barbers' strike; and by the trustees of the Poets' Asylum, to compliment each other extravagantly. A ubiquitous pencil, or a sufficiently near approach to one, is on such days obtained by the junction of many pencils. From all the advantages of such combination, we were persistently excluded. Even when their joint powers were unequal to the work, the *Post* and *Bugle* excluded us; tacitly setting forth that the co-operation of twopenny pencils and penny pencils was for ever impossible under any exigency. They would turn out their clerks and light porters first.

Ordinarily, however, our three reporters were equal to the occasion. For weeks in succession they would have nothing to do, except to saunter once or twice a day to the police-offices, partly to learn if any stupid people had been run down by vehicles, partly to see if there were any burglaries, thefts, or suicides worth mentioning; but mainly to make sure that they did not miss a good murder.

As for us inside—the sub-editor and myself—we felt our isolated position as persons implicated in the production of a penny paper, by negative tokens. No parcels of fresh books, no particoloured magazines, arrived with the publisher's compliments, for us. A solitary poet called with a copy of his poems, printed for the author, which he formally presented to us in a speech, expressive of his gratification that the country had now an independent organ, likely to do justice to literary talent. No magistrates, chamberlains, secretaries, or others called with exclusive information. We could not even injure any one sufficiently to induce him to call and expostulate in person. One day, only, a delusive hope of some refreshing excitement of this nature came and went in the person of a draper, who had been guilty of some offence which was a little strongly stated in our paper. He called, accompanied with a mute and meek friend; he spread out a copy of the paper before me, and with his finger on the noxious paragraph, observed, with impressive formality: 'This paper, I believe, is the *Daily Flambeau*—you, I believe, are the editor. Your

name is Scratch, I believe. My name is Biggle. These scandalous remarks apply to me. Of course, you won't give up the name of the writer. But you will be good enough to say if I am right?' And he glanced just a moment at his friend as if to say: 'Now, then, take particular notice of the ruffian's answer!' I replied that I was bound to say he had stated nothing from which I could reasonably dissent. He looked at his friend significantly, then folded up the paper with much nicety, as though it were a valuable document, on no account to be roughly handled, buttoned up his coat, and departed. He merely said 'Good-morning,' but the tone and air left me under the impression that he had really said: 'I am a gentleman, not accustomed to use unseemly violence, or waste words; this is a case much too serious to be handled by any but the representatives of the Crown.'

From that day, nevertheless, I heard no more of the matter. My attention was usually divided between the leading columns and the correspondence, including the reports sent in by our paid correspondents in the district towns and villages. Much might be said of these country correspondents. It is they who give us the dimensions of preternatural cabbages and eggs. It is they who tell us of three-headed lambs, and calves with a five legs. They wield the 'we,' and advise and threaten with ludicrous pomposity. I know some who make a good income by ringing the changes on one theme alone—the weather. In their own districts they are held in great terror. 'I belong to the press,' they say in a conclusive way, when anybody happens to interrupt their progress towards anything which it has pleased them to patronise. They write reports of enormous length, always accompanied with a private note to the editor explanatory of their importance. They refer to their paragraphs as 'articles,' and write vengeful letters when the beauty of the composition is marred by a typographical error. On the whole, they think the press a great institution, and themselves its main pillars.

Of myself I may further say, that I had to suffer the indignity of being every other day shewn up in the *Bugle* as a distressed barrister, an amputated limb of the law, and an imbecile generally. My paper was called the penny-whistle, the street-ballad, the beggar's news, or, in the virulence of concentrated malice, the 'sheet.' All which abuse we judiciously repaid in kind. It is good for a new journal to get itself noised abroad by any means; and we frequently endeavoured to provoke a dispute with the *Post*. But that respectable journal crushed us with overwhelming silence.

Our position was to change, however. We began to make good our threat of heating the seats of certain councillors a degree or two above the average temperature. We began to expose monster nuisances; to convince the people they were slowly dying by means of bad sewerage, bad water, unconsumed smoke, and the effluvia of illegal works. We agitated the gas question; collated the statistics of Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham, Glasgow, and Edinburgh, from which we proved that Ditchville was in the hands of an unscrupulous monopoly. Finally, we divided parties at the civic elections on the momentous question of whether that ancient functionary, the town-bellman, whose office was now a sinecure, was entitled to have goldlace on his hat? There was an exciting election. We carried our men in several wards, which circumstance, as we stated in announcing it, proved that the backbone of the old oligarchy was broken for ever. While we were thus advancing the work of the nineteenth century, we at the same time advanced ourselves with satisfactory rapidity. We were finally set upon our legs by a great trial, whose protracted course the nation, in breathless anxiety, stood still to witness. Thirty, forty, fifty thousand per day, as many as we

were able to print, were greedily absorbed. Night and day the big engine fly-wheel gyrated; the presses groaned; the publishing-office was choked. Once for all the penny had got a polish. Its respectability was established in Ditchville. The Prejudice was knocked on the head, and never more heard of in these parts. We did not, as one would expect, come down to our old level with the ebbing tide of interest. Our circulation was permanently increased five or six thousand. For the convenience of the statist the fact may be stated thus: when a crowd, under extraordinary pressure, purchase a paper once, one out of every nine will continue to buy it after the pressure has been removed.

Our second year was one of increasing prosperity. The sale averaged twenty thousand a day, and the advertisements about a hundred pounds per week; which enabled us to pay 25 per cent. per annum on the paid-up capital. We were an acknowledged power now. Cries of 'Oh, oh, and laughter,' did not mark any reference to us in the council-hall. The railway newsboys led off their not unmusical cries with our name: '*Flambeau, Post, and Bugle.*' I daresay we should have had a monopoly of the steam-boats if there had been such things within a hundred miles of Ditchville. Ecclesiastical hierarchs, who had looked on us and most cheap things as tending to immorality, did now not unfrequently condescend to advise us, by autograph epistle, of the utter incapacity of our reporter when he happened to mistake tweedledum for tweedledee in their reverences' speeches. Theatrical managers sent us envelopes crammed with complimentary orders. The great metropolitan stars, when they, as is their annual custom, became provincial comets, dropped us their cards in token that we had liberty to admire them. If we did not always do this, some of the lesser luminaries became portentous stars to us, threatening to fall into our sweet ale like the star which is called wormwood.

We had too many invitations now; our chief reporter, whose stomach was none of the best, was fast hurrying himself to a premature grave by his conscientious endeavour to arrive, by the only reliable process, at a fair judgment on annual dinners, complimentary banquets, assembly suppers, and what not. We had callers of every shade of respectability. Shameful gentlemen, who had lost their watches in shameful places, called to beg that their names might be omitted in the police reports. Tradesmen convicted of using light-weights, called to represent the utter ruin that the publication of the offence would entail on them. Publicans fined, called to tell us their cases were of no earthly importance, and might be quashed. The public-meeting bore called with the manuscript of his speech, to save the reporters the trouble of transcribing notes they had never taken. Defeated litigants called, with appalling bundles of documents, in order that we might rehearse the case, and announce the judge a rogue bribed, or a fool deceived. Private committees called with two or three columns of complimentary speeches made at the presentation of a pair of spectacles to our well-known townsman, Mr Dash, which they expected us to publish in consideration of their taking twenty copies. We had also a vast increase of letters, stating all kinds of grievances, the second paragraph generally beginning with 'Now, sir.'

Blue-books and other light parliamentary literature now demanded a large share of my attention. Many provincial editors write the leading articles and a summary of news daily, besides attending to the management. The thing is possible; but—you remember what Robert Hall said? 'A man of genius, sir, may produce one sermon in the week; a person of average talent may compose two; but nobody but a fool, sir, can write three!' As two leading articles are equal in length to one sermon, I was at this rate a

fool when the *Flambeau* was at its earliest and lowest; when it got up a bit, I became a person of average talent; and lastly, I culminated into a man of genius. There was, and, according to popular rumour, is, not any lack of writers; and again and again we declined the repeated offers of certain associations in London to supply us with political leaders, reviews, and metropolitan letters, at, if I remember rightly, ten-and-sixpence an article. To me, who was yet little more than an amateur, there seemed something quite discouraging in the wholesale manufacture of such delicate stuff as literature. Think of an association for the regular production of three-volumed novels! or epic poems! or dramas! Think of the History of England by the Clio Company (limited)!

Another year of steady prosperity. As a fixed institution, we toned down to a less revolutionary policy; we began to see more clearly the amenities of established things. Personally, I may have dreamed of long service, a jubilee commemoration, and a shrub-screened cottage away from the thunder of printing-machinery, and those haunting sprites who never speak except their two appointed words: 'Copy, sir!'

Disasters generally choose the best days in order to set themselves off to most advantage. A certain sunshiny June morning had put me on cheerful terms with myself and the universe round me, even before I descended into our little breakfast-parlour, overlooking a grass-plot, with a young lime-tree in the centre, which served me as a barometer or indicator of the summer. From a pleasing reverie I was startled by the voice of my wife. 'Coffee's ready, dear,' she said. One is hardly prepared to understand in a moment why this fact should be heart-rending. But my wife spoke in a voice as hollow and sad as if she had been obliged to announce, 'Calcraft's ready, my dear!' I was overpowered by a sense of imminent disaster. I inquired what was wrong. She replied faintly, 'Nothing.' I told her not to tell me that: I prayed, I urged, I demanded to know what troubled her, promising, if she had been in fault, to forgive her unconditionally. She was silent, and I took up the morning papers to prove my unconcern in that case. Scarcely had I opened the *Bugle* when I announced to my excellent wife, by a low prolonged whistle, that I had discovered her secret. 'On and after 1st June next, the *Morning Bugle* will be published at one penny!' So I read. 'Oh, well,' I said, 'it will affect us a little, doubtless, but here is nothing absolutely tragical.' 'Oh, no!' she answered, more melancholy than ever. I took up the *Post*, and you must really imagine with what feelings I read: 'On and after To-morrow, the *Daily Post* will be reduced in price to one penny!' To-morrow! not a single day's respite. To-morrow!

The story of our decline and fall is too melancholy to be lingered over; it is a spot in the annals of Ditchville which all the multitudinous seas will not cleanse. In one day the *Post*, the penny *Post*, abducted five thousand of our circulation. We diminished by hundreds every day after. In vain we hinted in a thousand ways, that we had compelled (as indeed we had) this revolution in the press, and were therefore confident of support. In vain we talked of our secure position. In vain we fell back on nuisances. We were going down by general consent: we, the father of the cheap press! Suggestions of every shade of absurdity for redeeming our position were made by the kindest, but stupidest of friends. What we wanted was capital. We were but a poor limited liability company. The shareholders had drawn the profits, and spent them. Our contemporaries, on the contrary, belonged to single proprietors, who could lay out money at a temporary loss. The result was not long doubtful. One fine morning we put up the shutters. The *Bugle* screeched an agony of triumph. The *Post* recognised our existence for the first time, in recording

our death, in terms which rather surprised me: 'The *Daily Flambeau*, a Ditchville journal, conducted with considerable ability, issued its last number yesterday.'

EMANUEL SWEDENBORG.

Who was Emanuel Swedenborg? 'An impostor, a madman, a fanatic,' reply those who hold curt and ready opinions on all subjects. 'An apostle, whose writings are an infallible code of divine and heavenly truths,' answers a disciple; neither of which opinions commend themselves to the acceptance of a cautious inquirer.

Emanuel Swedenborg enjoyed a long life of eighty-four years, commencing in Stockholm on 29th January 1688, and ending in London, on 29th March 1772. He was never married. His lifetime divides itself into two distinct periods—the first ending with his fifty-fifth year, was given to business, science, and philosophy; the second, of nearly thirty years, was exclusively consecrated to theology and spiritualism.

Jesper Swedberg, the father of Emanuel, was a chaplain in the Swedish army at the time of his son's birth; he afterwards held a professorship in the university of Upsal, and was finally appointed to the bishopric of Skara, and his family ennobled, changing their name from Swedberg to Swedenborg. We often see Swedenborg's name with Count or Baron prefixed to it; but this is done in error. He had a seat in the house of nobles, but was neither count nor baron.

Jesper Swedberg came of humble stock; his father worked as a miner in the copper-mines of Fahlun; but he was endowed with that energy and perseverance which are sure to raise their owner into the high places of the world. He became a shrewd, bustling, pious priest, who preached with his whole heart, wrote countless books and tracts, looked after his flock with a worrying and incessant care, pushed his sons into the best offices he could command, and made for his daughters the best marriages he could contrive. To a son, not making his way in the world quite so rapidly as he thought he ought, he wrote: 'It is of no use your coming to Stockholm to fritter away your best years in idleness. You write well, you reckon well, and, thank God, you are not married! See that you get a good wife and something with her. Pray to God to lead you in His good way.' In these few pithy lines, we have the bishop of Skara.

Emanuel was educated at Upsal, and having graduated as Doctor of Philosophy, travelled for four years in England, Holland, France, and Germany. In his absence, his father plied the government of Charles XII. for some office into which he might at once step on his return, with a pertinacity which would take no repulse. After many delays and some temporary employment, the father was rejoiced by his son's appointment to the assessorship of mines.

With Charles XII., Swedenborg had much intercourse, and they talked over many mathematical and arithmetical questions together. One day Charles remarked, that 'he who knew nothing of mathematics did not deserve to be considered a rational man;' a sentiment, thought Swedenborg, 'truly worthy of a king.' In the prosecution of the siege of Frederickshald, he was of service to Charles in carrying two galleys, five large boats, and a sloop overland for fourteen miles, on rolling-machines of his own contrivance. The cannon-ball from Frederickshald, which, on 11th December 1718, killed Charles, and gave peace to Scandinavia, dissolved a connection in which Swedenborg's engineering skill would have had many chances of display.

His brain at this time was teeming with mechanical and economical designs. He published short works on algebra, giving the first account in Sweden of the differential and integral calculus; on a way of finding the longitude by means of the moon; on decimal

money and measures; on the motion and position of the earth and planets; on the depth of the sea, and greater force of the tides in the ancient world, proved from appearances in Sweden; and on docks, sluices, and salt-works. He was very anxious to set up an observatory, and to commence salt-making, and had plans for a machine by which a man might go under the sea, and do great damage to the fleets of the enemy; an air-gun, from which a thousand balls might be discharged from one tube in a moment; a musical instrument, on which the inexperienced musician may play any tune; an aquatic clock shewing the motions of the heavenly bodies; a flying chariot; a chariot full of tools, set in motion by the movement of the horses; and so on.

In 1721 he went to Amsterdam, and there printed in Latin some treatises on chemistry, iron and fire, docks and dykes, and on his method of finding the longitude by the moon. At Leipsic, in 1722, he published a volume of miscellaneous observations on geology, vitrification or the change of particles into glass, on stoves, fireplaces, wind and draught furnaces, on chemistry as atomic geometry, and many other matters. On his return to Sweden, he issued a pamphlet on the Swedish currency. From this enumeration we may conceive the range and versatility of Swedenborg's mind.

He now betook himself to the duties of his assessorship, and for eleven years stayed at home and published nothing. In 1724, he was offered the professorship of mathematics at Upsal, but he declined the honour, having a strong dislike to merely speculative mathematics. Writing to a brother at this time, he remarks: 'It is the fatality of mathematicians to remain chiefly in theory. I have often thought it would be a capital thing, if, to each ten mathematicians, one good practical man were added, to lead the rest to market: he would be of more use and mark than all the ten.' Yet though silent, his pen was not at rest. Living among mines and miners, he set himself the task of their systematic description; and not content with the narration of the technical details of mining and smelting, he struggled with the insoluble problem, how copper, and iron, and matter, and Nature herself came to exist and subsist. Having accumulated a great mass of manuscript, he went to Leipsic in 1733, and commenced printing, and in 1734, completed, in three massive folios, adorned with his portrait and many plates, his *Opera Philosophica et Mineralia*; the Duke of Brunswick paying the whole cost of the publication. The second and third volumes of the work are given up to a description of the manufacture of copper, iron, and brass, and contain an exhaustive record of the best methods in use last century. The first volume, entitled *Principia, or the First Principles of Natural Things, being new Attempts towards a Philosophical Explanation of the Elementary World*, has alone any general interest. It is an elaborate theory of the origin of the universe from what he defines as 'points of pure motion produced immediately from the Infinite.' The *Principia* is a dream, but a dream of genius full of sagacious hints and far-reaching thoughts. At this time he fell in with the writings of Wolf, and was overjoyed to discover how thoroughly their ideas coincided, and he sought and made his acquaintance. Wolf was in those days the pride of the metaphysical world. Frederick the Great, in 1736, wrote to Voltaire concerning him as 'the most celebrated philosopher of our age, who, for having carried light into the darkest places of metaphysics, is cruelly accused of irreligion and atheism.' Encouraged by Wolf's sympathy, Swedenborg brought out another work at Leipsic in 1734, on *The Infinite, and the Final Cause of Creation; and the Intercourse between the Soul and the Body*, carrying the doctrine of the *Principia* into higher regions, and resolving the soul into a collection of points of motion and one in substance with the sun.

The same year he returned to Sweden; in 1735, his father died, leaving him a good sum of money; and in 1736 he resigned half of his official salary to substitutes, and went abroad for five years. He lived in Paris upwards of a year, and in Rome five months, and the time not spent in travelling and sight-seeing he gave with all earnestness to the study of anatomy and physiology. He had set himself a new purpose; he had resolved to discover the human soul; and by this method 'I shall remove swathing after swathing of the body, and by bending my course inwards continually, I hope to open all the doors that lead to her, and at length contemplate the soul herself, by the Divine permission.' At Amsterdam, in 1741, he published *The Economy of the Animal Kingdom*, in two volumes, and returned home. Dissatisfied with his work, he commenced it anew, and in 1743 went back to Holland, and printed at the Hague two volumes on *The Animal Kingdom*, and a third in London in 1745. The animal kingdom in these books meant only the human body, and they are only portions of that thorough search which he proposed. A great mass of the manuscript he had produced he left unprinted. His work would have been more accurately designated *Studies of the Human Body*. He selects some organ, collects from the best anatomists its description, and then adjoins in his own words a vivid account of the part as it pulsates in life. In London, in 1745, he also issued a work entitled, with little fitness, *The Worship and Love of God*. It is a fanciful description of Paradise, the creation of man and of the universe on the principles of the *Principia*, opening prettily enough; but the interest is soon lost in windy disquisitions, obscure and tedious.

We have now reached the close of the first part of Swedenborg's life. Had he died at this time, it is not likely that any except a librarian who had to catalogue his works would ever have heard of his name. His writings do not appear to have obtained for him any marked recognition among the *literati* of that day; and they have been brought to light and translated into English in our own time solely through the interest which attaches to his later career. His writings evidence a mind of singular clearness, grasp, and constructive power; he delighted in theory and generalisation, but contributed no new facts to science; and theories akin to his are very ancient, and continue to be produced with varied success in confirmation or refutation from positive science. It is not uncommon to find Swedenborg complimented for his service to science, but we are never told wherein that service consisted. No truth bears his name as its discoverer, and the works we have enumerated were utterly neglected by himself during the remainder of his lifetime, and were similarly dealt with by the world.

A great change now came over Swedenborg. In 1744 he was in Holland, and entered into a series of dreams, visions, and waking phantasies, plunging him at one time into cruel perplexity and torment, and at another elevating him into ecstasies of bliss. This part of Swedenborg's life was, until 1858, hid in obscurity, when M. Klemming, the royal librarian in Stockholm, discovered a diary kept by him in 1744, giving minute relations of his mental states.* This diary is of inestimable value to the biographer of Swedenborg, for 1744 was the pivot of his life, and it sheds a light upon points in his past career which explain some in his future. On the evidence of this diary, Swedenborg was unquestionably in a state which, rightly or wrongly, we should pronounce insane, and which at this day would justify a physician in consigning a patient to Hanwell or Colney Hatch.

* *Swedenborg's Drömmor 1744; jemte andra hans anteckningar. Efter original-handskrifter meddelade af G. F. Klemming. Stockholm, 1858.* Owing to the character of several of the entries, M. Klemming was only allowed, under Swedish law, to print ninety-nine copies.

From Holland he passed over to London, and lodged in Fetter Lane. It is related, but not on the best evidence, that in London he lived for a time under the care of a Dr Smith and a keeper, as a lunatic. It is certain, however, that he returned to Sweden at the end of 1745, and in 1747 resigned his assessorship, that he might give himself up without reserve to the new duties to which he believed himself divinely appointed. In consideration of his thirty years' service, his salary was continued to him in full. In 1749, he made his appearance in London as a theologian, in the publication of the first volume of his *Arcana Celestia*, completed in 1756, in eight solid quartos. His life henceforward was spent at home in Stockholm, and in voyages to London and Amsterdam, with shorter or longer residences in these cities, in order to supervise the printing and distribution of the products of his prolific pen. With the exception of two or three of his last, all his theological publications were issued anonymously.

He now openly professed himself a companion of angels, seeing spirits and demons daily, and holding converse with them as a man with men. 'It has been granted me,' he says, 'to speak with all those of the dead whom I ever knew in the life of the body, with some for days, with some for months, and with some for a year, and also with so many others that I should come short if I reckoned them at a hundred thousand, of whom many were in the heavens and many in the hells. I have also spoken with some two days after their decease, and told them that solemn preparations were then making for their funerals; to which they said, that it was well to bury their bodies, but to tell their friends they were not dead, but equally men as before, alive and having lost nothing.' His books are replete with instances of his experience with spirits, with interviews with saints, sages, and sinners of all times and nations, and with descriptions of scenery celestial and infernal. When people hear such things of Swedenborg, they are revolted at their apparent absurdity and impossibility; they would as soon believe that he saw and talked with the people of Japan or New York, sitting in his chair at Stockholm. But Swedenborg, before he is condemned, must be asked, how he saw what he said he saw. His answer is very ample and explicit, but we may find it difficult to condense it into an intelligible paragraph.

First, he testifies that the spiritual world which he saw into is not far away, but near, and in, and around every one of us, and that if our eyes were opened as his were, we should see what he saw. But what did he mean by having his eyes opened? You would observe that when he relates that when he spoke with some whose friends were burying their bodies, they appeared in bodies so like those they had left behind, that they knew no difference. Now, those spirits had not found new bodies; those they then had they had always possessed, but they had been veiled in the corpses their friends were then burying; and these corpses they had vivified by transfusing every bone, tissue, and blood-globule. Death had wrought no change; the inner and finer man had only shuffled off a worn-out or torn vesture, and risen into a world of accordant earth and air. But a corpse weighs as much as a man alive. True; but says Swedenborg, the spiritual world and man's spiritual body are formed in the finer substances of nature, and we know that light, magnetism, heat, and probably many other substances yet unknown to us, are imponderable. Having one's spiritual eyes opened, then, means having the eyes of the inner body released from their outer veil of flesh, when at once there dawns upon the inner vision the spirit-land, and its spirit-people, lit with a spirit-sun. In this way, Swedenborg claimed to see and converse with angels. His outer eyes at such times became fixed and stony, and his breathing suppressed. His respiration from childhood had been peculiar; in deep fits of abstraction, in which it was common for him

to sink, he found that his breathing ceased. If we observe, we shall find that our thinking and our breathing keep time; long and deep thoughts take long breaths; a sigh is the expiration of a long thought of sorrow. In 1744, his powers of respiration underwent still further development, and he would appear to have become possessed of a faculty of voluntary trance, so that he could close his senses on this world, and open them at will. Sometimes these trances endured for days. He thus came to take no note of days and nights as they passed in this world, but confined himself to his chamber, sleeping, spirit-seeing, and writing at irregular intervals.

Whoever accepts, or gets over the oddness of Swedenborg's claim to seership in two worlds, finds his writings clear, calm, and consistent. The doctrine which underlies them all, is what he calls the Science of Correspondences, which, he says, was the science of sciences amongst the nations of the most ancient times, that it was lost in the world's decline and corruption, and that it was his mission to revive it. This law of correspondence Swedenborg proclaims to be universal; the outer world is a picture of the inner, and the inner corresponds to the mental or the unseen. Unseen evil is manifested in all things hurtful and ugly; unseen good is manifested in all things useful and beautiful. Man, again, is the summary of nature, and nature is man in diffusion; therefore all things in nature, in fire, air, earth, and water; all beasts, birds, fishes, insects, and reptiles; all trees and herbs, fruits and flowers—represent and express the unseen things of the mind of man. Space would fail to give any adequate idea of Swedenborg's endless applications of the doctrine that the seen is the manifestation of the unseen; with that doctrine he worked incessantly; and in his hands it was a universal key with which he professed to unlock the Scriptures, and to bring hidden things concerning God, and man, and nature to light.

The voluminousness of Swedenborg's works is a frequent charge against them, and not without reason. His *Arcana Cælestia*, an exposition of the inner sense of Genesis and Exodus, but meandering into many other themes, makes twelve full-sized volumes in English; there are eight more on the inner sense of St John's Revelation, forming in all twenty volumes of scriptural commentary! Excluding these, his other spiritual writings would easily go into six more volumes. This bulk, great as it is, has been nearly doubled by the posthumous publication of his *Spiritual Diary*, *Adversaria*, and various uncompleted works. His style, moreover, is diffuse, and abounds in wearisome repetitions. He was used to write on and on just as his thoughts flowed, and to send his manuscript, without revision or condensation, to the printer. He did not seem capable of skilful abridgment. He wrote a work on the Apocalypse, and set it aside, and produced a shorter. The first is prolix to the last degree, but abounds in rich passages; the second is shorter, but is hard and dry as a skeleton. His mind was orderly, but loose. One broad and consistent theory pervades and underlies all he wrote; but he could only be exact at the expense of enormous space. It is curious to observe the constant delusion he lived under, that he was reasoning and proving when he was only backing up his first assertion with new ones. His imaginary arguments are only prolonged affirmations. For these causes, Swedenborg is not an author to be read through, any more than is a dictionary, or cyclopædia, or Pepsy's *Diary*. People who try to do so in the most reverential spirit are sure to find themselves yawning or asleep before they get far. He is read to most advantage by dipping into one of his volumes at a hazard, or looking up some subject he has treated with the aid of an index. Swedenborg may be compared to a great country without roads, full of pleasant and fruitful spots, divided by sandy and arid tracts, and best reached by dropping into it from

above in a balloon. Read in this way, you cannot fail to discover in his writings thoughts pure, deep, and original as you will find anywhere, and quaintest bits of strange other-world experience. Taken as a whole, Swedenborg's works, after 1744, are unique in literature. He is often coupled with Jacob Behmen and other mystics, but without justice. Beyond his claim to intercourse with spirits, there is nothing mystical about him. His peculiarity is the cool, shrewd, prosaic way in which he deals with the most sacred things. Enthusiasm he had none; and his hard, icy spirit is often bemoaned by those who otherwise favour him.

Swedenborg wrote all his books in Latin, and printed them at his own expense. They were well advertised, but they did not sell, and he therefore gave them away freely among the clergy. Judged by success, Swedenborg was among the most unlucky of men. He testified that the Christian Church had come to an end, and that a New Church, signified by the New Jerusalem in the Revelation, was about to begin, and that his writings were for its use. After 1757, he changed his mind on this head, and made an attempt to rouse that Christendom he had pronounced dead and done for; and his writings assumed an aggressive, shallower, and less agreeable tone. Yet no notice was taken of him. He had none of the skill of the agitator, nor the fervour of the reformer. He looked for convulsions in England; but his Latin pamphlets excited neither clergy nor laity. Excepting some trifling annoyance from two or three Swedish divines, he passed through life unheeded alike by Protestants and Catholics.

A very small circle of friends and disciples were all he had. In England, the Rev. Thomas Hartley, rector of Winwick, Northamptonshire; William Cookworthy, a Quaker preacher of Plymouth; and Dr Messiter, a London physician, received his doctrines, and translated and published some of his books. In Sweden, a few clergymen and noblemen, Dr Oettinger of Würtemberg, Lavater in Switzerland, read his writings, and believed. To the common people, to those who did not read Latin, he made no appeal; yet, had he consulted experience, he might have known that from of old the seed-field of all new opinion, true or erroneous, was to be found in them. He made no attempt to organise a sect, nor in his writings is there any hint of encouragement for such a measure.

Of Swedenborg personally, we find nothing but the pleasantest memories. All who knew him speak of him as kind, affable, and discreet. Those who expected to meet a dreamer or an enthusiast, found a gentleman wide awake and as self-possessed as themselves. His years were spent in study and retirement; yet he was readily drawn into society, which he frankly met and enjoyed. He was quite willing to talk on theology and spiritualism, if invited, and held his own with the readiest; jesting or scoffing never ventured to break into his serious and serene presence. His evident sincerity impressed all listeners; and whilst he spoke, he won their belief sometimes against their will.

His habits were very simple; he disliked giving trouble; he lit his own fire and made his own coffee, of which he drank freely, made sweet, and without milk. Animal food he seldom or never tasted, living on almonds, raisins, biscuits, bread and butter, cakes, milk, and vegetables. One day when William Cookworthy called to see him, he found him making his dinner of bread and milk. Of money, he had always abundance, which he spent in travelling and printing; he lent none, for that, he used to say, was the way to lose it; and gave nothing to beggars, for that, he thought, encouraged rascality and laziness.

In person, Swedenborg was about 5 feet 9 inches high, erect, rather thin, and of a brown complexion. His eyes were of a brownish gray, nearly hazel, and

rather small. He had always a cheerful smile on his countenance, and a kindly sparkle in his eyes. His manners and dress were those of a gentleman of the last century; he wore a wig, a suit of black velvet and long ruffles, a sword, and carried a gold-headed cane.

His last lodging was with Shearsmith, a peruke-maker, at 26 Great Bath Street, Cold Bath-fields, Clerkenwell; the house has within the last twenty years been taken down and rebuilt. In the area of Cold Bath Square, now covered with houses, he used to sit and walk, and distribute gingerbread and fruit among the children who played there. On Christmas-eve, 1771, a stroke of apoplexy lamed his side, and deprived him of speech. He lay for some weeks in trance, and without food. He then knew that his end was near, and told the people of the house on what day he should die; and Shearsmith's servant remarked: 'He was as pleased as I should have been if I was going to have a holiday, or to some merry-making.' The Rev. Arvid Ferelius, a Swedish clergyman, visited him, and administered the sacrament. Ferelius observed to him, that 'as many persons thought he had endeavoured only to make himself a name by the publication of his new theological system, he should now be ready, in order to shew justice to the world, to recant either the whole or a part of what he had written, since he had now nothing more to expect from the world which he was so soon to leave for ever.' Upon hearing these words, he raised himself half upright in his bed, and placing his sound hand upon his breast, said, with great warmth: 'As true as you see me before you, so true is everything which I have written. I could say more, were I permitted. When you come into eternity, you will see all things as I have described them; and we shall have much discourse about them with each other.' On Sunday, 29th March, hearing the clock strike, he asked his landlady and her maid, who were both sitting at his bedside, what o'clock it was; and on being told it was five, he said: 'It is well. I thank you; God bless you;' and in a few moments after, he gently departed; the day being that which he had predicted. His body was interred in the vault of the Swedish chapel in Prince's Square, to the east of the Tower, near London Dock.

TEN POUNDS' REWARD.

I LOVE the Rev. Lawrence Sterne for the respect with which he has treated Hobbies. Every man worth twopence has one; yours maybe is an Arab, Smith's, a cart-horse, Brown's, a mule. Mine is a hippopotamus or water-hobby, and consists of balancing myself with difficulty in the centre of a boat composed principally of canvas, and propelling it through the water as fast as I can. If I get over a certain course in a prescribed time, I am contented—if in three seconds under that time, overjoyed—if over it, depressed for the remainder of the day. I am very proud of my hobby, for I have been informed, on first-rate authority, that I am, by riding it, upholding the glory of England, and encouraging a body of fresh-water men who can be salted down on emergency for the use of the navy. I am also, by the self-denial exercised in training, and the bodily labour I gladly endure, setting a bright example to the labouring-classes, who, accustomed to the repletion of the cottage supper, or the epicurean banquets of the workhouse, must blush at the spectacle of a gentleman voluntarily submitting to a diet of beef, mutton, bread, and porter, and limiting himself to three cigars a day.

In addition to these moral advantages of rowing, there are the physical ones of never having to take medicine—if that is not a bull—and of enlarging the biceps, besides the intellectual benefits of learning to be witty. Whenever a punt gets in my way, I ask the fishermen whether they have caught a whale, or

make some cutting allusion to the saying, 'a fish at one end, and a fool at the other.' They in return call me a galley-slave, and desire to be informed whether I have lost any leather lately; and I really do not know which side has the best of it, we are all so very sharp. I used at one time, when annoyed by tow-ropes, to ask the bargees, who ate the puppy-pie under Marlow Bridge, until a follower of the practical school of joking gave me corns of shot in return for my chaff; and though the distance from which he fired was great, and the shot did not penetrate beyond the skin, still the smart and the humiliation of having the grains picked out (I had turned my back when I saw the man level his gun), was such as to deter me from a repetition of that too pungent jest; and I have since confined myself more to plays upon the words wherry and funny, and to the bantering of anglers, who are mostly an even-tempered race. Paulsham-on-Thames is my favourite haunt, the village where I stable my hobby-potamus, whom I should like to keep up the year round, but whom I am forced, until such time as I shall have made my fortune, to turn out to grass for nine months of it.

A very pretty place, to my fancy, is Paulsham, with a lock and dreamy weir just above it, and a willowy sit, in whose dead water the pike love to lie, below it; with sycamores, beeches, aspens overhanging the sparkling river from the smooth green lawns which form its banks. The village is small, and free from the defilement of lading and unlading barges. The clean little inn, the 'Swan,' with its gay garden running down to the water's edge, is kept by one Thomas Beck, famous for his former strength and skill as an oarsman; famous for that fishing-craft which every spring secures him the best catch of Thames' trout; famous for that home-brewed ale which flows so softly down the parched throat of the exhausted rower who, mindful of 'Old Beck's tap,' has resisted the allurements of the 'Jolly Young Waterman' four miles—and such miles, against a current running like a mill-dam—lower down; famous up to last summer for his two pretty buxom daughters, whose faces cheered the eye, as the beer they served did the oesophagus of the weary, blistered, thirsty water-bob.

As their father held the inn and the ferry, and was the proprietor of a whole flotilla of pleasure-boats and fishing-punts, Susan and Betsy Beck were considered good matches by the 'Sons of the Thames' for miles up and down the river, many of whom entered for these 'waterman's badges with purse of gold and (loss of) freedom;' but they turned up their pretty noses at all save Joe and Harry Hamilton, two brothers who were natives of the same village, and who, growing up with them, had developed calmly and naturally from playmates into lovers.

Two fine young fellows the Hamiltons were, and well known for skilful and plucky rowing from Henley to Rosherville, but they were not rich; for though they occasionally won considerable sums at different regattas, the money went as money earned that way will—some in beer and skittles, the rest in backing themselves for other matches which they did not win.

Now, old Beck had no objection to the Hamiltons for sons-in-law; they were good enough lads, and all that, he would observe; but the men who married his daughters must be able to keep them as they had been used to be kept; and when Joe and Harry could each shew a wherry on the river, and fifty pounds in the bank, he would add duplicate boats and fifties, and then they could each take an apprentice, and live comfortably, and have a Miss Beck. This was the state of affairs when I first made the acquaintance of the persons concerned some four or five years ago, and I came to take a great interest in this double courtship, for Joe Hamilton is my trainer and especial friend. Every morning and evening during my stay at Paulsham we scull over a certain course together,

he preceding me with critical eye and constant advice, as: 'Don't pull so much with your arms'—'Put your back more into it'—'Left! pull your left!' &c. I took a great fancy to Joe the first time I ever saw him, he was so delightfully blunt and free from sycophancy.

'I know,' said I on that occasion, as I put on my jacket after my experimental performance before him, and fishing, I own, for a compliment, for at that time I did *not* know it—I know that I am a bad sculler.'

'Well, sir,' replied Joe, 'it isn't that you are a bad sculler, and it isn't that you are a good sculler; you can't scull at all!'

Harry was just as outspoken as Joe; and yet, though the pair ate together, drank together, and, whenever it was practicable, worked together, no one ever heard them squabbling. When they disagreed in opinion, they did not quarrel—they tossed. I never knew two such brothers. There was something so romantic in the simple character of the men and their love affairs, that to watch their fortunes was like reading an interesting novel in annual parts, for their course towards prosperity and matrimony was a zigzag. The first year I knew them, they won their stipulated wherries—Joe at Putney, Harry at Richmond regattas, and put five pounds in the savings' bank. The next summer being a long and fine one, water-excursions were constant, and the Hamiltons having now boats of their own to take pleasure-parties out in, increased their balance to forty pounds. The next winter, however, being severe, and the following summer wet, they had to encroach upon this sum; and so on. When I got to my old lodgings at Paulsham last July, therefore, one of the first questions I asked Joe, who was awaiting my arrival, had reference to his matrimonial prospects.

'Oh, that is all settled now, sir,' said he.

'Settled!' I cried—'are you married, then?'

'I am.'

'And to Susan Beck?'

'Surely; and so is Harry to Betsy. But I will tell you all about it while you are having your smoke after a spin to the Willows and back, for I know you are longing to get on the river.'

Four hours later, when I was lying on the Swan lawn, with a blister on each hand, a raw elsewhere, and a cigar in my mouth, Joe told me his story.

'What we wanted, you know, sir,' he began, 'was a hundred pounds between us. Well, we were lucky last summer, for what with the ladies who took Rosebank Villa, and who lived on the water almost—the gentlemen you were so kind as to recommend me to, who came down for lessons in sculling—an outrigger which Harry picked up for a couple of guineas, and which brought us about five shillings a day right through the season, and an apprentice who took some of the work off our hands, we did very well, and put aside a tidy sum. Then, in the winter, some gentlemen came here to look about for a good place for the new water-works they are talking of having; and they always took my boat, and kept me rowing them about half the day: a rare good job that was. Altogether, when this season began, we had got our savings up to seventy pounds, and that made us fidgety. You see, when there was no likelihood of our getting married so very soon, we could all take it quietly enough; but now that there was a reasonable prospect of making up the sum we wanted before the winter, we began to get uneasy and restless, and to think the time would never come; and the girls got into just as great a hurry to be spliced as ourselves, when they once knew what a near thing it was. Well, one day in April, while we were in this impatient state, Mr Rollocks, a great gentleman for aquatics, and a patron of ours—but you know him—well, he came and asked us if we would make up a pair-oar match with two Newcastle men—forty pounds a side. He,

Mr Rollocks, would stand half of it, he said, as he felt sure we ought to beat them.

'We thought the matter well over. Harry and I can go as well as any pair together, seeing that we have rowed in the same boat ever since we were able to handle an oar at all. Still, I did not quite like it; Harry did.'

'If we win the twenty pounds, there will be only ten to make up,' says he.

'Ay,' says I; 'but if we lose it!'

'Nothing venture, nothing win,' says he: 'toss.'

'So I tossed. "Heads!" cried he, and heads it was; and so we made the match.'

'We rowed at Mortlake, and a stiff race it was; they were good plucked ones those Newcastle chaps. First we forged a bit ahead, then they got the lead by a couple of feet; and so on, over the whole course. How the people on the banks and bridges did holla! I know at last I very nearly shut up, for I felt as if my heart would burst; but just then Harry, who pulled stroke, sung out, "Now! put on a last spurt." I managed somehow to answer to the call; and with four strokes we shot ahead of the other boat; in three more we were past the winning-post.

"Still ten pounds to raise!" grumbled Harry next day as we walked along the Hampton Road; for we had left the pair-oared outrigger in which we had rowed the match at Richmond, where we had hired it.

"Yes," said I; "what stupidities we were not to back ourselves for a trifle more."

'It was a queer thing, but the smaller the sum we had to make up, the more we thought of the difficulty of making it, and the more impatient we became. For my part, I felt as if I could have done almost anything for that ten pounds, so as to go home with the means to have the bans published the very next Sunday, and get the whole thing out of one's mind. I was just in that state when the devil, if he knew his business, ought to put a nice little bait in a man's way; and to do him justice, he does not often let the opportunity slip.

'You may remember, sir, that soon after you have crossed Ashton Bridge there is a path along the river by Sir William Hastie's place, by following which, and crossing the ferry higher up, you save pretty nearly two miles. While we were going along this path, growing every now and then at having only got as much as ever we had hoped for by our expedition, Harry's nose began to bleed, so he sat down on the bank, and bent his head well forward, to avoid soiling his clothes, while I crammed all the keys and pocket-knives we had about us down his back, and then stretched myself on the grass, and lit a pipe.

'They have got new palings along here since I came by last,' was the first remark I made.

'Ay,' said Harry; 'I came past here last summer with Bill Cutwater, who lived in this neighbourhood once, and he told me that Sir William was always having new palings, because why? the old ones were for ever being pulled down. You see there used to be a pathway through the park to the village, till Sir William Hastie, who is always having rows with people, going to law and the like, chose to shut it up; and some folks, who say he has no right to do it, are for ever forcing an opening.'

'Ah,' cried I, "sure enough here is a board stuck up with a notice all about it.

"TEN POUNDS' REWARD.

"Whereas some evil-disposed persons are continually injuring the fences surrounding this park, this is to give NOTICE that such offenders will be prosecuted with the utmost rigour of the law, and a reward of TEN POUNDS will be given to any one giving such information as shall lead to the conviction of any person or persons guilty of breaking down the palings or trespassing on these grounds.

"I say, Harry, I feel awfully evil disposed. Ten pounds' reward! Just the very identical sum."

"What are you up to now?"

"Why, I feel somehow," says I, "as if I must have a walk in that park. Now, if I was to begin pulling this fence down, you would never go and tell of me, would you? You would never go and get your own brother a week or a fortnight for the sake of a paltry ten-pound note? Besides, your nose is bleeding, and people would fancy I had half-murdered you in my struggles to get away, and you would not like them to think that of me."

"I will not promise," said Harry, looking up with a grin. "But, I say, stop! why should you go to prison, and not I?"

"Because I first thought of it."

"Nonsense," said he: "toss." So I tossed.

"Tails!" said he. It was heads; so I began at the palings.

"One moment," cried Harry. "It is rather disgraceful to go to prison."

"Yes," said I, "for doing anything mean or dishonest, it is; but for a trespass or an assault, for annoying a gent as never subscribes to a regatta, or for knocking down a fellow as was saucy, I had as soon be shut up for a few days as eat my breakfast."

"Ay, but what would the girls say?"

"They will not know anything about it, unless you tell them. I am Samuel Scarlet of Mortlake; and I always wear my hair cut short. Here goes."

'I had pulled down a lot of paling, and had penetrated some distance into the park before I was stopped and seized by Mr Harry Hamilton, waterman, who, in spite of my struggles, in the course of which his face, hands, and shirt-front got covered with blood, dragged me up to the house, where a lot of grooms overpowered me, and presently Sir William came out and abused me, and praised Harry; and then we all went before the nearest magistrate. My little game was very simple, being merely to sham muzzy and sulky. I was offered, first, to be let off altogether, next a five-pound note in addition, if I would say who set me on to commit the trespass; but this I steadily refused to do, and so I got ten days, and Harry ten pounds.

'I went to prison, and picked oakum; he returned home, and had the bans put up, telling old Beck and the girls that I had got a little job to finish which would keep me a week or so, but never mentioning what it was. They don't know now!' added Joe with a grin.

THE MEXICAN TANGLE.

Of all the countries in the world, there is perhaps not one which possesses so many natural advantages as Mexico. Her geographical position, which, if it had been a flat country, or even a country only the ordinary altitude above the sea-level, would have rendered it almost uninhabitable by persons of European descent, is, owing to the configuration of its surface, and from its being washed by the Pacific on one side and the Atlantic on the other, capable of becoming the richest and the most healthy on the globe. The vegetable productions of every latitude thrive within its limits, from the gigantic pines of Norway to the graceful palm and the useful cocoa tree. Coffee, sugar, indigo, the tea-plant, cotton; in short, there is scarcely an article that can be mentioned, valuable for food, or in the arts and manufactures, which would not thrive vigorously in this heaven-favoured region. It not only possesses the climates of different latitudes, but that in the fullest perfection, and without the drawbacks in the shape of sudden and violent changes experienced elsewhere. Those who languish in the tropical zone, have but to leave behind them the rich and luxuriant vegetation, which is richer and of more

glowing colours here than elsewhere in the tropic owing to the constant supply of moisture with which it is fed by evaporation from the streams, and parts by the trade-winds which blow upon it laden with vapour—and to ascend into the temperate zone, to find themselves in a terrestrial paradise where yellow fever and mosquitoes are unknown while those who, for the sake of variety or of reasons, may desire a climate of a more bracing character, have only to continue their upward way little further, and they may find a home in any low degree of temperature they desire. The frightful earthquakes, which desolate whole districts, and destroy hundreds of families at a blow, in some parts of Central and South America, are here unknown. Shocks are certainly felt, but they are of such a character as rarely to excite alarm. In one respect, however, and that an important one, Mexico might more abundantly be blessed, and that is in the supply of water. During the rainy season, which lasts about four months, rain falls nearly every day; but during the rest of the year, the inhabitants are mostly dependent on the store of water accumulated during the period; the lakes, some of which are of great extent, being so impregnated with salt as to be unfit for drinking and even for agricultural purposes.

As regards the two most valuable minerals, Mexico was without a rival till within the last few years; she had her population occupied itself in honest labour instead of weakening itself by intestine divisions would probably have retained possession of that portion which is now annexed to the American states, and she has been in a position to supply the world with gold, as well as silver. Moreover, the capital derived from this source would have furnished the means of developing the riches of the silver-mines which abound within its actual territories, and which, even under present circumstances, furnish a larger supply of the metal than any other country. When Mr Birdwood Sawin invaded Mexico with the United States troops, he, in common with the other volunteers, expected to find, as he had been assured he would,

That there were meetin'-houses, too, chock-full o' gold silver,

That you could take, an' no one couldn't hand ye in bill for.

When he found that the silver and gold which the Spaniards, under Cortez, had taken away, had not been replaced by their successors, he was no less disappointed; but in spite of the anarchy which reigned in Mexico for so many years, her actual production of silver is estimated at about £4,000,000. What it might become if the blood-thirsty, thieving propensities of a large section of the population were crushed out of them by a powerful government, is only a matter for speculation; but there can be no doubt that the supply of the metal would be very largely increased, especially as the discovery of quicksilver in California in such enormous quantities has reduced the price so greatly. Those who remember little more of silver-mines than that the horrors of work there were such that it was customary for criminals to work in them during the brief remains of their existence, may suppose that there would be little increase in the production of silver under such circumstances, in consequence of a difficulty in getting labourers to enter upon an employment so perilous. But these horrors have nothing to do with mining for silver in Mexico; there, the veins drop out on the surface, in the midst of a beautiful country; and Mexico goes the way of California, it is not unlike that, in a few years afterwards, the price of silver will be so reduced, that even agricultural labourers will not find it pay to desert their occupation to pursue a metal which it will then be something like misnomer to call precious.

The political parties in Mexico are divided in

three classes, Liberals, Moderates, and Conservatives, though how many may be included in either section it is impossible to say. There can be little doubt that the Liberals have a majority; but the Conservatives must be nearly equal, seeing that, with the help of the clergy, they were able to drive out Juarez, who was elected president under the constitution of 1857, and to keep the government of the capital in their hands until the end of 1860, when Juarez returned in triumph. One of the first acts of this head of the liberal party, after his recovery of power, was to expel Pacheco, the Spanish minister, on account of the support he had given to the clerical party during the three years they held possession of the government of the city; indeed, there is reason to believe, that he had buoyed them up with hopes of a Spanish intervention, and that, but for the presence of ten or twelve United States vessels in the port of Vera Cruz, and the opposition of that power, such intervention would have taken place on some pretence or other. Juarez's next proceeding was to retaliate on the church party, which had assisted Zuluaga during the time he held the city against the Liberals, or, as they called themselves, the Constitutionals, with property to the value of 700,000 dollars. By the influence of Juarez, a law was passed, *nationalising* the remainder of the church property. In addition to the personal advantages derived from this proceeding, it deprived the clergy of the means of bribing generals and their followers to support their cause. The influence of the clergy—which comprised an archbishop, nine bishops, and about four thousand priests, monks, &c. was chiefly derived from the enormous revenues at their disposal, which exceeded those of the state by far. A moderate estimate of the value of the property of which they were deprived, puts it at 170,000,000 dollars. Had this property been disposed of as it ought to have been, the unfortunate foreign creditors might have received a good portion of what is due to them.

As it is, our maimed countrymen, and the widows and orphan children of those who have been murdered, pine and starve for want of the indemnity which justice demands. These claims date from 1834, to a month or so ago, and they are supposed to amount to over 20,000,000 dollars. Be it understood, they are not made for imaginary grievances, for insulted sensibilities, but for real suffering and injury. Take one case as an example, which holds a middle place among these outrages, that of Burnand. This man established a glass manufactory in Mexico six or seven years ago; it was attacked by the Liberal forces, destroyed, and he himself was covered with stabs from head to foot. Strange to say, he did not die of his wounds; but alarm and grief deprived his wife of her reason, and made his daughter subject to epileptic fits. In another case, by some extraordinary good-fortune, one of our countrymen actually got possession of 20,000 dollars as indemnity, and gave a receipt for the amount, which, by some unexplained means, fell into the hands of Marques, one of the chiefs of the reactionary troops, who immediately seized him, and demanded the dollars; and as they were not forthcoming on the spot, he ordered some of his men to take him away and shoot him early the next morning, which sentence would, there is no doubt, have been carried out if the friends of the unfortunate man had not paid the amount. We might fill several numbers of this periodical if we were to enumerate the whole of the murders, the robberies, and the other outrages to which our countrymen have been subjected, and the least of which would have been deemed a sufficient cause for war, if it had been perpetrated in a civilised country.

The actual obligations of Mexico may be safely estimated at 200,000,000 dollars, nearly one-half of which is owing to British subjects. What the revenue may be, cannot be even guessed at, for so surely as

a few thousand dollars are accumulated in either of the chief towns of the provincial governments, there ensues a scramble for them; then, so far as the rights of the creditors are concerned, it makes no difference whether the local government spends this sum, or it is seized by a band of the armed brigands who swarm over the country almost as thickly as vermin in the sheepskins of those shaggy foreign mountaineers who infest the streets, and who are so audacious that a party of ten of them, not long since, actually stopped the railway cars running between Tucubaya and Mexico when within five hundred yards of the latter city, and robbed the passengers therein. If offences like this can be perpetrated with impunity, who can feel surprised that even the sacred character which attaches to the residence of the representative of Britain should have been set at naught by a brigand on a grand scale, when it held a prize so magnificent as 60,000 dollars, which had been deposited there on account of the bondholders? Then, again, the customs-duties, on which foreigners must rely for the payments of their claims, are so absurdly heavy that most of the goods imported into the country never pay duty at all; they are smuggled in. The printed cottons, and other British manufactures entered at the custom-house at Vera Cruz, are charged with an import-duty ranging between fifty and one hundred and twenty per cent. Supposing the country were moderately tranquil, and the duties reduced to something like a reasonable amount, a net sum of nine million dollars might be reckoned upon annually from the ports alone; but, unfortunately, this supposes honesty on the part of the Mexican officials, a quality in which they are deficient from the highest to the lowest. Even the presence of the allied troops in the country in sufficient force to crush the marauding followers of all the individuals claiming to be Presidents, did not restrain the members of the government, now acknowledged by the French alone, from continuing their exactions from foreigners, nor prevent them from anticipating the future revenues of Mexico by the sale of privileges, and everything else that can fetch its price. One company, it is asserted, and there is scarcely a shadow of doubt of the truth of the assertion, has been exempted from certain payments for the next ten years, which will amount in the aggregate to more than two million dollars in return for a present payment of 300,000. The very consideration with which the allies agreed to treat the government of Juarez, only encouraged it to continue the system of enforced loans, and requisitions for large sums have been served on several of the foreign houses; if these things were done while the forces of these Powers were in the country, what may we expect now that the Mexicans are left to the French only?

MERCATOR WITH THE MUSE.

I AM a person of commercial pursuits, and my habits and tastes are those of a man of business who would as soon think of cultivating the Muse as of investing just now in United States stock at a premium, if any such thing there be. At our club the other day, Coupon of the Stock Exchange was observed to be more than ordinarily melancholy.

'He is composing the last lines of a volume of Poems of the Affections, which he purposes to bring forth next week,' observed the Wit of the *Gresham*.

'Nay,' said Coupon; 'I thank Heaven I never read two lines of poetry in the whole course of my life—far less composed them.'

He considered his character as a man of judgment to be assailed, no doubt, by such an imputation, and therefore repudiated it with this uncommon vigour; otherwise, two lines of poetry is really a very small

average. He must at least have learned *The Busy Bee*, I should think; and I am almost confident that I once heard him repeat (not without pathos), in excuse for leaving his wine before midnight—

Early to bed, and early to rise,
Makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise;

albeit that course of conduct has by no means secured Coupon from the ravages of indigestion.

At all events, I, for my part, am not so violently opposed to poetry as my friend expressed himself to be; I can make shift to read Walter Scott when he is not too much upon scenery; and there are some things in Crabbe which, 'pon my life, might be almost written in prose, they are so true and intelligible; only when my little Miriam (I call her 'little,' though she is eighteen now, and as like poor Mary, whom we lost, God bless her! as one sweet pea to another), when she reads Tennyson to me, I put my handkerchief over my eyes, to conceal my emotions, and go off to sleep like a lamb. The City Article of the *Times* may not, perhaps, have so much music in it, but, on the other hand, it has the faculty of keeping one awake. As for travelling with a book of poems about me (except for the express purpose of producing repose), I should as soon think of taking a lap-dog for a companion. Once in my life I travelled in an omnibus with a man who had a verse-book in his hand, and the same occasion was the only one on which I ever had my pocket picked. A female may carry such a thing, but a male must be either mad or worse to do so.

Such was my opinion up to Friday last, when I came up as usual by the morning express from Dover, where Miriam has inveigled me to take a house for the benefit of her father's health; and not only a house, but horses, and a riding-master for herself, and a number of other unnecessary things, which, Heaven knows, I don't grudge her, for what use is my money now but for her, dear girl, now that little Mary and my poor wife are both gone.

Well, the child came as usual to the railway station to see papa off, and as usual, too, she had a book in her hand—for she is like her poor sister in that also, though where they got it from, goodness knows, for neither I nor her mother, sweet soul, was ever much of a reader. Miriam generally gets the *Times* while I am securing my place, and hands it in to me just as the train is starting; for I am never a moment earlier than is necessary, hating to kick my heels about the station, and lose precious time, as your occasional traveller almost invariably does. Upon this occasion, however, the *Times* was not to be got; the copies had been all bought up; and she reached out her tiny hand with a smile, as I sat in the otherwise unoccupied carriage, and gave me her book instead.

I shook my head at her, pretending to be very angry; and, indeed, when I found that the volume was *Last Poems*, by Elizabeth B. Browning, and that the train was off, I was not very well pleased. However, as Miriam had left the thing for me, I took it up, and then perceived there was a book-marker in it; she works such things herself very prettily, with the words 'Keep the place,' or 'Open here' upon them, and a long tag of ribbon or filigree to each. So the book opened at a poem called *Little Mattie*.

Dead! thirteen a month ago!

it began. Now, I liked that line for two reasons: first, because it was written as folks speak in real life; it didn't say that thirteen summers had passed over Mattie's head, which could not have happened, as a poet will always have you believe, without the corresponding number of winters; and, secondly, because the line had a very particular interest for

me, since my own little Mary died at almost the same age; and that was why Miriam marked it

Dead! thirteen a month ago!
Short and narrow her life's walk;
Lovers' love she could not know,
Even by a dream or talk:
Too young to be glad of youth,
Missing honour, labour, rest,
And the warmth of a babe's mouth
At the blossom of her breast.
Must you pity her for this,
And for all the loss it is,
You, her mother, with wet face,
Having had all in your case?

Yes; Heaven knows her mother did pity her; pitied her even unto death. The loss of that child killed her. She never told me so; but from that miserable hour when we two closed our darling eyes, her own lost their light, and day by day pined away. Her greatest pleasure after that was to talk with me about our darling. 'Did I think she looked upon us down from heaven?' she would ask; and when I said: 'Perhaps, my dear, it might be so,' she would answer: 'I am certain.'

And now, she and Mary are together again—for me!

Just so young but yesternight,
Now, she is as old as death.

That is a curious thought which has often struck me, and how naturally is it expressed!

Meek, obedient in your sight,
Gentle to a beck or breath
Only on last Monday!

There, again, how natural! That last is the thing that we said, and indeed the very words; ours was taken on a Monday too.

Meek, obedient in your sight,
Gentle to a beck or breath
Only on last Monday! Yours,
Answering you like silver bells
Lightly touched! An hour matures;
You can teach her nothing else;
She has seen the mystery hid
Under Egypt's pyramid.
By those eyelids pale and close,
Now she knows what Rhamses knows.

Cross her quiet hands, and smooth
Down her patient locks of silk,
Cold and passive, as in truth
You your fingers in spilt milk
Drew along a marble floor;
But her lips you cannot wring
Into saying a word more—
'Yes,' or 'No,' or such a thing.
Though you call, and beg, and wreathe
Half your soul out in a shriek,
She will lie there in default,
And most innocent revolt.

Ay, and if she spoke, may be
She would answer, like the Son:
'What is now 'twixt thee and me?'
Dreadful answer! better none.
Yours on Monday, God's to-day!
Yours, your child, your blood, your heart.
Called—you called her, did you say,
Little Mattie, for your part!
Now already it sounds strange;
And you wonder, in this change,
What He calls his angel creature,
Higher up than you can reach her.

Ay, I have often thought of that, for we,

had a pet name for our darling—a foolish, loving name. Everybody else has forgotten it, save Miriam and me. . . . I am glad those people did not get in here at the last station; I am glad I am alone now with this little book.

'Twas a green and easy world
As she took it; room to play,
Though one's hair might get uncured
At the far end of the day.
What she suffered, she shook off
In the sunshine; what she sinned,
She could pray on high enough
To keep safe above the wind.
If reproved by God or you,
'Twas to better her, she knew;
And if crossed, she gathered still
'Twas to cross out something ill.

You, you had the right, you thought,
To survey her with sweet scorn,
Poor gay child, who had not caught
Yet the octave stretch forlorn
Of your larger wisdom! Nay,
Now your places are changed so,
In that same superior way,
She regards you dull and low,
As you did herself exempt
From life's sorrows. Grand contempt
Of the spirits risen awhile,
Who look back with such a smile.

There's the sting of 't. That, I think,
Hurts the most a thousandfold,
To feel sudden, at a wink,
Some dear child we used to scold,
Praise, love both ways, kiss and tease,
Teach and tumble, as our own,
All its curls about our knees,
Rise up suddenly full grown.
Who could wonder such a sight
Made a woman mad outright.
Shew me Michael with the sword,
Rather than such angels, Lord!

That is all the poem; but how true and beautiful! There was a funeral-hymn sung in church on the day our darling was buried, but it did not touch me nearly so much. Elizabeth Browning! I never heard of her before, and now it seems she is dead, poor thing. She must have had a large and loving soul. She must, said I here to myself, have known what it is to lose a child; but as I read on, I found this was not so. I never did lose one, says she;

Yet my arm's round my own little son,
And Love knows the secret of Grief.

She imagines what this loss is, all the same, and that, I suppose, is to be a real poet.

Then I opened the little book here and there without being so well pleased. The authoress was, it seems, an enthusiastic politician; a passionate admirer of the Emperor of the French, the King of Sardinia, and a number of other persons, of whom we in the City think more soberly. As for her translations, I never read the originals, and so they had little attraction for me. There is an allegory which, I have since heard, all the critics are praising. It refers to the unhappy manner in which a poet must needs learn his trade; for unless a man is poor, and wronged, and despised, and suffers from the jaundice, he is not, it seems, in a fit condition to turn out good verses. Here you have it, however; and it is called a *Musical Instrument*:

What was he doing, the great god Pan,
Down in the reeds by the river?
Spreading ruin and scattering ban,
Splashing and paddling with hoofs of a goat,
And breaking the golden lilies afloat,
With the dragon-fly on the river.

He tore out a reed, the great god Pan,
From the deep, cool bed of the river;
The limpid water turbidly ran,
And the broken lilies a-dying lay,
And the dragon-fly had fled away,
Ere he brought it out of the river.

High on the shore sate the great god Pan,
While turbidly flowed the river,
And hacked and hewed, as a great god can,
With his hard bleak steel, at the patient reed,
Till there was not a sign of a leaf indeed,
To prove it fresh from the river.

He cut it short, did the great god Pan—
How tall it stood in the river!—
Then drew the pith, like the heart of a man,
Steadily from the outside ring,
And notched the poor, dry, empty thing,
In holes, as he sate by the river.

'This is the way,' laughed the great god Pan—
Laughed while he sate by the river—
'The only way, since gods began,
To make sweet music, they could succeed.'
Then dropping his mouth to a hole in the reed,
He blew in power by the river.

Sweet, sweet, sweet, O Pan,
Piercing sweet by the river;
Blinding sweet, O great god Pan.
The sun on the hill forgot to die,
And the lilies revived, and the dragon-fly
Came back to dream on the river.

Yet half a beast is the great god Pan,
To laugh as he sits by the river,
Making a poet out of man.
The true gods sigh for the cost and pain,
For the reed which grows never more again
As a reed with the reeds in the river.

I daresay that the above is very clever. I never saw the great god Pan, myself, and if I did, I doubt I should take him for the devil; but the poem reads as though the writer had certainly seen him, which is a proof of her Art, I suppose. When a couple of men got in at Tunbridge, I was not sorry this time; one of these I knew—an intelligent fellow, officially connected with the Education Board—and a conversation arose between us, out of the boy that offered us some penny papers while the train stopped, concerning Ragged Schools. He was strong against the evils of indiscriminate charity, and, indeed, against all charity, as such, and, as it seemed to me, without sufficient pity for the involuntary beggars; little children, for instance, who would much rather not beg if they could help it.

'Nay,' said he, 'some would perish, doubtless, if everybody made up their minds not to give; but it would be best in the end. The punishment of those who sent them out to beg is difficult to inflict, and does not effect the desired object. The drunken parents or owners, who thus trade upon public sympathy, are like cowardly foes, who place their women and children in the front of the fight, to deter us from firing. We must fire, nevertheless.'

'Nay,' said I, 'rather make it penal to send children out to beg. Seize such, and make them children of the state, and grind the fathers—grind them—to pay for their bringing up.'

'Unconstitutional,' remarked the government inspector.

'Fiddlestick's end,' said I.

'True,' returned he; 'but it is also very expensive.'

'Not the cost of one of your useless three-deckers'—

'I beg your pardon,' interrupted Redtape; 'but this is Red Hill, and my friend and I change here for

Reading. Your views are quite Utopian, I assure you,' said he, as we shook hands.

Still, after they had left, I could not help repeating to myself (for the lines are easily learned):

Ragged children with bare feet,
Whom the angels in white raiment
Know the names of, to repeat
When they come on you for payment.

Ragged children, hungry-eyed,
Huddled up out of the coldness
On your doorsteps, side by side,
Till your footman damns their holdings.

In the alleys, in the squares,
Begging, lying little rebels;
In the noisy thoroughfares,
Struggling on with piteous troubles.

Patient children—think what pain
Makes a young child patient—poeder!

I looked into the little book again for these same lines, and then turned over another leaf or two.

Lord Walter's Wife. Umph; she was a bold woman, to give the tempter so much of her mind; and the author was bold to write it. That I must say for this lady: what she feels to be right, she says, upon all subjects. *My Kate.* Ah: a love-song, I suppose.

She was not as pretty as women I know.

Then it isn't a love-song, and may perhaps be worth reading.

She was not as pretty as women I know,
And yet all your best, made of sunshine and snow,
Drop to shade, melt to nought, in the long trodden ways,
While she's still remembered on warm and cold days—
My Kate.

Now that very verse might have been written on Mary's mother. Bless her sweet soul, I have sometimes thought—only sometimes—that perhaps I was too much wrapped up in the child, and neglected—forgot to make much of—the wife. If I did so, God forgive me, as I know *she* did.

Her air had a meaning, her movements a grace,
You turned from the fairest to look on her face,
And when you had once seen her forehead and mouth,
You saw as distinctly her soul and her truth—
My Kate.

Such a blue inner light from her eyelids outbroke,
You looked at her silence, and fancied she spoke;
When she did, so peculiar yet soft was the tone,
Though the loudest spoke also, you heard her alone—
My Kate.

I doubt if she said to you much that could act
As a thought or suggestion; she did not attract
In the sense of the brilliant or wise: I infer
'Twas her thinking of others made you think of her—
My Kate.

She never found fault with you, never implied
Your wrong by her right; and yet men at her side
Grew nobler, girls purer, as through the whole town
The children were gladder that pulled at her gown—
My Kate.

None knelt at her feet confessed lovers in thrall:
They knelt more to God than they used—that was all.
If you praised her as charming, some asked what you
meant,
But the charm of her presence was felt where she went—
My Kate.

The weak and the gentle, the ribald and rude,
She took as she found them, and did them all good.
It always was so with her—see what you have:
She has made the grass greener, even here—with her
grave—
My Kate.

My dear one! when thou wast alive with the rest,
I held thee the sweetest, and loved thee the best;
And now thou art dead, shall I not take thy part,
As thy smiles used to do for thyself, my sweetest
My Kate.

The train had stopped, and the porters were waiting. I suppose I got out mechanically, and was in possession of by the cad of the 'bus in which I travelled. But I remember nothing of it. I know that I reached my place of business with the book still in my hand. The *Last Poems of Eliza B. Browning*, it is called. She has written many I understand. It does not do for a commercial to be seen asking for such things, but I have Miriam to get me the rest.

THE NATURAL HISTORY OF A LEAF

To explain thoroughly the philosophy of such things, sometimes requires deep scientific research. Professor Faraday has proved this in his book, *The Chemistry of a Candle*, and Dr Mantell has done the same thing in his *History of a Pebble*. We intend to follow the example of these distinguished men, giving the reader a brief sketch of the 'Natural History of a Leaf.' Spring is upon us in good earnest. She comes garlanded with flowers, and the trees putting on their new leaf-dress; some account of leaf, and of the position which it occupies in the great household of nature, may therefore, at this time be acceptable to the reader.

If we examine the young branches of a tree, it has been deprived of its leaves in autumn, we shall find that the various growths made during the year, have all attached to their sides and summits more or less elevated conical projections. These are the leaf-buds. The flower-buds will also be found there, if the tree has arrived at the reproductive stage of life; and these may be distinguished from the leaf-buds by their more swollen appearance and round summits. These new buds or points of vegetation and reproduction, contain within themselves leaves and blossoms of the coming year, scientifically speaking in an embryonic condition; that is to say, they contain miniature leaves and flowers, developed about a rudimentary axis, as may be readily proved by dissection, and the use of the microscope. Like the seed or germ from which the tree itself originates, they contain, in a rudimentary condition, the future growths of the tree; and as the outward envelopes of the seed are adapted to the soil, under cover of which it lies sheltered, so those of the bud are formed with reference to the atmosphere, and its exposure to cold and moisture; for every pore is sealed up, and the air totally excluded from the young embryo. Leaves and blossoms within these buds, either by a continued development of tomentum or down, as in the case of the magnolia, or by gummy and resinous secretions elaborated expressly for that purpose, as in the case of the chestnut and balsam-poplar.

These scales or covering leaves which constitute the outer envelopes of the buds, must be regarded as a very lowest type of leaf; for the sap stagnates in the tissues, and all active vitality in the plant has ceased, when they take their permanent woody form. The last movements of the sap are probably towards those buds which are formed in spring, and matured in autumn, just before the tree is deprived of its foliage. Hence physiologists have very properly designated as autumnal sap this peculiar flow of stagnating nutritive current. A low temperature appears to be necessary to the life of these covering leaves or scales, for as soon as the warm days of spring commence, the conditions are no longer suited to their existence, and we see them separate from each other, and fall from off the axis.

It is not only interesting, but very instructive

watch the opening of the buds in spring, and to see the young leaves come out of their winter's shelter. Exposure to the air, which is now mild and pleasant, will do them no harm. The services of the bud scales are no longer needed, and we see them drop one by one from the stem, just as you and I, reader, will be dropped one of these days, *when our work is done*. In the unfolding buds of the lilac and horse-chestnut, we may notice how nature gradually metamorphoses the scales or covering leaves of winter, into the nutritive or vegetative leaves of spring. In the lilac, the bud scale passes through intermediate stages of organic modification, into the lamina, or blade of the leaf; in the horse-chestnut it is gradually elongated, the fasciculus of woody fibre develops in its central portion, and it passes gradually into a petiole, or leaf-stalk, from the summit of which the digitate leaflets peculiar to the horse-chestnut leaf develop as the vegetative power in the branch increases.

The leaflets of the horse-chestnut, on first coming out of their winter's bed, continue to have wrapped around them a warm blanket of tomentum, which they throw off as their surface enlarges, and they become accustomed to their new element, the atmosphere, for the fully developed leaf of this tree is invariably glabrous or smooth. In fact, all the young leaves which come forth from the buds during the unsettled weather of the month of April, are well clothed, in the majority of instances, by overcoats of silk or tomentum. Examine the young leaves of the beech, maple, or oak, and these facts will be found to be as here stated. When we see such provision made for the protection of the young leaves and blossoms just emerging from their winter's bud, where they have been wrapped, as it were, in 'swaddling clothes' under air and water-tight roofs, securely sheltered from the storms of winter, and then the same spread abroad in the air, in all the glory of their vernal beauty, we cannot but admire the efficiency of that natural protection which has been afforded them; and surely we may with some reason, when assailed by storms and difficulties, the inevitable lot of all mortals, instead of giving way to desponding thoughts, cherish a manly and Christian courage, and trust in the 'God who so clothes the grass of the field.'

We have now traced the leaf from the embryo period of its life in the bud till the time when it throws off its gummy scales and downy overcoat, and spreads out its bright green surface in the atmosphere of spring. But let us examine its structure more carefully, and in doing so, confine ourselves exclusively to the natural history of the ordinary green leaves or vegetative organs.

A leaf, when fully formed, consists of two parts—namely, a petiole or foot-stalk, and an expanded portion, called the lamina or blade. It may be truly regarded as an expansion of the bark and fibre of the shoot to which it is attached. At certain definite points along the shoot, called nodes, the wood-cells protrude themselves laterally in separate fibro-vascular bundles, and the union of these forms the leaf-stalk, the bark of which is continuous with the bark of the shoot; at the top of the leaf-stalk, these fibro-vascular bundles separate from each other, and take a horizontal spread, the bark which covers them being at the same time developed and expanded. On the broad and conspicuous leaf-scars of the horse-chestnut, the separate points of issue of the fibro-vascular bundles of the leaf-stalk are especially visible in the shape of six or seven little round black dots.

A leaf may, therefore, be regarded as a contrivance by means of which the green absorbent surface of the plant is increased. In the leaves the sap is aerated, its superfluous water evaporated, and at the same time it is exposed to the chemical influence of the solar rays, and rendered nutritious. It is for this reason that the woody system of plants terminates in the leaves in a net-work of capillary vessels, by means

of which the sap is conveyed to all parts of the leaf.

A few days ago, I took a seat in one of the public parks under the trees. They are now covered with another generation of leaves, and all of them will be soon in full summer-dress. Every one of these leaves is now actively engaged in taking in nutritious gases from the atmosphere. The morning and evening dews with which they are covered, the rains which fall upon them from the clouds, are absorbed by them, and decomposed, as in a laboratory, and it is the same with the sap which they receive from the branches through the leaf-stalk, and which is conveyed to all parts of the leaf by means of its veins, veinlets, and capillary vessels. These processes of absorption and evaporation are greatly facilitated by the pores or openings on the epidermis or skin of the leaf. These pores vary in figure and size on different plants. They are, however, usually of an oval shape, with a slit in the middle. On the epidermis of the lily, they are unusually large, and their structure may be readily examined, if the epidermis is carefully removed from one of the lily leaves, freed from all its green matter or chlorophyl, placed between two slips of glass with a drop of water between them, so as to give the object the requisite degree of transparency, and then examined with the microscope.

The object of nature in introducing the sap into the leaf is to render it nutritious. The annual additions made of new shoots to the extremities and sides of the branches, and the formation yearly of a new woody stratum, which is deposited over the entire surface of the tree, all proceed from sap which was first rendered nutritious in the leaves. It is true that the roots, by the food which they absorb from the soil, contribute their part to the general structure; yet the leaves are the principal architects. How many generations of leaves have been engaged in constructing these trees! and now we have another race of leafy architects at work on them. There is something to my mind inexpressibly pleasing in their now youthful green appearance. How brief, yet useful, their lives! The poor dead leaf which we tread upon has expended life in our service! Where would be our shipping, houses, furniture, if it were not for these timber-architects?

But the leaves now put forth into the atmosphere have other work assigned them, besides the allotted task of constructing trees: *they purify the atmosphere*. It is well known that they emit oxygen gas when the sun shines upon them. Every perfect leaf is an organ of respiration, a breathing-mouth of the plant to which it belongs. Without the purifying influence exercised by the leaves on the air, we could not live. The oxygen of the atmosphere is consumed by burning and decaying bodies, and by the breathing of animals; but continual streams of oxygen are poured again into the atmosphere through the pores of the leaves, and thus the supply is kept up. The carbonic acid or impure air given off by fires, by decaying bodies, and by animals, is the food of plants, and is removed from the atmosphere by their leaves. The leaves thus keep the air pure.

When I think of the millions of leaves which, within the last few weeks, have expanded their young green surfaces in the air, all now at work, usefully employed in purifying the air, in building up trees, in forming edible fruits, and flowers also, to cheer us by their beauty as we travel along the pathway of life, it seems to me as if I were looking on a world of industry and well-directed life-energy; I see that instruments, apparently insignificant, are, in the hands of nature, employed to bring about the greatest and most important results. I see new beauty in leaves, and can learn a useful moral lesson from their life-history.

But I must say something about the shape of the leaf. In this, we have an endless variety of figure and

design. The pleasing aspect of the trees is greatly increased by the variety of leaf-drapery in which they are clothed. There is something about these myriad differences in the shape of leaves, which is extremely perplexing and confusing, and much of the beauty of the foliage is unappreciated, because the common law which pervades the whole of these leaf-forms is not understood. I have devoted several years of my life to the examination of the different varieties of leaves, and am satisfied that such a law does exist. In a future number of the Journal, some interesting facts disclosed by these investigations may be laid before the reader. It is enough for the present to say, that the varieties of leaf-form are produced by the more or less developed condition of the fibrous portion of their lamina, which constitutes their skeleton or framework.

We come now to the last appearance in the Natural History of the Leaf, the autumn leaf-fall, which marks the close of its allotted period of life, and is generally preceded, at least in most of our trees and shrubs, by a change of colour. Who has not been struck with the beauty of the woods in autumn, when the leaves change their colour, and from one dull uniform green become tinted with every variety of hue? A single night's frost will sometimes completely change the foliage of a forest, and render it a scene worthy of the poet's muse or the painter's pencil. Now, what is the cause of these inimitable and endlessly diversified colourings of the leaves at the close of their brief but useful career?

The immediate cause lies in the lessened activity of the breathing organs or pores of the leaf, resulting from a loss of the illuminating and heating power of the solar rays. The days are shorter, and the nights longer; the sun is nearer the horizon at mid-day, and his rays strike the horizon more obliquely. The natural stimulants of vegetation are thus withdrawn. The oxygen is no more given off by the leaf-pores, and the circulation of the sap through its lamina or blade ceases. The great natural process of de-oxidation not only stops, but is finally reversed. Oxygen is absorbed, and the *chlorophyl*, or leaf-green, slowly oxidizes itself, and becomes leaf-yellow, and leaf-red, or *xanthophyl* and *erythrophyl*. The colouring of leaves and fruits undoubtedly arises from the same cause. It is produced by a cessation of the deoxidating process. It is indicative of a chemical change in the chlorophyl, or contents of the superficial cells, that substance which gives a green colour to the fruits and leaves. It shews maturity in both, and indicates that nutrition has ceased, that growth has culminated. This xanthophyl and erythrophyl contributes nothing to the nourishment of the leaf, and as no more carbonic acid is taken up from the atmosphere, the leaf soon dies, and at last falls from the stem.

It is, however, worthy of note, that the leaf has fulfilled all its functions in the household of nature up to this point of time, and before it enters upon this last appearance. The leaves fall from the trees when their labours are finished, in forming the wood and bark of the season, in ripening the fruits and seeds, and when they have matured the buds in their axilla, so that the embryo leaves of the next year are securely sheltered from the storms of winter.

THE RIVALS.

A BALLAD OF THE YEAR 1857.

I WAS young, I was fair, I was only seventeen;
There came a soldier-boy, who in the wars had been;
His beard was soft and curling, his eye was bright with fun,
His manly cheek was tanned with the Balaklava sun,
But he scarcely talked at all of the deeds he had done.

His words were full of sense; and a liking soon began;
Before a month I loved him as none but woman can,

And I thought that he loved me, for he used to turn away,
In a bashful, half-confused, and blushing sort of way,
When our eyes chanced to meet, which was sometimes in
the day.

But alas! the bright-blue sky was quickly clouded o'er—
A rival maid appeared, whom he had met before;
She was stately as a queen, while I was slight and fair;
Her dark eyes flashed with wit—I beheld with despair,
That the love-dream I had built was a castle in the air!

I was asked to the wedding, and I went to bid them joy,
For I wished him to be happy, my gallant soldier-boy;
But when their troth was plighted, and the fatal knot was
tied,

And I saw the beaming face of the proud and brilliant
bride,
With the hero of my heart so loving at her side,

Then the evil fiend of Jealousy inflamed my soul with sin,
The blessing of my lips became a curse within;
My heart was seething hot with bitterness and gall;
My angry spirit bade me cease to think of them at all;
When I heard that they had quitted old England for
Bengal.

'Twas in that frightful year when each night the Indian sky,
Blood-red with conflagration, proclaimed disaster nigh,
When half-concealed rebellion crept through the airy
clan,

When the sacred Cakes of Mystery were passed from man
to man,

Till Mutiny upreared her head, and Massacre began!

And as I read the news of the miseries and fears,
My secret malediction came sounding in my ears;
Would Heaven I could recall it, I prayed with many a vow,
'Would I could quit my peaceful home, and take thy place,
for thou,

With thy beloved wife, art beleaguered in Lucknow!"

Five weary months of drought and damp that gallant
little band,

Thinned by disease, pressed by the foe, fought daily hard
to hand;

My soldier manned the guns; his noble-hearted bride,
Heedless of shot and shell exploding at her side,
Tended the sick till well, or cheered them as they died.

Upon Southampton pier I waited for the mail;

Her deck was thronged with widows, care-laden, sad, and
pale;

One pale but lovely woman I sought amid the crowd;
No rivals now, but sisters, by the same sorrow bowed,
Our mutual love lies buried in that gallant soldier's shroud.

No cannon-shot, no sabre-cut had swept him from her
side,

But with relief in actual view, he sank worn out, and
died;

Yet Heaven to soothe that widowed heart hath kept a gift
in store—

She soon will be a mother; and, her suffering safely o'er,
The babe shall have two mothers, since the father is no
more!

A. L.

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CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL OF POPULAR LITERATURE

Science and Arts.

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 441.

SATURDAY, JUNE 14, 1862.

PRICE 1*d.*

THE MARKED WINE.

My acquaintance with the world of rank and fashion was never very extensive, but some years ago, I did happen to know a lady in Belgravia who wanted a maid, as also a young woman in Paddington whom I could recommend, with a safe conscience, as qualified to fill the vacancy. The lady was matron and mistress of a coroneted house, which I will designate by their initial, and call them the L—— family. The young woman was the daughter of an honest, industrious man, who in his day had served as butler in more than one titled family, but had given up the pantry and sideboard, and betaken himself to a small confectioner's shop. The goods in it were mostly of home manufacture, and of a better quality than is usually found in such establishments. I believe it was through them that myself and Johnson, as I will call the ex-butler, for my story does not admit of giving real names, first became acquainted; at any rate, acquainted we were sufficiently for me to recommend his daughter, the eldest of six children, who had been out at service, and lost her situation only through the death of her mistress, to Lady L—— as a proper and reliable maid. The girl had been wanting a situation for some time; fortune, and not character, had gone against her. With himself, his wife, and five juniors depending on the small confectioner's shop, it was important to Johnson that a place should be found for his eldest daughter, and I thought myself the bearer of glad tidings when I stepped into his shop with the intelligence that Lady L—— would take her for a month on trial.

It was a November evening, heavy and dull, with not exactly a fog, but a gray leaden sky, from which daylight was sliding away into a still heavier night: the gas was glimmering along the little street where Johnson lived, in the oldest part of Paddington; but everybody kept within doors. I found his shop utterly deserted, and the old man sitting behind his counter in a desponding attitude, with his gray head leaning on his hand. 'There is very little friendly inquiries regarding the state of trade, made by buying; very little indeed,' he said in answer to my way of prologue to the good news. 'You see people are saving themselves now for Christmas, and the children have all gone back to school; it's the dulllest time in the whole year, and like to last for some weeks.' I cut short the sigh with which Johnson

closed his account of business by saying: 'Well, I have got a place for Lizzie. Lady L—— in Belgrave Square wants a maid, and will take her for a month on trial.' I had expected to see Johnson in a flush of delight, if not of gratitude, but the old man looked as blank as if I had announced Lizzie's immediate transportation to Botany Bay, and he said in a low, terrified tone: 'Thank you, ma'am, thank you: it's too good you are to take such trouble for us; but not that house—I could not let Lizzie go there.'

'Why, Johnson,' said I, laying down the bun with which I had been refreshing myself, in perfect amazement, 'it is one of the first houses in the West End. Besides being titled themselves, the L—— family are connected with half the court: they are known to be liberal and kind to their servants; and if I am not mistaken, you once served in that house yourself.'

'I did, ma'am,' said Johnson: 'I was butler there thirty years ago, in the old family's time—the elder branch, I think, they ought to be called. They died quite out with the last heir, my master's only son. That was how the estate and title came to the present family.'

'And why do you not wish Lizzie to go into their service?'

'Well, ma'am'—and Johnson stepped round, and shut his own shop-door—'it's a story I wouldn't tell to everybody: it don't do for people in our station to make such things public; and I don't care for telling it at all; only the like lies heavy on one's mind, and you have taken so much trouble about Lizzie, I'll just tell you my reason for not liking to see her in that house; and you'll be kind enough, ma'am, I am sure you will, to put Lady L—— off quietly with any discreet excuse you think best, about the girl falling sick, or the like. Her ladyship will get another maid soon enough, and maybe Providence will send my girl another situation. I know you'll never repeat what passes here between you and me, to the injury of a poor family, and the annoyance of a great one; that is all that talking about it could serve for; but I know you won't, ma'am, and I'll tell you the story. I always think of it when I happen to be alone here, and no customers coming, as there are this evening.'

I made the requisite protestations of silence and secrecy, for my woman's curiosity was roused, and however extraordinary it may seem, I have kept the said promises till now, when Johnson's family are gone

to Australia, and himself to the other world. At the time, he was satisfied that I would keep them—there was a mutual alliance between the honest man and me; and after another look round the shop, and a declaration that they were all at tea inside, he spread his hands on the counter—which was Johnson's notion of solemnity—and proceeded with his tale, which I believe to be substantially true.

I was butler in the L—— family for nearly three years; I served them in town and country, and was more than once left in charge of the house. I had come with good recommendations from my last service in Lord Bristol's. I left them with the best of characters; but that was the last situation I ever had, or wanted. As you say of the present family, the L——s were liberal and considerate to their servants. They kept a large establishment, and everything on a grand, handsome scale, befitting a nobleman's house; but we down-stairs people made it out, it would be long business to tell you how, that Lord L—— had as little to spare as any man in Belgravia. His father had raced and gamed with the wicked Lord Lyttelton; he had done likewise with Charles James Fox, and the rest of that set, in his youth, before he turned Tory: so there were mortgages on the estate; heavily encumbered they said it was, but would get clear perhaps in Master Vincent's time. He was the only son or child Lord and Lady L—— ever had; the Honourable Mr L—— was his proper title now, for he was turned twenty-two, and going on his father's early courses, which, however, had been all over before he was born. At Newmarket, Epsom, and Ascot, he was the man for betting on horses and getting fleeced by blacklegs and jockeys. In gaming-houses and worse places, he was the boy for not going home till the morning; yet everybody liked Mr Vincent, and wished him well. He was handsome, gay, and good-natured, as civil to the dustman as to my lord, ready to help every man, woman, or child who had got into trouble or distress, and never willing to let a servant sit up for him without paying him well. His father and mother saw no faults in him; he was their only son and heir, and they were too much occupied with business of their own to take notice of his goings. Lord L—— was entirely given up to politics of the Tory kind. I am not sure whether he thought he was saving the country, or that the ministry could not do without him, but morning, noon, and night, he was buzzing about the Conservative Club, getting letters and answering them, going to dinners and making speeches, receiving deputations in the library, talking with whippers-in, getting petitions signed, and when parliament was sitting, very nearly living in the House of Lords. Of course, his lady went on a different tack. She was what they call a leader of fashion, having no daughters to bring out and get married. Lady L—— brought out herself; and whether it was admirers she wanted, or a richer husband, after his lordship's death, none of her maids could be certain, but the West-end milliners, jewellers, and hairdressers were for ever sending in parcels and bills, and nobody saw her ladyship in the same dress for two evenings together. She minded nothing else, to my knowledge, and the butler gets a pretty good understanding of all that goes on in the four corners of a house. The morning was spent in trying on, the afternoon in getting dressed, and in the evening Lady L—— received or went out to company. She was twenty years younger than her husband; but he was some way above sixty; and leading fashion must be hard work, for there wasn't a bit on her ladyship's bones, nor a dark hair in her head, if she had not shaved it all off, and worn a wig. But for constant enamelling, rouge, and pearl-powder, she would have been no beauty. In spite of the paint, the padding, and the everlasting parcels, she was not much of one; but

these gentry never get things cleared up to them like common folks. Lord L—— went on from one year to another far busier than a bee with what he called his public life, and the wits at the club called him Lord Preamble and Old Red Tip. Lady L—— kept the milliners and herself up to it night and day; she said the world expected everything from a reigning belle; and her fashionable friends used to remark what efforts she made to forget her age and keep up her appearance.

They were both, as I have said, too much occupied with their own affairs to take notice of the rigs Mr Vincent was running; but at last we all thought his mother had got a notion of them. Of the two, she was the fonder of her son. Whatever Lord L—— might have been in his youth, when they said he was so wild and gay, I suppose living in the House of Lords, and receiving deputations, had in a manner stupified him; for one might have carried off the dining-room and his lordship in it, if that had been possible, without his knowing anything about it, while he sat with his eyes half closed, drowning away concerning the difficulties of the cabinet, and the coalitions that ought to be formed. I have learned those grand words with hearing them so often at the sideboard. But Lady L—— was of a quicker turn, and besides her business was a far more expensive one than his lordship's. In saving the country and keeping in the ministry, he spent nothing but his time, for which he had no other use, but her eternal parcels brought bills after them. The family had just enough to do in keeping up their style; the bills had not been paid for years, dunning-letters and messages were coming every day, and her ladyship generally went into hysterics once a quarter when they were particularly pressing. In short, Lady L——'s debts were something past the common, and so were her son's. There was no use in letting his lordship know; beside his mortgaged estate and his great occupation, he had an uncommonly stiff temper of the cold hard kind, and humdrum as he was, his livelier lady and son both stood in dread of him.

Such was the state of things when I came into their service. The valets and the lady's-maid lived in the daily expectation of setting out with them to the continent, seeing the town-house closed, and the establishment broken up; but Lady L—— was a woman of wonderful management. There was at that time—you see it is thirty years ago—a man—I ought to say a gentleman, perhaps—living in C—— Square, whom they called Mr Vanderholt. Some said he was a Jew, some said he was a Dutchman, but everybody agreed that there was not a richer man in the West End.

Mr Vanderholt was publicly a banker and a member of parliament; privately known to be the head of a soliciting firm, who carried on business and sharp practice, it was said, in Craven Street, Strand; believed to be the moneyed and money-making man of several speculating companies; and supposed to be a money-lender in the quietest way, with exorbitant interest and sound security. On which of these accounts, or if it were for them all together, I cannot tell, but from fellow-butlers and footmen in the best houses, I learned that Mr Vanderholt was to be seen at their finest balls and tip-top dinners. He was a stout bald-headed man, somewhere about fifty-five, with a dark complexion, a hard steady face, and a harder manner of speaking. At the best table and among the finest company, he would have said anything in the way of taking people down, or telling his mind with a kind of a dry sneer. He wore no fashionable things, scarcely dressed well, was not particular in the use of soap and water; but a greater judge of good dinners and good wine there was not in all London. The most confident cooks stood in mortal fear of him; and ladies who at all affected housekeeping had no rest in their minds for a week before he came to dinner. It was my

belief, the gentry, every one, hated him, yet he dined and drank wine, and made his dry remarks among them. The ladies disliked him particularly. He had never married, and never would, it was thought. His house in C— Square was kept by a foreign housekeeper with a few servants, for he saw a little company at home. Lady L— disliked him most of all: they said it was for some observations about paint and finery never concealing age; but I know that her ladyship never called Mr Vanderholt anything in my first season of service but 'that shocking old bore.' You may judge, then, that there was a good deal of talk and speculation among us downstairs the week before the Derby-day, when a select dinner party was given at L— House, and Mr Vanderholt was one of the company. I had the honour of hearing him making his remarks on the dinner, the wine, and the ladies; in fact, on everything that came under his eye or taste, just as my acquaintances of other pantries and sideboards had told me. It is in my recollection how he informed Lord L— that a thousand like him could not keep the ministry in their places, if there were any chance of them going out; and warned her ladyship that French white satin did not suit people getting into years. I saw her eyes flash fire. Lady L— had a considerable temper and pride enough for Lucifer's eldest daughter, but she made-believe to smile the next minute, though it was only a grin, and paid the stout, bald-headed, disagreeable man as much attention as if he had been the Duke of Wellington.

After that, they never had *déjeuner*, dinner, or ball that Mr Vanderholt was not invited. He never made himself a whit more agreeable; yet her ladyship continued to shew him uncommon civility, and always looked disappointed and out of sorts when he did not happen to come. It was the wonder among us servants what she could see in him; and Mr Vincent appeared to be taken with the Jew or Dutchman quite as much as was his mother. We noticed that they drew together more since the duns began to come about them; but Lord L— did not share in their fancy for Mr Vanderholt. I heard him once say to her ladyship when she was issuing cards of invitation out of the back drawing-room: 'Why on earth do you invite that vulgar creature?' and she gave him a long lecture about doing as the world did, and paying proper attention to people who had become fashionable, and were seen in the first society. I know they had other arguments on the subject, for Robinson the footman heard them. Mr Vincent would not dispute with his father, but he helped Lady L— in the entertaining of her favourite, and agreed with his lordship that the old man was a terrible bore. We couldn't make it out; but at last Lady L—'s maid—she was a Frenchwoman, keen and clever as they generally are, but a very respectable young person; you see I have no prejudices, ma'am, though they did say mademoiselle refused me, which wasn't true, for I never popped the question; my own Martha, that's now Mrs Johnson, and I were keeping company; indeed, at the time, the French maid and I were good friends, and she told me one day that Mr Vincent's debts, and her ladyship's too, were all paid, but she couldn't tell what had become of the family diamonds which Lady L— used to wear so constantly, and keep with such care. Her story proved to be true. The parcels began to come without bills or messages, the ill-looking men who came inquiring for Mr Vincent were seen no more; neither were Lady L—'s diamonds; they were nearly all the jewels she had, and very valuable ones. I remember hearing Lord L— ask her at breakfast one morning why she hadn't worn them at the Duchess of Manchester's ball the evening before. Her ladyship's colour could not change, thanks to the enamelling; but there was a quivering of great fear about her face, and she mut-

tered something about diamonds not suiting her pink orafiane; and Mr Vincent took his father off the subject by telling him about somebody in parliament who was believed to be ratting.

Every one of the L— family went on his own way, as folks do in those great houses where there is room for the like. The seasons went on, too, with the goings out of town and the comings back, his lordship's politics, her ladyship's parcels, Mr Vincent's bets, and other doings known to nobody but himself and his valet. But as the seasons went and came, Mr Vanderholt went and came with them. They had him out at their seat in Devonshire for shooting; they had him back with a select company for private theatricals at Christmas; they had him at every party they gave in Belgrave Square; and we did not wonder, for it was plain how the debts had been paid, and where the money had been borrowed. One thing rather puzzled me and Robinson the footman, who, I must say, was clever at making matters out, and that was how Lady L— happened to get her diamonds to wear once a month or so, till the French maid made me clear on it, for, said she, with a knowing look: 'It's only vat you English call a loan.'

It was about the beginning of my last season in the L— service, and while things were in the state I have been telling you, that we began to notice a queer, bad-looking woman, who came inquiring for Lady L—, and was taken up the back-stairs by her maid. I knew mademoiselle did not like the look of her, and she couldn't—queer and bad is the nearest account of it I can give you, ma'am. The woman was old, and maybe she had been handsome in her young days, for it was a gipsy face, with very dark complexion, very black eyes, and very black hair, with a good deal of gray among it. She was tall and thin, had a hooked nose, a deep voice, and went mostly muffled up in a dark-red or rather ash-coloured cloak. Robinson told me he had first seen her speaking to Lady L— one day in Kensington Gardens, when she got out of the carriage, he believed in pure bad temper, because nobody in Rotten Row would pay proper attention to the new Indian shawl she had on. He said it was his belief the woman was a fortune-teller, and whatever she said to Lady L— it put her at once in good-humour. They talked for some time under the trees, and all the words he could catch were about getting out of trouble and being at the top of the tree. The queer woman had come five or six times, and had long talks with Lady L— in her dressing-room. We thought her ladyship might have had something else to think of than getting her fortune told by an old gipsy, for Mr Vanderholt had come two or three times lately, as it seemed by appointment, when Lord L— was known to be at the club, and had been closeted with her and Mr Vincent in the library. Robinson, too, going in on a quiet message one day after he was gone, heard the young man wish he had not taken those post-obits, for the old knave would let it out some day, and his mother answered: 'No, Vincent; I'll take care he shan't; it was for me you did it as well as for yourself: it would be worse if Lord L— knew about the diamonds, and he says this is the last loan of them I am to have.' Robinson said he heard her groan at the end of that speech like a troubled ghost, if ever there was one; and he was sent the same evening, just before she went to dinner at Apsey House, with a note addressed to Mrs Brewer, I forget where in the Seven Dials.

The day after, Lady L— had been invited to a quadrille-party; a lace-dress had been sent home for it, but she changed her mind, and would not go, lest her strength should be too far exhausted to entertain a company of select friends who were coming to dinner next day, and Mr Vanderholt among them. People were to understand she had gone, however; her

ladyship wished to spend that evening quietly in her own rooms. Lord L—— and Mr Vincent were both out at different dinners; the French maid got leave to go and see a friend she had in one of the houses in Eaton Square; the rest of us were all downstairs doing very little; the house was dark and quiet—her ladyship did not like noise—and as the London season was wearing to its end, the whole square was quiet too. I remember it was twilight. Lady L——'s dinner was to be served in her dressing-room, and I was taking it up, when I heard a knock at the back-door, and the voice of the old woman—I would have known it among a thousand—inquiring for her ladyship. She must have been on the watch, for downstairs she came like lightning, and stopped me with: 'Don't bring up the dinner just yet, Johnson; leave your tray aside, and bring that poor woman up to me in the dressing-room; she is an unfortunate creature, who comes to tell her family trials, and I have always an interest in the afflicted.' It was the first time that ever anybody learned that of Lady L——; but I did as I was ordered—laid aside my tray, and shewed the old woman up to her dressing-room. I scarcely noticed it at the time, but it occurred to my mind afterwards, that she was carrying something very like a bottle carefully hidden under her cloak. If she were telling of family trials, they were soon disclosed, for we never knew the old woman to stay so short a time. Robinson heard her say: 'Good-night and good-fortune, your ladyship,' and she came down-stairs chinking money.

Next day, the select party were expected: they were not a large company, and no young people among them, but every one great judges of cookery and wine; so there was extra work in the kitchen, and I had to be particular in my bringings-up from the cellar and pantry. Everything was nearly ready; the family had gone to dress for dinner; Robinson was at his post in the hall; I was in the dining-room settling the sideboard, and putting some choice wine Lord L—— had bought in the cooler. It was of a kind in high fashion then among Tory gentlemen, for Whigs and Tories were still going at the time. It came from Prince Metternich's vineyard; and they called it *Johannisberg*. Well, I was putting it in, when a foot came behind me; and to my astonishment, there was Lady L——, looking very flurried, and still in her morning-dress. 'Johnson,' said she, 'do you see among those bottles one with a mark on the cork?'

'Yes, my lady,' said I, after looking over them, and noticing one more than the number I had brought up, with a queer mark on the cork, which I could compare to nothing but the track of a sharp claw or nail dug into it.

'Very well, Johnson'—and she spoke almost in my ear—'when the cloth is removed, and the gentlemen are going to have their wine, you will draw that bottle, and set it by Mr Vanderholt. Remember, it is for him, and no one else. He pretends to be such a judge of wine; and I wish to try—in fact, I have a wager on the subject—and you will take care that no one else gets that bottle. I will not forget it, if you help me to win my wager.'

'I'll see that no one else gets it, my lady,' said I, thinking it very natural that she should wish to take the old fellow down a trifle from his conceit about wine; and saying: 'I will depend on you, Johnson,' she ran upstairs to dress. I looked once more at the bottle, to make my eyes sure of it. The mark was a queer one; but there was nothing else, of either colour or appearance, to distinguish it from the rest of the wine; and somebody must have brought and placed it among the other bottles while I was out of the room. Her ladyship deserved credit for such a clever trick upon Vanderholt. Nobody but myself knew the secret; and I kept it, in hopes there would be a good laugh at him upstairs and down. The family got dressed; the company arrived; the cook and myself got creditably through the dinner;

there were a great many new dishes; and even Vanderholt found no fault. I never saw the banker better satisfied, nor heard him say less disagreeable things. Neither did I ever see Lady L—— pay him more attention, or look in such high spirits herself. At last, the dinner was finished, the cloth was removed, and I set on the wine, taking special care to draw the marked bottle, and place it by Mr Vanderholt. Fashions change, ma'am; and gentlemen don't drink quite so much now as they did thirty years ago. Being so long out of high-life, I am not sure if every man's bottle is set by him as it was then a Lord L——'s. He said he was a Conservative, and liked to keep up old customs, and none of the company he had that evening appeared to dissent; concerned the *Johannisberg*. The ladies rose and retired to the drawing-room; the gentlemen tasted their wine, and pronounced it excellent, all but Mr Vanderholt, who was talking so deeply with Mr Vincent about a wonderful race-horse—the first time I ever heard him talk of the like—that he appeared to forget his bottle. Suddenly there was a noise in the square—a newsman proclaiming the state of the poll at Lancaster; it was election-time throughout the country—the parliament had been dissolved on account of the Reform Bill, I think. Lord L—— was up into the window in a great state of excitement; all the gentlemen, even Mr Vincent, followed his example, and I also took the liberty of looking out; but Mr Vanderholt sat still at the table, and as I turned in that direction, my eye caught the movement of his hands among the nearest bottles. I did not comprehend it till they were all sat down again, filling their glasses and talking over the Lancashire poll, which was not at all to their minds. Perhaps that made the wine go down quicker; and Mr Vincent was drinking as fast as any of them, but it was out of the bottle with the marked cork. The old fellow had exchanged it for his while the rest were looking out, though he never appeared to have noticed cork or bottle. I, of course, could not interfere, could find no excuse for telling my lady, and stood in great fear of being blamed for foiling her scheme. I had resolved on taking the first opportunity to let her know, when I saw Mr Vincent lay down his glass and rise from the table, with a hurried whisper to Vanderholt, who still sat next him. The look of his face struck me as that of a man quite intoxicated, but he said as he passed me: 'Johnson, go and find my valet, if you can; send him to me in my own room, for I am not well;' and walked steadily out.

I ran to find the valet, sent him upstairs, and came back to my post, still looking for an excuse, to the drawing-room; but while the company drank on, and I stood wondering what could be the matter with Mr Vincent, a cry from his valet startled the whole house. Robinson and I were the first to rush into our young master's room, and there we found him lying on the bed, in strong but very quiet convulsions. The family doctor was sent for in all haste; but before he came the convulsions had ceased, the face had turned perfectly blue, and Mr Vincent had gone to his account.

I need not tell you of the horror and confusion in the house; everybody agreed that Lady L—— shewed wonderful presence of mind, and made less noise than any of her guests, except Mr Vanderholt. He and they went home as quickly as they could. I understand that the fright turned some of them very pious, but I never heard that it had any effect upon him. The family doctor made a great fuss at first, wanted to keep every person in the house, and analyse the wine they had been drinking; but when Lady L—— had talked to him a few minutes in the library, he gave up both intentions, and told us that Mr Vincent's death had been caused by a sudden derangement of the vital functions. I never knew what that meant, till the newspapers, in their notice of his death, said that it was a spasm of the heart. But I knew too

late what had been intended, and what part I had been made to take in it; and when the funeral was fairly over, I took the opportunity of my lady being alone in the drawing-room to go to her quietly, and ask my discharge. 'You'll get it, Johnson, and an excellent character,' said she, pulling out her purse. 'Stop, my lady,' said I, 'what I did, was by your orders: had I known what it was, I would have put my hand in the fire rather than do it. The evil has fallen on you and yours, and for my own sake, I'll never publish it; but I'll take no money, my lady: it would burn my conscience.'

She never uttered a word, but made me a sign to leave the room; and within the same hour the house-keeper gave me my proper wages and a first-rate certificate. Neither she nor any of my fellow-servants could ever make out why I left, or was sent away; I kept the story to myself, and did not frequent their company, lest they should poke into it. But before that season ended, the establishment was broken up, and the house in Belgrave Square let to a foreign nobleman. Lord L—— had got a knowledge of his lady's debts, and his poor son's too. Of course, the man who changed the bottles lost the post-obits; goodness knows if he counted on that when making the exchange. At anyrate, he lived long after, was always rich, and in a manner courted by the West-end people; and they tell me there is a tablet in St George's Church quite covered with his virtues. Lord and Lady L—— retired to their country-seat in Devonshire, a great old hall, and they lived in separate wings of it; but in the year after her son's death, Lady L—— had to be removed to a private asylum. I have heard that her fancy was a fear of being poisoned, and it made her half starve herself in spite of the doctors and keepers. She did not live long, and neither did Lord L——; so the title and estate passed to the present family about the time my Lizzie was born; and now you understand why I don't want her to go to service in that house. They are no relations, except by marriage, it's true; but, ma'am, I have seen Lady L—— riding in Rotten Row; she looks exactly like the last one; and Lizzie might get some such work to do as I got with the marked wine.

DIETETICS OF OLD.

In his *Gastronomic Regenerator*, the late M. Soyer lays it down as an incontrovertible axiom, that every man should—if he can get it—eat at least one dinner a day. From this we may conclude, that he who enables his fellow-man to discharge this natural obligation becomes, in an eminent way, his benefactor; and so persuaded of this truth was Harrington, that, in his *Oceana*, he broadly declares, that by whomsoever a people is fed, to him is their allegiance due—that the legitimate source of political authority is to be traced to the capacity of satisfying the appetites of a community.

The cynical criticisms which we find occasionally levelled at those enlightened men through whose genius the pleasures of the table are multiplied, and the sum of human enjoyments augmented by the increase of gustatory delights, originate in some degree from that repugnance to admit the superiority of others, in whatever way exhibited, which is the distinctive peculiarity of a certain class of minds, and in a degree, also, in that impatience which some people experience of favours received which are of a magnitude too great to be required. When Erasmus, addressing one of them, wrote, 'You schoolmasters are princes,' he was prepared, no doubt, to concede imperial titles and honours to those illustrious professors whose laboratory is the kitchen, and without whom the schoolmaster's utility would be but small indeed. The detractors of the noble art, which contributes as well to the delectation of the human palate as to the nourishment of the human frame, are,

happily, but few, and it is a matter of congratulation that they number but few disciples in their train. Indeed, in the faculty of *relishing* his food and receiving pleasure from the process of its consumption, Jerome Cardan discovers one of the characteristic marks of humanity. 'Man alone,' says he, 'eats and drinks with gusto, and without necessity, and thence cometh certain inconveniences unto him.' But who, only to avoid such inconveniences, would sacrifice the high prerogative of extracting from the viands which prolong life and sustain vigour an exquisite enjoyment, to which beasts of a lower grade, from their inferior organisation, are necessarily strangers? The philosopher, caught in a storm at sea, pointed out to the trembling sailors a pig sleeping calmly amidst the tempest, as a fit object for their envy; but surely, though neither life-boat, nor Captain Manby's apparatus, nor patent life-belts were at hand, there was not a terrified tar present that would have willingly exchanged conditions with the snoring porker, insensible as he was to his danger. The 'inconveniences' to which Jerome adverts are neither many nor light, it is to be admitted—*crapula quam gladius* is an old saying, which imports that if the sword slay its thousands, the table-knife slays its tens of thousands, and that the kitchen furnishes weapons of destruction more deadly in their action than the arsenal or cannon-foundry. Men of acerb or sullen tempers have made the most of this fact. Any one who has seen the 'counterfeit presentment' of Dante, with its complexion of pallid hue, its lean cheeks, protruding cheek-bones, and sunken eyes, will well understand he had never found solace in the triumphs of an art in which his country had educated, and, through secondary agencies, is still educating universal Europe—for was it not to an Italian Medici transplanted into France, that we owe the inestimable treasure of the French cuisine. But Dante—though it cannot be denied he was something more than respectable as a poet, and very likely was a sort of great man in his own way—displayed his spirit of saturnine malignity and sarcasm by figuring in his *Purgatorio* the *gourmets* and *gourmands* of his time as lean and skinny apparitions; so lean and so skinny, indeed, as that, at first sight, he thought, as he tells us, they were starvelings from the siege of Jerusalem; Homo, or rather Omo, being plainly inscribed on their visages; the sharp lines of the cheek-bones, arching eyebrows, and attenuated nose, supplying the consonant *m*, and the vowels *o*, *o* finding representatives in the hollow cavities of the depressed eyes. Some such punishment, probably, the Florentine censor would have applied to Miles of Crotona, whose daily allowance of meat-diet was fifty pounds in weight, according to Pliny. This choice specimen of the human carnivora is said to have devoured, at the Olympic games, a four-year-old calf at a single meal; but as he had previously carried the same calf on his shoulders, his purpose in playing Gargantua's ravenous part was probably to shew that 'huge feeding' conducted to 'huge strength,' and that whoever would be mighty in muscle, must not forget to do his devoirs as a good trencherman. Epicurus, indeed, whom the *gourmet*, ignorant of classic lore, is apt to regard as his master, accustomed himself to less stimulating fare; bread and water formed his ordinary repast; and when asked out to dinner by Jupiter, he stipulated he should be required to partake of no additional luxury except a slice of Cytheridian cheese. But it must be remembered that, unlike the Cretan, Epicurus was a philosopher, and that makes all the difference in the world, for everybody knows that much eating is unfriendly to much thinking. Lessius, a Jesuit father, writes on the subject as though he were a monk of La Trappe, for he contends that twelve ounces of solids and fourteen of fluids are a sufficiency for any one's daily support; whilst the ancient Egyptians carried their horror of excess in

died so far as that they would not suffer the defiled animal Apis even to drink of the waters of the Nile, which they supposed to have fattening qualities, lest the divine beast should become in consequence corpulent and ungenteel in his appearance. They remembered, perhaps—that is, if they ever heard of it, which is almost impossible—the aphorism of Hippocrates, that fat animals, men and beast, die early; and they had never heard of the luckless condition of Philotus the poet, whose leanness was such that it was requisite to attach lead to his shoes, or he would have been blown away with the wind.

Philoxenus the vocalist, the fact of whose existence Aristotle has preserved, appears to have been neither 'a huge feeder,' like Lancelot Gobbo and Miles of Crotona, nor an anchorite in diet, like Epicurus. He regarded eating as one of the fine arts; the process of consuming food had to him an æsthetic interest, and hence his lament that he had not a crane's throat, so that he might the longer enjoy the pleasure the process imparted to him.

Homer alludes to 'the sacred rage of hunger.' In some recorded cases, this appears to have amounted to an absolute mania, for instances have occurred of persons, the craving of whose appetite has been such as that food has scarcely abated, still less satisfied it. This grievous malady, to which the Greeks gave the appropriate name of *boulimia* (*βουλμία*), is said by Plutarch to have afflicted Brutus in his march upon Pyrrhæchium; but a more recent example is that of an old woman, who lived at Great Yarmouth, somewhere about the middle of the seventeenth century. She is described as having been about 102 years old, and to have borne a son after she was fifty. In spite of her great age, she could answer ordinary questions with propriety, and her mental qualities would seem to have been unimpaired, except that she was in the habit of mistaking her eldest daughter for her mother. This antiquated dame was tormented with what was then called a dog-appetite—although we question whether our own Carlos, Caesar, or silky-eared Fan could have emulated her feats in the eating line—and to have devoured daily such an enormous mass of victuals, that, as a contemporary observer remarks, 'the overseers for the poor have of late been fain to augment her weekly allowance.'

It has been in some such morbid desire of food that the revolting practice of anthropophagy is supposed to have taken its rise; but, unhappily, well-ascertained facts do not warrant the conjecture, and the taste for human flesh must be ascribed to that sort of eccentricity of appetite which led the ancients to account the most nauseous of all drugs, *asafoetida*, a prime luxury, and to declare it to be food fit for the gods. Gross in their taste, however, as we may think the cannibals, they are, as it would seem, after all, epicures in their own way; for Southey tells the story of a traveller whom some of those eaters assured, in confidence, that the flesh of white men was more agreeable to the taste than that of black men, and that an Englishman afforded more relishing tit-bits than a Frenchman, who was dry, gravyless, insipid eating at best. This may appear very disgusting; but, it should not be forgotten that cannibalism has been gravely vindicated on high moral grounds by Zeno, Diogenes, Chrysippus, and others of the earlier Stoic school; whilst Montaigne—of course a first-rate authority in such matters—mentions an ancient people who were accustomed to devour their own parents, for the pious reason, that no father's remains could find a more fitting sepulchre than a son's stomach.

In the matter of food, men seem to have agreed to differ: religion, politics, literature, and art afford them, each in its way, opportunities in abundance for exhibiting that antagonism of sentiment and diversity of conviction which seem proper to the species, and the diet question is not one whit less prolific of

animated controversies. The ancient Egyptians were gross feeders, as far as meat was concerned—beef and goose, and raw mutton formed their flesh-food. Although not what a deceased gastronomic baron used to call sheep-biters, they were inordinate consumers of vegetables, with the exception of onions which they held in superstitious horror; and even at a later age, when Omar entered Alexandria, he found no less than four thousand persons in that city exclusively employed in retailing vegetables. Cat also, is said to have been a vegetarian in his taste. We are told he doted upon cabbage, a succulent plant held in general esteem, but which Galen unhesitatingly denounces as the cause of evil dreams, as the means whereby black vapours are made to ascend into the brain. Pythagoras forbids beans to his disciples, and these as well as pease fall under Galen's condemnation; but Pythagoras's prohibition is understood by Plutarch in a mystical sense: beans in his days played the part of the modern ballot-ball, and magistrates were then elected by ballot, all that was intended by the injunction was a warning against meddling in politics, or engaging in the strife of political contests. Whatever may be thought of the dietetic qualities of the cabbage, there is one specific prophylactic virtue of which are indisputable unless we rashly dispute the authority of that erudit work, *Natural and Artificial Conclusions*, by Thomas Hill, which, of course, the candid reader is not disposed to do. In this work, we read of 'the virtue' of a rare cole that is to be found but one hour in the day and one day in the year. Divers authors, we are told, 'affirm concerning the verity and virtue of the cole—namely, that it is only to be found upon Midsummer Eve (being the eve of Saint John the Baptist just at noon, under every root of plantain and of mugwort, the effects whereof are wonderful; for whoever weareth or beareth the same about with them shall be freed from the plague, fever, ague, and sundry other diseases. And one author especially writeth and constantly averreth, that he never knew any that used to carry of this marvellous cole about them whenever were (to his own knowledge) sick of the plague or (indeed) complained of any other malady.' We are apprised by the same author that 'a man drinking the juice of mugwort and carrying the herb pedicular and crowfoot about him shall never weary in journey.'* And we can scarcely marvel at this fact when we learn that the familiar garlic, which enters so largely into Spanish cookery, in former times was always considered to possess the power of depriving the loadstone of its magnetic qualities. Andrew Ross 'a great philosopher,' whom to 'have read all over was the pride and boast of 'Sir Hudibras,' complain he had himself met with no garlic sufficiently potent for the purpose, but very rationally infers that of old it existed in greater strength.

As to flesh-diet, our northern ancestors appear to have held pork favourable to the development of that warlike spirit, for the heroes whom Odin entertains in Valhalla are represented as spending their mornings in the agreeable task of cutting each other's pieces with their swords, and, at night, passing their time in devouring huge junkets of sodded boars' flesh—in other words, boiled pork—and washing down their food with mighty draughts of ale and mead. The Romans were great pork-eaters, and to this savoury dish both Varro and Juvenal, let alone Horace, have paid the highest compliments. Its popularity has not diminished since their times, which renders it not a little surprising that the animal to whom we are indebted for its excellence should have been held in such universal disesteem. Indeed, the first instance chronicled of a pope changing his name on his

* An old medical writer of repute in the middle ages states that a horseman who should hold a twig of *Agrostis castus* in his hand would never be thrown.

accession to the pontificate is that of Sergius II., who had no better or other reason for doing so than that his patronymic was *Bocca di Porco*, or pig's countenance, as our modern *charcutiers* would have it. Pork, in the opinion of Galen, is the most nutritious of all meats, but he forbids it for the sick, as also beef; whilst mutton is a thing he proscribes, even for the healthy and robust. In this last particular he differs from other medical *savans*, some of whom limit their censure to fried, and some to roast mutton, whilst boiled is generally approved of. Salvianus inveighs against cold meat of every sort and kind, and by many writers hares' flesh and venison are oddly enough decried as innutritive and indigestible—a character which was also considered to belong to milk. We less wonder at Galen for denouncing the flesh of the ostrich as sapless and tending to produce dyspepsia, although Heliogabalus was so fond of the bird as not only to compel the Jews to eat it in spite of their law, but himself to cause the capture of some hundreds, for the sole purpose of feeding on their brains. The quail, a delicate bird, much in request at modern Italian tables, was never eaten by the Romans; the belief being, as Pliny says, that they were unwholesome, first because they were subject to epilepsy, and next, because it was their habit to feed on the grains of hellebore, which rendered their flesh poisonous. The turtle-dove was considered altogether a bird of another feather, for whoever should eat of its heart and brain, it was thought, however fierce his natural disposition, would find 'revenge and all ferocious thoughts' at once disappear, and his whole nature become gentle, placable, and imbued with 'columbine innocence.'

Our Scottish friends will not be displeased to learn that, in times of yore, *broth* was held in high regard, and especially one description—unknown, we fancy, north of the Tweed, the more's the pity—which former ages recognised as *gold broth*. On this subject very learnedly discourses the reverend physician, Dr Primrose. In his mind, the custom of putting gold into the broth of the sick, which was common in the case of consumptive patients, was not harmful—it was simply unprofitable. The doctor could no doubt have prescribed a better use for the precious metal. He, however, candidly admits that on this matter, as on others, doctors differ—many considering gold a useful therapeutical agent in cases of heart-disease, palpitation, syncope, leprosy, epilepsy, and other disorders; and he quotes Avicenna, who contends that this metal is an effectual antidote for all poisons, and that, moreover, if a lump of it be inserted in the mouth of a newly born child, the infant, live it ever so long, need never fear the devil. Gold filings, also, the Arabian philosopher asserted was a specific against melancholy—a doctrine in favour of which much may certainly be said even by those who are not prepared to go the length of Paracelsus, whose opinion it is, that gold is a cardinal remedy for every imaginable evil under the sun.

A good deal might here be said respecting the notions the ancients entertained as to ichthyophagy, but for the present, at least, we must forbear.

DRILL UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

My name is Huddleston, and I have just become a full private in a crack Volunteer corps. It matters little why I have been so long in screwing up my courage to what—as I wear a bayonet—may with propriety be termed the sticking-point. I might give half-a-dozen excellent reasons why, like Blucher at Waterloo, I have come into action so late in the day. The Huddlestons, as everybody knows, are descended in a direct line from Athelstane the Unready, and a few drops of the sluggish blood of my illustrious ancestor may still ooze through my veins. Perhaps an exclusive devotion to business prevented my worshipping

at the shrine of Mars. Perhaps—most potent reason of all—my wife wouldn't let me. Wives have been known before now to nip in the bud the martial aspirations of their husbands. Patriotism, in their opinion, is like charity, and begins at home. Bachelors—these ladies have been heard to assert—may catch their deaths of cold out skirmishing, or break their necks as light horsemen, if they choose, but a married man has no business to risk his precious life by getting his feet wet at drill, or learning to trot without stirrups. His only cavalry exploit should be to go out riding with his wife, and his infantry duties should be entirely confined to his own nursery.

Whatever may have been the obstacle which in my case prevented a setting out on the road to fame, that obstacle has now been happily surmounted. My military enthusiasm, after gently simmering for many months, has at length fairly boiled over, and I now serve my country in the South West Middlesex, or Piccadilly Regiment of Rifle Volunteers. This evening, for the first time, I went where glory waited me in Snaffle's well-known riding-school, the part of Glory being taken on this occasion by Corporal Tartar of the Coldcream Guards. I have just returned from sitting at the feet, as it were, of that military Gamaliel. With the impressions of my first appearance in any riding-school fresh on my mind, I sit down to record my recollections. I do so, as novelists say, with feelings of mingled emotion. The glow of the patriot still animates my bosom, but the ardour of the novice has been considerably damped. In a brand-new uniform, and brimful of martial ardour, which led me to refuse with disdain my wife's offer of an umbrella, I set off in a shower to be initiated into the mysteries of my new profession. Of military matters in general I enjoyed a profound ignorance. I knew as little of the actual process by which a plough-boy became a drilled soldier, as I know how raw silk is converted into a velvet dress. I had wondered at the mechanical precision of the military machines in operation at reviews, but the details of their manufacture were as unknown to me as the secrets of freemasonry. I confess to having had an undefined notion, that the principal part of a soldier's duty was to wear a smart uniform, and to keep his head up. I have quite altered that opinion. The change in my views has been effected by the personal inconvenience and fatigue I have endured for the last two hours. I may here state in general terms, that I am not so young as I was, and that my figure corresponds with my age. Now that I know the ordeal that a soldier has to undergo, I consider him a martyr in his country's cause. I am quite prepared to be a martyr myself—to attempt impossible feats, and to stand in ridiculous attitudes for the good of my country—but I should wish my country to know what I have gone through in her service. To a man who, for nearly forty years, has been accustomed to use both legs in maintaining his equilibrium, it is a severe trial, physically and mentally, to balance himself in public on one leg, and wave the other about with the deliberate action of a ballet-dancer. He naturally wishes that a report of his achievement should appear in print, and that the nation should give him credit for such a meritorious exhibition of muscular patriotism. Martyrs of modern growth are not usually modest plants that are content to blush unseen, and waste their sweetness on the desert air; and it is as a martyr of the sunflower type that I proceed to narrate the particulars of my debut.

My sufferings commenced at the entrance of the building, in which the young military ideas of Piccadilly are taught eventually how to shoot. With the unnecessary zeal of a new broom, I arrived half an hour too soon. The door of Snaffle's establishment, which opens into a back-street, was locked. I need not say that, standing as I did in the full glare of an enormous gas-lamp, and opposite to a gorgeous

gin-palace, I immediately became the 'cynosure of neighbouring eyes.' In a populous neighbourhood, I have remarked that a considerable portion of the inhabitants spend the greater part of their time in staring. The indefatigable patience displayed in the pursuit of this favourite occupation would insure its professors in any other walk of life a handsome independence. Whatever the object of their notice may be, it seems to be a necessity of their existence to surround it if possible, and with their mouths wide open and their hands in their pockets, to gaze unwinkingly. To provide gratuitous amusement for this class, horses fall down in the streets, cabs are smashed, balloons ascend, and chimneys are set on fire. These are stock attractions that may be enjoyed when nothing else presents itself, but a stout gentleman, dressed as a volunteer, and kicking his heels on the door-step of a well-known establishment, was a novelty, and, as such, drew a large concourse of spectators. I was a decided hit, and found myself the centre of a gaping crowd, who stared at me as long and curiously as if I had been the latest eccentric importation from Australia on my way to the Zoological Gardens. Luckily, nothing in my regimentals justified derisive comment. The good sense and good taste of the Piccadillies had led them, in choosing a dress, to prefer usefulness and economy to display and extravagance. No shako like an inverted flower-pot, and rendered more ridiculous by a cock's feather, formed a mark for the finger of scorn to point at; no helmet and plume; no lace, embroidery, or foppery of any sort invited popular criticism. A drab tunic, with red facings, drab pantaloons, drab foraging-cap, and brown leather belts, formed my quiet and inexpensive uniform. I had not even the objectionable red stripe down my trousers, to justify an ironical assumption on the part of the populace that I was a footman out of place. But who can escape the pungent satire of the street-boy? He stings as smartly and inevitably as a mosquito in the tropics. The very quietness of my costume was seized upon to hold me up to public ridicule.

'I say, Bill,' cried a little imp in corduroys, pointing to my modest drab suit and red collar; 'ere's a Quaker with his throat cut.'

Of course, I affected to treat the ribaldry of a mob with sublime indifference; but though I stood my ground unflinchingly against juvenile sarcasm, I was utterly routed by juvenile compassion. When the laughter about the murdered Quaker had partially subsided, a small boy, about a yard high, approving, I suppose, of the Volunteer movement, observed in reproachful accents to his grinning companions: 'Leave him alone, can't yer—how would yer like it yerselves?' This was too much—pity from a street-boy was the last straw that broke the back of my endurance. I beat an ignominious retreat, and endeavoured to regain my presence of mind by a brisk walk.

When I returned, I found the door of the riding-school open, and with considerable trepidation I entered. It was an enormous building, lighted by gas, and admirably adapted for its double purpose of training beginners in the way they should go on horseback and on foot. Of this I am quite satisfied. No rapid act of horsemanship performed, perhaps involuntarily, in that arena by day, could surpass in eccentricity some of the very slow pedestrian movements voluntarily executed at night. About a hundred Piccadillies had assembled, and were standing in groups in different parts of the school. The adjutant, Captain Smart, was bustling about from one group to the other, and making a great clatter with his steel scabbard, with which he perpetually tripped himself up in a most energetic manner. He was an active, cheery little man, with an eye-glass fixed in the peak of his forage-cap, and a bass voice, so hoarse from constant bellying, that it quite tickled

me. As I knew him a little, I went up and saluted, by knocking the back of my hand against my forehead, as I had seen soldiers salute on the stage.

'Ha, Mr Huddleston,' he barked, 'glad to see you, sir—glad to see you. Ten minutes late, though. Better late than never—Eh? Seven sharp another time, mind. That's your squad in the corner; they're just going to begin. Corporal Tartar, this gentleman will join you.'

And now I saw a genuine military salute, performed by a professor. The individual addressed as Corporal Tartar was very long, very lean, very brown, and looked very much like a mahogany bedpost in regimentals. When he heard his name mentioned, he drew himself up till he was perfectly rigid, jerked out his arm as if he were going to throw a stone at the adjutant, struck his own nose horizontally with his hand, and put his thumb into his right eye. I need not say that the professional performance was as different from the theatrical one as the roar that follows forked lightning is from the metallic rumbling that constitutes stage thunder.

'Don't wait any longer,' bellowed Captain Smart. 'Set to work at once.'

'Very good, sir,' replied the professor, striking his nose again. 'Fall in, gents.'

This was addressed to about a dozen novices who were awaiting their fate in silence, and was said in the rather impatient tone of a father of a family who tells his children to 'jump in' when the cab is at the door to take them to a pantomime. Not seeing anything particular into which I could fall, I merely joined the others who, in their attempts to form a line, had got themselves into a zigzag. Corporal Tartar's first proceeding was to size us. This he did by placing the short men in the centre, and the tall men, as he expressed it, on the flanks. He seemed to have some difficulty in fitting us to his satisfaction, and we certainly were an irregular lot. All heights were represented, from six feet two to five feet nothing; and all weights, from eight stone to sixteen. I found myself next to the sixteen 'stunner.' I have already hinted that I am not a slim man, but by the side of that mammoth in uniform, my waist seemed almost wasplike. The professor's eye rested on the plethoric proportions of that very full private with undisguised pity. The next operation was numbering—I was Number Eight—Number Seven was a thin bilious-looking man with a blue nose. Number Nine was my fat neighbour, who was already breathing hard in anticipation of the two hours' severe work cut out for him. He evidently looked upon the whole affair as a capital joke. A perpetual smile played on his jolly red face, and the slightest incident was sufficient to send him into elephantine convulsions of silent laughter. Number Ten was of course totally eclipsed. I tried to get a glimpse of him by peeping round the enormous disk that hid him from my view, but Tartar promptly brought me back to my perpendicular by shouting: 'Look before you, Number Eight.' I did look before me, and found myself face to face with a brick-wall. And herein consisted one of my difficulties. The view afforded by unadorned masonry is decidedly monotonous; and yet if my eyes wandered for a moment from that exceedingly dreary prospect, Tartar was down upon me, so to speak, like a hawk, and not only were my wandering eyes continually getting me into trouble, but my other organs were, in a military sense, equally unruly. If I turned my head the hundredth part of an inch to hear, perhaps, what the adjutant was bawling from the other end of the riding-school, Tartar cried: 'Head steady, Number Eight.' Did I murmur a remark, *sotto voce*, to my neighbour, Tartar had the ears of a hare, and shouted: 'No talking, Number Eight.' If, in a moment of forgetfulness, I afforded digital relief to a temporary irritation on the bridge of my nose, the eagle eyes of Corporal Tartar detected the motion, and

his stentorian voice thundered out: 'Hands down, Number Eight.' In fact, Number Eight discovered, before he had been ten minutes at drill, that to be a soldier he must learn to become a cipher; and that till he was destitute of feeling, as well as devoid of curiosity, and could only see, hear, and move at the will of his instructor, he would be continually catching a Tartar, or rather a Tartar would be continually catching him.

The professor next explained to us the true position of a soldier. This I imagined to consist in standing as if a poker had formed the *pièce de résistance* at my last meal, and in doing my best to stare the brick-wall out of countenance. Of course, I was wrong. A great many more essentials constitute the orthodox military attitude. Corporal Tartar, whose peculiar pronunciation I shall not attempt to reproduce, thus enumerated them with distracting precision: 'Shoulders square, heels close, knees braced, toes out, feet at an angle of sixty degrees, arms straight, elbows close, palms of the hands to the front, thumbs close, little-finger touching the seam of the trousers, body inclined forward, hips back, head up, eyes looking straight to the front, and the weight of the body on the flat of the foot.' How was a trembling novice to comply with the conditions of this bewildering formula, which not only settled the precise angle which should be formed by the junction of his heels, but the exact point where his little-finger should come in contact with his pantaloon? Tartar, too, who was evidently an enthusiast in his profession, would not bate a jot of his instructions, and poked and pulled us about till we had carried them out to the letter. 'Don't stand bolt upright,' he would say, 'lean forward, you won't fall down if you're in the proper position.' And when, in attempting to follow his suggestions, I did topple forward, he shouted triumphantly: '*That's* not the position of a soldier, Number Eight.' He was very disagreeable, too, about our stomachs. 'Draw them stomachs in,' he said, giving me a slight punch in the region named; 'I don't want to see no stomachs.' This was said in an injured tone, as if he thought we had no business with such things about us, and might have left them behind if we had been actuated by a proper military spirit. Tartar himself certainly appeared to have discarded all gastric encumbrance, for his anatomy was that of a pair of tongs. The blue-nosed man also, who was as lean as a herring, found no difficulty in putting his ganglionic apparatus completely out of sight. But poor Number Nine, in his endeavour to render less conspicuous the part of his person so objectionable to the fastidious Tartar, doubled himself up till he had the appearance of a man suffering acute internal agony. Nothing, however, could abate his zeal and good-humour. He laughed perpetually, and I believe he would have tried to stand on his head if he had been told it was the right thing to do. When Corporal Tartar had arranged us to his satisfaction, walking backwards occasionally with his head on one side, as artists do before a picture, to notice the effect, and had dressed us into as good a line as our personal peculiarities would allow, he proceeded to instruct us in the more active duties of the military profession.

The first duty of a soldier, according to the Tartarian code, is to 'stand at ease.' To obtain this perpendicular comfort, it is necessary to 'carry forward the left foot six inches, toes to the left front, weight of the body on the right leg, left knee bent, bring the hands smartly together in front of the body, and slip the right hand over the back of the left.' The principal object of the manœuvre appeared to consist in twelve pair of hands coming together with a loud clap at exactly the same moment of time. Our first attempt was, I confess, an egregious failure. There were, at least, seven different reports instead of one. It was like file-firing, Tartar said, whereas it should have been a volley. 'That's not the way

to stand at ease,' he growled in a disgusted tone; and he was perfectly right, for I never felt more uneasy in my life. 'Bring them 'ands together like one, and let me hear 'em—don't be afraid of 'urting yourselves. Now, then, spring up smartly at the word Attention, and cut away them 'ands with life. 'SAUN! What are you about, Number Eight?' I had not 'sprung up'—that was what Number Eight was about. How was I to know that the monosyllabic sound of 'shun' was the military abbreviation of 'attention?' I mistook it for a sneeze, especially as Tartar accompanied it with a jerk of the body and a hideous grimace. However, I was ready next time, and sprung up with such alacrity, that if I had not tumbled against my stout comrade, I should have lost my balance. 'Easy, Number Eight,' said the professor this time—'don't over do it. Now, then, try that stand-at-ease again, and all together, mind.'

When we had arrived at something like precision, and our hands were tingling with incessant concussion, we went through an elaborate series of gymnastic performances, called the Extension Motions. The purpose of these eccentric evolutions, Corporal Tartar informed us, was to open our chests, and give us a military carriage; but the loss of personal dignity involved in their execution was so great, that I confess I should have preferred to keep my chest shut, and to have dispensed with a carriage. Such acrobatic manœuvres are more suitable for the Bounding Brothers of the Pyrenees, in their salmon-coloured tights and spangles, than for a respectable father of a family, whose waistcoats undergo perennial expansion at the hands of his tailor. However, I manfully went through the performance, stimulated by the example of my panting neighbour, Number Nine, to whom the physical exertion of such feats must have been a serious inconvenience. In the first practice, after we had executed several curious telegraphic motions with extended arms, we were told to touch our feet with the tips of our fingers without bending our knees. This ridiculous exploit, though perfectly easy to Number Seven—who, I believe, could have touched his toes with his elbows, or even with his eyebrows, if necessary—was a complete impossibility to me and Number Nine. By severe effort, which broke my braces, and brought on a sensation of incipient apoplexy, I reached to within a foot of my Balmorals; but the utmost that my fat friend could effect was to put his hands on his knees, and shake his great sides till his face was perfectly *mauve* with suppressed laughter. He looked like an enormous frog, and, indeed, our whole appearance must have been, as reporters say, highly suggestive—a row of gentlemen in very short tunics, in a standing semi-inverted position, must have formed an impressive tableau, that can be better imagined than described.

In the second practice we were made to clap our hands in front of our noses at the word 'One,' and force them violently behind our backs at the word 'Two.' 'Continue the motion!' bellowed Tartar, and we swung our arms wildly like so many direction-posts gone mad, till our shoulder-blades cracked like detonating balls, and the buttons of our tunics flew about in showers. This was the chest-opening business, and most effectually it answered its purpose. When it was over, my chest not only felt wide open, but was so strained and hampered, that I feared it would never be of any use to me again.

In the third, and, happily, the last practice, we clenched our fists, and whirled them insanely round our heads, as an excited drover attempts to turn a refractory herd of oxen. If a foreigner had been present, the singular spectacle of twelve gentlemen voluntarily converting themselves into animated windmills for the good of their country, would have given him an exalted idea of British patriotism. Blood, even, was shed in our enthusiasm, for Number Six, losing his distance in the excitement of the

moment, brought his knuckles into violent contact with Number Seven's nose. This little casualty brought the Extension Motions to a close, and the result of such severe calisthenic exercises may be imagined. For my part, I gasped with exertion; my hair was dishevelled, my dress was damaged, my whole personal economy was deranged, and a general sensation pervaded my body that I was thoroughly out of joint. On comparing notes with my neighbours, I observed that my blue-nosed friend was not altogether unruffled; indeed, his wounded feature was bleeding freely, and had changed its cerulean hue for an angry purple. The author of the misfortune regarded his handiwork in rueful perplexity. Number Nine was thoroughly disorganised as to his dress, and revelled in a state of jovial liquefaction. The rest of the squad were breathless and subdued. Corporal Tartar surveyed us with grim satisfaction.

When we had recovered our equanimity, and our wounded man could dispense with his pocket-handkerchief, the professor put us through our 'facings.' This process, though tedious, was an exercise of memory rather than muscle. It was terribly puzzling to remember the exact amount of revolution necessary for the 'right face' or the 'left half-face,' or the 'right-about three-quarters face,' and *vice-versa*. As Tartar facetiously remarked, when we got the word 'right-about face,' we always went to the wrong about. Instead of all facing in one direction, two gentlemen found themselves *vis-à-vis*, two others were *dos-à-dos*, and all looked to different points of the compass, like weather-cocks on a gusty day. While we were thus learning how, as children say, to 'make faces,' I also learned a curious anatomical fact that is worthy of record. Few people are aware that they have a ball in each of their large toes. 'At the word "Right-about face,"' said Corporal Tartar, 'place the ball of the right toe against the left heel. At the word "Left-about face," place the right heel against the ball of the left toe.' And not only are our toes thus spherically furnished, but our feet are similarly supplied. 'At the word "Right-about three-quarters face," bring the ball of the right foot—not the ball of the toe, mind,' said Tartar, knowingly—'bring the ball of the right foot to the left heel.' In fact, according to the professor, every one carries a couple of foot-balls about with him. This is, I think, an interesting piece of information, that should be included by Mr Timbs in his next edition of *Things not generally Known*.

But the *ne plus ultra* of military singularity, and the *pons asinorum* of military education, is decidedly the goose-step. The object of this extraordinary performance is, we were instructed, 'to teach the soldier the free movement of his legs, preserving at the same time perfect squareness of shoulders, and the utmost steadiness of body.' With this view the novice is made to stand for an indefinite period on one leg; a constrained position, which naturally depresses his corresponding shoulder, and produces a motion of his body like a ship in a gale of wind. The surprising manner in which that Dutch-built, and heavy-laden vessel, Number Nine, pitched and rolled and heaved when he attempted this manœuvre, the very 'free movement' of his great fat leg as he kicked it about in the air, the wild way in which he swayed his arms like a boy on a slide, and finally, the helpless manner in which he tottered, foundered, and came heavily down on two legs, formed a sight at which even the stern Tartar relaxed. The great secret of the goose-step, I discovered, was to keep the knee perfectly rigid. 'Brace them knees' was the burden of the professor's advice, as we successively failed to maintain the anserine attitude for more than a few seconds at a time. 'All you have to do, is to brace them knees firm.' Unfortunately, we each had a flexible joint at the very part where perfect rigidity was required. In fact, the only people who, in this respect, can hope to

make complete geese of themselves, are men with wooden legs. But though we made only a bungling attempt to acquire the ease and steadiness of our ornithological model, we looked the character to perfection. Anything more silly than our appearance, as we stood in a row with our feet tucked up behind us, it is impossible to imagine. But even a goose cannot stand on one leg for ever. When we were finally allowed to resume our natural position, the Rubicon of drill was passed. Our other exploits were achieved in the posture, and with the action common to ordinary bipeds. We marched, we wheeled, we changed our feet, and performed a variety of ingenious and bewildering evolutions. Our last attempt was to march in single-file. I had to walk between my two neighbours, with my eyes fixed upon the back of Number Seven's head. In this position I was like the ham of a sandwich, and got dreadfully squeezed. The difficulty of file-marching consists in keeping the step. It is not important that you should keep it yourself, but if the man behind you is so awkward as to lose it, the result is exquisitely painful. Number Nine lacerated my ankles with his gigantic boots till the tears stood in my eyes, and I, in my turn, I fear, barked the heels of my blue-nosed friend unmercifully. This arduous and aggravating evolution brought the evening's entertainment to a close. The performance had been to me so new and strange, that I hurried home to chronicle my sensations. Here they are. The virgin experiences of a budding hero, with the bloom still on them. To-morrow, I daresay, their novelty will begin to wear off, and in a month I shall think no more of drill than I do of my dinner. By that time, I have no doubt, I shall make faces as well as the great Tartar himself, and shall even be able to copy nature to perfection in that unique pedestrian exercise, the goose-step.

FRANKINCENSE AND COFFEE MOUNTAINS.

THE finest productions of nature are frequently found in parts of the world which, in an artistic point of view, are remarkably uninteresting; but in the cases of coffee and frankincense, beauty of situation is united to the excellence of the commodities. Coffee, as our readers are doubtless aware, is entirely a modern luxury, which Solomon and the Queen of Sheba would have been too happy to sip together in their famous interview at Jerusalem. But frankincense was among the earliest discoveries of mankind, and no sooner had the properties of the gum been noticed, than it was appropriated to the service of religion. At first sight, the practice may appear to have been a mere wasteful expenditure; but when we carefully consider the temperature of most eastern countries, and the disagreeable odours which are invariably emitted from crowds shut up together in a close building, especially in southern latitudes, we shall understand the reason which led to the burning of incense. In the Levantine churches, it would be extremely disagreeable, especially in summer, to remain a quarter of an hour, were the atmosphere not impregnated by the pungent odour of incense, which overpowers the effluvia exhaling from the heated bodies of people not celebrated for wearing clean linen; and the absence of this perfume renders Protestant churches in Syria and Egypt less attractive than those of the Catholics, though persons who notice the effect are seldom aware of the cause.

Travellers proceeding towards Europe from India and the islands of the Eastern Ocean, rarely sail sufficiently near the coast of Oman and Hadramaut to observe its characteristics; but when they prepare

to enter the Strait of Bab-el-Mandeb, and have already passed Cape Guardafui, it is practicable with glasses to discern distinctly the features of the frankincense mountains of Africa. The cape presents a desolate and forbidding aspect, beaten incessantly by winds, and entirely stripped of vegetation. As, however, you ascend from the sea, the slopes of the mountains are observed to be covered with stunted trees, thick in the trunk, and throwing forth their numerous branches in the direction of the prevailing winds. The whole region is inhabited by the Somali Arabs, whose corkscrew curls and dusky complexions suggest a large admixture of negro blood. Like the Ababde of the Upper Nile, their heads, when the hair is worn, bear a strong resemblance to bee-hives; but they occasionally shave off their curls, and plaster their crania and foreheads with lime, which gives them a ludicrous appearance.

The mountains of Oman and Hadramaut, celebrated from remote antiquity for their medicinal and odoriferous productions, were said by the early travellers to have their summits covered in winter with snow, but modern observers have not confirmed this account. Still, the elevation of the ridges which run along the southern edge of the Arabian peninsula, and protect it from the ocean-gales, is very considerable; they collect the moisture of the clouds, which, after saturating the high lands, trickles into the hollows, and forms rills and brooks, that flowing down to the plain, occasionally form cascades, or spread into broad sheets of water, which impart a highly picturesque aspect to the country. Strangely enough, Hadramaut has been visited by comparatively few modern travellers, though its shores are passed every day by steamers going to and from India by way of the Red Sea. In old times, it formed the grand entrepôt between the East and West; and its merchants, distinguished for their opulence and enterprise, augmented the fame and power of Arabia; covered the land with noble cities, castles, palaces, and gardens; constructed commodious harbours; drew strangers from all parts of the world to their marts and emporiums; and carried Oriental civilisation to the highest pitch it has ever perhaps reached. Here, most of the fruits known to tropical regions flourished luxuriantly—the peach, the almond, the pomegranate, the apricot, the banana, the date, purple and golden, and grapes of the largest size and richest flavour. In addition to these, the bazaars and markets of the Sabæans displayed all the productions of India and the Farther Asia—spikenard, amomum, diamonds, rubies, pearls, opal and gold mingled with ostrich feathers; superb horses and camels from the Nejed; and frankincense, myrrh, and aloes from their own mountains, and the dependent island of Socotra.

The soil of Hadramaut is still as sweet and prolific as ever, the people are as active, and in disposition well qualified for the transaction of business. But commerce, like a capricious river, has altered its course, the seats of civilisation have changed, the mighty states of the Old World have crumbled to nothing, and nations, whose very names were unknown in those days, have monopolised the trade of the world, subverted the celebrated empires of Asia, and swept away their wealth, to be accumulated in new cities built on distant shores. In consequence of these and other vicissitudes, the power of Southern Arabia has dwindled into insignificance, its ancient cities have become ruins, its richest fields have in many instances been converted into deserts, and its most famous productions

ranked as inferior to those of many neighbouring lands. When the civilisation of the Old World was at its height, and Egypt, as it is now again becoming, the great highway of Oriental commerce, ships were constantly setting sail from Suez for the ports of Yemen, Hadramaut, and Oman, where they took in loadings of every kind of merchandise known to those times. The people of the country professed that ancient religion which appears to have flourished from the banks of the Nile to those of the Ganges, but is now only kept alive by a handful of British subjects, who build excellent ships, and worship fire in the city of Bombay. These sectaries in the ages to which we refer had erected in Hadramaut a vast temple to the sun, which, guarded perpetually by bodies of armed men, served likewise as a mighty emporium for the more precious commodities of the country. These—aloes, frankincense, and myrrh—having by the cultivators been conveyed to the fane, were piled up in large heaps on the floor, with a tablet declaring their weight and value at the top. The merchants from Syria, Greece, and Egypt, on arriving in the ports of Hadramaut, quitted their ships, and repaired to the temple. No bargaining took place. They inspected the goods, consulted the tablet, and, if satisfied with the price, never called in question the honesty of the fire-worshippers, but took the medicine and the perfume, paid their money, and departed. The transaction was effected under the surveillance of the temple-wardens, who were permitted to appropriate one-tenth of the money to their own use.

Stimulated by curiosity, several Greeks would appear to have visited the country as travellers, and to have proceeded eastwards as far as the confines of Oman, surveying the frankincense mountains, and drawing up that report, which, coloured by their imagination, assumed by degrees something like the air of fable. Snow, as we have said, capped the summits of the ridge, the higher acclivities were clothed with forest, while the lower slopes, completely sheltered from the hot winds of the desert, gave birth to the myrrh and frankincense trees, which were pruned and cultivated with the utmost care. The turf throughout the plantations appears to have been removed, and was probably, as now, used as fuel. Then the ground was carefully swept, and delicate mats, woven of palm-leaves, were everywhere spread beneath the trees. Incisions having been made in the upper part of the trunk and larger branches, the odoriferous gum oozed forth, and trickling into drops, fell like a perfumed shower upon the mats. Some reckless proprietors allowed the frankincense to drop upon the earth, or scraped it with a knife from the trees, by which means it became mingled with particles of dust, or chips of bark, which deteriorated its value. The method of collecting at present in use seems to be far more rough and ready than that which prevailed of old, and the article in consequence is held in considerably less esteem. Still, large quantities are annually shipped from the ports of Hadramaut, to be burned, on the one hand, in the temples of India, and on the other, in the churches of Catholic Christendom.

What Hadramaut was in antiquity, Yemen has become in modern times, by a production far more generally diffused and more loudly celebrated. This is the coffee which receives commonly the name of Mocha, because it is chiefly shipped at that Red Sea port, though the neighbouring cities of Loheia and Hodeida share in the trade. Whoever desires to visit the mountains where this modern nectar is produced, must disembark on the margin of the burning Tehama, and on donkey or dromedary direct his course inward across the arid waste. Here and there as he journeys along, with the scorching sun and a cloudless sky above him, a clump of mimosa or date-palms indicates the spot where he may quench his

thirst, at one of those deep and inexhaustible wells which everywhere stud the fiery desert. Presently, patience brings him in sight of Beit-el-Fakih, or the House of the Learned, the name given to the small city which forms the capital of the coffee district. The mountains as you approach rise behind each other in ridges or terraces till they attain a great height; and if your visit be made in spring, the whole looks like a sea of white blossoms, waving gently in the breeze, and throwing forth every moment the most exquisite and delicate perfume. The scene is rendered more charmingly picturesque by lofty forest trees which traverse the plantations in vast avenues, affording shade to the coffee shrubs, whose delicate foliage would otherwise be withered and blighted by the too ardent sun. Far and near, the whole landscape is dotted with towns, villages, and hamlets, belonging to the proprietors and labourers engaged in the cultivation of the coffee. Winding roads and paths, immersed for the most part in dense shade, enable you to ascend the steep acclivities with comparatively little fatigue, till, having reached the summit, you are fanned by delicious cool breezes from the high lands of the interior. Here prospects are enjoyed, to be surpassed for beauty neither in Europe or Asia. All around, beneath your feet, a succession of terraces of mingled bloom and verdure conducts your eye down to the level Tehama, whose glowing surface extends to the cerulean edge of the Red Sea, backed in the distance by the lofty mountains of Africa.

As no cultivation can be carried on in the tropics without an abundance of water, numerous contrivances are resorted to for making the most of what is found in the Beit-el-Fakih mountains: tanks are constructed on various platforms, whence, by small winding channels, the moisture is conducted in every direction, and let loose upon the terraces, to find its way to the roots of the coffee-trees. The agriculturists of Yemen—though no one has hitherto given them credit for so much conscientiousness and prudence—would appear to be guided both by wisdom and integrity in their dealings with the earth's productions. In spite of the sweetness of the soil, which imparts to the coffee-berries the flavour which renders them unrivalled, a more profuse application of water to the trees would augment their size at the expense of their quality. This is known to the cultivators of coffee in the West Indies, in Bourbon, Java, and Ceylon, who are restrained by no such considerations of morality, but, with an eye to profit, give the berries all the development which the united force of soil and water can produce, and hence in part, at least, the striking inferiority of all other kinds of coffee to that of Beit-el-Fakih. We say in part, because there can be no doubt that there is a virtue in the Arabian soil, which, like that of Attica, displays itself in all the fruits of the earth. A date from Yemen or the Hejaz, and still more from the Nejed, is far more delicious than one grown in Egypt, or Morocco, or Fez, though in the European markets, where more regard is had to size than flavour, the Barbary dates are preferred. Extremely slight causes will increase or destroy the delicacy of coffee. In nearly all parts of Europe, it has long ceased to be that delicious beverage which it once was, through the numerous, adulterations effected by trading dishonesty. But some deterioration is occasioned by causes against which it is impossible to guard. Tea, it is well known, in spite of all the precautions taken by merchants, is much injured by passing over the sea, for saline particles penetrate through every covering, set at naught every defence, and to some extent spoil the Chinese luxury. Accordingly, to drink tea at St Petersburg, whither the article is brought overland, is almost worth a journey to the banks of the Neva. So, again, as to coffee: even the short passage from

Jiddah to Suez is sufficient to spoil the berries of Beit-el-Fakih, to enjoy which in perfection those only must be used which are brought overland by the Pilgrim Caravan. To drink coffee is then to taste the most fragrant and refreshing liquid in the world. Hermitage, Champagne, nay, even imperial Tokay is nothing to it. When, after a long ride in the desert, you reach towards evening a clump of palms, kindle a fire, roast and pound your coffee to an almost impalpable powder in a mortar, and then boil it for a few minutes, you may be said, while you sip it, to have reached the summit of all mere material enjoyments. Here you recline, watching the sun descend behind the sand-hills, while your camels, folded on all-fours, form a circle around you; and your attendants, at a little distance, sit smoking in groups. Softly the air of the desert fans your cheek, and rustles the palm-leaves over your head, while the discovery of the sheik of Beit-el-Fakih soothes your whole nervous system, and begets delicious visions in your brain.

In the mountains of Yemen, where coffee first came into use, innumerable myths are in circulation respecting the means by which its qualities were discovered. Some say that the goats, when they had browsed on the leaves of the young trees, were observed to become more frisky and lively; but this is absurd, because it is not the leaves but the berries that enliven those who taste them. According to another legend, a pious and learned sheik, sitting up all night for the purpose of pursuing his studies and his prayers, happened to possess in his garden a coffee-tree, the berries of which, having been shrivelled and dried by the sun, emitted a pleasant and refreshing odour. The idea entered his mind that the taste might be still more reviving than the smell, so he plucked and ate of them, and found himself delivered from sleep, as well as inwardly comforted in a very wonderful manner. He then bethought himself, as the berries rather augmented than allayed his thirst, that it might be advantageous to steep them in water, first cold, then tepid, at last boiling hot, by which his discovery was brought to perfection, and he became one of the great unknown benefactors of mankind. The dervishes in some eastern caravansaries, who give up their nights to devotion, are for that reason extremely useful to travellers, since, at whatever hour you reach the grand resting-place, they are always ready, and, to do them justice, seldom unwilling, to assist you in preparing coffee. From the great fountain in the quadrangle, they bring you water, and, to soothe your impatience while waiting, fill and light your pipe of gebeli, then putting the amber to your lips, proceed calmly with their culinary operations. In some cases, the place of the dervishes is supplied by the ghawazi, who are more rapid, though not less careful, in their movements. Once, after having ridden fifty miles in the sun, we arrived dead beat at a caravansary which had been taken possession of by one single ghawazie. The building was immense, lofty as a fortress, with crenellated battlements and turrets at the corners. It contained many hundred rooms, all built of hewn stone, with galleries, verandahs, and magnificent staircases. Yet, as we have said, a lone young woman was its sole occupant. She sat beside the fountain before a lamp, not reading, which would probably have been beyond her power, but meditating on no one knows what. As soon as she perceived us, she came forward, took charge of our baggage, locked the gates of the building, which had till then been left open, and while we lay half-dead on the camel-furniture, got ready the coffee in an extraordinary short space of time, and then brought it, and held it to our lips. It was overland coffee, sweetened with sugar-candy, and frothing with rich buffalo-milk. Never did the fragrant steam appear so reviving; it put our weariness to flight like magic, so that we

were soon enabled to ascend the topmost terrace of the building, where, leaning on the parapet, we enjoyed the delicious night-breeze, and beheld in the far distance the watch-fires of the Bedouins.

It may possibly be owing to some perversion of taste, but we certainly prefer drinking coffee in a night-halt in the desert to sipping it in the most brilliant drawing-room. Even the terraced roofs of Beit-el-Fakih, spread with soft mats, and surrounded with odoriferous blossoms, are in our estimation less delightful than the quiet sand-hills, far away from human habitations, where, pipe in hand, you recline drowsily beneath the stars, listening to the rustling sound made by the loose particles of sand as they are swept along by the breeze. All men have a taste, more or less developed, for luxury. To many, it will doubtless appear ridiculous that, in the lonely waste, a man should take pleasure in articles which would seem to be fabricated for mere show; yet we plead guilty to the weakness of liking to drink our coffee out of delicate porcelain, *finjans* (cups) of purple and gold placed on silver *zeefs* of exquisite filigree, which flash brightly as the fitful flames of the cooking-fire shed their light upon them. Nothing can be more elegant than this Oriental apparatus. The finjan, shaped like half an egg, and without a handle, is placed while you drink in the zeef or stand, like an acorn in its cup.

The ladies of Egypt, to whom the joys of intoxication are not permitted, do all they can to make up for their absence, and find nothing come so near the mark as the exhilaration produced by Arabian coffee. Under its influence, they laugh, talk, sing, and tell stories, with as much vivacity as a Parisian belle under the inspiration of champagne. After all, however, much of the agreeable effect must be attributed to the climate. No one enveloped by the moist atmosphere which prevails on the banks of the Thames, the Seine, the Tiber, or the Nile, drink what he may, can conceive the effect produced by the same beverage in the pure, light, buoyant air of the desert, which in itself is almost intoxicating. This is the compensation which nature bestows on the wandering tribes for the want of beer and brandy. To them a few dates seem more delicious than turtle-soup to an alderman, while a finjan of Yemen coffee undoubtedly outdoes a glass of the richest Burgundy. As we have already said, there is something extremely peculiar in the soil of all Arabia, and this is nowhere more apparent than in the coffee and frankincense mountains and the valley of Tayef. All the vegetation of those regions is more or less perfumed. The common thorns exude a scented gum; the jasmín, everywhere fragrant, is doubly so in Arabia; while the rose surpasses in sweetness even those of the Fayoum and Serinaghur. It is not surprising, therefore, that the coffee of the Yemen mountains, through the general excellence of the soil, should be superior to that of other countries. Besides, as the tea of Japan is supposed to owe much of its fine flavour to the care and cleanliness practised in its cultivation and picking, so the coffee of Arabia may be much indebted to the skill and prudence of the husbandmen. The berries having been gathered with the greatest care, have equal attention bestowed on their drying, packing, and mode of transport; though when arrived at the ports of the Red Sea they pass from under the eye of the Yemanis, and are abandoned to the tender mercies of Hindus, Egyptians, Turks, Syrians, and Greeks. Occasionally, these merchants proceed to Beit-el-Fakih, in order to purchase the best coffee on the spot, for the produce of the trees is divided into three sorts—first, the picked berries, from which all that are bruised, or ill shaped, or too small, are separated; second, those which are left as gathered; third, the small and bruised, which, of course, are obtained at a much lower price. Reflection on this fact will explain why coffee really from Mocha is often of very inferior quality, and disappoints

the buyer, who has formed perhaps an exalted idea of the fine produce of Yemen. Even the worst, however, of these berries are superior, in our opinion, to the finest Java, which is owing entirely to the qualities of the Arabian soil.

AT A PLOUGHING-MATCH.

'HALF-PAST three o'clock, sir. The maister has gone to Kirkton for the gig, and ye're to be at the east toll-bar at half-past four.'

Under the impression that I had that moment fallen asleep, I opened one eye sufficiently wide to admit the consciousness that I was in my uncle's house very far north—that it was a bitter February morning—and that I was under an obligation to get up and drive for fifteen miles against the razory breezes of the hills, to attend the annual ploughing-match of the Quaichechroin Agricultural Society.

'All right, Betsy,' I answered, drawing the blankets over my head, and proceeding to readjust the disturbed scenery of my dream, in the desperate, and, alas! vainly desperate hope that Betsy, having fulfilled the letter of her instructions, would not trouble herself about results: I could get up at nine o'clock, greatly annoyed that I had been allowed to 'sleep in.' But Betsy has other views for me; she won't let me do it; so, finally, having rubbed an astonishing quantity of stones out of my eyes, I reluctantly get up.

A luminously warm parlour, and the cheerful melody of a shining tea-kettle, do not, by force of contrast, make the plunge into a bath of fierce northern air less terrible; but Fear is as arrant a deceiver as Hope, and I survive the feat. The daylight is faintly quickening through the dark, and the pomp of the stars diminishing. As I wend along the straggling street of the village, a dubious light here and there, and the more decided whir of flying shuttles—those perturbed spirits—indicate that thus early some industrious websters are on the treddles. How cold it is! The fizz and sputter of the street-pump quivers through all my manifold wrappages. This is the toll, and here comes the gig. We have a difficulty with the bar-keeper. It may look like a hyperbole to say that his snoring shakes the frail tenement round him, but it is the fact; and it is not easy to improvise a diu sufficient to rouse a person who accustoms himself to sleep in the continual noise of such a respiration. At last he issues out in small clothes, with an eruption of linen before and behind, and barely according a civil reply to an inquiry concerning his health, takes his fee, and opens the gates.

In the gig beside my uncle is Nicoll the blacksmith; he is also bound for the ploughing-match; for though it is not strictly in his district, his handiwork is to figure there. My uncle—called Braxie, from the name of his former farm—was in his day a noted hand at these competitions. 'Before I was your age, I took the first prize at Invererdech,' is his standing term of reproach to unproductive young folks. He has the Royal Agricultural Society of Scotland's medals, with his name on one side, and a silver man driving a silver team through a silver soil on the other. Far and wide, he is known as an unmatched first-prize man. Though now retired from agricultural life, he is often employed as a judge; but his delight is to officiate as 'second' to some rising competitor; and he wins many prizes yet in this indirect way. It is in this capacity he is to act to-day. Nicoll is attached to him by a long-standing regard, which borders on sentimental affection. Braxie's last field of fame was the great Roselane match, open to all the world, and Nicoll was the maker of his plough. They were celebrated together as champions of the world in the popular song beginning, 'Come all ye lads aroun' me now.' That circumstance is a tie of affinity between them

which death only can break. Braxie rather toys with his friend's feelings; but Nicoll is reverential, and thinks it complimentary to be hoaxed, merely retaliating, 'You're a hang vagibon', Braxie.

The space of seat between the two being an understood rather than an apparent thing, my affirmative reply to Nicoll's kind inquiries if I am comfortable, is civility and good-nature stretched to the brink of dishonesty. Our road lies through the lower ridges of the Grampians, over moors and mosses many, O. I have ample leisure to be romantic if I like, for I am reckoned nobody in the technical discussion which springs up regarding the working-apparatus and natural products of the district. Ultimately, the smith apologises for the exclusive nature of the conversation, by telling me that he and Braxie have been 'acquainted for nigh thretty years.' Then it seemed to strike him that a new acquaintance might, after all, have some claim on his attention, and he hazards an observation on the city. 'It's an awfu' place for popilation, they tell me.' This is undeniable, but not pregnant, and chiefly upon that very account. Since, however, I believe his effort to condescend to the level of my understanding sincere, though abortive, I can't do less than return the compliment.

'Have you formed an opinion on ploughing-matches as to their social influence, Mr Nicoll?'

The person addressed hastily inhaled the contents of his snuff-pen, generally loaded, and hovering in a state of suspense somewhere in the vicinity of his nostrils; and having refilled it from his box, exclaimed—'Good!' and then took snuff again, and this time with such a long and strong pull, that I feared the pen might disappear in the violence of the draught.

'My aunt appears to think they do more harm than good,' I suggested, with the view of eliciting a more detailed opinion. The smith reached an arm, of the usual preternatural longitude of smiths' arms, across me, and dug a thumb into Braxie's side. This was the nearest approach to a sly hint the good soul was capable of. 'She says,' I continued, 'that for many weeks before, and full as many weeks after them, those concerned, and some not necessarily concerned, make them the pretext for a deal of boozing and neglect of other things. Emulation among the men degenerates into envy and ill-nature. Those who are successful consider themselves bound to melt the prizes in whisky. Generally, only one man and his friends believe that the judges have done their duty honestly; and,' I added significantly, 'she has complaints of a more personal nature.'

'Your aunty,' put in Braxie, 'speaks as one of the foolish women. As bad could be said of all competitions whatsoever. Tak' ye my word for it, there's no danger of farm-servants havin' too much money to spend, or too much time to spend it in. And one thing I know, and that's not two—your aunty was as proud as her neighbours when somebody brought home his trophies.'

Nicoll earnestly confirmed all this as being the lord's truth, and handed Braxie the snuff-box in testimony of his entire approval.

'Particulars aside,' I said, assuming a philosophical air; 'rightly considered, the triumphs of peace have their dark side as well as the triumphs of war. One man's honour is still another man's shame. The most desolate day of my life was when I saw a high prize in a public school awarded to some one else. Think now, Smith, you champion ploughmaker of the world, can you coolly return thanks for the honour as a providential dispensation, when you know how keenly it mortifies so many brothers of the craft?'

'I ken nothing about that,' replied Nicoll, undisguisedly pleased: 'every man for himself', and the deil for us.'

'That is true, but it is a melancholy truth,' I persisted dolefully. 'I suppose a time may come, how-

ever, when superiority can be acknowledged without bitterness. We know there are angels and archangels diverse in power, but each as complete in happiness as the other.'

Nicoll looks as if he very much wished Braxie to come to his relief by interposing an observation at this juncture; but Braxie has evidently as little inclination as the other to trust himself upon the hierarchies, and whistles the *Brace o' Mar* in the direction of the sunrise, which is now throwing great splashes of red up the east. So we subside into silent admiration of its cloudy purples, gradually quickening into livelier pink and vermillion, which in turn dissolve in their own intensity, or kindle upwards towards the zenith. There, we may say, all the colours of the day are huddled as on a pallet, to be wrought up and distributed by pencils of sunlight. Below us in the valleys, volumes of mist of woolly whiteness, and apparently of woolly consistence, trail close to the ground, wasting gradually at the skirts. The heather is around us, and I may almost say above us, but not a touch of blossom enlivens its dreary aspect. Holding eastward, in due time we drive into the court-yard of Cocklea Farm, the scene of the coming struggle. I make no hypocritical display of good-will or amity to the shaggy creatures that come snarling about our calves; for if ever my extremities are to be dog-bitten, now is the time when, thanks to the benumbing drive, they can meet their destiny with the least degree of sensation, painful or otherwise.

A vague impression that we have been nearing the north pole for the last hour, has led me to expect at the best a low wrack of thatched *schilins*, with a fire in the middle of the floor, and the smoke contriving its exit by its own unassisted ingenuity. But here is a handsome pile of fresh masonry in modern fashion—a dwelling-house with bow-windows and a portico which will look very pretty when its trellis-work of scarlet-runners thrills into little sprigs of blossom. In the stables, which would do honour to a model farm, we find Braxie's principal for the day with a knife-blade between his teeth, busily arranging his horse's tail in holiday gear, and otherwise attending to the animal's toilet. He is a young Hercules of a farmer, known to his friends as the Cork. That designation, synonymous with governor or overseer, is frequently given to the eldest sons of farmers thereaway. I am introduced to the notice of the Cork, who instantly advises me never to put my hand to the plough as a main fact of existence. He assures me he is never free of cares and pains from morning to night; but looking at his fresh and full-blown face, I flatly disbelieve him. He learns that I am from the city, and appears surprised that I don't know 'our Will,' also of the city.

The state of the ground is an important consideration, it seems; and we sally out to examine that. It is quite a spacious plain for a locality of such irregularities and inequalities, and is parcelled out and ticketed as if about to be sold in slices. The lea is pronounced bad for the most part—trampled, short, mirly. 'Ye could shak' it through a pepper-box,' says one hyperbolical person in a faded tartan coat: *a priori*, I should have fancied he was utterly unaware of the existence of the luxury, pepper.

People from the neighbouring hamlet and farms, with horses, carts, and ploughs arrive thickly, and the ample margins of the field are speedily strewn with straw-litter and baggage. 'Has Birnam come, ken ye?' the faded tartan coat inquires of me. Till that moment, Birnam had only been known to me as a place which once was made to send a wood to Dunsinane, to the great dismay of Macbeth. But this other Birnam is to be a more practical object in my eyes soon. People inquire after him with bated breath. He is to be the great gun of the day, a man of many medals. 'We've seen the day when Birnam would be but sma' drink,' Nicoll says to my uncle fondly.

The old boy seems really touched, and makes no reply. Perhaps his fancy, too, is away back in the spring mornings of the long ago, when the arrival of his own cortège on the field was a sensation. Nicoll again silently stuffs the snuff-box into his hand, in token of sympathy, retaining a heaped penful for his own refreshment.

Thirty-five ploughs have arrived. The men having picked a lot with as much discrimination as each can exercise with his finger and thumb in the depths of a lucky-bag, congregate round a cart occupied by the clerk, who reads the rules, 'by order of the committee.' No place too far north for that institution. An outside lot has fallen to us. Braxie unhesitatingly ignoring the rule that no assistance can be given to the competitors, scampers, nimbly as a boy, up the ridge with an armful of red-tipped poles which look like a bundle of Brobdingnagian matches; these he grounds in a line at intervals. All over the field, 'seconds' are running to and fro on the same errand, while Cocklea, who is umpire and master of the ceremonies, in vain talks of making examples. What can a government do when the whole nation is traitor? Protest. Meanwhile the work goes on, and the lea is bristling with pikes like a pin-cushion; the ploughs are drawn up in order of starting, and bang goes a gunshot. When you look again, the green has been scored with five-and-thirty black ruts.

A pretty sight, truly! A faint haze of mist just dense enough to curtain the scene off from infinity—the sun shining with more brightness than warmth—a gay crowd in rural finery—these make the accessories of the picture. But the horses! Away with your foppish exquisites of the chase, your airy nothings of the turf, your rash-headed sparks of the war. For genuine examples of contemplative dignity, joined to substantial force, you must look here at these giant-limbed mighty-boned brutes moving slow in pairs. Do you mean to tell me there is no conscious pride in that sweeping arch of neck? that curl of nostril blowing clouds of fume like an engine-funnel? The shaggy fetlock, a gentle stroke of which would settle all our earthly affairs, is laid down as lightly and delicately as the foot of a fay, not to bruise the mould. Art, too, has been called to the assistance of their natural charms this morning. Tail and mane are streaming with red, blue, and yellow ribbons, and a rosette of the same stars the forehead. Little scintillations of light flicker among the colours, for the harness is studded with sparkling bits of brass, while many of the hems are naked steel; the chains, buckles, and other gearing are as bright as much scrubbing with stable-dung will make them. The men themselves, mostly stripped to the shirt and trousers, are worthy of the horses, and that is saying a good deal for them. They work in a great variety of attitudes. One walks upright in the furrow, exerting no visible effort, but holding the stils as if it were a mere matter of ceremony. Another, with one foot in the furrow, and another on the lea, bobs up and down in a manner painful for me to witness, whatever it be to him. Another holds the plough at arms' length, his feet both on the lea, and stretched far behind, as if he were making experiments anent the laws of gravitation. The variety of facial contortion is indescribable; so is the murmuring confusion of directions. It is a marvel to me that each horse, with its back towards its instructor, can so accurately pick out of the Babel exactly what pertains to himself. When things are going normally smooth, these run low and dispassioned: 'Veynd—Hi—Haud aff—Come 'ere—Wo—Hip—Gee.' But a storm follows an aberration; and you will hear Bob, or Baldy, oburgated on occasion with some force. One pleads soothingly: 'Now, lassie, now!' Another, with an indignant—'Jess, WOMAN!' comes smartly down on Jess's hip with the hard rein. If I were Jess, in such a case, I would consider that I had got reasonable provocation to stammer out of the furrow, and make a

gutter; but Jess simply whisks her tail, first as a telegraphic signal of receipt, and then again, to realise more distinctly the inexplicable sensation caused by the unwonted assault. The first-rate hands seldom speak to their horses at all.

Well, what sort of *feerin* has the Cork made? 'A pair of pretty ruta, if he ploughs up to them,' my uncle had said at an early stage. He *has* ploughed up to them—that is, he has laid the two first heavy furrows against and over the two first light ruta. That is the *feerin* (I spell it as well as I can phonographically). Great care is bestowed on these first furrows; sometimes they are lifted and patted from end to end with the hand. 'There's no a better job on the field, and I'm mista'en if you are not *far in*, Cork,' is Nicoll's judgment, which, besides being premature, is unfair, from the fact, that he has never stirred from the Cork's head-ridge. Then he inquires officially at the Cork how he is off for land. The Cork thinks 'he could take another nick.' While I am rapidly repeating the mensuration table, in order if possible to find how much a nick of land is, the smith shifts the cleek of the swingle-tree tackling a notch to the right on the muzzle of the plough, and I am to understand that the desired conveyance of land has been effected; that is, the Cork has now greater facilities for taking a broader furrow. Braxie unweariedly trots from one end of the field to the other, detecting every variation from the line, directing the Cork in a whisper where to 'grip in half an inch,' or sending him back to lift up a portion of fallen furrow, or kick an irregularity into order. The principal does what he is bid, with the air of a man convinced of the vanity of fame, and smokes a deal more than his second thinks consistent with the importance of the issues. On a hint to be like his work, and break that pipe, he puts it out; but shortly stops the team half-way round, and Braxie seeing him deliberately evoke fire by dint of steel and flint, tells me 'he is a pike-thank veeahun;' the English of which, I believe, 'is a pick-thank vision.' It is to be observed, as significant of a transitional epoch in these parts, that the old men all snuff, and the young men smoke; and there is the usual amount of disturbance consequent on the conflict of the Old and New.

Here, as elsewhere, every competitor has his clique of supporters. As elsewhere, here, when a man's domestic influences fail him, he rallies on his party relations. A rivulet splits the district into two great factions. The North and the South, keenly antagonistic, each through the mouth of its partisans, spurs on its men. Then there are the rival masters, for the majority of the competitors are servants. Then there are the rival smiths, who do not speak to each other, far less to Nicoll, who is an interloper: they naturally view the aspect of affairs through a differently coloured medium. In a sphere of so many prejudices, none lack the assurance of merit. I rather calculate that twenty, perhaps, are being simultaneously assured they are *far in*, and may reckon on the first, second, or third prize, according to the modesty of the speaker. Wives, with incipient ploughmen in their arms, are sneaking about the hedges with little baskets of provisions; and a brood of the same species in various stages of development are in view of Paterfamilias and his work.

Here, too, the genius of youth expresses itself in imitation. In a retired corner, I come on three brothers—smart juveniles in velveteen jackets—who have smoothed out a sandy surface, and with great gravity, are conducting their miniature affair. The youngest, a white-haired, blue-eyed Saxon, is slowly scoring off very neat corduroy in sand with one of the foresaid red-tipped poles; pausing occasionally, he draws his sleeve across his brow, to make-believe that this is a tough job indeed. The second, rather a fantastic, not very clean-nosed genius, is making rough work with a paling stob, and storming

vehemently at some visionary horses which appear to be refractory. The eldest enacts the judge, his hands folded behind his back, and his head set critically to one side. He, it appears, is too taciturn or slow to appreciate; for the Saxon, inadvertently sloping his plough over his shoulder, looks expectantly at him for some time, and then, with an air of disappointment breaks out: 'Man, Tom, you should be sayin: "What clever little chappie is this?"' and again subsides into his ideal, to give Tom another opportunity. You, my young friends, are the future Birnams, and Braxies, and Corks? When your elders up there are singing to their teams in the Elysian fields, doubtless ye shall reign here in their stead, and sleep too, in your turn, with your fathers, under the shadow of the Grampians.

At one o'clock, a brown loaf and quart bottle of beer are planted at the end of each lot; shortly after, a disturbing element of unknown origin operates on the crowd, the eddying groups of which gradually set in one current towards the farm. I see a man moving about, whispering right and left, and one after another yields to the spell, whatever it is. He picks me up at the root of a hedge. 'Will you step up and get a bite o' dinner, sir?' and I, too, submissively drift into the current. Cocklea is operating as host on a magnificent round of beef in a handsome dining-room. Before leaving, Nicoll signs me into the window-recess, for no other purpose, as he says, than 'to have a quiet snuff.' He looks rather more worhipful without his cap, for his crown is bald and shining. Seeing me touch that feature lightly with a glance, he comes over it affectionately with his hand, and tells me, 'There's no a hair between the smith and heaven.' Though he endeavours to give it an impromptu air, I warrant he has been repeating that irreverent joke any time these twenty years. Taking familiar hold of my button-hole: 'The Cork is *far* in,' he says in a semi-official tone, and I express a hope that the cork being so far in would not fall into the bottle. One says a man has fallen into the bottle (be it known), when one wishes to avoid the rudeness of saying a man is badly intoxicated. Nicoll, in good faith, assures me 'he will take good care of that;' and to my vexation, seems wholly unaware of the presence of a joke. It is evident to me that he himself is fast falling into the bottle, for he demands abruptly where I could find another man like Braxie.

By order of the committee, the field must be blackened by four o'clock. Many lots are finished before then; for there are men who, modestly waiving all claim to merit, almost trot their horses for the sole purpose of coming in for the prize awarded to the first finished. It becomes evident, from the frequent peregrinations of the judges between the lots of Birnam and the Cork, that the supreme honours lie between these two. They consequently absorb most of the spectators. Wonderful are the criticisms. A gray little man—a kirk-elder, I should think—with his thumb in his vest-pocket, deliberately enunciates the opinion, that 'the Cork has a very excellent bottom. Very good bottoming, this—don't you think, sir?' indicating the bottom of the furrow with his staff. 'Very good, indeed, sir,' I warmly assent, without much sense of what has been accomplished. A straight line, regularity, firmness, and a sleek gloss are the main points. 'The finish,' that is, the style in which the trench which divides the ridges is dressed up, is only next in importance to the *feerin*. Braxie has been looking to this for some time, by incessantly applying his foot-rule; for, you see, it sometimes happens that one finds himself in the predicament of having at the last a slice of lea broad enough for three furrows at one end, and with only breadth for two at the other; or though uniform, it may be too narrow for division, and too broad to go all to one side. In either case, *the finish* is a failure,

and foresight guards against it by measureme gradual pairings.

The clerk is once more in the cart then, surrounded by a crowd anxious to know how much justice left in the world. For my own part, I am content that this little event has been gradually thru its importance close and closer to my eyes, till overshadowed the universe. At this moment would be hard to convince me that something terrible would not befall the British nation, first name announced by the official there is than that of our friend the Cork. Whatever have resulted from that eventuality, will be known, for the clerk opens his lips, and the name slips out, followed hard by Birnam's. My feeling is exultation of course; but it immediately sinks in another of generous sympathy with veteran of many fields. As Napoleon went Waterloo, as Macaulay from the Edinburgh house will Birnam go to a dreary home this night.

Of the dinner—of Nicoll's extraordinary collection of my uncle's speeches—of how the Cork dropped into the bottle at last—of our drive home—Nicoll was placed in the middle this time, as cautionary measure—it is perhaps best to speak generally.

THE ANGLER'S SONG.

WHERE the bulrush bows and bobs—

Bob, bob,

By the spongy osier-bed;

Where the rushes are brown-red;

Where the willows bend and weep;

Where the fan-carps snort and sleep;

Where the otters rob;

Patient waiting for the float—

For the float,

All vermillion, round, and swimming

Where the deepest tide is brimming;

Where the dragon-fly is skimming;

Where the water-lily's swimming

Round my flopping boat—

There I watch the bobbing float—

Bobbing float;

Where the swallow fawn is drinking;

Where the swallow sets me thinking;

Where the water's clear and blue

So the gravel shineth through,

Round my shallow boat.

Where the rushes move and stir;

Where the pigeon's in the fir,

Where its brooding mother's song

Murmurs love the whole day long,

All above the branching oaks,

'Neath which the water-lily soaks—

I bob, bob, bob—

Bob, bob, bob,

Like Job, not caring for jokes.

Where my red float down the stream

Poises o'er the ponderous beam;

Where the perches' thorny fin

Pricks the sullen otter's skin,

And the bars upon their back

Shew like zebras, gold and black;

Where above the bosoming dell

Stands the buck, to snort and 'bell'—

I bob, bob, bob—

Bob, bob, bob,

Passing my time so happy and well.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, 47 Finsbury Row, LONDON, and 330 High Street, EDINBURGH. Also sold by all Booksellers.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL OF POPULAR LITERATURE

Science and Arts.

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 442.

SATURDAY, JUNE 21, 1862.

PRICE 1½d.

TOO LATE.

It is recorded of the late Mr Leigh Hunt, that his procrastination was so excessive that he could never trust himself to rise in time to leave home and take the coach, but was obliged to engage a bed overnight at the inn from which it started. He was a punctual man, however, compared to *me*. I could never make certain of being a passenger unless I slept in the coach itself. The nicety affected by these vehicles in the matter of time (and particularly if they carried the mail-bags) was simply ridiculous. They would not, I believe, have waited for King George in person, although they carried his very arms upon their sides. How often have I had to engage post-horses at a ruinous expense to overtake those implacable machines! How often have I entered them at the very moment of departure with my waistcoat unbuttoned and my coat and top-boots in my hand! How often have I toiled after their revolving wheels, making fruitless signals of distress, and with my cries for succour drowned in the 'tooting' of the relentless horn!

I am quite unable to account for the excessive value—the Fancy Price—that is set so generally upon the article Time. I do not ask, in vulgar ridicule, 'What does it matter a hundred years hence?' but What does it matter *to-morrow* whether we start to-day at a quarter or at half-past two? The modern expressions 2.15 and 2.30 have such an objectionable accuracy about them that I never use them. I have seen a limited night-mail advertised to arrive at a certain station at 3.48 A.M. Now, only conceive the affectation of such a number of minutes as that at a time of day when the very latest have retired to their couches, and the very earliest are not out of bed! A quarter of an hour either way, they tell me, might produce endless disaster—Up-express into Meat-train, or Fish-train into Parliamentary—to which I reply, that if so, the system must be faulty. 'The day,' observes a well-known poet, 'was made for vulgar souls, the night was made for you and me;' and without necessarily assenting to the bard's particular apportionment, we may say generally, that the Day and Night—that is to say, *Time*—was made for the whole human family, and *not* the whole human family (as one would imagine from their behaviour) for Time.

'It is the early bird,' observed the late Jemmy

Wood, of Gloucester, to his apprentice lad, 'that gets the first worm.'

'True,' returned the boy, 'but it must be the early worm that gets eaten.'

For this epigram (which was a better thing than his master ever said in his life), the poor young fellow was punished, docked, very likely, of a penny out of the sixpence that constituted his weekly wage. He had, indeed, indirectly made a joke upon Time, but 'I have yet to learn,' as indignant trades-people observe in local newspapers, that to do that is to commit a blasphemy. What is Time, forsooth, that nobody may poke fun at him! It is my opinion that a Gentleman (for he is *that*, I'll allow) who is understood to go about the world insufficiently clothed, and with an hour-glass and scythe, instead of gloves and an umbrella, is an object of satire rather than reverence. He is old enough, it is true—old enough to know better, I should have thought—but really, from the slavish respect that some people pay to Time, one would suppose he was Eternity. The honest, plain-spoken truth is never written about him except upon Tombstones. *There*, indeed, he is only named to be derided, and Time used means Time abused. 'Time is nought—Time is finished up—Time is Thistledown,' 'Phew, and he's gone'—with many other remarks of a similar depreciatory character. I have even seen infamous caricatures of him upon more than one mausoleum, lying upon his back with his hour-glass broken, and his scythe rusted, as though it had been all over with him, and nobody cared; but defiances of this kind have never been able to gain my approval. It is only deceased persons whose connection with him has ceased, that venture to take these liberties with Time. They have loaded pistols (as Dr Johnson says with reference to a different matter) which they dare not fire off themselves, but leave some beggarly fellow a few shillings to pull the trigger after their death.

Some very severe things are also occasionally uttered against Time by clergymen in their sermons; concerning his vanity (which, if he piques himself upon his personal appearance, must be monstrous indeed), his hostility to profligate waste, and the worthless yet deceptive character of his ordinary occupations; but when these gentlemen leave their pulpits, they are just as sycophantic in their behaviour to him as any other class of people. I particularly

remember that the master of my first school was a clergyman, and exceedingly subservient to Time. If one happened to be a minute or two late in the morning, or for dinner, or for afternoon study, or even for bed (which at that period was entirely my own affair), this man could even proceed to acts of violence. I have known him cane a boy—I am not taking a mere supposititious case, because it happened to myself—I have known him, I say, to strike a fellow-creature several times (and behind, too, the coward!) because the victim had omitted to return from a country ramble in time to take part in a Greek play. Now this, mind, was not any case analogous to that of Private Theatricals, where, if you are not ready to sustain your character when the performance comes off, somebody else has to read your part, and the audience is dissatisfied, and the stage-manager wild—a misfortune of which I myself have been more than once the innocent cause; but in a Greek play *everybody* reads his part (if he can), and a single person is sufficient to constitute the Chorus.

At the University, too, where the educational system is almost entirely in clerical hands, the same inordinate respect is paid to Time, which, it is contended, has hallowed its precincts and solidified its institutions. In a place, indeed, for which Time has done so very much, even to the exclusion, as some people say, of other improving causes, one cannot wonder that it is held in some sort of reverence; yet what can excuse a superstition so gross that it was actually the cause of my losing £2000 a year, as well as an excellent dwelling-house? The calamity took place in this manner. Upon the morning of my first day's examination for honours (in which I had intended to have taken the highest place) I overslept myself, and was refused permission to make matters straight by a couple of hours' work in the evening. The immediate consequence of this was that I only obtained an ordinary degree, and the final result that I lost my chance of a fellowship (£250 *per annum*), of a tutorship (£150), and (eventually) of the mastership of my college, with £2000 a year and the Lodge, to which, like the Indian hunter, I might, if I pleased, have invited a wife. However, if I have suffered a loss, so also has the college: if it had been fortunate enough to have secured me as its chief, I should have earned the blessings of unborn generations of its undergraduates. No chapel-gate should have closed with a snap to exclude the surpliced penitent, as he flew to overtake the minute and a half lost in looking for his pocket-handkerchief! No Dean should have frowned reproach because a young man's hunting-watch happened to be a quarter of an hour behind the college clock! No grave question of rustication should have arisen out of the confusion of one small hour with another after midnight! Alma Mater, however, has lost her opportunity, and must get on, orphaned of the present writer, as best she can.

I suppose I have had more doors slammed in my face by Railway officials than any man alive, with the accompanying words: 'Too late, sir; the bell has rung, and the train is on the move.' *On the move!* Is it not monstrous that an individual who talks such English as that should have power to bar the passage of a man like me? But the being too late for trains is not the greatest inconvenience that happens to me. I have also a peculiar faculty for being carried past the station at which I have intended to get out. I have in this manner had the opportunity of seeing many remarkable spots which would otherwise have escaped me, and seeing them, as it has generally happened, with plenty of time to spare. On the other hand, to avoid increasing my distance beyond the place already overshot, I have sometimes got out at solitary stations untrodden by foot of ordinary passenger, and only erected, as it would seem, for the benefit of such waifs and strays as myself. I have

been disembarked from a coast-line upon a spit of land with 'water, water everywhere,' and not a drop to mix with it, at which, as I subsequently discovered, the train only called on Fridays, in the desperate hope, I suppose, of picking up on that unlucky day a shipwrecked crew; and I have been set down within the limits of a Druidical circle upon an apparently boundless plain. Once only had I a companion in misfortune in a certain barrister who was going down to defend some burglars in the Black Country, and was carried with me past the assize town, and 'shunted' off to an obscure locality, which was not so much a station as a coke dépot.

'Why did you not inform us that we should have to change when we stopped at the Junction?' inquired my legal acquaintance of the terrified guard. 'Your conduct, sir, is not only scandalous but actionable, and the Company must make good the pecuniary loss incurred by myself and friend through the delay.'

I was going to visit an old college friend who happened to be on the grand jury, and all that I was likely to lose by the mistake was a good dinner; but I endeavoured to look becomingly indignant like a man who was quite unused to such misfortunes, and observed that the official's conduct was alike reprehensible and unparalleled. Unfortunately, however, for our chance of living the remainder of our days in affluence at the expense of the Great West Coast Line, the guard chanced to put his head into the carriage we had just quitted, after which his tone changed at once from the conciliatory to the defiant. 'It serves you nothing more than right,' cried he, 'for actin' in contempt of the bye-laws. If you had not been smokin' with the winders up, you'd a heard me easy enough when I hollered out your station. And now you'll have to stay here seven hours, and you ought to be thankful as there is no magistrate in the neighbourhood to fine you forty shillings.'

There was certainly no magistrate, nor, as I should think, from what came to pass, so much as a police constable, within many miles of that coke dépot. There was not an individual to be seen, although the country round was totally destitute of anything like trees to obscure him. The whole population lived underground, and only came out upon the surface of the earth at night—like the black-beetles. The landscape was covered, to the depth of three or four inches, with coal-shale, and looked like some mighty fireplace which the housemaid had forgotten to set in order that morning. The attractions towards a country-walk were also diminished by the circumstance of incessant rain. When we had finished sending off our respective telegraphic messages to account to our friends for our non-appearance, the resources of the place in the way of amusement seemed to be exhausted. The refreshment-room, a dingy den, profusely decorated with clay-pipes and pewter-pots, was deficient in literature; its available library consisted of a book of advertisements—a *Railway Album*, it was called—and a Time-Table; there was an *Illustrated News* of the week-before-last 'somewheres,' we were told, but it was not recovered during our stay. The barrister and I played draughts—a game which I had not attempted for forty years, but which had been familiar to me in early childhood—from three o'clock to seven, after which we began to feel a little tired: at that hour, however, the room became suddenly inundated with miners, who compelled us to play on for their own amusement. It was but seldom, they said, that clever chaps like us favoured that part of the country with their presence, but, when they did, they always gave an entertainment—conjuring, political lectures, revivals, fireworks, or what not. If we had no other gift, we must play draughts, or else, they hinted, it might be very much the worse for us. So the company surrounded us, and wagered upon our respective skill, with many singular expressions and imprecations; and I do believe that my companion's

life would have been sacrificed to his backers had I not yielded to his earnest entreaties (couched in the French language), and permitted him to win a game or two for pity's sake. We parted, however, from our underground friends in great amity, and were accompanied to the train by the whole sable crowd. I have no doubt but that we were taken by the astonished passengers for the principals of a prize-fight.

But the most interesting and, alas! the most fatal of my mishaps, arising from inattention to the lapse of time, took place upon the morning of what was to have been my wedding-day. My Clementina was (unhappily as it turned out) an inhabitant of Hampton, a locality justly celebrated for its races, its picture-galleries, its park, and its Maze. Ah me, what pleasant hours have I passed upon the waters of Thames, with one arm directing the tiller-ropes, and the other around the beloved object, while the waterman, accustomed to such endearments, rowed skilfully and imperturbably on! What prodigies of valour did I once perform to save her from an irritated swan, who made at her from an osier-bed (where, I suppose, its cygnets lay) as though she had been another Leda! How often have I compared her features with those of the beauties of the court of Charles II. (and always to the disadvantage of those latter) as we wandered through the cool and shady galleries of the palace! There was at that time scarcely a tree in Bushey Park whose leaves had not some loving memorial to whisper of my Clementina, who, careless alike of insects and the rheumatics, delighted to sit, and especially to picnic, beneath their spreading branches. The one thing that seemed to bespeak my Clementina human rather than angelic, to assure me that she was not altogether too bright and good for such an individual as myself, was that she was oppressively punctual. She liked her luncheon to the minute, and her dinner likewise. When I chanced, on my daily return from town, to miss a train (which did not happen, I am sure, more than twice or three times a week), she would meet me with a pout that was delicious as a temporary infirmity readily yielding to emollients, but which I sometimes used to fear might become chronic. She got up also, without the aid of an alarm, desperately early in the morning, and was always declaiming about the beauties of the opening day. The sluggard, she said, with meaning, could never know how beautiful nature really was. To be truly happy, it was necessary to be out before breakfast, and sip the morning-dew. Just as if the evening-dew was not drawn from the very same tap. My Clementina was charming, of course, even upon this disputed point of Time, but she was also a little alarming. Her very last words on the evening previous to the day which was to have made us one at 11 A.M. at Hampton Church, were these: 'Now mind, Augustus, and be sure not to be too late, or I will never forgive you.'

'Too late for thee?' I rejoined; 'no, indeed, sweetheart! If I am not at the altar before the clock strikes, let it be a sign that I love thee not.' To which she answered: 'Be it so.' And we laughed together at that ridiculous notion, as we bade one another 'Good-night,' as softly as the cooing of the cushat.

Too late? Why I got up that morning with the lark—if at least that bird of song rises a little after eight—and after breakfast strolled into the quiet Court Gardens. Not a human being was there to interrupt the dream of bliss that floated through my soul, and, indeed, after a little while it got to be tedious. There was still an hour before I could make my appearance at the church without any exhibition of indecorous impatience, and I thought I would spend it in the Maze. The keeper or exhibitor of that Rosamond's Bower was as delighted to see me wending towards that labyrinth as spider to

welcome fly, for the time was as yet early for pleasure-seekers. He observed, however, that it was just then his hour for 'nuncheon'—having taken his breakfast in the dark, I suppose—after which refreshment he would be delighted to guide my wanderings.

'No,' said I; 'I have no time for that, my friend; guide me first, and you shall have your nuncheon afterwards: and here's half-a-crown to enable you to make it a better one.'

The official took the coin, and after turning it over twice in his hand, and putting it between his teeth, to make sure that it was genuine, expressed his cordial thanks; then mounting the platform from which he is wont to give directions to those within his toils, he signed to me to enter the bower.

It was deep summer-time, and the green walls of the labyrinth rose lofty and full-foliaged, so that only now and then could I catch sight of my mentor and his official pole: I had therefore to trust mainly to his verbal directions, wherein, so contradictory and objectless did they sometimes appear, that I cannot help thinking he must have made occasional mistakes, to the extent at least of saying 'Right,' when he meant 'Left,' and *vice versa*. When I arrived at last in the very heart of the place, I was glad enough to sit down and take breath upon the bench provided there for successful travellers. I had hardly taken my seat, however, when I heard Hampton Church clock strike a quarter past ten; and although I had plenty of time to spare yet, it made me nervous.

'Now, guide,' cried I, 'I am quick ready; please to take me out again, for it's later than I thought.'

The echo from the distant palace-wall replied, or seemed to reply 'Caught!' but there was no other answer whatsoever.

'Guide,' repeated I, jumping up alarmed, 'play me no tricks, I beg. I want to be off; I screamed. 'My Clementina will be left in the church.'

And the echo answered: 'Left in the church, or lurch;' for the guide was gone.

The half-crown paid beforehand had been too much for his principles, and he had hurried away to drink it with his 'nuncheon.' How long, I wondered, would it take a man to finish half-a-crown's worth of his favourite liquor! He would probably dilute it with water, and spin it out with police reports and gossip. Finally, he would get intoxicated, and forget that there was an unhappy wretch in his Maze at all. The perspiration gathered on my brow as I thought of my parting words with Clementina: 'If I am not at the altar before thee, let it be a sign that I love thee not;' and I knew her too well to doubt that she would stick to her own part of the bargain: 'Be it so.' Then a sudden recollection struck upon my brain that to get out of a Maze, you had only persistently to keep to one hand—the left, for instance; and I started off at once upon this scientific principle. The result was, that after three-quarters of an hour's hard walking I found myself once more at the bench from which I started—in the very centre of the abominable labyrinthine system.

'Why did he not get over?' inquires some indignant lady-reader.

Madam, with all respect, and setting your crinoline aside, I should like to have seen you at it yourself. A Maze in July is simply a succession of 'bullfinchers'—a thirtyfold girdle of utterly impracticable hedges—not strong enough to bear one, and not thin enough to permit of one's plunging through. As a delicate-winged bird will fly against wire and wood, upon first finding itself imprisoned, so did I adventure to attack the Maze in my marriage garb; but in attempting the very first leafy barrier, such a terrible accident happened to my 'connubial does' as at once put an end to any notion of my presenting

* I find this, in the dictionary, to be the legitimate luncheon—a refreshment between meals.

myself at the altar in those at all. If the faithless Guide had made his appearance upon that instant, and had been the deffest and most willing tailor, carrying needle and thread about with him in readiness for such a contingency, I do not believe that I could have reached Hampton Church presentably by the appointed time. That question, however, need not be debated here, for he never appeared at all. Rendered frantic by my misfortunes, and conscious that worse could not happen to me, I tore through the massive hedges like a gorilla in his native woods, and after the second or third, with very little more than a gorilla in the way of clothes to impede my headlong course. I have heard, and I sincerely trust the report is correct, that I spoiled that celebrated Maze for the remainder of the season: but the victory was not achieved without a frightful loss. The most hideous part of the whole proceeding was, that the bells—my own marriage-bells—rang merrily throughout the contest, and turned my blood to gall, whenever, impaled upon some hedge more spikey than common, I was temporarily forced to listen to them.

Too late, too late, too late again,
No Clementina, none,

was what they pealed, or seemed to peal, incessantly. And all that time she was waiting at the Church, and ready to affirm that she was 'not afraid with any amazement'—a curious expression, which seems to have had a peculiar significance in my own case. It is needless to say I lost her. I cannot say the loss was irreparable, because I have long been wedded to another, and she mightn't like it; but at the time, it was very severe. It taught me a lesson against being 'too late' (in general), which I forgot at supper-time the same evening; and one against entering a Maze when one has only half an hour to spare (in particular), which I shall never forget as long as I live.

THE MONTHLY CHRONICLE.

A NEW periodical, even in these days, contrives to be heralded into the world of literature by a brazen flourish of trumpets. It puts forth its prospectus, clearly proving, if words prove anything, that the public will now for the first time get a fair penny-worth for its penny. More than this, the actual avatar of the new-born journal is attended by a shower of announcements more or less liable to the advertisement duty. Our ancestors of the early part of the eighteenth century surpassed us on this score. They did not, perhaps, advertise so widely and obstinately in the columns of rivals, on giant broad-sheets that turn every dead-wall into a blaze of coloured capitals, or on the friendly boardings of railway stations; but they made up in logic, flattery, and big words, what they wanted in mere publicity and self-assertion. With them, a periodical was preceded by a strong advanced-guard of preface, introduction, argument, and apology. It was headed by a dedication, couched in language too obsequious and fulsome to be addressed by one mortal to another; it was flanked by lists of titled subscribers, backed by an appendix, and the rearward was very likely brought up by a vindication. Writers of that epoch, so near to us, and yet so far away in taste and principle, devoted half their space to giving reasons for saying anything at all, to excuses for what they did say, and to pledges that they would say something much better worth hearing on another occasion.

Thus it was with the *Monthly Chronicle*, which dawned upon Britain, in a cloud of rose-tinted promises and pompous phrases, at the commencement of the year 1728. This history of contemporary events—the scheme of which was nearly the same as that of

the better known and longer lived *Annual Register*—did not reach to a very patriarchal antiquity. It rose, flickered, and fell, as hundreds of its fellows have done, and its tenure of popular favour, at one time apparently secure, passed away wholly in the course of a very few years. And yet those few brown volumes that remain—the mummies of the defunct publication—are not without an interest of their own, and are all the more amusing for their gravity. The instruction they afford is none the less valuable because it is imparted unconsciously. The editor holds up a mirror wherein we may catch a glimpse of the rouged, patched, enamelled face of the dead eighteenth century. He takes the portrait of the past, and takes it, too, with the mechanical fidelity of a photograph. The colour may be blurred, but the outline must be accurate enough; and at least we must admire the patience of the age which could wait a calendar month for a summary of recent events, dished up, in general, without comment, and in a lukewarm condition. It seems hard for us, who chide the very telegraph for slowness, and for whose behoof special correspondents follow the march of armies, to comprehend that a *Monthly Chronicle* could ever have satisfied the craving for news. What should we, who daily peruse not only Mr Renter's sensation paragraphs, but the eloquent letters of contributors duly stationed at every capital in Europe, say to such a compendium as this of January 13, 1729? 'Advice from Cologne, that the wolves do a great deal of mischief about that city, where they had devour'd an hermit, a post-boy, and a man who was hunting.'

What a conjuncture of persons! Hermits were evidently more plentiful then than now, since the anchorite, who would now a days make the fortune of the pictorial papers, is mentioned as simply as the postboy and the huntsman.

Here is another gem of foreign information, under date of February 1729:

'Advice from Brussels, that the states of Brabant had resolved to petition the nuncio for leave during Lent, throughout the Netherlands, to eat roast-beef and pudding four times a week.' This may have been a 'shave,' of course; but in our time, it would have been jubilantly quoted on the platform at Exeter Hall, as a step in the right direction. Here is a notice which would make the hair of modern readers stand on end, did it figure in large type in their copy of the *Times*: 'July 16.—At 9 this morning, Admiral Somersdyke hoisted his bloody ensign at Spithead; and at half-past ten, caused one of his men to be shot on the fore-castle.' But as this particular sailor had not only deserted, but murdered his own brother, who tried to stop him, we need not pity his doom overmuch.

We still hang, but charily and most unwillingly: every loophole for mercy is eagerly sought, every plea has its weight, and it is not without pain and shuddering horror that even the worst and vilest murderer is consigned to the gallows. Very different was the state of things in March of 1728. 'Nine persons received sentence of death at Kingston, among whom was John Wilson (one of Blewet's gang), for the murder of Thomas Ball in Southwark, in the year 1725, for which murder five or six were executed that year, and hanged in chains.' 'Five or six!' the editor is not particular to a figure. Human life was certainly cheaper, and the human conscience less sensitive, a hundred and thirty-four years ago. Crime and punishment, indeed, fill up a great portion of the *Chronicle*. We read how, on a bleak March day, the 26th of the month, 'Thomas Hayes stood in the pillory at Charing Cross, attended by a surgeon, who cut his (the said Thomas's) left ear completely off.' After which, Mr Hayes went to prison for four years, as a punishment for forging a bill of five hundred and sixty pounds. This mutilated

offender had probably made interest in high quarters, for his sentence was unusually lenient.

Our lively neighbours were by no means so lax in their ideas of discipline as may be supposed by those who imagine the France of the period as quaffing champagne at the Regent's suppers, or flaunting at the masquerades of the wicked, witty Duchess de Berri. Here is a strangely severe decree, considering the offence and the judges: 'January 31.—Last week, the marshals of France condemned the Chevalier Despenchal to twenty years' imprisonment, for having threatened to cane another gentleman.' Poor Despenchal! seldom, since the jocose landlord was hung for declaring that he would make his son heir to the Crown (meaning his tavern so called), has a threat been so heavily expiated.

The first two sovereigns of the Georgian epoch have been often blamed for their lack of patronage to British genius; but it is satisfactory to know that Poet Close had a prototype in 1728, and one who was more fortunate in retaining the pension which he owed to chance or merit. This mute of Miltons was 'Stephen Duck, a poor thresher in Wiltshire, at wages of four and sixpence a week, on whom her majesty was pleased to settle £30 per annum, and also gave him a little house at Richmond to live in, on account of his several ingenious poetical compositions, which were publicly read by the Earl of Macclesfield, in the drawing-room at Windsor Castle, to her majesty. He was brought first to court by the Hon. Mrs Clayton.' So much for Duck, who seems to have quacked to some purpose; but it was not every literary effort which gave pleasure to royalty. A certain irregular publication, yclept *Mist's Journal*, the very title of which indicates obscurity and concealment, was hunted down as remorselessly as a mad dog. One day, we learn that *Mist's Journal* had been presented by a grand jury, another day brings tidings that government will give a hundred guineas for the discovery of the printer and contributors. Then we have the publisher on his knees at the bar of the Commons, begging pardon of the honourable House before he goes to jail and pays a ruinous fine; and his apprentices are ironed in Newgate; his maid-servant is scourged at the tail of a cart; and all concerned with *Mist's Journal* stand in the pillory, under an ovation of rotten eggs and cabbage-stalks. And yet, in a few weeks, we find this wonderful journal as rampant as before, libelling court, ministry, and parliament with the greatest assiduity.

The fashionable intelligence of those days yielded in nothing to that which daily gladdens the eyes of quiet old gentlewomen, far off in the country, who still like to read how the Countess of Asterisk's ball kept four streets awake, and how Baron Gulden's child entertained a distinguished company at dinner.

The *Monthly Chronicle*, in a very few lines, does justice to a feast which, in February, the Dutch envoy gave to the foreign ministers residing in London. Gargantua himself, or the Dragon of Wantley, might have had enough and to spare at this tremendous repast, which comprised '105 dishes, besides 100 dishes of the dessert.' There is an odd, but at the same time an encouraging contrast between the controversies recently waged on the comparative merits of the English and Irish convict systems, and this curt memorandum of November 1.—'Eighty felons shipped to the American plantations.' The reformation of offenders seems to have been the very last thing our ancestors thought of, though that they were keenly alive, as we are, to their danger from unregenerate ticket-of-leave men, is proved by a royal proclamation of October 11. This manifesto expresses King George's great concern at the frequent robberies committed in the cities of London and Westminster, and those 'parts adjacent,' where now dwell four-fifths of the so-called Londoners; and after laying much of the blame on 'felons convict' unlawfully

returned from transportation, offers no less than forty pounds for the catching of every such person.

Does the following read like one of those paragraphs we are accustomed to see headed by the names of quiet English parishes, among the green downs and leafy elm-rows of the midland counties? 'Advice from Newbury, Berkshire, that a sow devoured a child belonging to one Mrs Gray, a widow in Thatcham parish. The beast was burned to ashes, by order of the magistrates.' Such sentences on animals which had caused the death of a human being, or which were implicated in any indictment for witchcraft, were indeed common in France during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, but this is perhaps a solitary instance in the annals of English law.

No great confidence was then placed in military morality. A battalion of the Foot Guards being reduced, the disbanded soldiers were especially forbidden to travel to their native counties in groups of 'more than three,' for fear of their oppressing the villagers, or levying toll on the highways.

That the police was miserably weak and blind may be judged from the following roll of street-robberies, all committed in the metropolis, and for the most part in the very busiest and best known of thoroughfares. The respectable senior who now toddles to his club along the gas-lit pavement—that well-preserved ancient, with wig, waistbelt, dyed whiskers, gold eye-glass, and varnished boots, whom we all know so well as he blinks in the bay-window—has no fears lest he should share the fate of Joseph Batson, Esq., who, 'between 10 and 11 at night was attacked in a chair, in the Pall Mall, by two footpads, who robbed him of his gold watch and seven guineas.' Joseph appears to have been an easy prey, but the chairmen, with unwonted courage, shewed fight, until one of the robbers put a pistol to Mr Batson's head, and compelled him to order a surrender at discretion. Within a few nights of this time, 'a gentleman coming down Holborn in a hackney-coach was stopped by eight or nine footpads, armed with pistols, and robbed of nine guineas, a watch, and a silver-hilted sword.' On hearing of such an audacious outrage as this, in a place so utterly devoid of romantic accessories, the first impulse, and a very natural one, is of incredulity. It is difficult to believe that, except at mock-auction marts and billiard-rooms, any one could be plundered in Holborn, on that pavement resonant with the thunder of wheels and the clink of boot-heels. Fra Diavolo and his band seem utterly inappropriate at the corner of Chancery Lane, or ambushed at the portals of the Blue Boar and the Red Lion. But the Holborn of George II. had dark lanes opening upon it, and dreary fields, and swamps, and patches of garden-ground, and even Turpin on his black mare might have taken a purse there with a reasonable prospect of escape.

The very next night, Mr King, an attorney, coming home from attendance on a parliamentary committee, in a hackney-coach, was stopped by 'seven rogues with pistols,' and, of all places in the world, in St Paul's Churchyard! The attorney proved a lucrative prize, for his captors deprived him of '£25 in money, and his hat.' Let us hope he did not catch cold. It is then vaguely mentioned, that in Cannon Street alone, four open street-robberies had taken place within a week. Four days after the attack on Mr King, one of the post-office officials, Mr Parsons, also in a hackney-coach, was robbed in Lombard Street, within sight of the Bank of England, and in the midst of a population thoroughly interested in the maintenance of order and the protection of property. This victim lost his money and sword. An hour before this, a gentleman, escorted by a link-boy, and engaged in the hazardous expedition from Fleet Ditch to Hatton Garden, was robbed by 'five villains with pistols.' On the 25th, two substantial citizens were stopped in Bearbinder Lane by five rogues with

the inevitable pistols, and mulcted of L.27, a watch, and two rings. Three nights later, even the dignity of a legislator failed to protect Sir Gilbert Heathcote, M.P. He was returning home from the House of Commons in his own coach, but he had not calculated on the perils he might encounter in traversing the dangerous defiles of St Paul's Churchyard. The coach was beset by 'several rogues,' and the baronet was robbed as unscrupulously as his predecessor the lawyer. On the same night, which must have been a perfect saturnalia of the light-fingered and heavy-handed, we learn that 'several gentlemen were knocked down and robbed thereabouts, and in Cheap-side, and in several other parts of the city.' Considering that the Mohocks were at the same time in the heyday of their lawless power and frolic cruelty, that the watch was impotent, and the street-lights rare and dim, there must have been pleasanter occupations than taking a late walk across London.

But such acts as those above mentioned sometimes ripened into a ghastly crop for the gallows. Here is a grim entry for May 20, though, to the *Monthly Chronicle*, it seems the merest matter of course: 'The nineteen malefactors were executed at Tyburn, among whom were eleven street-robbers.'

A brief summary of the parliamentary debates came out monthly, and, short and dry as it was, it was much more boldly set down than was the case forty or fifty years later, when journalists hinted that his m—y was much displeased at something or other, that a r—l personage would take command of the army, and that my Lord Ch—t—m thought my Lord N—th too severe towards the American colonists. The *Chronicle* prints the names frankly, and gives at least a notion of the sentiments of the principal speakers. But as for criticism or censure, it evidently does not enter into the editor's wildest conceptions. He, good easy man, had no desire for the unpleasant notoriety and castigation of his contemporary of *Mist's Journal*; and although there was a constitutional opposition in the House, there seems to have been none in the press. There were lampoons, epigrams, and Jacobite libels, penned and printed in obscure garrets and behind sliding panels, but the respectable literary world thought as the king in council directed. Indeed, our friend of the *Monthly Chronicle* is a perfect Vicar of Bray, and never seems to venture an opinion at all.

What is called the old maid's portion of the paper, the column of births, deaths, and marriages, is by no means absent from the *Chronicle*. Very quaint are these notices, though eminently calculated to gratify a curious public. How much more satisfactory than our brief notice is such an obituary announcement as this: 'Died, Mr Joseph Pierman, a bachelor, reputed to be worth twenty thousand pounds.' Or: 'Died, Miss Griper, of the Bath, whereby her two nephews come into a fortune of eighteen thousand pounds.' So with a marriage, when it was gravely set down how Mr Happyman was to share his weal and woe with Miss Lavinia Blushrose, a beautiful and accomplished young lady, 'five thousand pounds;' or, the world learned that Sir John Luckydog had wedded the charming heiress of Spatch and Higgins, Lombard Street, with forty thousand pounds to her fortune. When promotions or exchanges took place in his majesty's army, the affair was not published in the stingy style of our days. Our *Gazette* grudges the meagre line which records 'Jones to be Lieut. by purchase, vice Fry, who retires.' Not so the *Chronicle*; it instructs its readers thus: 'To be Captain in the Coldstream Guards, Eustace Dash, Esq., eldest son and heir of Sir Blank Dash, of Fatacres, nephew to the Right Hon. Joseph Surface, Deputy Goldstick to the king, and brother-in-law to the Lord Powderpuff, vice Captain Rattlebones, who exchanges to Cobham's Dragoons.' A good deal of the *Chronicle's* space is devoted to foreign news, and

it is remarkable that while there is but meagre intelligence about proceedings in France and Germany, we read voluminous accounts of the doings of the Sophy of Persia, the Emperor of Morocco, and the Grand Seignior of the Ottomans. Britons of 1725 were much better 'posted up' in the skirmishes and mutinies of the janizaries, the Moorish revolts, and the struggles at Eastern courts, than we can possibly be. The piratical Barbary powers, whose corsairs then swept the Mediterranean, are often mentioned, but always in respectful terms. No one, indeed, is ever spoken of with blame or ridicule, save certain priests and 'fryars;' and the auto da fés of Lisbon and Madrid—where, however, only penances are recorded in place of actual burnings—are mentioned with mild disapprobation. The majesty of Castile is often alluded to, and generally as a royal stumbling-block in the way of honest folks that desire to share in the Spanish-American trade. But the most Catholic monarch's own courtiers could not be humbler than the *Monthly Chronicle*, which deprecates the caprice of the king of Spain, but never arraigns him at the bar of right and wrong, where even crowned heads stand on their trial now a days.

Here are some scraps of information from foreign parts: 'Advice from Brussels, that a man convicted of coining false shillings was publicly strangled at Brussels, and afterwards thrown into a caldron of boiling oil.' The poor knave would have had the same doom in England, save only the posthumous punishment of the oil. In France, authority was harsher still. Our modern convicts could scarcely guess how much of degradation, torture, and diabolical cruelty was tacitly included in this brief statement: 'The chain of 160 galley-slaves set off from Paris for Marseilles.' But all can see the horror of the following: 'Oct. 5.—A lackey was broke alive at the Grève (in Paris) for having (with his comrade who was fled, and who was broke upon the wheel in effigie) bastinadoed, with a premeditated design, a coachman, whom they had sent for from the street on purpose. Meanwhile, the coachman recovered of his bruises.' To beat an enemy, or even to menace him with horse-whipping, was plainly a terrific offence in old France. A gentleman is locked up for twenty years for hinting at a cane in connection with somebody else's shoulder. A footman, for drubbing some other obnoxious person in real earnest, is deliberately crushed into a gory pulp of shapeless flesh and bone by the iron crowbar of the executioner. After this, our Tyburn hangings seem mild. See how Spain treated her knights of the road: 'May 30.—One James de Fire, a famous highwayman, who for a long time had infested the roads, having been apprehended, was executed at Barcelona, being first torn with red-hot pincers, afterwards broke on the wheel, and lastly quartered.'

We, who have seen to what lengths the controversy about our new cousin-german, the gorilla, carried the men of science and adventure, may find cause to admire the coolness with which our forefathers received an advice from Milan, August 20, that an 'extraordinary animal of an unknown kind' had been killed 'with much ado,' just where the railway station of Novara now offers to travellers its welcome refreshment-rooms. This creature was above eight palms long, its 'head, jaws, and teeth were of a frightful length,' and 'one part of its body was without hair.' It was to be seen 'at Dr Pettuconi's,' and was, for aught we know, near akin to some of those astounding monsters which Mr Barnum has a talent for manufacturing.

The *Chronicle* gave publicity to a select band of advertisements, the most prominent of which is the following notice of 'Court cookery, with choicest recipes for making soups, pottages, fricassees, harabes, farces, ragoos, collices, sauces, forced meats, and souces.' Such, indeed, was the latitudinarian spelling of the age. If a man were called Harris to-day, he

might probably be Aris to-morrow. To sign one's name Featherston during a long life was no security, nor was it the slightest reason against executing a last will and testament as Fithstone, or Fipstone, or Feston, or something scarce recognisable. The notorious Colonel Francis Charteris was called in print sometimes Charters, sometimes Chartres, or even Charts, while his noble son-in-law is hardly to be traced as the 'Earl of Weema.' It was thought worthy of record that on August 23d of this year, Hooper, the new hangman, first 'performed.' This was the third of these great officers of state, dating from the dynasty of Ketch, Charles II.'s contemporary, who has given his name to the members of this gloomy guild. Before 'performing,' Hooper exhibited his commission from the sheriffs, the words of which are reproduced by the *Monthly Chronicle*. The periodical had often pleasanter things to tell of—theatrical entertainments, masques, balls, routs, and galas, reviews in the Park, and feasts at Guildhall or elsewhere—how Lady Betty's damask silks and diamonds attracted attention, or how the Prince wore pink and gold, or orange velvet, and so forth. There was an occasional court circular. Here is an extract, which teaches us something of bygone manners and customs. 'August 15.—Their Majesties, with H.R.H. the Duke [he of Culloden], and the Princesses, went hunting a stag at Richmond, which was killed in a pond. His Majesty, the Duke, and the Princess Royal hunted on horseback; her Majesty and the Princess Amelia hunted in a four-wheel chaise, and the Princess Carolina in a two-wheeled chaise, and the Princesses Mary and Louisa were in a coach. Several of the nobility attended, and among them was Sir Robert Walpole, clothed in green, as ranger. When the diversion was over, their Majesties and Highnesses refreshed themselves on the spot with a cold collation (as did the nobility at some distance of time after), and soon after 2 P.M. returned for Hampton Court.'

A strange picture! British royalty, very hot and red in the face, and very voluble in the German language, tearing after a poor stag on a sweltering August day; the king and the duke on horseback, and the rest of the illustrious party pursuing the chase in gigs, four-wheeled chaises, and even in a great monstrous gilt coach, with a coachman in a spun-glass wig, and three liveried lackeys dangling behind. Such a cavalcade would attract some notice at a meet of the buckhounds in the nineteenth century, but our editor evidently saw no joking matter in princely pastimes thus conducted. Then we get a peep, not only at that adventurous Princess Carolina, braver than her sisters, who ran down the antlered monarch by the aid of a single swift pair of wheels, but at Sir Robert Walpole, clothed in green, the great bribe-master-general of the government, performing in quite a silvan and romantic capacity. Then that early lunch or cold collation, the scraps whereof were destined to satisfy the hunger of the nobility (at some distance of time), when their serenities and transparencies had finished their royal meal, and jogged peaceably homewards to Hampton Court—how easily can we fancy it—the Rhine wines, the German dishes, and talk, and awful Teutonic etiquette. George II. was as German as Luther: it took two more generations to turn his descendants into Englishmen.

Ireland was then considered to be in a condition of average tranquillity. Only a few old men were living who had borne arms under Sarsfield or King James against the new regime. Those who were to wield the murderous pikes of the year 1798 were not yet born. And yet we read that the August proclamation of the lords-justices declared one hundred and twenty persons to be 'Tories and highway robbers, now out in arms, and on their keeping,' &c. The word Tory is here used in its original meaning, implying 'marauder' in the Erse tongue, and with no

reference to political party. The autumn of 1728 was as prolific of lawless outrages as the spring had been. 'Frequent robberies,' says the *Chronicle*, 'were committed almost every night.' On September 15, a hackney-coachman is stopped when driving down Old Street, and deprived, not only of his money, but of the whole of his raiment, being left to drive home as best he might. A gentleman is robbed on Hermitage Bridge; another is pillaged, and flung into the muddy waters of Fleet Ditch; and a fourth, Captain Paul Winston, captures one of three footpads who assailed him in Holborn. Then comes the curious episode of Mr Brown of the *Heralds' Office*, who, being robbed of thirteen guineas and a gold watch, advertised five guineas reward for the latter, and received a penny-post letter, telling him that if he would repair alone, at half-past six, to a field between 'the Spaw and New Tunbridge Wells, near Islington,' he would find a person in white stockings and a laced hat, ready to make the desired exchange. Mr Brown, who seems to have been of a confiding nature, complied, and sought the lonely meadow alluded to, long since swamped in a sea of brick and mortar. There, in the dim light, stood a person attired as agreed upon. 'Have you a gold watch?' stammered out Mr Brown. 'Have you five guineas?' rejoined the other querist. In an instant, the ransom was paid, and the golden captive restored to the right owner. When, lo! Whitestockings claps a pistol to Mr Brown's breast, and pleasantly remarks: 'You see, sir, I could rob you again with ease, but I have more honour, and I scorn it!' With which last quotation we may take leave of the *Chronicle*.

MISS FYFE'S ADVENTURE

It was at a Ramsgate boarding-house, and no longer ago than last autumn, that my wife and I first made the acquaintance of Miss Fyfe. She was staying there, with her maid, for the season, and my wife and she soon became quite intimate, so that after a time Miss Fyfe spent most of her evenings in our room. She was a pleasant companion, cheerful and good-natured; she had travelled much, both at home and abroad, and had hived up rich stores of information and experience, which she was always willing to draw upon for the benefit of her friends. In person, she was tall and thin, with gray hair, a strong resolute face, and large gray eyes, full of vivacity and humour. We were all seated round the fire in our sitting-room, one chill evening in early autumn, when Miss Fyfe related to us the following adventure, which, I may here remark, I have her full permission to set down and make public:

It is now some six or seven years ago, began Miss Fyfe, since my nephew Fred, having just left college, came to reside with me for a short time previous to going out to India. I had been living for a year past in London, and had grown heartily tired of it; indeed, the town and I never agree very well together, and by the time I have been in it a month or two, I always find myself possessed with an intense longing to visit either the country or the sea. So, in the present instance, I determined to go down for a while to a little country-house I have in Leicestershire, which happened at that time to be without a tenant, at which place it was arranged that Fred should join me. The idea of a few quiet months in the country was as pleasant to him as to myself, for he was busy with his Sanscrit and Arabic, and in London he had so many acquaintances, that his studies were being constantly interrupted. The beginning of June found us all comfortably established in Ivy Lodge—myself, Fred, and the two women-servants, which were all that our little establishment needed. There was one fault to find with Ivy Lodge, and that was the reason why I could never keep a tenant in it more than two winters in succession: this fault was its distance from

any other habitation, even of the humblest kind; the nearest house being, in fact, two miles away, while it was six miles distant from the nearest country town. But neither Fred nor I cared for this in the least, for he got on famously with his studies within doors, and botanised to his heart's content in the fields; while a visit to Westbury once a week satisfied all my social requirements.

Well, summer and autumn passed quietly and pleasantly away. One morning in early winter, Fred received a letter inviting him to attend the wedding of an old college friend, who lived about thirty miles away in another county. Fred replied, accepting the invitation, and set off shortly afterwards without fixing the duration of his visit, which would probably extend over three or four days. On the second morning of Fred's absence, Mary, the house-maid, came to me to inquire whether I could contrive to spare her and Bessy for the afternoon and evening to attend the wakes at Westbury. I made no demur at letting them go, for they had been cooped up long enough without a holiday; so in the afternoon they were called for by Mary's father, and duly driven away by him in his light cart. Before going, the old man observed that it would 'most likely be rather late at night before the lasses could get back again, but perhaps I wouldn't mind it for once.'

'If they are likely to be very late,' I said, 'it will, I think, be best for them to stay all night at your house, and get back first thing in the morning in time for breakfast.'

The manifest delight with which this proposition was received by the two girls only served to confirm it, so it was finally arranged that they should not return till morning. The cart was just turning the corner of the lane when it came into my mind for the first time, that Fred being also away, I should have to spend the night alone in Ivy Lodge; and I remembered further, that I had in the house a considerable sum of money, which I had drawn from the bank on the previous day for a certain purpose, and which was still lying untouched upstairs.

The feeling was not a comfortable one at the moment; but I am not naturally a nervous woman, and I soon banished the subject from my mind as one not worthy of much consideration. Besides, Wolf the large house-dog, would be protection enough for one night; and I determined to release him from his chain at dusk, and let him have the run of the premises. Then, again, who was to know I had been to the bank on the previous day, and still had the money in the house? So I went indoors, feeling as cheerful as usual, and made myself a comfortable tea; after that, sat working for an hour or two; and then feeling the need of a change, put my sewing away, and took up a book which Fred had brought me from Westbury a few days before. It was *The Night-side of Nature*, a volume with which you are probably well acquainted. Situated as I was, having to pass a night by myself in a lonely country house, it was, with its strange narratives of apparitions and ghostly appearances, one of the worst books I could have chosen to read before going to bed. I was not long in perceiving this, but the fascination of the subject was such that I could not quit it; and I read on quickly, leaf after leaf, till I had got half through the book, when, looking up, I was surprised to find that the fire was nearly out, and the clock on the point of twelve. I shut the book, and rose at once to go to bed. 'How about Wolf?' I said to myself. 'Shall I go and release him, or leave him chained to his kennel? I would have him indoors for the night, only I know he would do nothing but scamper up and down stairs till morning, and put sleep entirely out of the question.'

I opened the door of the passage leading to the yard-door with the intention of releasing the dog, but at the same moment, I felt a sudden nervous tremor shoot

through me, such as I had never experienced before, and a strange disinclination to move out of the lighted parlour into the darker parts of the house. I sat down again in my chair to argue the point with myself, and prove to myself the absurdity of my fears. This I did quite conclusively, and in a very short time, but nevertheless I determined not to go and release Wolf. 'I have had a slight cold for the last two days,' I said to myself, 'and it would not be advisable for me to go out of this warm room into the night-air.' Having found so reasonable an excuse for myself, I determined no longer to delay going to bed; so I put out the lamp, and lighted my bedroom candle without further parley; and carrying in my hand a little tisané, which I had compounded for myself as a sovereign remedy for a cold in the head, I proceeded slowly and cautiously on my journey upstairs. I say slowly and cautiously, for the influence of the book I had been reading was still strongly upon me, and I found it requisite to pause for a moment at every second or third step in my progress upward, and glance back fearfully over my shoulder, expecting to see I knew not what—nothing, and yet something; perhaps a black, formless, crouching creature, stealing noiselessly after me up stairs, and only waiting an unguarded moment to clutch me by the dress, and pull me backward; perhaps a gigantic phantom hand protruded from each door after I had passed it, menacing me with the anger of some power unknown; perhaps a white corpse-like face glaring over my shoulder, with sightless eyeballs and purple lips. Inwardly annoyed with myself as I was for being so absurd, I could not for the world have gone upstairs that night in my usual careless fashion. But, thank Heaven! here was my bedroom at last. One more fearful glance over my shoulder, and then I hurried in, and closed and bolted the door with a sigh of relief. 'How I shall laugh at myself to-morrow for these idle fears!' I said; 'but, in any case, I won't spend another night alone in Ivy Lodge.'

When I got into bed, my ghostly terrors vanished in some measure, but in their stead I became oppressed with a melancholy undefined presentiment of some impending evil near at hand, but whence or how coming I could not tell.

Feeling thirsty after a time, I put out my hand to reach the tisané, which stood on a low chair by the side of the bed, when—horror of horrors!—my wrist was suddenly clutched by a death-cold hand, which grasped it for a single instant, and then let it go. It is not too much to say that my heart ceased to beat, and all the pulses of life seemed to stand still in awful fear, but only for a moment; the next, they burst madly on their courses; a cold sweat wrapped me from head to foot, and I lay with wildly staring eyes, momentarily expecting the appearance of some dread apparition.

'Yes, there it is—coming—coming!' I whispered to myself, as a figure, black and vague, but still of human shape, rose slowly from the floor, till it reached what seemed to me a more than mortal stature, outlining itself as it rose against the white disc of the window-blind. There was not, however, much time for consideration, for the next minute the blinding glare of a dark lantern was thrown full in my dazzled eyes, and a hoarse voice, a voice with a chronic cold in its tones, exclaimed: 'Now, mum, will you oblige me by getting up again? Sorry to disturb a lady, but it can't be helped this time.'

Only a vulgar burglar after all!

The revulsion of feeling, from the ghostly terrors of the minute before, was so great, that all my *amy froid* came back at once; and a predicament which at another time I should have deemed serious enough, seemed to me at that moment as but a matter of comparatively little consequence. 'How has the fellow got into my room without being seen or

heard?' was the first question I asked myself, a question, by the way, which at the present moment I am equally unable to solve, for a mystery it was then, and a mystery it remains.

'If you had only written to say you were coming, I would have sat up for you,' I said aloud.

'I wanted to give you a pleasant surprise,' he replied with a grin. 'Are you going to get up?'

'Presently. Just step outside that door for a moment, while I put on a few clothes.'

'None of your tricks, now!' he said roughly, 'cos I won't stand 'em.'

'You are forgetting your manners, sir, to a lady.'

'Well, you're a cool hand, anyhow!' So saying, he went outside the door, holding it, however, carefully both with hand and foot, while I hurried on my clothes.

I began by this time to feel rather more alarmed than at first, but still I thought it would never do to shew it; to treat such a man with polite audacity, if my nerves would only carry me through the contest, was evidently the best plan I could adopt.

'I am at your service,' I said in a couple of minutes or so.

'Then light your candle, and go down stairs; you in front, me behind. But first hand me over that gimcrack watch of yours: I always had a fancy for a lady's ticker.'

'You must be careful not to turn the key more than six times, when you wind it up, or you may break the spring,' I said, handing him with an inward sigh my watch and chain.

Now that the candle was lighted, I was able to see more clearly what the fellow was like. Both hands and face were thoroughly blackened, and his head was further disguised with a rough flaxen wig and a fur-cap. He wore a thick woollen comforter round his neck, and a capacious top-coat concealed the rest of his person. I determined to keep both eyes and ears open, to note any little peculiarity, either of voice or person, which might afterwards aid me in identifying him. It seemed to me unaccountable, that on that night of all others, when, for the first time since my arrival at Ivy Lodge, I happened to have anything like a large sum of money in the house, I should have to entertain such a visitor. It was almost hoping against hope, but still it was just possible that he might not be aware of my visit to the bank, and might not find the money in his search. But the question was quickly decided for me. When we reached the foot of the stairs, I going first, and the man following closely behind me, he said: 'Stop a moment. Let us pay our first visit to that little room on the left, where you keep your books, and where there's a 'an'some rosewood desk, in which, at the present moment, there's two hundred pounds in good money—seventy in sovereigns, and the remainder in flimseys—numbers all known, no doubt, but still disposable in the proper quarter.'

How, in the name of goodness—or badness—had he obtained such precise information?

There was nothing for it but to obey, so I conducted him into my study, opened my escritoire, and quietly handed him the money. He counted it over with a complaisant chuckle, and then put it carefully away in his breast-pocket.

'Now, this is what I calls a comfortable way of doing business,' he said; 'no fuss, no bother, no cries nor tears—business-like and proper. I hate folk that snivel and bawl, and always feel inclined to give 'em a quiet tap on the head. If everybody was as sensible as you, mum, our trade would be a pleasanter one than it is. And now I think a few spoons and forks wouldn't come amiss, for I'm expecting company next week, and would like to do the thing in style. Ah! I wonder who was the first chap that found out it was vulgar to eat with a knife!'

Both spoons and forks were soon disposed of, and,

sorrow of sorrows, my cherished silver teapot, together with sundry other articles of plate, placed in a capacious bag which Mr Black produced from one of his pockets. 'There, mum, I'm pretty well loaded now, thank you,' he said, as he disposed of the last article. 'And it's truly thankful I am that I came here without a pal, or else I should have had to go shares with him. I knew I could crack a little crib like this by myself—it's child's play, that's what it is.' He pulled out my watch, and referred to it with an evident air of satisfaction. 'Why, blow me! it wants two hours and a half yet till daylight. Time for a bit of supper, if you've no hobjection—hey, mum?'

'None whatever,' I replied. 'If you will follow me into the dining-room, I will see what I can find for you.'

'Gosh! but this is prime, and no mistake!' he exclaimed, turning up his coat-cuffs, as I set before him a cold fowl, a roll of bread, and three parts of a bottle of old port. 'Best quarters I've been in for many a day, hang me, if it ain't!'

He set to work with savage energy, and sat silently enjoying himself for several minutes; while I sat watching him closely, and trying to discover some slight personal traits which might assist me hereafter in recognising him again.

'Here's your health, mum!' he said after a time, speaking with a full mouth, as he held up a glass of wine before the candle; 'and the best wishes of a fellow whose heart doesn't hold too many good-wishes for anybody!' Not a bad-tempered man evidently, when he could have his own way; and not without certain rude elements of politeness in his composition. When he had made a hearty meal, and finished the wine, he produced from one of his numerous pockets a little black pipe and a tin tobacco-box. 'By your leave, mum,' he said, 'I'll just blow a little cloud; though perhaps it's against rule to smoke in the drogering-room; if so, say the word, and we'll adjourn to the kitchen.'

'You are a privileged visitor,' I replied; 'so light your pipe by all means.'

'A brick! I said it before, and I'll maintain it again,' he exclaimed, slapping his leg with his huge hand. 'Ah, a comfortable crib this, and no mistake!' he went on, puffing away in a contemplative manner at the little pipe; 'and I wouldn't mind if I was master here. What do you say, mum? You're in wants of a husband, and I'm in wants of a wife—shall we make a splice of it? You're not quite so young and tender as you have been, you know; but I'll treat you well, and do everything that's right and proper by you; for I'm blessed if you're not the style of woman I'd pick out of a thousand: no sentimental nonsense about you, but plenty of gumption; and then you know how to make a chap comfortable. What do you say, mum—is it a bargain?' He leered at me with his bloodshot eyes, and with his head a little on one side, and took the pipe out of his mouth for a moment in his eagerness to hear my reply.

'Thank you, but I'm not in want of a husband at present,' I said; 'and even if I were, I should prefer seeing you with your face washed before deciding to accept you.'

He burst into a great roar of laughter, and slapped his leg again. 'Why, it's my full-dress evening suit that I've got on!' he exclaimed; 'and I thought I looked quite fascinating in it. Well, if you won't have me, you won't; there's no forcing an obstinate woman. But let us have a drop more wine instead; there's more where this came from, I suppose.'

'Yes, plenty more in the cellar.'

'Then to the cellar we'll adjourn. Gosh! but it's prime stuff to stir a fellow's blood. Take a candle, and lead the way, if you please.'

Taking a candle in one hand, and my bunch of keys in the other, I led the way towards the cellar, my black-visaged friend following closely in

my rear. The wine-cellar was reached by descending a steep flight of stone stairs, which opened out of a passage leading to the kitchen. At the top of this flight of stairs was a slight door, partly made of glass; and at the foot of the stairs was another and a stronger door, usually kept locked. Having descended the stairs, still holding the lighted candle, I unlocked the lower door, and we both entered the cellar, a small vanited apartment, just high enough for a man to stand upright in. I pointed to the various ranges of bottles, and said to Mr Black: 'Pick and choose where you please. That row close to the floor is all port; perhaps that will suit you best.'

'Couldn't improve on the last lot. But I say, mum, it wouldn't be amiss for me to carry away a couple of bottles, if—ha, ha!—you wouldn't think it too great a liberty; and I'll crack another up stairs before I go.'

'You have such a polite way of making your wishes known,' I said, 'that I find it impossible to refuse you.'

Chuckling to himself, he bent down to pick out some bottles from the lower tier; while he was thus stooping, I gave him a sudden push with all the strength of my two hands, which sent him crashing head first among the bottles; and before he knew what had happened, or could recover himself in the least, I had blown out the candle, and rushing to the staircase, had pulled to and double-locked the door behind me. In doing this, I had acted entirely without forethought, and on the impulse of the moment, without at all calculating the consequences to which it might lead, and I now sank down on the stairs in the dark with a heart that beat as though it must burst its bounds. Mr Black quickly picked himself up, with many oaths, from among the broken bottles, and stumbled towards the door. 'What fool's trick is this?' he shouted through the keyhole. 'Open the door, you hag, or I'll murder you when I get out!' But I had struggled up the stairs, and was away in the kitchen by this time, where I quickly relighted my candle. Leaving the candle for a moment, I hurried to the back-door, and unfastening it, called, at first gently, and then louder, for Wolf; but hearing no growl of recognition, or joyful bark in reply, I hastened as fast as I could across the yard to his kennel; and there, by the faint light of the stars, saw my poor dog lying dead and cold—poisoned, doubtless, by that miscreant in the cellar.

This cruel deed seemed to set my blood all aflame with hatred of the man: the loss of my poor favourite touched my feelings far more closely than the loss of my money and plate had done; and with my dread of the wretch swallowed up in a great measure in my desire for vengeance, I hastened back to the house, contrary to my first impulse, which had been to rush away and hide myself in the darkness. But what had I to fear now? Was he not trapped—shut up securely in the cellar, there to await his doom? Suddenly I remembered that there was generally a brace of pistols hanging over the fireplace in Fred's little room; should the man succeed in bursting loose—though I had little fear of it, for the door was very strong—they might prove useful; but on coming to examine them, I found that they were not loaded. All this time, Mr Black was exerting his utmost strength to break open the door; but it was stoutly built, and so far defied all his efforts. I placed the candlestick on a bracket at the top of the stairs, and stood close by with my brace of empty pistols, dreading every moment that the door would give way and the miscreant rush upon me, and yet with a stubborn drop of blood in my heart, which bade me not to flee so long as there remained a chance, however remote, of capturing him. He ceased his efforts after a time, and I could hear him moving about in the dark. What was he about to do? Not long was I

left in doubt, for I had hardly asked myself the question, when the noise of a pistol-shot resounded through the house, responded to by a scream from me; the door at the bottom of the stairs fell back on its hinges: he had shot away the bolt. 'Now, mum, I'll pay you off for your little trick!' I heard him say. The next instant, I saw him, with a bottle in each hand, and a large open knife between his teeth, emerge out of the gloom into the dull twilight made by the light of my candle at the entrance to the cellar.

'Come one step nearer, and you are a dead man!' I exclaimed, standing at the top of the stairs, and pointing both pistols full at him.

He turned yellow with fear, even through the lamp-black with which his face was smeared, as he glanced up and saw me standing there; and dropping the bottles, he shrunk back into the darkest corner of the cellar.

'Ha, ha! what a jolly lark!' he exclaimed with a wretched attempt at a laugh. 'I said all along that you was a brick. But I say, mum, just turn them barkers away for a moment, will you, while I come upstairs. Let bygones be bygones, and we'll bid each other a friendly farewell.'

'Come a step nearer, at your peril!' I said. 'You have poisoned my dog, and robbed me of my money; you are a coward and a thief; and here you shall remain, unless you prefer being shot through the head, until I give you into the custody of the police.'

A long and terrific volley of curses was his only reply, but he still kept carefully out of sight, for much as he feared the police, he feared a bullet infinitely more. 'If he only knew that the pistols are not loaded!' I kept repeating to myself.

After this, the silence remained unbroken for nearly five minutes; he was probably brooding over what course he should next adopt. At length, he spoke again: 'Let you and me be reasonable, now,' he said; 'let us come to terms. I'll give you back the spoons, and the plate, and'—

'Not if you were to give back what you have stolen to the uttermost farthing, would I let you go! Here you are, and here you shall remain till I see those wrists of yours decorated with a pair of handcuffs.'

Another terrible volley of oaths was again his reply; then I heard him knock off the neck of a bottle, and drink at the contents. What I dreaded more than anything was, that he would drink till he lost the sense of fear, and then make a sudden rush up the staircase towards me; but whatever my fears might be, I still stood resolutely on the topmost stair, peering down into the darkness with eyes that never turned away, and holding a pistol firmly in either hand. Apparently, the first result of Mr Black's extra bottle was to cause him to take out my watch, fling it on the floor, and crunch it into minute particles beneath his heel. 'Curse her! I'll have my revenge somehow!' I heard him mutter; and then he fell to drinking more wine.

How beautiful to me that morning looked the first cold streak of daylight which stole in after a time, and seemed to whisper that deliverance was at hand!

Two or three times more did Mr Black appeal, now to my fear, now to my compassion; but my only reply was a warning to him not to put his foot on the stairs, a warning which he conscientiously obeyed. Then I heard more bottles broken, and I knew that he was drinking himself either into a state of frenzy or a state of helplessness. How slowly the morning advanced! it seemed as though it would never be seven o'clock. Every bone in my body got to ache terribly long before my weary watch was over; at intervals there danced before my eyes a strange phantasmagoria of figures, red, blue, and flame-coloured; then my prisoner below would growl and whine like a wild beast in its lair, and recall my flagging attention to the duty before me. When seven o'clock

struck, I was weary almost to fainting; but help was near; for a few minutes later, Bessy and Mary drove up in a light cart, escorted by a stalwart cousin of the latter. I rushed to the door, and opened it as quickly as my trembling fingers would let me, and in a few words everything was told. The stalwart cousin was not to be alarmed by a dozen Mr Blacks, but walked unconcernedly down stairs to see him, and there found him so helplessly drunk that no precaution was needed to keep him in safety till a constable arrived, who took him into custody, and conveyed him to the nearest jail.

DRESS.

THERE are studies which derive importance, less from their own intrinsic merit, than from the clue that they afford to other branches of knowledge. Dress is one of these. It illustrates the long buried past, and holds a candle to History. Just as the mud-strata of the Nile, line above line, and streak over streak, chronicle the inundations of antiquity, so does Dress form a self-registering index of national life. And what an index! How wide the transition from the fig-leaf of Eden, from the rude raiment of skins, from the scanty and simple attire of the primeval days, to the period of hoops and periwigs, patches, powder, and embroidery!

Of the earliest ages of all, we know, and can hope to know, but little. Genesis tells us that our first progenitors, when expelled from Paradise into the working-world of cares and responsibility, were clothed with the skins of beasts. The skins of animals, of course, presented to the hunter the readiest resource towards needful apparel. The furs of the bear, the hide of the deer, the bison, and even the lion, were soon impressed into the service of man. When the pastoral epoch supplanted the rougher era of the chase, men began to attire themselves in sheep-skin and ox-hide, in dressed leather, and, after a long interval, doubtless, in woollen cloths. But all nations, except the anomalous dwellers in Polynesian islands, must have passed through the same stages of progress. The untutored races of the world's dawn had no other opportunity of replenishing their wardrobes, or covering their bodies, than that afforded by the spoils of hunting. There certainly exist a few gigantic leaves, such as those of the talipot-tree of Malabar, a small number of which would furnish a whole family with clothing, thread, hammocks, and tent-cloth. These, however, are rare, even in the tropics; and though flax and cotton grow wild in some favoured regions, it is not until a considerable amount of civilisation has been attained, that the natives are competent to weave textile fabrics of even the coarsest kind.

Connected history does not begin until a date when the arts of social life had made very great progress. Raiment was not then a mere necessity; it had been already, and for how long a time we know not, made to minister to the pride, the luxury, and the vanity of our ancestors. Already there were fine fabrics, rich dyes, gems, ornaments of gold, silver, pearls, and embroidery. There were robes and adornments peculiarly belonging to the priest and the king. Already there existed class distinctions, clearly enough denoted by difference of dress. Still, a great sameness pervaded that wide tract of Western Asia in which, with its European and African dependencies, pristine civilisation bore sway. The main difference between rich and poor, between the haughty and the lowly, in the matter of dress, was that the dignitary wore a load of clothes, while the poor were all but naked. We find this still the case in Egypt, India, and elsewhere. My Lord Sheik, or His Highness the Emir, or His Sanctity the Shercef, is a walking mountain of apparel. He, his wives, his kinsfolk, wear half-a-dozen different-coloured gowns, vests, and pairs of shulwars;

they have monstrous turbans, gaudy mantles, and are swaddled in shawls of price. Two yards of cotton cloth suffice to cover stalwart Ibrahim yonder, hoeing the rice-field; or Ayesha, carrying water from the well; or Ali Baba, plodding beside his patient donkey and its load of firewood.

Very early, too, the warrior assumed armour of more or less solidity, and with it a dress more succinct and convenient than the flowing robes which were always worn by priests, elders, and other grave and decorous personages. Not only the Orientals, but the early Romans also, were accustomed to 'gird up their loins' previous to any exertion or exercise of activity, and this implied not merely the curtailing of a garment of inconvenient length, but the tightening of that zone which, in one form or other, is not the least important article of eastern dress. The girdle is indeed an integral part of attire with almost every tribe and nation of the Old World, and has been transplanted by the Spanish colonists to the New. It takes many shapes, from the broad cummerbund of the Hindu, to the leathern 'hunger girdle' of the Hottentot; from the red silk sash of the Spanish muleteer, to the dainty shawl that compresses the waist of a Persian dandy: but the principle is the same. Without this cincture, which is put on by tying one end to an iron staple or the stem of a tree, and by gravely rotating on an imaginary pivot until it is tightly twisted round the body, the Orientals firmly believe that health could not be maintained; and the labourers of Southern Europe are of the same opinion, though our own doctors differ on the subject. The national Greek dress, which the old Hellenes wore, and which the modern Hellenes, as well as the Albanians, Boaniaks, and Montenegrins, still wear, is very ancient. It is a modification of what we still see in the hieroglyphic paintings of the Nile valley, the secular dress of the old Egyptians. The modern Greek costume, however, is probably both more picturesque and more seemly than that worn by the contemporaries of Pericles. A more picturesque, showy, and at the same time convenient attire, for an active people, dwelling in a warm climate, has never been devised than that complication of gay jacket and vest, snowy kilt, scarlet greaves, and Phrygian cap, with its massive silken tassel, which some of us deem more fit for a fancy-ball than for the outdoor world of labour. The early Greeks, 'brass greaved' in war, but in war alone, were passionately fond of the kilt. They loathed and scorned the Medish robes, the exuberant wrappers, the loose gowns, of their Asian foes. A contemptuous allusion to the 'trousers' of the hated Persian race was sure to 'bring down the house' in Athenian theatres. Our grandfathers did not more obstinately couple frogs and Frenchmen in the same anathema, than did the Demos of free Greece connect a foreign tyranny with the effeminacy of trousers.

The Romans, as we know, wore the gown in peace, the toga only when the temple of Janus was open, and the legions on their march. They had borrowed the toga from the Greeks. In its mature form, it was a badge of citizenship. Slaves did not wear it, barbarians did not wear it. The provincials who had bought or earned citizens' rights were proud to put it on. But Greece generally set fashions to Rome, and presently the tunic, a thing of Levantine device, passed from servile Athens to the Seven-hilled Queen of Nations, and was adopted by the fashionable circles. The noble old toga was gradually voted obsolete, absurd; tunics were the only wear. Frigs, demagogues, and noisy vestrymen alone wore what Cæsar and Manlius had valued above the royal robes of eastern kings. And before Rome had quite sunk into contempt, the barbarous *bracca*, or pantaloons of the Germans and Celts, at which the cultivated Italians had long sneered, came into use, and supplanted the kirtles of the old school. The Capuchin friars have preserved

what was undoubtedly the common dress of the Christian commonality in the third and fourth centuries. A cowed cloak, the hood of which could at pleasure be drawn over the head and face, a rope-girdle, a hair-shirt, sandals, and the above-mentioned braccæ, made up the catalogue. But this costume was not universal. The Gaulish peasantry wore blouses before the Roman conquest, precisely as the French peasantry do now; the Helvetians were in shaggy sheepskins; the North Germans gave a preference to horse-hide; a bear-skin was the favourite greatcoat of every Scandinavian chieftain.

Gaul, Germany, and the other countries north of the Alps were very rich in linen, which the matrons and maidens wove from thread spun from home-grown flax. They also made a good deal of homespun cloth from the fleeces of the sheep, which were constantly growing more numerous and valuable. Italy was by no means so well provided with linen, but all the old Roman territories abounded in live-stock, wool was plenty, and the distaff was never idle. The highest praise which the Quirites could bestow on a model-wife was the assertion that she 'stayed at home and spun wool'; and the same might be said of many a chatelaine, and many a farmer's wife, during at least sixteen hundred years of the Christian era. The Britons whom Cæsar conquered, though they wore the furs of beasts, and smeared their own limbs with the bright-blue woad, were by no means ignorant of the art of weaving. Their woollen clothes were of gay tartans, whose dyes of green, red, and azure, derived from native plants, had a brilliancy which struck the Romans with surprise. In this matter of colours, we are, as Gibbon remarks, far ahead of the classic nations. The vaunted Tyrian purple, of which emperors were so jealous, and the use of which was the proudest privilege of high officials, was but a coarse and dusky hue, compared, by a writer of the Lower Empire, to 'bull's blood.' Cochineal was unknown, therefore our scarlets are much brighter and purer than any that the Flavians and Antoninas ever saw; while our Mauves, Magentas, and the rest are superior to any products known to the Roman dyer. The Saxons wore wool in winter, in summer, linen, and for the most part an unbleached white linen of coarse quality. That blue colour to which the frocks of French peasants owe their name of blouse, seems never to have obtained in England, save as a mark of the butcher's trade. The tunic and tight pantaloons of the Saxon gentry were easily supplanted by the Norman garb; but the ploughman retained the white or greenish smock-frock, one of the very oldest of traditional garments.

Down to the beginning of the seventeenth century, the dress of the aboriginal Irish was very remarkable: a long frieze mantle, such as Camden records with dislike, a saffron-dyed shirt expressly designed to save washing, a 'glibbe' of matted hair protecting the head, and brogues of untanned cowhide on the feet, make up no very inviting picture. Queen Elizabeth and her lord-deputy waged a constant war against this wardrobe; and stringent edicts, akin to the acts against wearing tartan or philibeg in the Scottish Highlands, were repeatedly fulminated against yellow shirts, shaggy heads, rough white cloaks, and ugly sharp-edged skens worn in the belt. The early Welsh dress of white linen began to fall into disuse during the Plantagenet reigns, and was probably extinct by the time of Henry VIII.; but the far more strange and striking garb of the Scottish Highlanders, perhaps the most picturesque costume ever invented, has been artificially fostered and preserved, so as to be among those most familiar to our eyes. Yet how wild, barbaric, and martial it is! Continental Europe can shew nothing like it. The first glimpse of it fills all nations with surprise, and it really appears an original costume, and not to have been borrowed, as almost all else has been, from Asia. Yet this strange garb, which was all but unknown a century and a half ago,

and which could only have been retained so long from its native land being a mountain region out of the track of travel and conquest, has been much altered. It is said that the trews are older than the philibeg; it is said that the present coat and kilt, which superseded the 'belted plaid' about one hundred and twenty years ago, and which substituted three garments for one which had previously served, by ingenious folding, for mantle, vest, and kirtle, was the device of an English road-contractor. Be that as it may, the innovation was certainly for the better.

The Normans, while they continued to take the lead among European races, were the arbiters of fashion; we hear little of French taste until the first effervescent energies of the conquerors of England had dissipated themselves. Rouen, in the eleventh century, was more fashionable than Paris; and London for a while succeeded to the dignity of the gayest capital in all matters of pageant and display, on this side the Alps. The Normans loved fine clothes; but their fancies were extravagant, and no vagary was too monstrous for them. Their boots were at one time of fabulous length, and pointed as a snipe's bill; at another, they had toes broad and splay as the tail of a giant lobster; and anon the boot-peaks, curling upwards like rams' horns, reached the knees, and were linked to them by golden chains. Those were the days of huge gilt spurs, of milk-white shoes, party-coloured hoods, party-coloured Angevin hose, sleeves that fell to the ground, cloaks briefer than a policeman's spencer of oilskin, caps overweighted with plumes. A thick volume could not chronicle all the splendid whims and expensive absurdities of those days—how the rich glistened like peacocks in the sunshine, how the poor ran barefoot and in rags beside their caparisoned war-horses, and bawled to my lord the baron for largesse. Our times are better than those, though the tints be duller, and the dresses plainer. Female attire, we may observe, was in mediæval days somewhat less fantastic and gaudy than male apparel. To be sure, the high Norman cap, sometimes towering like a spire, sometimes spreading like a nautilus-shell, dates from that period; but the wimple, the curch, and the hood, were simple and not ungraceful coverings for the head. The gowns worn by ladies of rank were by no means so whimsically designed as the doublets of their lords. Modern fashion has in some measure reproduced the long under-skirt, the close-fitting tunic, and the trim-waisted robe of the days of chivalry, a dress which even caricature cannot render ridiculous, and which will probably endure through ages.

A gala or procession of the middle ages must have afforded a rare feast for the eye. Every guild, craft, and profession had its livery, its assorted hues, its badge, and trimmings. Great nobles took a pride in exhibiting a crowd of retainers arrayed in the particular tint which heralds assigned to their masters' family. Law meddled with everything, with the cut of a garment, the dye of it, the stuff that composed it, the fringe or lace on its hem. If practice had matched with theory, it would have been as easy to tell the country esquire from the Templar, or the grocer from the currier, as to distinguish between the labelled specimens in a museum. Parliament desired that English society should be mapped out into castes, as clearly defined as those of the Hindu commonwealth, and instantly recognisable. Hence there were statutes assigning cloth of gold to one class of titled ladies and gentlemen; to another, silk and cloth of silver; a countess might wear one sort of costly fur; a lesser baron's wife, another; a knight's dame must content herself with cheaper finery; and a yeoman's spouse had to keep out the cold with plain cloth and hare-skin. But practice proved too slippery for rules the most precise. So long as men and women feel the ordinary spur of vanity and love of admiration, and so long as tailors and mercers care for profit, sumptuary law must be a dead-letter. Those who could

pay for gold thread and Padua silk, for ermine and sable, for milk-white Spanish leather, and jewelled Moorish girdles, seldom found any difficulty in their path. How many fops ruined themselves and their tailors, in those days of temptation, may be easily guessed. Some single suits of Sir Walter Raleigh's, for instance, cost thousands of pounds, so thickly were they sown with seed-pearls, so incrustated with silver, so stiffened with gold and gems, and silk wrought by cunning needles. Nearly a century after this, the coronation finery of Mary of Modena, James II.'s young queen, cost a hundred thousand pounds. Men, however, in the Plantagenet and Tudor days, spent more on their own adornment than on that of their wives. Those were the days when doublets were slashed, and pinked, and betrimmed, until the original satin or velvet was all but hidden by the profusion of rich stuff that filled the artificial rents, when a young dandy wore at least a hundred ells of many-coloured ribbons fluttering about him, in rosettes, ties, tags, points, and streamers. The very shoes were often hidden by pearls and rubies, the fingers blazed with rings, and a courtier would sometimes carry the value of half his patrimony on his back. Much of this splendour, however, was managed with more economy than might be expected. Persons of rank bequeathed their bravery to their descendants. A countess thought no shame of figuring in the well-preserved robe that her grandmother had worn in its first freshness. Not only did fine suits pass from father to son, but wealthy noblemen like the Lord Ogle solemnly left as a legacy to a dear friend—an old coat. Richly embroidered clothes were given by anxious suitors to the patrons they sought to propitiate; courtly aristocrats intrigued to gain possession, not only of an attainted traitor's lands, but of his valuable wardrobe.

France was one, but only one, among many of the countries which gave the keynote to fashion; Milan, Padua, Germany, and the Low Countries, as well as Spain, rivalled the influence of France. England alternately followed all. At one time, our forefathers, in true Gallic taste, were squeezed into garments of that extravagant tightness which the elder Disraeli chronicles, and of which the stone effigy of Charles the Rash, at Bruges, is so fine a specimen; at another, Englishmen were clad in the grave black that suited the sombre pride of the Castilian character; then no mode would serve but that of Italy, with its nicely assorted colours and punctilious elegance; and then came in the garb of Almayne, the Low-German style, and our ancestors indured themselves in preposterous ruffs, steeple-hats, puffed jerkins, and wide trunk hose, 'bombasted' out with bran and wool to the most pantomimic dimensions. Truly, a strange Britain was that in which king and court wore the time-honoured dress of the gallant corps of beef-eaters, and yet in most essentials we and our predecessors are the same. Queen Elizabeth had a strong affection for Italian dress, language, and manners; her ladies and courtiers were fluent both in Tuscan and in that colloquial Latin compared with which all other tongues were called vulgar and barbarous. Her successor preferred the Flemish fashion to that of Florence; while the taste of Charles I. led him to give precedence to the decorous pomp of Spain. Then came the Puritans, sworn enemies to all that was lightsome and gay; love-locks were snipped off, and bright colours proscribed; and that was but a melancholy and ugly England that had short-poll'd hair, sad raiment, and a steeple-crowned hat of doleful black felt. Yet a few years, and a violent reaction set in, and the nation flaunted outrageously in gay clothes, as if to make up for the dowdy costume of the sullen Commonwealth. In the reign of Charles II., of James II., of William and Mary, and of Anne, English fashions were wholly derived from those of France. The same embroidered coats, lace cravats,

periwigs, the same red-heeled shoes, the same hats bedight with snowy feathers, the same diamond or silver-hilted swords, were to be seen in Whitehall as at Versailles. English gentlemen carried clouded canes and snuff-boxes, in imitation of the French gallants; English ladies wore satin sacques, ringlets, and tuckers, after the mode of the French court. When a German dynasty succeeded to the throne, the sway of French fashion was but slightly shaken. In full dress, there were the same hoops, and powder, and rouge, the same silk or velvet coats, gold lace, and cobweb stockings on both sides the water.

But some innovations, such as the top-boots worn by men, the white aprons worn by ladies, and the mob-caps, sprung up among us, and were bitterly censured by Beau Nash and the other upholders of ancient etiquette. Down to the time of the French Revolution, a gentleman was not thought absurd who went to a ball in pink silk, in white velvet, or blue satin, besprigged with gold, and fringed with Flanders lace. The stern head-lobbing patriots of the Mountain happened to attain manhood at a time when an Anglo-mania prevailed, and when everything English was the rage; hence British top-boots, British cravats of thick muslin, and coats of insular cut, were almost universally worn in France by those early Republicans who never spoke of Pitt and King George but with a curse. Then the shoe-buckles were replaced by ribbon; and the French revolutionists left off hair-powder, and took to short hair à la Brutus. Next, the Dukes of Bedford and Northumberland brushed the powder out of their own hair and that of their many servants; and the former peer paraded London with his coach-horses' tails powdered as white as the driven snow, in ridicule of the old system and the new government tax. Great abuse and many sarcasms rained on the innovators, but the innovation grew daily; hair-powder was soon only seen on the heads of a few stanch lovers of things as they were. Next, the ladies of England copied the ladies of France in their servile imitation of the short waists, tight skirts, rolled hair, and high combs, of the Roman matrons of old days. Perhaps, during the period of this classic taste, which lasted many years, Dress may be said to have attained its apogee of ugliness. The most flattered portraits that Lawrence or his pupils could draw have the air of caricatures. Those bright-eyed, carmine-lipped, dark-haired women who still smile witchingly from the canvases, had need of beauty indeed to counteract the effect of such a school-girl's attire, with the waist under the armpits, the prim sash of blue ribbon, the absurd hair-comb, and the general limpness of the crumpled satin robe. At the same time, the husbands of these ill-used dames, in high stiff stocks, long narrow coats with brass buttons, and stocking-net pantaloons, were not a whit less ridiculous than the partners of their joys. The regency and the reign of George IV. probably witnessed more hideous adaptations of costume for both sexes than any other period of corresponding extent. Matters mended slowly. The last old gentlemen who persisted in wearing swords died out; powder became extinct; *ailes de pigeon* perished; and even blue coats and silk hose became few.

Then gradually sprang up a style of masculine attire, not graceful, perhaps, but not inconvenient, well adapted for manly sports and outdoor exercise, and certainly neither effeminate nor absurd. Nor, in the vexed question of dress feminine would many of us care to see our wives and sisters go back to the patterns set them by their grandmothers. In spite of the countless jests to which crinoline—which is but the old hoop in a scarcely less ludicrous form—has given rise, it is at anyrate better than the short waists and awkward skirts of two generations ago. Nor would even the keenest satirist of modern ways care to exchange the pretty hats of now a days for the poke-bonnet of the ancients, such a bonnet as we see

in old comic cartoons, or in *Les Anglais pour rire*. Dress must run its course: it has its cycles like the stars, its ebb and flow like the tides; and all the preachers, law-makers, and censors of the earth have never been more able to thwart or stem its course, than dear old Mrs Partington to sweep away the broad Atlantic from her cottage-door.

HOME FROM THE COLONIES.

CONTRASTS.

I AM an Englishman, born and bred; and yet I suppose scarce any Foreigner who comes at this time for the World's Fair to London knows less about that world-famous city than I. England has been a far land to me these many years, but I have not loved it less on that account; nay, more; one must go to school, they say, to appreciate home, and I have been to a hard school on the other side the world without one holiday. For the last score of years and longer, I have walked

By the long wash of Australasian seas
Far off, and held my head to other stars,
And breathed in converse seasons.

I can quote, you see. I know English writers better perhaps than many who have had leisure to read them here at home; for I have had more cause to know them. They have been to me almost as home itself. Out in the lonely Bush they have held before me pictures of peopled cities; and on the treeless Prairie the loved landscapes of my native land.

I had not, it is true, much taste for reading as a boy; I liked riding better; I loved poaching (with a blunderbuss stolen from the butler's pantry) best of all. When my father died, and my brother Tom was left sole heir, I daresay I did not do much credit to his grand establishment. He did not put any insuperable barriers to my fancy for emigration. We parted not as brothers, I fear, nor even as friends. He was very solicitous that the Family name should not be discredited by association with any low pursuit—such as sheep-farming (the Trevors, he said, had not been connected with trade for centuries); and I indulged him in this matter with a vengeance. Nobody would suspect that in the person of Mr John Stokes, last of Melbourne, late of Morumbidgee, is now concentrated all that remains of the rich blood of the Trevors of Trevarton. In Australia, one kind of blood is no better than another—for we don't refine our own sugar. However, there is no need for bitterness. Tom is dead now, poor fellow, childless; and his wife is dead, and her nephew is made heir of all. The breezy uplands, where I used to fly my kite, are his; the Home Farm, where I was wont to skim the cream from the standing milk; the sheltered paddock that once held the long-tailed pony which my father gave me upon the last birthday I ever spent in England. The old man never dreamed that things would turn out thus. Trevarton gone to strangers—Heaven knows whom; I don't. And likely to change hands again, for the young spark, 'tis said, is lavish of his money. I might buy the estate to-morrow, doubtless, if I chose; but I do not choose. Mr John Stokes is not ambitious of territorial distinction. What are three or four hundred paltry acres, to one who has had twenty square miles of pasture-land in the underworld to call his own! No. I can be no country squire now. I am a citizen of the universe without a tie; and also, alas! without a friend within sixteen thousand miles or so.

I am here in England to behold the wonders of civilisation, and life in the metropolis of the world; my object so far is identical with that of the Japanese ambassadors. But many things are so altered since my time that they are more strange than if they were new.

Let me take a simple example. When I left

England, Cricket was a favourite game with village boys, but was only in rare instances played by men. There was one cricket-club where there are now a dozen. If you looked out the word in the encyclopædias of that date, it would have been with this result:

'CRICKET. See *Gryllus*; is also [small type] an exercise or game with bats and a ball.'

Yet one Australian firm alone gave seven thousand pounds this year for the honour of a visit from the Eleven of England. Each man received his £150, had his passage paid out and home, and was maintained throughout his stay in the colony as though he were a prince of the blood. He never went out upon wheels without four horses. His excellency the governor presided at the entertainment which welcomed these Philosophers of the Wicket, who were received everywhere with distinctions such as were never paid to those of the Porch. Their departure from England was so timed as not to interfere with their professional avocations (!), and they now return for the commencement of the cricketing season at home. Thus, with the exception of the time lost in the two voyages, they will have played cricket all the year round, and been well rewarded for it. In my time, there was scarcely a professional cricketer in Great Britain. Roundhand bowling was almost unknown. It was contemptuously called 'throwing' by the veterans, who accounted for its origin thus: An only son, much addicted to cricket, sighed in vain for his favourite pursuit during the holidays, until his sisters volunteered to bowl for him. Cricket in the family became from that date an established institution; only, as the girls were unable to bowl in the usual way (that is, underhand), because of their petticoats (which they could not well gather up under their left arms as a man does his coat-tails), they bowled *round hand*; and that, after a little, so accurately, that their brother was quite enamoured of the fashion, and took it back with him to school. This feminine bowling—but with the speed of a catapult, and the certainty of a rifle bullet—is now become the recognised mode. What a stride, then, has this one matter of Cricket made, which I left an amusement, to find a recognised Art, nay, a Science, the disciples of which are invited even to the antipodes!

This is merely a single instance of that stupendous Change which has affected all things here within a quarter of a century. As a father who has been away from his child in foreign climes returns, and scarcely recognises his own, so gaze I on England. She is beautiful exceedingly, thinks he, but with another sort of beauty than that which has recurred to him in danger, in sickness, in the long watches of the night, at all times, in short, when the sombre thought has intruded that he will see her never more; different altogether from that picture which he has made within his mind, and dwelt upon throughout that weary voyage which ended at last in home: she is a child no longer, but a woman grown, with all her charms mature. My own advancing years must plead excuse for a metaphor so faulty as this. I am not old, as years go, but I feel old in this England, which I left a youth, and return to in middle age. The generation to which I once belonged, here, has grown up without me, among experiences of which I know nothing. I look for companions (so strongly do old associations work) into the faces of men who have been born since I left my native land. I am told that the very external face of nature has suffered change here—that what were pleasant fields, are seamed with roads of iron, and strewn with ashes; the common lands enclosed; the trees uprooted, and their places filled with towering chimneys, breathing the black breath of trade. I do not care to see if this be true. I said that I was Stokes, and Australasian to the backbone, but—it is a foolish prejudice, but I trust they have not found coal in Trevarton parish, and sunk a round

black pit in the middle of the paddock. That western country has not, I understand, been found so wealthy underground as other districts, but merely produces the fruits of the earth after the old fashion still. I am glad of it. I have been in a land which, being wounded by the pick, bleeds gold, but its people are no better for that; gold, we know, makes guilt.

Even in the English West, however, where I landed, there was much unrecognisable. We flew by towns which were hamlets when I left them, and by roaring factories which were the silent pasture-lands of cattle: here and there, where space was still to be found, there were set up rifle-buttresses—the strangest sight of all. The very mode of travel was a wonder to me. The last time I had gone that route (to school), it was a three days' journey, which was now a six hours' trip. The inns are in ruins, and the landlords broken or dead all along that road. The coachmen and postboys are *genera* as entirely extinct as the dodo of my adopted land. Through Evarton, which was on the Great South Road, there were wont to pass to and fro two hundred coaches *per diem*, but a single omnibus from *Evarton Road Station* suffices to carry all that visit that now secluded village. I saw the thing standing at the *Navy's Arms* myself as the train made a moment's stoppage, whereat the fiery monster, who had dragged us through the air at forty miles an hour, shrieked impatiently for 'Work, more work,' as the Foul Fiend shrieked to the sorcerer. To men who go sixty miles to their city counting-houses every morning, and return in the afternoon to their families at the sea-side, these matters may appear commonplace enough. 'The fairy tales of science and the long results of time' awaken in them no such interest; their lives are centred (ah me!) in wife and children, in friends and home. They have neither leisure nor inclination for such reflections as crowd in upon me with every sight I see in this old land which is so new to me. They gaze out of the carriage window at the flying landscape almost without consciousness of those bare white poles that fly too all the way, bearing their half-a-dozen lines of wire. They might be clothes-props for all the notice they excite. But to me, who have lived apart from my fellow-men so long, often with no means of communicating with them save by a perilous day's ride through a wilderness, this power of speech at a distance seems very wonderful and precious. Ah, what would I not have given at times for one little tinkle such as the telegraph bell gives, or one little 'tick, tick' of its watch-like hands, to let me know that another human being was wishing me well! The sound of a voice, the touch of a hand, the writing of a letter, are now no longer necessary to transmit human sympathy; and as the world rolls, and knowledge broadens, I do not doubt that there will be one day scarce a single spot in the whole world whither a healing word may not fly from Old England more swiftly by a hundred times than on the wings of a dove. There will be no such thing as Exile then. You who have always lived at home, do not know how the mere sight of a ship lying in an Australian harbour bound for the English shore moves the hearts of rough stern men who are not to sail in her; I have seen them touch her sides with a sort of reverence. If you do not believe this, you will scarcely be to blame; for how is it possible you should understand home-sickness—the yearning of the emigrant: a certain poetry, my friends, which you imagine, perhaps, to exist in the book-world only, flames up, I tell you, like the crocus, in every exiled bosom, no matter how frozen the soil. If a ship, then, which in half-a-year's time, perhaps, will reach our native shore, excites such interest, judge what it will be to see, to touch such wires as these, and to know that the other end of them lies in England. Even if no friend be there to flash his love to us across the world, this will be something. It would have been a great deal to me, I know, who had no such friend.

I write all this because I spoke of it to one who was my fellow-passenger in the train, and it seemed to have some interest for him. He was civil enough to me, being amused (I could see) with my notice of things as with the remarks of a child. We colonists, in the eyes of you denizens of the old country, must always, I suppose, appear thus. Yet here let me be allowed to say, that, while leaving us far behind in very much, you have dropped some things in your swift career which we have retained. The power of genial appreciation has gone from you almost utterly; you seem afraid of committing yourselves too far—in everything save censure. The virtues of hospitality are not held at their due value; you entertain, in order that you may be entertained again, and that with ostentation and effort. The ancient fashion of asking a friend 'to stop to dinner,' has quite faded away. A glazed and lithographed invitation is sent to him a fortnight in advance, instead, and a much more splendid banquet is provided for him than the 'pot-luck' to which he would otherwise have been welcomed. By this apparently extravagant procedure, half-a-dozen ordinary entertainments are saved, for the 'friend' is thereby crossed out of the invitation list for the next four months—paid off like a tailor's bill, until he accumulates sufficiently to be settled again. I do not say English men and women are become hollow-hearted—Heaven forbid! but there is a love of tawdry glitter and show among them which I do not think used to be of old, and such as I have not seen in the underworld save in the case of its aboriginal inhabitants, who are as passionately fond of the greenest beads as though they were genuine emeralds. Wealth and Fashion have here got honest Nature by the throat, and are garrotting her. How you must all have grinned when you heard of your fellow-countrymen on the other side of the globe assembling by tens of thousands to welcome the advent of a Primrose from Old England! In one of dear Hans Christian Andersen's tales, a certain prince sends to his love, the emperor's daughter, a rose, the fragrance of which is so exquisite, that everybody forgets his sorrows when he smells it; and a nightingale who sings as though all the lovely melodies of the world were collected in her little throat. When she saw the silver shrines containing these presents, the princess clapped her hands for joy.

'Then out came the rose-tree with the beautiful rose.

"How very elegantly it is made!" exclaimed all the court ladies.

"It is more than elegant," said the emperor—"it is charming."

'But the princess, having felt it, was ready to cry.

"Fie, papa," said she; "it is not an artificial rose, but merely a natural one."

"Fie!" echoed all the ladies-in-waiting, "it is merely a natural rose."

"Let's see what the other shrine may contain before we fly into a passion," said his majesty; and then out came the nightingale, and sang so sweetly, that nobody at first thought of any spiteful fault-finding.

"*Superbe!—charmant!*" cried the court ladies, for they all chattered French, however badly.

"The bird reminds me of the late empress's musical box," observed an old lord-in-waiting; "it has the same tone and the same execution."

"Yes," said the emperor, crying like a little child.

"But it is not a real bird, I trust?" asked the princess.

"Yes, it is a real bird," said those who had brought it.

"Then let it fly away," said the princess, who would not hear of the prince coming to pay his respects to her.'

We colonists were very glad to get the real primrose;

* Vulgar word. '*Dressed*,' says the latest Dictionary.

but as for you, my friends, it is my opinion that you would prefer a flower out of a jeweller's shop to the most charming that the Giver of all Good ever set in the world, to breathe not only its natural sweetness, but to awaken memories and thoughts too deep, indeed, for tears.

Some of these sentiments, which I had only gathered at that time from the books which photograph you (and which we read, as I have said, with such excessive interest beyond the sea), I ventured to express to my fellow-traveller, who laughed at them good-naturedly, as one laughs at the petulance of a child. I had been away from society so long, he said, that I was not in a position to understand these matters; I was not looking at them from the right point of sight. He seemed to think one should stand *inside* in order to obtain a complete and comprehensive view of the Social Edifice. However, we parted excellent friends at the Terminus. As the train glided in under the mighty roof, I bethought me of that contracted shell set in the midst of fields which in my time was Paddington station. The line, I think, reached as far as Hanwell, which now casts its iron net over a score of counties.

'You should see Frith's picture of the *Railway Station*,' were the last words of my carriage acquaintance in answer to some remark upon this subject, as he hurried away with a bow. In Melbourne—had he arrived there as I had in England—I should have taken him, bag and baggage, home, and insisted upon his staying there till he got tired of me. In London, however, a Londoner's first object is not to have a spare room in his house, in order to be able with a good conscience to send his own mother to a hotel.*

I directed the cabman to drive me to the same inn at which I rested the night before I left England. I remembered it well: its limp waiters, its stiff and high-voiced lady at the bar; its coffee-room furnished with pens as for a sheep-fair, and smelling of cruet.

'Hollo, my good friend!' cried I, as the cabman pulled up in front of an edifice five times the size of His Excellency the governor's house, 'where have you driven me to? I am not expected, I regret to say, at Buckingham Palace.'

'This is your 'Otel, sir, nevertheless. I thank your honour kindly. You are one of the right sort, you are. *I wish sixpences was as scarce as gentlemen, I do.*'

Not understanding the new tariff, I had paid him at the old shilling rate, and hence this epigrammatic burst of gratitude.

The place wherein I now found myself was indeed a stately caravansary. Hot and cold baths, *bran* baths (the very intention of which is unknown to me), shower baths, douche baths, all marble and magnificence, were now where formerly there was but one miserable wooden trough overlooked by the pantry window. 'The establishment,' I was informed by a very pearl of head-waiters, looking more ducal than any confidential servant of a duke, 'was also in communication with some Turkish Baths within a few minutes' walk.' I wallowed in the crystal waters of an alabaster pool for a while, and then, as lively as an opossum, descended into the coffee-room. Coffee-room! It was more like a drawing-room, with a hundred waiters, and a thousand guests, and at least a score or so of Mr John Stokeses—the mirrors multiplied everything to such an extent.

'Waiter,' said I, 'what is that enormous instrument which I perceive through yonder window, with the wooden box beside it?'

The waiter saw nothing remarkable.

'What, man? Do you not perceive that ship's ventilator, which has apparently married a ladder?'

'That is only the hotel fire-escape, sir.'

* It is not Hospitality but Terror through which entertainment and lodging are obtained from him by his mother-in-law.

Only that! The last time I was there, it was the boast of the place that its staircases up to the first floor were made of stone, so that all eminent persons, at least—all the people who were most worth saving—who should honour it with their patronage, were safe from the devouring element.

'And what time will you dine, sir?'

'What time do people dine in London?' asked I.

'O sir, gentlemen dine at all hours, at all hours, air—after seven.'

Now, my hour for dining in the bush, when that event came off at all, used to be 11.30 A.M.

THE TWO SCYTHES.

I HAD two scythes, with faces full of light.
So bright and stainless was each keen-edged blade,
When wielded by the rustic mower's might,
Rich paths of green were through the hayfields made.
But when my toil-mate of the fever died,
I hung above his grave one blade of steel;
It was his dying wish, while at his side,
He bade me, with faint voice, close to him kneel;
For we had toiled together through the heat
Of many harvests, working side by side.
None dare with him at task-work to compete.
He had such length of arm, such width of stride.
Now he is gone. The harvest will return.
If friends are taken, brush the tear away;
The smouldering fire will the longest burn,
And hidden grief will with us longest stay;
So manfully, I turned again to toil.
It was the time when dusty heads of grass
Bend to the breeze, and in their quick recoil,
Scatter sweet fragrance on us as we pass.
Down through the village churchyard lay my path;
Beneath the tree where rests my well-tried friend,
I thought of him, and of the heavy swath
That 'neath his flashing steel would fall and bend;
I paused, for there, suspended on a bough,
Covered with dark and deep corroding rust,
Beheld no more the useful metal glow,
But a dull blade, whose courage we mistrust.
The other scythe, across my shoulder swung,
Was bright, and to the whetstone clearly gave
A pleasant note, as of a bell when rung;
Its edge was sharp as razor fit to shave.
I dared not linger, for the sun arose;
And as I hastened to the half-cut mead,
I thought how well each scythe a great truth shows,
To those who lessons from all nature read.
The first is man reposing in the shade
Of idleness, and vain luxurious ease,
Whose powers rust, whose beauties quickly fade,
Whose life is shortened by induced disease.
The second, he who bravely tries to fill
His life with health-renewing useful deeds,
Who doth disease by occupation kill,
And wins a lustre as his work succeeds.

CHARLES RBE.

The Editors of *Chambers's Journal* have to request that all communications be addressed to 47 Paternoster Row, London, and that they further be accompanied by postage-stamps, as the return of rejected Contributions cannot otherwise be guaranteed.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH. Also sold by all Booksellers.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL OF POPULAR LITERATURE

Science and Arts.

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 443.

SATURDAY, JUNE 28, 1862.

PRICE 14d.

PET BIRDS AND BIRD-KEEPING.

IN beginning to write a few pages about birds, I am met by this puzzle—among the peacocks and robin-redbreasts, ducks and Java sparrows, tiny waxbills and big dorkings, bullfinches and learned jackdaws, impudent tomtits and destructive crossbills, where am I to begin?

Shall I begin by writing of my naughty robin, who will be let out at breakfast-time, and hopping upon my plate, removes my butter to a remote locality, there to conceal it from human ken? Or shall I give the history of 'Miss Hamburg,' who, having been a weakly chick, unable so much as to get out of her own shell, was carefully nursed, a little squeaking wretch, for at least a week in flannel, attired afterwards in a brand-new pinafore—a piece of thick white blotting-paper, with a hole for the head cut in it—and fed like a lady upon melted jelly till she picked up her strength! That was coddling truly; and many a remonstrance did I offer to Miss Hamburg's foster-nurse. The poor little chick, however, is now a grown-up hen, at least eight months old; and each day after laying she comes into the house, tapping authoritatively at the kitchen window, to state what she has done, and to ask for a piece of bread.

Then there is little Dicky Goldfinch, who drags up perseveringly the water from his well, pulling up the chain with his small bill, so hard, and setting so determinedly his little foot upon it till the water is raised, and Master Dicky has drunk to his satisfaction. He looks so important while performing his little task, and always waits to hear the bucket drop again, generally peeping down after it, to see that it is all right; but I own I don't like to allow too much of it, and he is never suffered to be left at all without a proper goblet of water in his cage. Of all birds I know for sociable, pleasant ways, none are superior to these pet goldfinches; their huffs and furious fits of jealousy—almost as bad as those of robins—are so amusing. Of one of my own goldfinches, indeed, I really feel quite a wholesome dread. If his feelings are hurt, he acts so steadily an 'injured' part, that one must perforce be penitent. He sits with his back to me, and refuses hemp-seeds; and when it comes to that, I cannot but feel unhappy. I fear, indeed, that a great many people prey on their friends' kind feeling with no better right than Goldie, and a far less amount of

talent; for what in a bird is clever, hardly assumes the same character when a rational being is the actor of the scene.

The rules for bird-keeping are very few. 'Let well alone,' is perhaps the first and greatest; the virtue of cleanliness, and the advantage of temperance, come second and third in order; and for the fourth rule we may take the enjoyment of as much fresh air and exercise as is practicable.

My own birds are in general a healthy set of creatures. The largest number certainly live in a room or aviary; but I have also many in small cages, of which those which I prefer are made of plain stained deal, and fitted with tin-wire. A narrow sort of skirting-board surrounds the cage, and prevents the seed and sand from being spilled about, which in open cages very often happens. And here I beg to hint, that a good many of those young gentlemen who spend days 'in making chips,' to the disgust of house-maids, might very well turn some of their superfluous energies to doing real neatly finished work, and turning out such cages as would be actual palaces to poor little birds shut up, perhaps, in a cage about six inches square. When people live in the country, half the birds' provisions may be also gathered and stored up by their young masters and mistresses during summer and autumn days. What great sheafs of plantain—all nice, and brown, and ripe—they may then bring in, and spread on the floor to dry! What quantities of rape-seed, growing amongst the wheat, they may stow away in great bags for use! And what stores of thistle-seed, what heaps of groundsel, what basketfuls of chickweed and of watercress they may go out and forage for in the morning.

Morning walks are so pleasant, they hardly want any object; still, they are all the nicer for knowing that some brown and yellow wings will be all flapping and shaking, and a small sweet voice talking as fast as it can go, the instant that Master Dicky sees us coming in. In morning walks, besides, we see the wild birds' ways; hear all their pretty voices, as one by one they join the concert in the grove; see all their lively movements, as they shake and prune their many-coloured dresses, and fly off home again, with perhaps a long straw dangling for half a yard behind them, or with a tuft of moss, or with a feather, for which it often happens there will be a fight. This is about the season when birds' nests are about, and I do hope that people who like to look at them will

try not to frighten the poor mother-birds. Fancy a little creature frightened almost to death, and yet staying close by her nestlings. In a castle in the north, where a friend of mine was staying the summer before last, there was in the library a great stuffed eagle, with its wings spread out—the most dreadful object, as you may well suppose, for mere cocks and hens. There was, also, an obnoxious live turkey-cock, who was always gobbling and strutting, and making such a show of bravery and of his own dignity, as to make every one long to take down his pride a little. So one day, when all the fowls were assembled, the turkey-cock making his usual fuss, and the poor little hens all frightened at such a crusty gentleman, all of a sudden the aforesaid eagle was brought out amongst them, hovering in the midst of them with wings outspread, as if swooping upon his prey! Away went ducks and geese—away went the turkey-cock without an attempt at gobble—away went every one who had wings to fly! Only a poor little helpless group of newly hatched chickens stayed, because they were so frightened that they could not run; and there was their mother, a poor delicate white hen, who alone of all the poultry-yard dared to attack the enemy. With her feathers ruffling and her wings all spread, clucking and scolding, and keeping the chicks behind her, this little fearless creature went on to dare the eagle!

Before we begin to keep birds, we ought to provide a home for them to live in; and as so very much of a bird's health, as well as of its happiness, depends on this being done wisely, and with some knowledge of birds' tastes, I propose to give a few hints upon the subject. One very great object in the construction of any bird-cage should be abundant light and air. I think it is much better to have a mere curtain or cover to hang on one side—as well as being drawn all over for warmth at night—than to have a quantity of opaque wooden walls shutting out the air. Very hot sunshine, or strong drafts, are not frequent, and even from these a curtain might be enough protection, while in the winter-days the little pets would have all the light they could have. A slide of glass run outside the wire is then a first-rate screen.

Cages should thus be made with the top and three sides at least, if not four, of wire; and then in the building-time, when they want a sheltered nest-place, a branch of some bushy evergreen makes a delightful shade, and delights the birds beyond everything, who build their pretty nests in it, and look indeed at home.

The cottage cage, as it is called, on account of its house-like shape, is perhaps the best, as it certainly is the most popular. This cage has a low skirting-board all round, and four sides of wire bending over a little at the top. The seed and water tins do best slipped in as a drawer, of which one end holds water, and the other seed; and instead of the usual plan of wiring over the place where the drawer runs in, so as to keep out the birds, it answers well to have a narrow *pent-house* of zinc or wood, through the holes in which the birds can eat and drink. I once lost a tomtit in a largish aviary cage; and after we had hunted all about the house, tom was discovered squatting comfortably in the seed-box, and eating away most tranquilly. Poor little tom, I fear, had found some slight difficulty in reaching his seed before, his legs being a good deal shorter than those of the

other birds, who can sometimes manage to stand up to a considerable height.

I have had the pleasure of presiding over the manufacture of a good many bird-cages, and though I must leave the nailing and the gluing, and the sawing and the planing, to the talents of the young gentlemen who therein delight, I may perhaps venture to give them a few architectural hints. For one bullfinch or chaffinch, or a pair of canaries or goldfinches, a cage about eighteen inches square would be quite a palace. For such a cage, it is a good thing to allow from four to six inches of wood-work all round the bottom, but this is not absolutely necessary. The board for the floor being eighteen inches each way, the sides should be made of wire fitted into a frame, or let into the floor and into 'corner-posts.' As long as there are brad-awls, I daresay my hint may be useless; but a very feasible, though not over-workman-like arrangement, is to bore the holes with a red-hot iron wire, or with a steel knitting-pin, and for the door-wires this is at all events a good plan. The wires themselves I would always have closely placed, for young nestlings are so slim, that they are liable to slip out, while larger birds are apt to stick their heads between them. Close wiring is therefore by far the best economy. Cage-makers must be careful not to leave bits of wire sticking up, or little crevices in which the birds' feet can catch. This is one of the greatest miseries belonging to small cages—the space being so small, the birds hang on the wires often, and catching their feet in them, get a great deal hurt. For this reason, the cages that are made of wicker answer better.

For seed-holders, small boxes with holes in the lid do well; and for water, considering the numbers of birds that suffer so terribly through not being able to get at a drinking-glass, which perhaps has been turned a little to one side, I would recommend bird-keepers to use a common red saucer belonging to a flower-pot standing upon the cage-floor. These pans clean thoroughly, and the birds are fond of perching on their edges. I have sometimes, in rather smaller cages, used glasses such as those that are in ink-stands. Their advantage lies in exposing but little opening to admit any dirt or splashing, while the birds can always readily put their heads in.

One day I was quite frightened by the unnatural tone of voice in which one of my birds was speaking. It came to the side of its cage, and called and looked out, and did all it could to attract attention. The poor little thing, it seemed, had been alone some time, and the neck of the water-glass being outside the cage, and not fitting quite exactly, the water had been a very little spilt, and the poor little creature could not get a drop. It could hardly cry, its throat had got so very dry and hoarse; and that was the last time I ever let a bird of mine run the risks of an outside water-glass.

When a cage is made on purpose, plain stained deal is, I think, the very best wood to use; it may be varnished, but must not be painted, any more than the wire. Brass wire should never come near a cage at all.

I like the perches of two different sizes, one square, for instance, and two others rounded; the birds have then a choice where they will perch and roost. Deal perches or smooth soft woods are best, and the birds are always sure to roost on the highest, and to be much aggrieved if there is none very high for them to resort to regularly. *Please to observe that the cage-birds I speak of are all home-bred; I can never advocate catching a wild bird, for I do not think that such can ever be really happy without the sense of freedom; while I hope I myself can never feel pleasure in acting jailer!*

The way I like to have birds best, is when the wild birds consent to live amongst us tamely, on an understanding of mutual advantages, food and protection on

one side, songs and politeness on the other hand. Next to these I welcome the *home-bred* birds, particularly canaries, foreign sparrows, &c., which could not live out of doors, and which, by care and kindness, we may make so happy. Such bird-keeping as this, I think, is good for all parties; and little indeed suffices to make a bird quite happy: a sunny spot beside a door or window, where the sunlight falls not too hotly, or where a green bough breaks it into a pleasant flickering shade, will be quite enough to draw out songs of happiness, and to make us gay with music, as the birds are with light.

Food for birds is rather an important consideration. For English birds, one fancies it ought not to be hard to cater, and yet I really think that the cage-bred canaries are more easily managed than the native finches, just because their food has always been of necessity confined to the two or three common sorts of bird-seed. One part of hemp to three of canary is what I have always found to suit my birds well. In the country I used also to give them as much as they liked of the rape-seed, which was got from the barn when the wheat was thrashed; and then the birds had also all sorts of green stuff, lettuce and chick-weed, groundsel and thistle-heads. My London birds patronise the water-cress man greatly, and I begin to suspect that they really know his cry! The green food answers well in keeping off any bad effects of hemp-seed in the small proportion in which I let them have it. All birds almost are immensely fond of poppy-seeds, and some delight in the seed of flax or linseed; but I think, on the whole, *for birds reared in cages*, canary-seed and green food, with a little hemp, are all that they really want.

Goldfinches, however, are charmed with a thistle-head, when the seeds are nice and downy; and all the birds I know are interested in hearing of a good crop of plantain.

It is most generally declared that the finch tribe declines insects; I only know that the best remedy for green fly on plants is the company of a goldfinch, for half an hour, I think, would effect a perfect cure. When the birds are well and strong, they do well, however, without any food of this kind; but when they have young nestlings to rear in a cage, I am quite convinced that insect food is essential. The first accomplishment, generally, that a pet-bird acquires, is some peculiar way of asking for its favourite food. A cunning flight of canaries of mine got to know very well the person who gave them chick-weed, and no sooner did she appear in the room each morning, than the whole yellow tribe came down and sat in a line, insinuatingly bowing and calling, and making a world of fuss.

Another bird, I have, knows his hemp-seed box, and as I keep the said box in my china pen-tray, whenever I take up any writing implement, Fiddie always hopes that I am going to open the little yellow treasure-house, which, in his eyes, is more valued than gold; as for that bird's ears, if I say in the most unaltered and conversational voice: 'Just give Fiddie a hemp-seed,' down comes Master Fidd, and there he stands all ready, shaking his wings, and dancing with vehement impatience.

Fidd's great delight is in holding about half a cracknel up upon his perch, nibbling away at it as hard as he can nibble. All my birds, however, are passionately fond of cracknels; it is a taste that sometimes leads them into real temptations. One day last winter, I had several of these very tempting morsels lying about beside me and upon my dress, and a whole host of birds flying about the room. Presently two canaries pounced upon one large piece—thereupon a fight ensued. One combatant, I regret to say, acquired what the birds, I believe, reckon as a black eye. After the war, however, had seen many changes, and gone through many vicissitudes,

the warring parties becoming very tired, the one in possession put down the bone of contention, to take a little breath, and to eat a mouthful. Alas for the spoils of that hard-won field! an audacious goldfinch—about three degrees the smallest of my company—came quietly hopping up, took up the biscuit in her own long bill, and when Dickie meekly hazarded a word of remonstrance, she advanced the said bill so threateningly with the stolen biscuit in it, that Dickie retired terrified, and little goldspink enjoyed her stolen goods.

The foreign birds, such as waxbills, Java sparrows, and those most amusing pets, called commonly 'cut-throat sparrows' (from the bright red line which surrounds the cock-bird's throat), live very much on millet, though they seldom object to a little canary-seed, and the Java sparrows sometimes like a grain or two of hemp. All the sparrow tribe seem greatly to delight in green food, and the uproar is very great if that dainty is brought in sight, and not at once bestowed on the little people, who have not the bump of patience. Crocuses, too, are things which birds cannot resist, and which are probably very good for them. But the little waxbills decline everything but plain millet, and always maintain, that for their part a bath is the only luxury.

Very great mistakes have often prevailed as to the food for parrots. They are not birds of which I have much personal experience; but those I know, which seem to be really thriving, are fed chiefly on bread soaked in milk, and on fruit and nuts. Animal food is certainly unnatural to these birds in their wild state, and I do not see myself why even in colder countries parrots should be supposed to need it more than smaller birds. It is certain that without it they are far more healthy, and avoid much more generally the uncomfortable irritation which leads them to pull out their feathers, and thus to spoil their plumage. An inconceivable mistake is made, in the fancy that parrots do not want water. How the idea originated, it would be hard to say; perhaps it is simply in the idea of their bread being so wet as to serve for food and drink, and in their being natives of hot countries. In their own land, however, flocks of parrots are sure signs of water being near; the woods in the early morning are all astir with them as they flock to the water-side, and bathe their painted plumage before retiring to the shade to chatter and plume themselves during the mid-day heat. I believe that they generally visit their usual watering-place several times a day; and in confinement, it is quite certain that nothing is like a bath for keeping them in good health.

In teaching birds to talk, I believe a good deal depends on speaking to them in tones of *sharp* articulation; complex, indistinct words, of course, they cannot unravel, and thus it is, no doubt, that they so much oftener learn to imitate some call or short sentence spoken personally to themselves, than any other words that they hear said often. A most amusing story is told (I think by Mr Simeon) of a talking parrot. The bird, by some forgetfulness, had been left in the room one day while the family were at prayers; Poll behaved very well till the servants and people present joined in the 'amen' at the close of one of the prayers, on which she broke out immediately with her 'Cheer, boys, cheer!' The butler proceeded at once to remove the culprit; but by the time that the dining-room door was reached, remorse had overtaken her, and turning to the company, she exclaimed—we will hope in penitence: 'Sorry I spoke!' We are not informed whether the fault was reckoned to be quite repaired, but the effect on the hearers is said to have been remarkable.

It is said that most birds may be taught to speak; Bechstein mentions two sparrows belonging to a priest in Paris, who used, while fighting over their seed, gravely to admonish each other: 'Tu ne voleras pas!'

But I suspect that often birds catch more the *time* and *tune* of the words than the articulation; like my own goldfinch, who (for private reasons that I will not betray) got called after a noted thief by the name of 'Fiddler Dick;' and far from being humbled by it, this little gentleman is always publicly repeating his own name.

HOME FROM THE COLONIES.

MR FRITH'S 'RAILWAY STATION.'

'WAITER,' said I, 'since I must not dine before seven, what is to be done in the meantime?'

The waiter led the way into the entrance-hall, and fixing his eyes upon an enormous board, decorated with announcement bills, checked them off upon his fingers, with a running accompaniment of comment—thus:

'Mr and Mrs German Reed with Mr John Parry at the Gallery—a musical entertainment: Mr Charles Mathews, his personal experiences—funny: Exeter Hall, with an interesting report from a Caribbean missionary, partly eaten—we have a platform-ticket, sir, if you are so disposed. *Not a serious gentleman?* Very good, sir. The Flying Man, then, at 2.30 at the Alhambra—he *must* drop some day, and my advice is therefore "Go early:—" David Copperfield at St James's Hall—with Mr Dickens himself, and a very pretty reader: Mr Frith's *Railway Station*.'—

'Stop!' cried I; 'I will go and see that first.'

'Fine picture, sir—very fine picture, and they tell me a matter of nine thousand pounds bid for it.'

The next moment I found myself in a Hansom—something like the old calash, my young friends, but with only a single horse in it, and the addition of a man at the top of your head—and was conveyed, as it were, in a locomotive air-bath, and with astounding rapidity, to my destination. I joined the stream of fashionable people that was flowing in at the door, and it carried me into the exhibition. I say 'carried' advisedly, for I was buoyed up by a couple of ladies, who, singularly enough, had retained the ancient fashion of wearing hoops, which was almost extinct even in my early days. I know they were hoops, because they knocked against my shins, and tipped up upon one side on the very least provocation, whereby, too, I perceived (so true it is that knowledge begets knowledge) that females wear in England articles which in Australia are confined to the male sex, but elegantly fringed with lace a little above the ankles.

The great picture was not approached with the facility with which one even of a favourite painter—such as Wilkie—would have been in my time; for it was not only great, but it was Sensation. The American Republic, to which this country is already so largely indebted for the invention of goloashes, sherry-cobbler, and shilling-clocks (and to which we ourselves in America owe the introduction of that handy and ingenious instrument, the bowie-knife), has recently imported Sensation into Great Britain. No matter whether the term be applied to a dance or a divine, a melodrama or a system of medicine, it has the wonderful effect of drawing multitudes to hear, to see, to taste, and to admire. If I could only have made Morumbidgee Sensation, we should have had no want of hands in the shearing-season. Mr Frith's picture is protected by a rail, in front of which the ardent spectators move slowly in single file, while a gentleman connected with the exhibition murmurs softly: 'Pass on, ladies and gentlemen, if you please; you may go by as often as you wish, but you must not interfere with the general convenience by standing still: pass on, pass on.' Moreover, there is a gigantic scaffold hung with purple cloth, whereupon giddy or timid visitors may stand and stare. So long as she does not get a seat,

the most resolute stickler for her money's worth may be depended upon to go away after an hour or two; so all day long the show-room fills and fills, like a basin with a hole in it, and the 'enterprising purchaser,' let us hope, begins to reap the first-fruits of his venture.

In my time, aristocratic connoisseurs were almost the sole patrons of the painter, and they patronised the dead more than the living. The great manufacturers and merchants had only just begun to buy; artist and dealer were alike unaware of the existence of their true patron, the Public, who pays three times over for what pleases it; once for the exhibition of the picture, as in the present instance; once for proofs before letters, for engravings and for prints; and finally (in the persons of Municipalities or Associations), for the picture itself, which thus delights ten thousand instead of a hundred eyes. Let no man grudge Mr Frith his great success. He is the Hogarth of his time, and will illustrate for future generations the manners of our day. A period may arrive (though perhaps only coincident with the metaphorical New Zealander) when Margate Sands may lose their attractions for Londoners, or even when the Derby Day itself may cease to agitate the British mind; yet our descendants will be at no loss for a most truthful representation of both those scenes. So, if railways should ever be superseded by balloons, or other methods of locomotion, the present picture will remain an accurate memorial of them. The *Railway Station* is indeed an epitome of life as witnessed from a departure-platform. When I left England, the features of such a work as this would have met with no general recognition. The stage-coach was still the national locomotive. The coachmen who 'tooled' the 'teams' upon the various highways out of London, were personally known to vast numbers of people. Noblemen and gentlemen styled them Bill and Jack, and honoured the box-seat with their presence, from which they gave well-weighed verdicts of admiration upon the 'spanking fits' beneath them. Some of the old 'Corinthians' still survived with a hole in one of their front teeth, which had been bored in the days of their youth, for the express purpose of enabling them to whistle shrilly to their steeds, as well as to expectorate with the accuracy and precision which distinguished the professional gentlemen of the whip. Those days are dead, and 'buried all, under the down-trodden pall of the leaves of many years,' but while they lasted, it seemed that they could never be forgotten. If Mr Frith had lived in them, they would not have lacked all memento as they now do. How admirably would he have secured for us for ever that splendid national scene, the Departure of the Mail from St Martin's-le-Grand—a spectacle that will never more be seen of men!

With the drivers of a railway train, it is impossible that the general public (with the exception of such gentlemen of fashion as Mr Wyndham, with whom engine-driving is a relaxation) can have much personal acquaintance; but with the Railway Guards it is different. I heard at least a score of people remark upon the fidelity with which Mr Frith had reproduced the features of the Great Western officials. From what rank of life, I wonder, do those courteous and intelligent persons come? They have not the somewhat broad joviality of the old scarlet-coated mail-guards, who, like their brethren of the box, were a little spoiled by the flatteries of the public, but they are always good-natured and attentive; while the porters present a remarkable contrast* in their gratuitous civility to the harpies who were wont to take charge of the luggage of the unhappy traveller by

* When there are only enough of them, for 'one is not a bird, ma'am, that one can be in two places at once.'

mail-coach. Oh, shades of 'Boots' extortionate (from whom, as I believe, must have arisen the word Booty, spoil of the traveller), into what limbo have you fled, now that 'every charge for attendance is included in the hotel bill?' No more, at parting, shall you stand, with cap in hand—pretending to wipe your brow bedewed with labour on account of that little carpet-bag of ours—and bid us, with sycophantic smile, to 'remember' you! We deemed it, in those days, a most superfluous exhortation, for we had no hope that the day would come when it would be possible to forget you; but now, behold the whirligig of Time has brought about our revenge!

In you Detective, too, with his hand upon the shoulder of the Forger, who, standing upon the very threshold of the carriage, imagines, poor wretch, that his safety is already half secured, I recognise no feature of the Past. The race of the Bow Street Runner has long been run. The iron hand of Justice is of far surer gripe than ever, but it is softly gloved, and its movements are not so visible. The criminal may fly from it upon the very wings of the wind, but the lightning flash will even then overtake and precede him, disclosing his secret to men who wait for him a hundred miles away. Nay, upon the cushioned seat on which he reclines there may be one whom he takes but for a chance passenger, but who is in reality his Nemesis, the avenger of wrong, only awaiting the signal from head-quarters to produce the handcuffs in the name of the Queen.

Close beside this awful group there is the marriage-party, and the farewell parting of the bride from her weeping sisters; when 'light regrets that come, make April of her tender eyes; and doubtful joys the father move, and tears are on the mother's face, as parting with a long embrace, she enters other realms of love. There are now for 'happy pairs' no chaises and four, and no old shoe is thrown for luck after their retreating wheels; no postboys now are to be bribed to increased speed upon the road to Gretna, for Gretna Green itself is a railway station, and rash young people, with only three hundred a year and love between them, may be wedded to equal advantage in Hanover Square.

Here are Recruits about to join their regiment, and sailors their ships, as they did in my own day, for wars are unhappily not abolished yet; but there is also another class of possible fighting-men which is quite new to me. One end of the train is in possession of a number of Volunteers bound for a day's rifle-practice somewhere down the line. Whatever change the old country suffers, therefore, it is not likely, I thank Heaven, that she will ever change hands. She trusts in Providence, but also keeps her powder dry; or rather, like a mother of many children, whom it becomes, in these days of crinoline and inflammable material, to be extraordinarily prudent, she places fire-guards upon every grate, in preference to subscribing to a burial society, or putting faith in a hearth-rug and presence of mind to extinguish flames. The news-boy flits ubiquitous from group to group with intelligence for one penny, brought that very morning from the uttermost parts of Europe, which in my day took one fortnight to arrive, and another to be contradicted and set right again, by special messengers. His news may be important, and detail the fall of a dynasty, or the enfranchisement of a nation, but it has no interest for the widow yonder, parting with her son, with the ribbons fluttering in his cap, and the recruiting-sergeant at his elbow; nor for the sailor's wife, who is doomed for years to be separated from 'dear Jack,' and to dream in her lonely bed of storms at sea; nor even for the boy there, who is off to school for the first time, and parts from his mother with a pang, the hurt of which is only known to him and to her.

These partings, which sometimes break, but never weaken the strands of the human heart, are sad to

witness, and terrible to bear. But there is one thing worse, believe me—to return home with none to welcome us. The very forger, you see, has his meek, worn wife to comfort him, and to make excuses for him that will be made by no other being in this world. But for me—if I were to add a new Sensation to your picture, Mr Frith, by dropping down a dead man in this room, there is not one in all my native land to say, 'I knew him.' This crowded London is a frightful solitude to an Englishman that has no friend. The Foreigner—such as he who is wrangling with the cabman on yonder canvas—expects to find in it a world alien, if not absolutely hostile, to be gazed at, rather than to be mixed with; but when the accents of every passer-by are familiar, and their very features speak something to us of home, it is hard, indeed, to feel that neither face nor voice has any recognition in them. The occupation of cattle-farming in Morumbidgee does not predispose the human mind for morbid sentiment; but as I walked back (I had almost written 'home') through the teeming streets, I felt this bitterly. My dining-table was set out in the coffee-room with crystal, and silver, and damask—but it sadly wanted a second chair. The dinner was excellent, but I have often enjoyed far more a pot of tea and a dish of damper in company with my stockman in the bush. The *Times* is a great organ, but not so companionable as that of the human voice. There were advertisements in it of everything that can be procured for money, but, unhappily, they could not tell me where to find a friend. I could purchase an aunt—Aunt Sally—so low as 14s. 6d., it is true, but that relative was to throw sticks at, and not to love. I could procure for my constant companion his Royal Highness Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, photographed from life on a rich brown silk pocket-handkerchief, for 4s. 6d., but royalty, it is the opinion of a good colonist, is not a thing to be sneezed at. The United Society of Cooks invited my patronage, but that was not the sort of society for which I pined. The Private Inquiry Office was open, I read, under *ci-devant* Inspector Field, but, with all his cunning, he could never discover the one thing above all I wanted: one must find out a friend for one's self.

'A lady of high title and first position' was indeed, I saw, 'willing to receive at her husband's west-end mansion a lady wishing to be properly presented, or aspiring to advantages derivable from an introduction to exclusive society,' for the (to myself) but trifling consideration of £5000. But it was more than doubtful whether she would receive a gentleman upon the same terms. 'Name and all circumstances' were to be stated too; so Mr John Stokes would have to reveal his descent from the Trevors. This last was an insurmountable obstacle, although, in other respects, the investment was eligible enough.

'To Foreigners, Returned Colonists, and Country Gentlemen unacquainted with London.'

Returned colonists sounds, to a sensitive ear, just a little too much like returned convicts, but I dare say no offence was intended.

'Two gentlemen, whose time is entirely unoccupied, offer their services as ciceroni to gentlemen of good means, desirous of seeing town-life. Apply to X or Y, Half Moon Street, Piccadilly.'

'Now this,' thought I, 'is the very advertisement for me. Here is not only one companion, but a couple, secured by a single transaction. Gentlemen? To be sure, there might have been a little doubt about that, but for the immediately succeeding sentence, 'whose time is entirely unoccupied,' which at once puts the matter above suspicion. In Melbourne, at all events, the very definition of a gentleman is comprehended in that statement. I like, too, the honesty of the words 'to gentlemen of good means;' the advertisers (who have seen it already) evidently desire to see town-life in a comfortable fashion, and

delicately suggest that Moselle, at the very least, must be always on the dinner-table.

'Waiter,' said I, confidentially—for it is impossible to set down in words the tacit but paternal guardianship which that head-waiter had assumed over me by this time—'now, what do you think, of this advertisement?'

I watched my mentor while he read it, and his appearance gave me a higher opinion of him even than that I already entertained. The elevation of his eyebrows and the compression of his lips went on to that extent that I looked for the disappearance of these intelligent features altogether. The result of his mental labours was brief, decisive, and oracular. He shut his eye, he shook his head, and he ejaculated 'gammon;' then, after a pause, he added with mysterious emphasis: 'And if it ain't Gammon, now, you mark my words, sir, it's Garrotting.'

I thanked him gratefully, and putting a cigar in my mouth, strolled off across the park to Half Moon Street, Piccadilly.

LAST HOMES OF THE LONDONERS.

THIRTY years ago, the last home of even a wealthy Londoner was a crowded vault beneath some church hemmed in by houses; while that of the poorer sort could hardly be called a resting-place, since, sooner or later, their bones had to make way for the more recently deceased, and were thrown to left and right by the grave-digger. Higher and higher grew the half-human church-yard, shutting out window after window of the many-peopled houses round from outlook and air, and substituting for the one a wall of rank rich grass, whose greenness speaks not of life and spring-time, but of death and corruption, and for the other, the pestilence that walketh in the noonday and the night alike. Even in the vaults of so-called fashionable churches, not only were no pains taken to render death less abhorrent, but it was positively made more hideous by circumstance. The tawdry pomp of crape and baton, of pawing horses and nodding plumes, and all the hired panoply of sorrow, went no further than the grave's mouth.

I remember being present at a certain funeral in those days—a 'first-class interment,' it was called, in the jargon of the undertaker—where all the outward respect that could be provided for the sad occasion had been purchased without regard to expense. Gentlemen in dusky pairs, and overcome with costly emotion, preceded the long procession, each furnished with what looked like a folded telescope, as though they would have followed with their bodily eyes the supposed direction of the late flight of the fashionable spirit. Then a dusky gentleman alone, bearing a board upon his head with ostrich feathers on it, exactly as the Italian image-boys carry their frail wares. Then another group of telescope-bearers. Then a sort of (muffled) drum-major in the deepest mourning and despondency. After him the hearse itself, with a gentleman more than dusky—for he was a genuine black man—sitting beside the driver. The appearance of this person was calculated to excite sympathy even from the most callous spectator. He was bowed no less with years than with grief, and his short hair—which still retained the curl peculiar to his race—was as white as wool.

I inquired of a relative of the deceased person who this individual was, for I did not remember ever to have seen him in that gentleman's household.

'I dare say not,' returned he; 'for the fact is, I never set eyes on him myself before to-day. Mr Mole, however, assured us that it would be the correct thing to engage him. "An ancient and valued retainer of the family," said he, "is indispensable on such occasions as these, and a black man for this purpose is invaluable." He is set down in the estimate at L.3, 16s., exclusive of the cambric handkerchief—which, to do him justice, he applies to his eyes as continuously as is consistent with exhibiting his complexion to the general public.'

After the hearse came, of course, the mourning coaches, and a long train of private carriages, full, perhaps, of unmitigated grief—for there was nothing else in them. At the mouth of the dismal-looking vault we were all arranged in a certain order, while Mr Mole distributed among us little packets of lavender-coloured paper, which I took at first to contain sugar-plums, but which in reality held gravel, refined to the delicate consistency of cayenne-pepper. 'At the words "ashes to ashes, dust to dust,"' whispered he to each of us, with a solemn smirk, 'you will be so kind as to sprinkle the contents upon the coffin.'

And yet, I remember, when the grim pantomime was over, and the plumes were packed away, and the hired mourners (including the ancient retainer) consoling themselves for their bereavement in the neighbouring public-house, the coffin of the deceased person's late wife, who had been buried but a few years back with the like magnificence, and next to which he had wished his own to be laid, could nowhere be found. The relative before alluded to, and myself, had remained behind to see that this request was carried out, and but for us it would certainly have been disregarded. We descended into the vault, and only after several hours discovered what we sought. All the coffins, without the least regard to the relationship of their inmates, were bound up in bundles of half-a-dozen each, and fastened together by means of huge black chains. How wretched was such a resting-place, contrasted with a grave that 'takes the sunshine and the rains,' such as the very humblest can command in a village churchyard!

It is true that there are some few quiet and suitable spots for sepulture even in London—some very 'snug lying' beneath the shade of deep-hidden city churches, and in cloisters, rarely or never trodden by the foot of a chance passenger. In the precincts of the Charter House, and about Westminster Abbey, there are several such places sunk in shadow and silence, to which neither the noise nor the beams of highest noon can penetrate. In an inner court of the latter locality, I came but lately upon a half-obliterated memorial-stone, which cannot surely have met many eyes. The tablet states of the deceased that 'through the spotted vail of the small-pox he presented an unspotted soul to his Maker.'

In some old London churchyards, too, there are cypresses, and some, such as that in Camden Town, wherein Charles Dibdin, the song-writer, is buried, are planted, I have heard, with flowers.

As a general rule, however, the Last Homes of Londoners of all ranks have been, until lately, a disgrace to our civilisation, and calculated in sensitive minds to add another terror to death. All this is now happily changed. It is almost impossible to take a long walk in any direction out of London without coming upon one or other of its beautiful cemeteries. These vary in size from about fifty to ten acres, but are all laid out in a similar manner. Each is divided into two unequal parts, the smaller section being unconsecrated, and devoted to the reception of those not buried according to the rites of the Established

Church. Such a distinction in such a place seems pitiable enough; but it is dependent upon the nature of the funeral-service only, and is not affected by the form of creed held by the deceased persons in life. In one of the Cemeteries, there is a family vault where-upon is inscribed the important fact, that one part of it is consecrated, and the other not; but the flowers seem to grow equally well on both sides.

Flowers and shrubs are to be found in more or less profusion in all cemeteries, but few trees, since the gradual extension of their roots destroys the graves, and rain-droppings from their branches damage the headstones. In all, too, there is one broad walk or carriage-drive, by the side of which are the most striking monuments, and in some, it is said, that ground cannot be purchased in that particular situation unless it is guaranteed that not less than two hundred pounds will be expended in decoration. There are many monuments that have cost five times this sum, and which are certainly very imposing, but the effect, so far as pathos is concerned, is generally in inverse ratio to the money expended. Enormous blocks of granite or marble, with life-size figures of Faith, for instance, upon them, do not present that idea of tender sorrow, which a few sea-shells—his playthings during life, perhaps—scattered over a child's grave, convey. In Cemeteries in poor neighbourhoods, these shells, and plaster-of-Paris Infant Samuels, form the most common decorations.

What has been observed concerning the relative size of monument is equally true of length of epitaph. These are almost always affecting in proportion to their brevity, and this is especially true in the case of little children, where many words must needs be out of place. The surname of these little lost ones is sometimes not even mentioned. 'Walter' is inserted on one headstone, accompanied only by the date; on another, 'My Poor Child;' and on another, a most touching (although slightly misquoted) text, 'It is well with the child. It is well.' [2 Kings, iv. 26.]

Very many foreigners find their last homes in London cemeteries, far away from the places where their fathers lie within the shadow of the Swiss mountains, or by the rapid Rhine, or beneath the Italian skies, or under the palm-trees of the still more distant East. 'Wola Twoja,' 'Chinniah,' and 'Mahalath,' although they have no other epitaph, yet surely speak not without pathetic eloquence. Most of these alien graves exhibit peculiar signs of care, as though their occupants, though dead, were not friendless; but the *immortelles* which generally hang about them are not adapted for this damp climate, and when once soaked with rain, resemble wreaths of rusty iron. There is no reference to their own land, or repining at the fate which cast their lot in life so far from home; but there is one unhappy Frenchman in Kensal Green, upon whose tomb his surviving friends and compatriots (I suppose) have inscribed this libel against our Metropolitan climate: 'Suffocated in a London fog!' Humour and tenderness are twin sisters, and it is impossible, even while walking amid these groves of Death, to refrain from an occasional smile at what we read. Most of the epitaphs are texts, and a few are quotations from well-known religious poems,* but the majority are either amateur compositions by surviving friends, or stock verses furnished by the stone-cutter. Conceive the compliment to the religious feelings of the departed, as well as to the skill of his medical attendants, conveyed in the following distich:

Pain was my portion;
Physic was my food;
Groans were my devotion;
Drugs did me no good.

* Gray's *Elegy* is laid under contribution for this purpose—as far as my observation has gone—in one single instance only.

This is plain-speaking; but the interpretation of the following lines (in Kensal Green) is hidden from the present writer altogether:

Grandchild of Rowland's apostolic man,
Seraphic messenger of God in Wales,
And she in youth her Christian course began,
Till death endured— Now it well avails.

The fulsome adulation of many of those compositions is very sad, and would be extravagant, even if angels, and not men, were the subjects of eulogy. The well-known child's question: 'But where are all the naughty people buried, papa?' cannot but recur to us as we read them; and when I came, the other day, in a certain place, upon a Captain Somebody, 'Un-attached,' I protest it was quite refreshing, since every one else but he, it seemed, had left a host of inconsolable friends.

One or two of the original inscriptions are, on the other hand, at least applicable to the circumstances of the deceased person. In the unconsecrated portion of one cemetery may be read the following lines, an example considerably above the average of its class:

Full many a flower that blossomed in his path
He stooped to gather, and the fruit he plucked,
That hung from many a tempting bough, all but
The Rose of Sharon and the Tree of Life.
This flung its fragrance to the gale, and spread
Its blushing beauties. That its healing leaves
And fruit immortal. All in vain!
He neither tasted nor admired, and found
All that he chose and trusted fair, but false;
The flowers no sooner gathered than they faded;
The fruits enchanting, dust and bitterness;
And all the world a wilderness of care.
Wearied, dispirited, and near the close
Of an eventful course, he sought the plant
That long his heedless haste o'erlooked, and proved
Its sovereign virtues, underneath its shade,
Outstretched, drew from his wounded feet the thorns,
Shed the last tear, breathed the last sigh, and here
This loved one rests in more than trembling hope.

Of quotations of any length, perhaps the most appropriate is that which follows, copied from a tombstone in the consecrated part of the same cemetery, and inscribed, as will be seen, to the memory of one who perished young:

'Tis ever thus, 'tis ever thus with all that's best below—
The dearest, noblest, loveliest, are always first to go.
The bird that sings the sweetest, the pine that crowns
the rock,
The glory of the garden, the flower of the flock.
'Tis ever thus, 'tis ever thus with creatures heavenly
fair;
Too finely framed to bide the storms more earthly
creatures bear,
A little while they dwell with us, blest ministers of
love,
Then spread the wings we had not seen,
And seek their home above.

The most favourite sepulchral style among the aristocracy appears to be the 'Egyptian,' and vast piles of Aberdeen granite are often erected after that pattern, with weird, and, to say truth, very pagan-looking figures guarding what appears to be the portal. The sphynx herself, however, would be puzzled to indicate whereabouts the entrance really is. Sometimes a mighty slab has to be removed in front of the seeming gate, and sometimes the back of the gigantic mass, being assailed by levers, revolves slowly upon a central pivot, and gives admission to the ancestral tomb. In deference to this singular taste, I suppose, there is erected in the Highgate Cemetery a circular catacomb of this fashion, embracing a

considerable space, from the centre of which—and unapproachable except by a ladder—there springs an enormous yew. The effect is sombre and stately, but evokes not the slightest throb of human sympathy. Those mighty, nameless doors, surmounted with coronets and coats of arms, are powerless to move the heart, in comparison with a grass-green grave set round with violets and primroses. It would, however, be a deception to let it be supposed that in all cases where flowers or fresh grass are found growing about a tomb, surviving friends must needs have set them there, for a certain annual stipend to the Burial Company will insure the payment of these pious rites at their due season.

The emblematical statuary is generally of a very stereotyped character, nor do the middle classes therein exhibit themselves one whit less artificial than their betters. Veiled women weeping over tea-urns—who might be ladies suffering from sea-sickness for all that the artist indicates to the contrary; tea-urns covered decently with a stone mantle; tea-urns in all their native deformity; broken lilies, broken columns, broken rosebuds; weeping willows, and especially *frosted* weeping willows, without the least reference to the season in which the deceased person may have perished; doves bearing between their beaks huge open volumes, with texts inscribed upon their marble leaves—all these are to be found in myriads in all the cemeteries, and so alike to one another, that each class might have been turned out by the same machine. There are not a few monuments, however, whose effect is really good, and many less ambitious ones which are exquisitely beautiful and touching.

Among the former, the tombs of deceased hippodrome proprietors are very remarkable. That of the late Mr Cooke, at Kensal Green, is surmounted by a well-executed horse; and opposite to this, singularly enough, is the sumptuous mausoleum of Mr Ducrow of Axtley's. A tomb, also ornamented by a horse, forms a striking feature in Highgate Cemetery. It is apparently dedicated to some lady famous for her equestrian skill, since the epitaph commences—

She's gone, whose nerve could curb the swiftest steed.

At Highgate, too, there is a massive memorial to Mr Wombwell, 'menagerist,' in the form of a magnificent lion. A more gigantic animal of the same species adorns the monument to Jackson, the famous fencing-master and prize-fighter, in the West London Cemetery, whose epitaph is also singularly good. An architect, interred in the last-named spot, lies, appropriately enough, beneath a huge block of rough granite; and on the tomb of a French engraver, in the same place, his last and unfinished work is preserved in glass, and skilfully set into the headstone. Medallions taken from the life are not uncommon upon the graves of wealthy persons; and in Kensal Green, there is a most exquisite chalk-drawing of a little child, taken a few hours after death, and inserted with frame and glass within the stone.

Of all the Last Homes of the Londoners, Kensal Green is perhaps the most interesting, although by no means so favoured in position as some others. It is the oldest and the most extensive, and therefore the most repaying to the curiosity-hunter in its collection of Celebrities of all kinds. Within its fifty-three acres lie Lord and Leveller, Priest and Actor, Poet and Clown. His Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex and half the late British peerage rest within a few yards of Feargus O'Connor. Thomas Barnes, the editor of the *Times*, sleeps his last sleep by 'Barnard Gregory, the Satirist.' Sydney Smith is on the same level with Richard Flexmore. Charles Kemble shares the same stage with Madame Vestris. Close to the beautiful monument of Thomas Hood stands the tomb of John Murray, for Death will make even author and publisher lie together in peace. Nay, the very doctors—so impatient of innovation—whose skill

has been useless to avert Death's dart from themselves, here lie undisturbed and quiet in the same plot of earth with St John Long, the 'counter-irritation' practitioner, and James Morison, the Hygeist.

ANTHONY TROLLOPE ON THE UNITED STATES.

A WORK in two goodly octavo volumes, on the United States, from so vivacious a writer as Anthony Trollope, and embodying observations made since the commencement of the civil war, is sure to be received with interest by the public. He, indeed, spent no more than six months in the country—beginning in August 1861—and he must have written his book with more haste than a regard to accuracy, deliberate judgment, and consistency would warrant; nevertheless, the freshness, not to speak of the inherent perspicacity, of the observations, is a great matter in such a case, and we therefore entertain little doubt that the book will be well received.

Mr Trollope, though landing at Boston, may be said to have commenced his travels with a run along the length of Canada. He remarks the grandeur of the Great Trunk Railway and its tubular bridge, the populousness and the activity of Montreal, the elegant law-courts at Toronto (far excelling any which exist in the home-country), the not less elegant buildings of the University in that city, and many other obvious but interesting points. He also finds occasion to speak of the peasantry or working-classes of Canada, as shewing an assimilation to those of the States in the assumption of a bold and somewhat insolent tone of independence. He afterwards discusses the likelihood that, ere long, Canada will desire for herself and the neighbouring British provinces, an entire independence of England; and he encourages the idea—one which occurred to ourselves on a visit to the province—that as a constitutional monarchy under an English prince, and under a friendly treaty with England, it would probably enjoy a long career of prosperity and happiness.

Stepping out of Canada at its west point, Mr Trollope is duly impressed by those wonderful cities, Detroit, Chicago, Milwaukee, &c., which have in a few years sprung up amidst the great wheat-producing plains of the western 'states.' These towns are all laid out, from the first, on an understanding that they are to be enormous. You see great gaps in them, but also huge blocks of building more or less filled up, the results, generally, of speculative enterprise. 'Monroe P. Jones, the speculator, is very probably ruined; but he is none the worse. It hardly makes him unhappy. . . . He would sooner have built Jones's tenth block, with a prospect of completing a twentieth, than settle down at rest for life as the owner of a Chatsworth or a Woburn.'

While admiring the activity of the West, and admitting that the Irish immigrant there gets meat seven times a week, he remarks, what has been perhaps too much overlooked, that the life of the working-man is one of very hard work. 'There is, I think, no taskmaster over free labour so exacting as an American. . . . And, moreover, which astonished me, I have seen men driven and hurried—as it were forced forward—at their work, in a manner which, to an English workman, would be intolerable.' They are often cheated of their wages, too, there being no such rule of a weekly ready-money settlement, as prevails amongst us.

Mr Trollope found the whole of the West in a ferment of enthusiasm for the vigorous prosecution of the war. Iowa, with 674,000 souls, sent out eighteen regiments of a thousand men each. Illinois, with a population of 1,700,000, was contributing 60,000 troops. Indiana, out of 1,300,000, sent thirty-six regiments. Our traveller gives unhesitating

respect to this energy, regarding the object as well worth the effort, and viewing a struggle for the Union as natural and unavoidable—as what we ourselves would have entered upon in the same spirit in the same circumstances—even while he professes to believe that it can never succeed in the manner or with the issue contemplated. He also defends the arbitrary interferences with personal freedom: when the opinion of a people at a great crisis is all but unanimous, dissent cannot be tolerated. It has never anywhere been otherwise. He does not even see any great danger in their rapidly growing national debt. It is, in his eyes, a ballast which, if rightly carried, will not bring the state-vessel to grief. One thing he praises highly—the readiness of the Americans to own their defeats, followed up, as it was, by a hearty resolution to prepare for better results by large reinforcements and good drilling. If he had written a few weeks later than he did, he might have well added, that the American troops had redeemed, by their gallantry and good conduct in 1862, the wretched misadventures of 1861.

The bitter feeling of America against England for her conduct on this occasion is fully admitted by Mr Trollope. The head and front of the offence was Lord Russell's proclamation of neutrality between the belligerent parties. The free expression of English opinion against the expediency of the contest, and the hopes of its satisfactory end, has confirmed the angry sentiment then engendered. Mr Trollope combats the justice of the American feeling, and yet believes that, in the same relative circumstances, we should have felt in like manner. He has a comic apologue to represent the case: 'Mr and Mrs Jones are the dearly beloved friends of my family. . . . Of a sudden, Jones and his wife have fallen out, and there is for a while in Jones's Hall a cat-and-dog life that may end—in one hardly dare to surmise what calamity. Mrs Jones begs that I will interfere with her husband, and Jones entreats the good offices of my wife in moderating the hot temper of his own. But we know better than that. If we interfere, the chances are that my dear friends may make it up and turn upon us. I grieve beyond measure, in a general way, at the temporary break-up of the Jones's Hall happiness. I express general wishes that it may be temporary. But as for saying which is right or which is wrong—as to expressing special sympathy on either side in such a quarrel—it is out of the question. "My dear Jones, you must excuse me. Any news in the city to-day? Sugars have fallen—how are teas?" Of course, Jones thinks me a brute; but what can I do?' This is as much as to say, that the anger of the Americans with the English is natural, however unreasonable. There is, however, something more than this in the case, for the perfectly similar conduct of France has been scarcely a subject of remark in America. It is evident that there is a peculiar susceptibility in America regarding the conduct of England. It may be queried if this greater susceptibility argues anything like a habitually more friendly feeling towards England.

'Their complaint,' says Mr Trollope in another place, 'is that they have received no sympathy from England.' He adds: 'It seems to me that a great nation should not require an expression of sympathy during its struggle. Sympathy is for the weak rather than for the strong. . . . There has been a whining weakness in the complaints of the Americans against England, which has done more to lower them as a people in my judgment than any other part of their conduct during the present crisis. When we were at war with Russia, the feeling of the States was strongly against us. All their wishes were with our enemies. [Mr Trollope might have asked if the dismissal of our ambassador and the three consuls for very small matter was not a tolerably active demonstration in favour of Russia.] When the

Indian mutiny was at its worst, the feeling of France was equally adverse to us. . . . But I do not think that, on either occasion, we bemoaned ourselves sadly on the want of sympathy shewn by our friends.' A very curious point is here touched upon, the susceptibility of America on matters which are the subject of so much *nonchalance* in England. There must be something essentially different in the sense of position felt in the two countries to produce results so different, where, to all appearance, circumstances are similar.

The utter dead-lock of antagonism which exists between the two sections of the States engages Mr Trollope's attention. He sees how determined the southern men are to be separate, how equally determined the northern men are to force the south back into the Union. But he scarcely realises the solecism which underlies the policy of the north. The existence of the separate interest of slavery is what has led the south to desire separation; the north, which has fostered and profited by this interest, continues to give it virtual support, while struggling against its consequences. Those who, in their crusade for the preservation of the Union, propose to make an end of slavery at whatever cost, seem to us alone to have a true logical position. If any feel unable to make up their mind to a social revolution so tremendous, they ought, in consistency, to give up the attempt to restore the Union. The upbreak is but the natural punishment for their long paltering with this iniquity, and it were better for themselves to submit to it.

After making all required admissions unfavourable to the Americans, we think with Mr Trollope, that he would be an ungenerous Englishman who did not grieve over the troubles of this great country during the past twelvemonth. And we take it on us to assert, that there really is much regret for what is going on on the other side of the Atlantic. Whether the contest be wise or unwise on the side of the assailing party—whether it be hopeful or hopeless—we must all at least be distressed to think that a brother-people has had to pass through such a terrible affliction.

TÊTE À TÊTE WITH A LION.

IN the year 18—, I set out from King William's Town, in British Caffraria, in company with a brother-officer, on a shooting expedition in quest of 'big game'—a name given at the Cape to elephants, elands, giraffes, hartebeests, and the larger species of antelopes. The excursion had been long planned and looked forward to; and at last the leave of absence 'on urgent private affairs' being granted, one fine spring morning we set out. The party consisted of C— and myself, who travelled on horseback; our English servant, who had charge of our two led horses; and two Hottentots, one of whom drove the wagon, and the other acted as conductor to the leading pair out of the fourteen oxen by which it was drawn. In the wagon were stowed away some cooking utensils of the roughest description, a bell-tent, some biscuit and flour for ourselves, and a small supply of oats for the horses, to be reserved for a *bonne bouche* after extra hard work. Our party was completed by six pointers, destined to assist in the capture of the smaller game. For the more solid parts of our daily meals we trusted to our guns, which kept us pretty well supplied; and at evening we always looked out for some spot well supplied with wood and water, where we could encamp for the night. Perhaps those evening halts were the pleasantest hours in the whole expedition, when the wagon was *out-spanned*, as the Cape phrase goes, the fire lighted, the game cooked and eaten, and our party drew round the fire of acacia-wood, to discuss the day's adventures over a cup of coffee and a pipe of cavendish. Sometimes, when our way lay through inhabited districts, our

impromptu soirée was attended by Bushmen, Hottentots, or friendly Caffres, who had accompanied us during the day, pointing out the likeliest places for game, or 'spooring' an eland or a hartebeest, over ground where no European eye could discover the slightest trace of the footprints of any living creature. They were most useful to us, and thought themselves amply recompensed by a share in our supper, and a place by our fire. They often proved most entertaining companions; and as C— spoke a little Caffre, and several of them spoke broken Dutch, we were able to make out their stories. Told as they were in those strange lonely places, by the wood-fire, which cast its weird shadows on the tawny face of the narrator, with the darkness all round us, and the strange noises breaking now and then on that vast silence and solitude, every tale of peril and adventure, of doing and daring, sounded terribly real; far more so than I can make them appear, when read in an English drawing-room so many thousand miles from the great wilds to which they belong.

Nevertheless, one of these stories made such an impression on me, that I am tempted to record it here, hoping to convey to others some faint degree of the breathless interest with which it was listened to by C— and myself, as it was narrated by one of these chance acquaintances, a wiry little Hottentot, who sat crouching over the fire, helping out his story by graceful gesticulation, which increased in energy as our absorbed attention flattered and pleased him.

Some years back, he told us, when he was a mere lad, he was in the service of a Dutch farmer in the Orange River Territory, a part of the country much infested by lions. It was his duty to drive his master's cattle to pasture every morning, and to bring them back to the farm at night, an employment which left a good many idle hours on his hands; and what boy, Hottentot or European, could, under such circumstances, have resisted an occasional ramble after the decoying honey-bird, or in search of ostrich eggs, or of some of the other numerous treasures so congenial to boy-nature, with which those regions abound. The cattle who, during their keeper's absence, were, of course, left to their own devices, generally proved quite capable of taking care of themselves; but on one occasion, when the Hottentot counted them over before driving them home, he perceived that a fine milch cow was missing, having doubtless availed herself of one of his truant absences to wander away from the rest. To search for her then was impossible, and he could only trust to the carelessness of the upper servants, who often neglected to count over the animals as they entered the kraal. In this hope he was not deceived: the loss passed unnoticed; and he resolved that it should be replaced, if possible, before he had again to risk the chance of discovery. Animated by the remembrance of former punishments, he set out alone, and without telling any one, in quest of the missing cow. He took with him a little dried meat, and a gourd containing water, and started at a pace which few of his countrymen could have equalled, fleet of foot as they are; the immediate dread of the 'samboch,' or whip of rhinoceros hide, quite putting the more remote dangers of his lonely journey out of his head. An hour or two of daylight still remained, and he had no difficulty in finding the 'spoor' of the lost animal, which the unerring intelligence of his race enabled him to distinguish from that of any other of the herd; and he followed it steadily, until the failing light made it undistinguishable from the footmarks of the wildebeest or gnu which crossed and recrossed it perpetually. It became necessary to halt, and give up the pursuit for that night, and he did so, though feeling thoroughly disheartened at the non-appearance of the cow, for whose safety he now felt the most serious uneasiness. His own also became a matter of anxiety, as night closed in, with the sudden darkness

of a tropical climate, and found him alone in that desolate country, far from all human help, and without any means of defence. He was not long in resolving what to do: he was determined, at all hazards, to find his lost charge, and would almost have preferred dying where he was to returning without her; besides which, it would have been madness to attempt to retrace his steps in the dark; so, after marking with his stick the spot on which he had left the 'spoor,' he looked about for some tree in which he could pass the night. He soon selected an acacia tree, which grew close by, and lost no time in climbing up and settling himself in a fork of the branches. He ate and drank sparingly, keeping a supply for the necessities of the morrow, and then completing his preparations by lashing himself to the main branch with his waist-belt, he drew his sheepskin blanket over his head, and composed himself to sleep. It was a still night; the silence only broken at intervals by the shrill notes of the screech-owl, the howl of the jackal, or the dreary laugh of the hyena—sounds to which our friend was too well accustomed to be kept awake by them.

How long he slept, he did not know, but he was awakened by a noise far different from any of those which had been mixing with his dreams—a noise which, once heard, could never be forgotten. Full, deep, and ominously near rose the dreadful sound, waking all the echoes for miles round, yet seeming to come from under his very feet—the terrible roar of a hungry lion.

Loud as it was, it failed to rouse the tired boy into full consciousness, though it made him start till he strained the belt which fastened him to the tree. Scared and bewildered, and still only half-awake, he fancied for a moment that he was actually falling into the jaws of a lion; then asked himself, was the terrible sound a dream, conjured up by his unwonted sleeping-place? A second roar thoroughly awakened him, and looking down, he saw in the moonlight a large black-maned lion seated at the foot of the tree, his eyes fixed on himself, and his body motionless, save for an occasional angry lash of his tail.

It was a dreadful moment; and the hours which followed were more dreadful still. All through that terrible night the savage beast sat watching his intended victim, and the terrified boy sat motionless also, afraid to stir, and almost to breathe, lest he should exasperate the lion. Once his cramped attitude became unbearable; come what might, he felt that he *must* stretch his stiffened limbs for a moment; and, as noiselessly as possible, he shifted his position: but he paid dearly for the momentary relief, for at his first cautious movement, the lion rose with a roar, and sprang at the tree, high enough to make the Hottentot's blood run cold, though not high enough to reach him. As he threw himself back, and coiled his limbs into a still more cramped position, he could hear the deadly claws scraping down the tree, with a sound which might well make his heart die within him. Again the disappointed animal took up his post at the foot of the tree; and now the moon began to wane, and again the sudden darkness came down on the face of the earth, and brought a little respite to the prisoner in the acacia tree. Under its friendly shelter, he could at least stretch his stiff legs, and in spite of the horror of his situation, he dozed from time to time, always waking with a start to the same bewildered wonder, as to whether all this was a reality or a dream. He was finally awakened by the raw cold air which precedes the dawn, and by the rushing by of a herd of antelopes, fleeing before the face of the common enemy. It may be imagined in what breathless suspense he watched for the day which would probably decide his fate, how eagerly he listened for some sound which might shew him whether or not the lion had abandoned his post. Once the cry of a springbok fawn, calling its mother, gave him hope: if the lion was still there, would not the creature's

instinct warn it to flee? All too soon, however, the light grew stronger, and, by degrees, shewed him the grim form at the foot of the tree—first in outline only, then the gleaming white teeth became visible, the cruel eyes still glaring up at him, the black mane, the savage face. Through all that long night the lion had not stirred.

More wretched hours, and then the sun rose hot and scorching, darting its unsparing rays on the poor Hottentot, till his brain throbbed painfully. The lion, too, was evidently distressed; his tongue was lolling out of his mouth, his tail lashed his flanks uneasily. At last, towards noon, heat and thirst seemed to overcome him; and with a throbbing heart, the lad saw him moving slowly off. But he was mistaken if he supposed that the relentless animal would abandon his prey so easily; he stalked away a few paces, and then stopped, looking back with a low growl, a precaution which he repeated every minute or two, until he reached a pool of water, about two hundred yards from the tree, when he quenched his thirst, and hurried back to his post. All hope seemed gone now; and, almost in despair, the Hottentot saw day fade into evening, and evening into night.

It is useless to describe that second night; it was worse than the first, inasmuch as the terrible end seemed more certain, and mind and body were alike worn out with terror and utter weariness; but, on the other hand, he was somewhat reassured by the failure of the lion's repeated attempts to reach him with a spring; and when daylight returned, he ventured, after refreshing himself with a little food and water, to climb higher up to a post whence he could look in the direction of his master's farm. His last hope now was, that the farmer or some of his fellow-servants might discover his absence, and come in search of him; and long and wearily did he strain his eyes in that direction. The rage of the lion, when he saw his prisoner move, was fearful to witness: he tore up the ground, bit the tree, and furrowed it with his claws; but the Hottentot felt more secure in his position than he had done at first, and, besides, the very despair of his situation gave him courage. Through all the hot hours of that long day he remained on the look-out, often fancying that the indistinct forms of the hartebeests or gnus were those of his master, or some of his stalwart sons, with their long rifles, coming to the rescue.

But every hope ended in disappointment; and at last, late in the afternoon, he gave it up in utter despair, and prepared, with a sinking heart, to return to his former place, the only one in which he could fasten himself securely. As he began his cautious descent, his eye was caught by four dark objects in the distance coming towards him. His strained and dizzy eyes could hardly distinguish them, but surely, surely they were advancing; did his longing hope deceive him again, or was their line too even, their advance too regular, for that of a troop of wild animals? This time he was not mistaken; they came on slowly, but surely, and presently he could distinguish their forms, could see that they were four men on horseback. A slight rising-ground hid the lion from any one in that direction until within twenty yards of him. In all the tumult of his sudden relief, the Hottentot could perceive that; and taking off his sheep-skin, he waved it over his head, shouting with all his strength: 'A lion! a lion!' long before his voice could reach his deliverers. They, meanwhile, came steadily on; and now he could recognise them, the old farmer himself heading the party, two of his tall sons, rifle in hand—a welcome sight—and a Hottentot servant carrying a flint musket. The lion was raging furiously, maddened by the cries and gestures of his prisoner, who only thought of warning the advancing party of their danger, before they came on the animal unawares.

Suddenly the Hottentot, who had dismounted, and

was following the 'spoor' on foot, stopped and looked up. Either the boy's cries had reached his ear, or his quick eye had caught sight of his figure, for he pointed towards the tree, and then, in an instant, he was on his horse, and the whole party advanced at a brisk gallop. This was a moment of great suspense to the poor worn-out Hottentot, who could hardly find voice to send out his warning-cry: 'A lion! a lion!' He saw the advancing party gallop on, till, on gaining the rising-ground, they suddenly halted—they had seen the lion.

The magnificent beast became aware of their presence at the same moment, and, with leisurely pace, advanced to meet them; then stood still, moving his tail slowly from side to side, and uttering a suppressed growl. His rage was a splendid sight; but it may be believed that his adversaries did not lose much time in contemplating it. They had hastily dismounted, and tied their horses together, with their heads turned away from the lion, lest terror should render them unmanageable, and now they advanced on foot. The old Boor, who had shot many a lion in his day, headed the party; close behind followed his eldest son, and the remaining two brought up the rear; all moving firmly and cautiously, and each with a finger on his trigger. The lion moved a step or two to meet them, then suddenly crouched, with his head resting on his fore-paws, and remained so till, when his enemies had approached to within twenty paces of him, he began slowly and noiselessly to rise to his feet. As slowly, as noiselessly, did the old farmer drop on his knee, the others following his example: at the same moment all four raised their guns to their shoulders, and, as the lion was in the act of springing, the sharp crack of the three rifles and the dead report of the flint musket were heard at once. There was a terrible roar of pain and baffled rage; and the noble animal bounded forward in his agony, and fell at the feet of the farmer and his son. How the Hottentot got down from the tree, he never knew: he remembered nothing afterwards until he stood by the dying lion, and saw him receive his *coup de grâce* by a ball through the head. The farmer pronounced him the finest lion he had ever seen, and was so rejoiced at his death and at the safety of his servant, that our friend escaped the punishment, from dread of which he had nearly run on so horrible a fate. Of the truant cow, less fortunate than her keeper, only the larger bones were found, not far from the scene of this adventure.

HOW I BECAME A PHYSICIAN.

I HAVE been from my youth of a restless temper or temperament. As a lad, I wished not only to be head of my class, but head of the school. Whatever any boy could do, I wished to do, and to do better than any one else; this kept my powers always on the stretch. I sat up nights; I neglected exercise; I pored over my Greek till I was no longer an Englishman, but thought in the tough old Hellenic tenses. I worked out problems till I was a walking Euclid. I have spent the night over a problem with a patience and perseverance worthy of a sister of charity; and I have worked at a copy of Greek verses till the paper seemed to my excited optics to be one blaze of light.

This I did as a boy, what would I be likely to do as a man? I will tell you. I took to authorship and attics, and served my apprenticeship to a crust without beer, and a bed without blankets. Finally, I made a 'hit' with a political pamphlet, and got a place on the staff of a daily paper. I was 'a man of mark.' Lord Redtape was grateful for my timely advocacy of his favourite measure, and his balmy breath wafted me into the place I had long prayed for as easily as if I had been thistle-down. How I blessed my patron, and how efficiently I served him,

may be guessed from the fact that I was soon the centre of that powerful system, *The Daily Looker-on*.

The heart is not of more importance to the circulation of the blood, or the pineal gland to the brain and nervous system, than I became to 'our party.' Day and night I wrought at my desk, and 'devils' were my familiars. 'Copy, sir,' said an imp with an evil name, and I worked on as if I were a machine. My apprenticeship to poverty and failure had been very bitter, and had not prepared me properly to bear success. The mere fact of success was an exhilaration far beyond wine or strong drink, and my nervous system was as much taxed by it as by my incessant labour.

The first and greatest misery attendant on my success was sleeplessness; I say the greatest, because it was the parent of so many more. In the few hours I dedicated to repose, I courted sleep more sedulously than lover ever courted the coyest maiden. Just in proportion as my spirit longed for the renovation of rest, my excited brain refused for a moment to be quiet. When I lay down, there was a rushing, roaring sound in my ears; and when I rose, it was a ringing worse than Bow bells. At first, I thought that the roaring sound came from the street; it seemed like the tramp of life along the great thoroughfare on which I lived. But I soon observed that when all the world outside was hushed and asleep, the roar and tramp continued to thrash against my throbbing brain. Then there seemed a band of iron bound tightly around my head, and pressing intolerably against my forehead. Then I became dizzy when I raised my head from my pillow in the morning, which was not removed till I had smoked a cigar or drunk a cup of coffee. Next came dimness of sight and vertigo when I stooped and rose again quickly. The morning was my worst time. I was weary as death when it was time to rise, and it was not long before I never left my bed till I had taken some one of my accustomed stimulants. When the day was well begun, I could work till a late hour; indeed, I dreaded to stop. My hours in bed were most miserable, and I often wished that sleep had never been invented to mock me.

At last it occurred to me that I was going on badly, and must have advice. I acted on my resolution as hastily as I had made it; I just spared myself time to call on a very skilful physician on my way to a dinner given by my noble patron.

'My dear sir,' said I, 'just give me something to steady my nerves for this evening.'

'Your nerves!' said the doctor; 'you should leave nerves to the ladies.'

'I wish I could,' I answered, 'for they have leisure, and I have not. I am in the greatest possible haste now, but I am afraid my head will fail me to-night, and I really cannot spare it at the present crisis in public affairs, to say nothing of my own private need for it. The fact is, I have got a bad habit of being dizzy at times, and'— Then I hastily ran over the symptoms I have detailed.

The physician listened attentively, and not mechanically, remarking, when I ceased speaking: 'You sum up a case well; you do not waste time;' and then he was silent till I was impatient; and, with a hasty and uneasy movement, I said: 'Well!'

'You must stop all brain-work, and go into the country and rest,' said he.

I laughed in his face. 'I stop, and go into the country and rest!' I exclaimed. 'My dear sir, the thing is simply impossible. I am head, brain, heart, and centre of *The Daily Looker-on*. If the centre fails, what is to become of the circumference? I leave you to calculate the consequences if I should stop; for though I took high honours in mathematics, I cannot tell how much two and two make, and I am not sure that I could count my fingers correctly.'

'And yet you keep on taxing your brain, and stimulating to keep up to your work, with seven signs of apoplexy, which you have just detailed to me.'

'Seven signs of apoplexy?' said I with a start, for I was deeply shocked, as the doctor intended I should be. I put a piece of tobacco into my mouth. I always did this when I felt uneasy, which was some dozens of times in a day.

'Yes, seven signs of apoplexy,' said the doctor, 'and that tobacco is the eighth, and worst, for you screw yourself up to your work with that, and increase all your bad symptoms.'

'But the seven signs?' said I.

'A band of iron across your forehead, a rushing or roaring sound in your ears, dimness, dimness of sight, or entire loss of vision when you stoop and rise again quickly, a blaze of light on your paper when you write in the night, sleeplessness, the obliteration of your mathematical power, which used to be great, and the necessity for stimulants, in order to work at all. I tell you, you must stop, and go into the country and rest.'

'Rest!' said I bitterly. 'My dear sir, I tell you I am to dine at Lord Redtape's to-night. I am expected to talk, and to talk brilliantly. At twelve to-night, I shall write a leader for to-morrow. When all this is done, I will think of what you have said; but I cannot spare time even to think of it till to-morrow;' and I gave him my hand with a guinea in it.

'To-morrow may be too late,' said the man of science sorrowfully.

'Do not frighten a fellow to death,' said I cheerfully; 'and do take time to tell me the cause of this rushing and roaring sound in my ears.'

The doctor smiled. 'If I take time to tell you, I suppose you will take time to listen,' said he.

'I would almost lose my dinner to learn the cause of my torment—rush, rush night and day. I like to rattle over the hardest pavement, because it somewhat drowns that horrid sound in my head. Just explain it, doctor, and consider me your debtor everlastingly.'

'You expect me to explain a complex scientific problem, when you do not know the alphabet of the science,' said the doctor; 'but I will try. Roaring in the ears is caused by the weakness, and consequent relaxation of the carotid artery. The size of this artery depends on the contractile power of the nerves that belong to its coats. When these nerves are weakened, the artery is relaxed, and becomes expanded, and the current of the blood surges against the bony structure of the mastoid process. This process shields the auditory nerve, which is spread out in its internal chambers, and the roaring sound is produced by this great current impinging on the mastoid process, from the relaxation of the coats of the artery. In its normal condition, the artery just clears the process, and we hear nothing. But when one's nerves are weakened, as yours are, great irregularities occur in the circulation. Rest, my dear sir, will restore the integrity of your nerves, and your eye will cease to exaggerate light by means of a diseased optic nerve, and your ear to be tormented with the rush and roar of your own blood, surging against an excited auditory nerve at every pulsation of your heart.'

'Very curious and interesting,' said I, thinking more about the doctor's explanation than my own disease. 'But I must be off to this tiresome dinner, my dear doctor;' and I rather unwillingly said 'Good-day.'

I remember very little of what occurred at the dinner, except that there seemed a bright light around the head of a lady who sat opposite to me, and dark spots with bright edges floated before my eyes. I was told long afterwards that I never talked

so well, or made so many brilliant points as on that evening, and that just before I left I blazed up in such a superb manner, that Lord Redtape said to Sir Frederick Bluebook: 'That man is the phenomenon of the age—the right man in the right place. He makes me hold my breath while I listen to him.'

I wrote a leader that night that was like the sound of a trumpet at a triumph. I went home to my lodgings at a late, or rather early hour. It was a warm night, and no fresh breeze fanned my hot face as I came out into the air. I felt as if my blood were molten lead, it was at once so hot and so heavy. I was glad to divest myself of dress garments, which are never comfortable except when one is under the eye of the public. I was glad to lie down, for I was too heavy to carry myself. With my windows broad open, and a single linen sheet over me, I fell asleep. I awoke with a sensation of cold, as if I were frozen to death. I tried to raise myself, thinking I would draw up the bed-clothes that lay across the foot of the bed. I found that my right side was immovable. I put my left hand over to my right hand and arm, and felt them. The hand and limb, and indeed the whole of my right side, were as though they were the members of another person, and not mine at all.

One side of my tongue would not move. The whole right half of my body was as useless to me as if made of marble. I had *Hemiplegia*—that is, half of me was palsied. A vegetative life went on, but there was no power in the voluntary muscles. My will had ceased to be a commander over one-half my material members.

The servant came up with coffee at ten o'clock, as I had bidden him, when I came in. He rapped, but as I could make no answer, he went away. What would I not have given to be able to call to John as I heard his receding footsteps! But the slightest sound was beyond my ability; I could only move my left hand and foot. I could still think, and there seemed no haleness in my thoughts, but there was a heaviness even in my anxiety, and I suppose I fell asleep. I awoke, or recovered my senses, I never knew which, with a feeling as if I had been stabbed, and saw a gentleman withdrawing a lancet from my arm.

'Ow black it is, and honly two drops!' said John, who was holding the bowl. Again I felt the sting of the lancet; but no blood followed its insertion. What is to be done next? thought I. I do not remember thinking again till I heard a rich, deep voice say: 'He will revive; he has young blood in him.'

'What would you advise, Sir Joseph,' said a voice which I knew belonged to the person who had stabbed me. 'It is impossible to bleed him.'

'And not necessary,' said Sir Joseph. 'He should be taken to Malvern Water-cure.'

'What!' exclaimed the stabber in astonishment, if not in anger, 'do you advocate quackery?'

'No, sir,' said the man of mark emphatically; 'but the indications in his case can be better fulfilled there than anywhere else. Obstructions must be removed by perspiration, and the douche will be the best tonic in his case.'

The great man, who was not frightened at words, and who could see Philosophy in so-called empiricism, was obeyed. I was carried to Malvern. For thirty-six hours, I was alternately sweated and bathed. I was first wrapped in blankets, till profuse perspiration was induced, and then in this vapour-bath, from my own pores, I was sponged off with cold water, rubbed dry, and then again enveloped in blankets for another sweating. For thirty-six hours, this treatment was pursued; and at the end of this time, I could slightly move my right hand.

'Bravo!' said the doctor; 'you shall rest.'

And I did rest, and sleep. For hours my weary body and soul rested in a dreamless Elysium, of which I was only occasionally conscious for a moment, when a wet napkin was laid on my forehead.

During three months I was sweated, and douched, and ate black bread, and not over-tender beef, and never once saw tea, coffee, or tobacco. At the end of the three months, I left Malvern with the use of all of myself, except that I could not pick up a pin with my right thumb and finger, though I could grasp a friend's hand heartily. I suspect I could not have written a leader in my old, elegant, plain chirography. But I had no chance of attempting this, for during my absence, some one had stepped into my place on the tread-mill of daily journalism, and I was no more missed, or wanted, than the fifth wheel of a coach. It is said that no man is ever missed in the great economy of Providence; and certainly that was my case in the small circle of what I had considered great affairs. The individual who had succeeded me was 'the right man in the right place,' and for aught I know, Lord Redtape held his breath when he listened to him.

I was left at liberty to confirm my health by good habits, and to gain a new position by ability or good-fortune. I had begun the study of human physiology with my own brain and nervous system; I continued it with a zeal born of suffering, and a humane and compassionate sympathy, founded on a knowledge of what my fellow-creatures were suffering all around me from ignorance of physical laws. Providence had spared my life, and I resolved to dedicate it to the service of that most unfortunate class, the literary and the learned, who know nothing of the laws of life and health, who ignorantly destroy both, and then look to the physician to create them again by some miraculous power, which does not exist in science. The patient must co-operate with his physician, and both must co-operate with the laws of God in the human constitution, or it is as vain to expect health to succeed disease, as it was to pursue the chimera of the philosopher's stone or the elixir vitæ.

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

WITH 'the leafy month of June,' our scientific societies bring their session to a close, and make preparation for holidays. There has been, on this occasion, an enlivenment from the presence of numerous foreigners, many of whom must go home impressed with a favourable notion of English hospitality. The things talked about are multifarious: the Japanese ambassadors—the flood in the fen-country—the new metal *thallium*, discovered by spectrum analysis—the presence of rubidium (also a new metal) in numerous plants and sea-weeds, shewing it to be one of the substances widely diffused throughout nature in minute quantities—Siemens' induction-coil—the three-hundred pounder Armstrong gun and its trials at Shoeburyness—and colonial gold and English iron, the latter more particularly in relation to iron ships. Iron or wood, continues to be a vexed question. There are some sagacious men who think that the haste to substitute metal for timber is a mistake; that iron ships will be found too unwieldy for naval evolutions, and that the day is not yet come when oak or teak should be regarded as useless either in attack or defence.

In noticing some time ago Mr R. W. Sievier's new process for smelting iron, we mentioned that an attempt would be made to bring it into use. Since then, furnaces have been built to suit the new conditions at Blaenarvon, one of the large ironworks in South Wales; but when the time came to set them going, the men struck, alleging that the process would take the bread out of their mouths. As we before stated, Mr Sievier's method is the reverse of that now generally used: instead of driving a blast into the furnace, he exhausts the air therein contained

by means of a fan of peculiar construction, which has the further advantage of occasioning an entire consumption of smoke. No dense clouds rush forth to waste fuel, and darken the sky, as is now the case, especially in the Black Country; but as the oxygen rushes in to supply the vacuum, its effect on the molten metal is such that the latter falls drop by drop, a stiff pasty fluid which requires no puddling. Iron is melted and puddled in one and the same furnace by means of the exhaust, for when a sufficient quantity of the pasty mass has accumulated at the bottom of the furnace, it can be dragged out, and put under the hammer, and so converted at once into wrought iron, without the intermediate process of puddling. Hence the strike of the puddlers and their companions, who forget that the more an article is cheapened the more is labour promoted. We can, however, but believe that so important an invention will ere long be freely accepted, especially as the quality of the iron may be rendered hard or soft at pleasure. Specimens of the metal have been exhibited at the gatherings of certain practical men in London.

At Sheffield, something has been done by which the manufacture of lead can be carried on with greater economy than heretofore. It consists in the use of sulphuric acid mixed with lime, instead of the usual preparation. In the same works, a way has been discovered of converting bad lead into good lead, at a very moderate cost. Bad lead has long been a drug in the market; henceforth, it may be transferred to the stock of good lead, which is never too great.

The Russian government are about to establish an observatory at Cronstadt, with the special purpose of insuring accuracy in ships' compasses, thus co-operating in a work which has been successfully carried out by our own Admiralty. The object is to construct a compass that shall point truly under all circumstances, whether in a wooden ship or an iron ship. In an iron ship, the compass is always under the influence of the magnetism of the vessel itself; and it is to neutralise this influence that science is brought into play. The *Philosophical Transactions* of the Royal Society bear testimony to the patient research, through many years, of some of the foremost physicists in England into this delicate and highly important question, especially the papers by the Astronomer-royal and Messrs Smith and Evans. The former has recently extended the subject in a paper read before the Royal Society on the difference between hot-rolled and cold-rolled malleable iron, as regards their capacity for receiving and retaining magnetism. The Russian government have an especial interest in the subject, because of the extremes of temperature that prevail in the Baltic, and by their influence on the permanent magnetism of an iron ship, involve considerable risk. In other words, the direction of the compass in a vessel navigating the Baltic in the heat of summer will not be the same as in the cold months; and it is this deviation, with the consequent liability to error, which the new observatory is intended to counteract and rectify. British science has done much towards a settlement of the question; but there remains enough yet to be done to repay research for many years to come.

The last published part of *Philosophical Transactions* contains Mr Mallet's account of his experiments, made at Holyhead, to determine the law of propagation of earthquake waves. Charges of gunpowder were sunk in the earth and fired at a given moment, and the difference in time between the explosion and the perception of it at a distance gives the rate at which the shock is propagated through the earth or rock. The rate of course varies with the nature of the stratum in which the experiment is made. The whole subject is one of much interest to geologists, with respect to the behaviour of the earth's crust under unusual circumstances.

Professor William Thomson has recently published another of his far-reaching speculations, by which he shews that the rigidity of the earth must be greater than that of glass or steel; because, if not, it would yield so greatly to the movement of the ocean, that differences in the height of tides would be hardly perceptible. He considers that facts are opposed to the notion that the earth is a thin crust enclosing a kernel of liquid fire; but that the interior is a solid mass under enormous pressure. He believes that if a series of simultaneous tide-observations were made at Iceland and Teneriffe, some insight might be obtained as to the actual rigidity of the earth, seeing that those two islands are so situated as to shew whether the fortnightly tides exert any extraordinary influence or not.

Another paper in the publication above mentioned, and written by the Earl of Rosse, is one of that class of subjects which will be referred to by astronomers for centuries to come. His lordship, with characteristic liberality, makes no secret of his methods, and describes fully the machinery and process by which his great reflecting telescope was constructed; and as the description is completed by numerous engravings, any astronomer henceforth will be able to make such a telescope as will sound the remotest depths of space. Should any enterprising manufacturer of sufficient scientific knowledge wish to set up a manufactory of big telescopes, he will find ample information concerning essential details. Besides all this, the paper contains further observations of nebulae, the results of which confirm former observations as to their general spiral form, and lead to a conviction that movement and changes of form do take place in those far-distant and wonderful objects.

The new metal thallium is the discovery of Mr William Crookes: he derives it in small quantities from a peculiar kind of sulphur, and finds it to be one of the simplest of the metals, as it shews one line only, of a green colour, in the spectrum. Chemically, it has some analogy with mercury, and it may possibly turn out to be one of the substances common to the earth and the sun.

Siemens' induction-coil is a remarkable invention, for with six and a half miles of wire it gives off a spark three feet in length; while Ruhmkorff's, of the latest construction, containing fifty miles of wire, gives only a two-foot spark. At this rate, electricians will some day be able to produce artificial lightning. These large coils are, however, very dangerous, for when highly charged, sparks fly from them to the injury of any one who stands within the distance of three feet. On the other hand, this invention seems to open the way for small coils, things that can be carried in the pocket, which will send forth a considerable spark.

The flood in the fens, though very disastrous, will probably have the effect of drawing such attention to hydraulic engineering as will suffice to prevent such a calamity in future. It is somewhat remarkable, that while the engineers have been pushing back the sea, and converting the muddy shores of the Wash into dry land below the town of Lynn, the tide should have overflowed more than ten thousand acres of its ancient dominion a few miles above the town. That part of England so much resembles Holland, that the same ceaseless vigilance should be exercised in it with which the Dutch maintain their banks. We have been learning lessons from them in the recent reclamations at the mouth of the Ouse, and shall now have to learn another. As an example of the importance which attaches to the subject on the other side of the North Sea, we notice in the list of prize questions proposed by the Batavian Society of Experimental Philosophy at Rotterdam, eight relating to drainage-slucices, riverbeds, ports on flat exposed coasts, and maintenance of pastures which lie below the sea-level. The essay on

streams is to contain 'a judicious historical consideration of the rivers of Holland, from the inroad of the Zuyder Zee to the present day.' Another of the questions proposed is the temperature of the sea at great depths, which is of much importance in the study of the physical constitution of the globe; and a suggestion is put forth that whenever a ship is in the required latitude and under favourable circumstances, a sounding should be made. We think that this question has been answered, in part at least, by Professor Forchhammer of Copenhagen, who for twelve years has been occupied by a research into the constitution of sea-water at different depths and in different latitudes. He, being in London, as one of the jurors of the International Exhibition, read a short but interesting paper on the subject before the Royal Society, in which he shewed that, taking the same latitudes, the ocean is less salt in the southern hemisphere than in the northern, and that (contrary to ordinary expectation) there is less salt at a great depth, in the proportion of thirty-five to thirty-six, than at the surface. He mentioned, too, that of the thirty-two constituents which have been found in sea-water, he had himself detected twenty-eight; and while enumerating these, he expressed his opinion that ultimately all the chemical constituents hitherto produced out of the solid earth will be discovered in the water of the ocean.

In 1860, M. Lagout communicated a paper to the Academy of Sciences at Paris, shewing that in the fine arts (music and the arts connected with design), the simplest combinations produce the most agreeable sensations, and demonstrated his proposition from the works of some of the greatest masters, such as Vitruvius, Michael Angelo, and Leonardo di Vinci. Since then, he has further developed the subject, and reduced the main argument to an equation, so that it will be possible to work out beforehand, by mathematics, a question as to form in design or expression in music. He endeavours to define the limits of the nicest perception of sight and hearing, and quotes the interesting experiments made by M. Sauveur, from which it appears that the sensibility of the ear to sounds is about ten thousand times greater than that of the eye in the discerning of colours; from which we are to infer that an imperfection in a drawing, painting, or statue is less readily perceived by the eye than is an imperfect sound in music by the ear. M. Lagout's theory admits of application to the arts that form part of our daily existence, as well as to ancient art, and he may be said to have found a touchstone, by the aid of which any one may appreciate the degree of truthfulness in the proportions of a monument or object of industrial art. This, it is said, will deliver designers from that mechanical practice of feeling their way by inches, which now hampers them while on their way from their rough sketch to the working-drawing.

Something further about proportion may be seen in a thin quarto, *On the Law of Increase and the Structure of Man*, by Dr Lihartzik of Vienna, one of the numerous foreigners whom the International Exhibition has drawn to this country. Having studied the subject for twenty years, and made more than twelve thousand measurements, he has satisfied himself of the existence of the law and its operation throughout nature. With respect to the human body, the period of increase comprises twenty-four epochs, which represent twenty-five years. 'The first solar month after birth constitutes the first epoch; each following epoch being a month longer than the epoch immediately preceding it, so that the second epoch is of two months; the third, of three; the twelfth, of twelve; and the last, or twenty-fourth, of twenty-four solar months.' The sum-total of these epochs is three hundred months, or twenty-five years, the date at which the growth of the body ceases. As Dr Lihartzik shews, much depends on true proportions.

An ill-proportioned body would be more liable to disease than a well-proportioned one; and he argues that the existence of certain disproportions would denote a predisposition to scrofula, consumption, or rickets. Give him the proportions of a newly-born infant, and he will predicate what the stature will be at the end of twenty-five years. The law has a physiological and a psychical application. 'The length of the neck,' we quote the doctor's book, '(= the length of the larynx) in the new-born male child amounts to the breadth of a rib (= one centimetre), increases to five centimetres with the twenty-first month, to seven centimetres with the fourteenth year, and to nine centimetres in the full-grown man. The limits of the human voice follow the same proportion. The new-born child cannot emit more than one tone, and this is an inarticulate cry. After completion of the twenty-first month, the child, besides the original inarticulate cry, is able to emit four tones; that is, to modulate its voice in five different ways. With the fourteenth year, he commands six notes of the gamut; and at last, the full-grown man masters the whole gamut, making, with the native cry, a total of nine modulations. . . . The female sternum being shorter by one breadth of rib than the same bone in man, and the female trachea consequently being one centimetre less in length than in the male sex, it may be easily explained why the female voice is more adapted for the emission of higher notes.'

Dr Lihartzik has discovered the operation of a similar law in the growth of quadrupeds and of fruits: the first epoch of growth of the apricot is six hours; and the sum of all its epochs eighteen hundred hours, or seventy-five days. Those who are interested in the subject may see his statuettes and diagrams in the Exhibition, by which the theory is simply illustrated.

PAPER MATERIALS.

On the 22d of March 1855, the Earl of Derby exhibited in the House of Lords specimens of three or four substances proposed to be used as substitutes for linen rags in paper-making. One was the fibre of the *Musa paradisiaca*; a second, the fibre of the *Hibiscus esculentus*; a third, the seed-pod of the *Cryptostegia grandiflora*. Two specimens of paper were also exhibited, made from plantain fibre: the one rough and unbleached, to shew its strength and tenacity; the other bleached and finished, to shew its whiteness and smoothness. The earl's object was to facilitate the formation of a West Indian Company, for applying various fibres to many of the purposes for which hemp, flax, and linen rags are ordinarily used. He spoke of one particular estate in Demerara where a hundred and fifty thousand plantain-trees are cut down annually, simply for the sake of clearance, without any attempt to bring to use the peculiar fibres of that plant. In the course of his subsequent observations, the earl said: 'If the government could do anything to promote a manufacture which employs an inexhaustible quantity of raw material to meet a demand that is unlimited—for hemp, for textile fabrics of various kinds, and for paper cheaper than can be formed of rags; and if these articles can be produced in colonies that have suffered much distress—they will do much to introduce new prosperity into those colonies by means of a new description of industry.'

This is an old subject. Inventors have for many generations tried their skill in making paper from the fibres of plants easily and cheaply obtained. About 1770, one Jacob Christian Schäffer, a pastor at Ratisbon, produced a little volume of sixty leaves, all made of different substances. Among them were the bark of the willow, the beech, the aspen, the hawthorn, the linden, and the mulberry; the down of the catkins of the black poplar; the silky down of the asclepias; the tendrils of the vine; the stalks of the nettle, the mugworts, and the dyer's weed; wood-shaving, saw-dust, potatoes, and fir-cones;

and numerous editions of "News, Mail, Sun, Star, News and Times." In every part a system of censorship was practiced. A copy of this censor was well to be found in the British Museum. Later in the century, a French magazine printed a small volume of his own poems in paper imported from some of these nations, however, and as was immediately observed, the paper was worthy of the poetry. Hence a convenient and paper as the present day, and much of such is used in making either as writing-paper or for cheap newspapers. One change was immediately made, but not to any great extent. If there was a person writing the news of ordinary town or village and was taken except in immediate or some other alkaline solution, washed clean, ground in milk, and made into paper. Although now that was made to support the lower part of the paper, not paper; and Dr. Brown here has prepared a long list of persons giving rise in the East Indies, and yielding from most is now to the paper-making. The government, except of the paper-makers, sent, in 1860, a British commission abroad, representing them to collect information regarding such foreign plants as might be suitable for the purpose, and a great deal of valuable information was soon taken in some countries.

Every one agrees that linen tags give the paper better a quality than any of the materials proposed as substitutes for them. Some of the materials are too weak, others too brittle. Under the agency of the strength, or the much needed : commercial, it is quite right that inequality should continue to be applied in this direction. The Union Manufacturers for the London International Exhibition of 1862 consisted in an excellent mode of testing this matter—very printed terms official editions of the American Association—in it, German, on paper made of manila-wood and linen tags nearly white: one in French, on paper prepared of manila-wood and cotton tags another linen, and one in English, on paper made of manila-wood, linen tags and cotton tags (slightly drab or yellow). The paper in the English version of this Catalogue is certainly of very good quality, strong in substance, clear in appearance, and taking the ink very well.

HONEYMOON COTTAGE

The apples ripen where the sun
 Their way red hush above open ;
 The hail-hat torn in wrinkled palm
 The crystal drops no still and calm ;
 The sweet peace, sweeter than before,
 Held gaily up their wreath.
 No sunshine e'er so bright as this
 The opening white rose ran to him ;
 No wood-dweller ever from the tree
 Could utter welcome unto me.

A cottage that the roses love,
Is where I dwell and my dove ;
A brook runs dimpling past our door—
It never seemed so bright before ;

THE FIRST FOUR ARE DISCLOSED BY
THE SECOND AND THIRD. IT IS ON
THE FIFTH THAT THE STATE-DEPT. STOPS
THE SEARCH. THERE IS WILLIAM BARKER.

I AM NOT MY COUNTRY & I AM
 A FREE PRESS BELIEVER
 NO SPEECH OF BURNING WILL
 WITH RATHER LOVE FOR THE OLD MAN
 NO MORE AND MORE THE IRISH MAN
 BUT IN NO WAY SHALL I EVER DENY
 THE SWEDISH NAME - I AM FREE
 FOR ONLY THE FREE-MAN CAN BE FREE

Fe-masters in the lower-grades suggest
 their names, their meaning, their
 The capital first upon the soil
 Will reveal from the earliest dawn
 The not two centuries in the sun—
 Of many years, the greatest one
 Such joy and happiness in the
 Kings in our Paradise of Love.

Back another musical volume by
 A voice-capturing, wandering singer
 Through sky and garden and that more
 With voice-rose similes capturing strength
 A world of flowers is in her feet
 The soft wind's perfume, vision, and song
 The flowering world may be the sun
 During that singing, the 17th line

Sun glads our harvest's harvest gave
 The weary reaper rest the day;
 The red flowers scatterd save away,
 Breathing out incense to the sky:
 The sunny track now marks the spade,
 So put up, sower, and so wait,
 Now fields slope down with the sun,
 Soon is thy triumph to be seen.

See day-flowers close their green-veined buds
And witch-like Darkness sends the souls;
The sharp edge of the harvest-moon
Will cut that gray cloud keenly soon.
The bats are busy twinkling out
I hear the homeward shepherd shout
Oh, joy and happiness resigned
Reign in our *Paradise Regained*!

The Editors of *Chamber's Journal* have to beg all communications be addressed to 47, Pall Mall, London, and that they further be accompanied by stamps, as the return of rejected Communications otherwise be guaranteed.

The present number of the Journal completes the New Volume; a title-page and index prepared for it may be had from the publishers and their agents.

END OF SEVENTEENTH VOLUME



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